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EAST & WEST.

January, 1921.

From Cloudland.

> " The first of the new in our race's story,
> Beats the last of the old. "
>
> —Browning's Old Pictures in Florence.

Ourselves.

I wish my readers a Happy New Year. A year full of many vicissitudes is gone and the New Year with its promise of prosperity and peace has all the mystery and fascination treasured in the lap of the unknown. I was for some months a merely sleeping Editor and I owe my readers deep thanks for the allowances they have made for the irregularities of publishing which could not be avoided. It is hoped that the arrangements now made will be more satisfactory and " East & West " will come to its own. The Magazine has a mission and a message for the new times, a message of good-will to all mankind viewing life as a whole without any divisibility. The past few years have broadened its vision and enlarged its creed which is now no less than bringing all mankind into closest bonds of brotherhood. Nationalism has subjected the world to rack and ruin and laid waste the discoveries of science, art and religion. The meaning of civilisation is forgotten and civilisation itself compelled to defeat its own purpose. There is nothing wrong with the New Age, nor with the modern labour-saving appliances, it is monopolies that are wrong. The mind of man failing to keep pace with modern inventions has lagged behind; and life and labour need new adjustments to meet the demand of new times. The wheel of wealth in place of scattering its bounties all around has been retarded and its free circulation impeded, the result in the words of Mr. Lloyd George is that Europe is in rags: And yet its dream of exploitation is not yet wholly shattered. Nature permits no such exploitations without taking compensating toll and exploitation of one country by the other implies starvation of all. Trade is barter and barter between nations rich and poor implies poor trading, consequently limited production and narrowing prosperity. We must learn to wish prosperity for all and trade freely. In Social life again, love is the one up-lifting and harmonising force. Self is the seat of pain and it is self that has been enthroned in the hearts of those who hold the reins of the Empire. The result is that all Governments stand discredited. Force can bind hands but not hearts. Happenings such as in Ireland give more cause for non-co-operation than co-operation. Unless the Government can stand the test of love and the test of truth it cannot govern. There are higher and invisible laws that govern the universe and permit no trespasses unpunished. To-day in every sphere of life, there is need for idealism, for unity of purpose and will, and for a larger understanding. It is here that East and West comes with its message of symbiosis of mankind. I heard the word symbiosis first from Mr. Padshah, one of the best and the finest of men, I ever had the good fortune to make friends with, and I am glad to take my readers into my confidence and to tell them that he now shares with me the responsibility for the "Cloudland" and his enthusiasm and strength are breathing a new inspiration. I appeal to my readers to co-operate with me and by interesting others in the great cause, make our mission fruitful All movements grow into greatness from small beginnings. Our movement must succeed because it offers permanent and abiding nucleus of universal brotherhood and universal peace.

I.—The World in 1920.

The New Year.

A NEW YEAR means not only new hopes and aspirations and new fears but also a return to the annual game of taking imaginary stock of events and looking forward into the future, and suffusing both retrospect and prospect with the rose or gloom according to the fashion of the time and the idiosyncrasy of the reviewer. So long as this is understood, so long as the 1st of January every 12 months is not made a critical point of time but a section of time like any other section, and so long as the review is understood to be but one aspect to be combined with all other aspects,—so long the exercise is not only harmless but has a distinct use. It is just from this point of view that these pages will make a survey of Life as a whole; and, if certain parts, like political events, are specially selected, it will not be because of their superiority or even representativeness of Life, but largely because the statement of these parts would be more familiar to the writer.

The League of Nations.

Perhaps, the assembly of the League of Nations has best illustrated the achievement and outlook of Man on and in the world. The world was to have been made safe for democracy, fit for heroes to live in, the lion was to have lain down side by side with the lamb, and love was to have supplanted hate. The world is one, and we are members one of another; the gospel of St. Paul was voiced by an ex-Prime Minister of England. This was the aspiration; the achievement was very different. The mechanics of the League received the main attention; the Life was only voiced occasionally by speakers. The very constitution of the League, based as it is on Governments and not on peoples, compels this diversion of attention to political machinery. The opinions expressed were naturally not the opinions of delegates coming fresh from the people, but the opinions of Governments who turn to the League to get done what the Supreme Council could not do. Therefore, they keep out of the League the Governments most likely to upset their programme, and only keep others because they cannot be decently kept out. Still, the idea of the League has been kept alive. The sneers at it as an idea are a thing of the past. The conservative statesmen and Mammon-worshipping businessmen feel the need of some internationalizing body; even the mechanics of such a League, therefore, are the mechanics of the backbone keeping erect living matter, and may, for the present, be really the main thing worth while. It has been said that the rulers of nations have usually been followers of Jeremy Diddler. It is certainly true that so great a portion of the activity of a Minister or Secretary of State is with shams, that everything he touches falls into a mould of shams. He uses phrases in which he does not even half believe; he expresses emotions which he could not possibly feel; he simultaneously utters phrases and emotions not consistent with one another. No wonder that a superficial observer of his activities thinks him a humbug, and thinks his followers no better than dupes. When, therefore, Ministers, representing other Ministers, form the assembly of a League, this mark of humbug will be on all their works. They will be unable to find two million sterling to combat typhus; they will give way then to a pious hope for a Crusade to save Armenia; but they will make no progress with disarmament, with the idea of an international Government by persuasion, and will, more or less, fiddle with the creation of an international Military staff. But, as Herbert Spencer said long ago, progress depends on the plurality of causes and multiplicity of effects. If I contrive a machine for some ends of my own, the more vigorously I use it for those ends the more vigorously I shall bring about the collateral effects which the machine must engender The Jeremy Diddlers suddenly discovered that the worl had taken the Fourteen points more seriously than wa meant by the Clemenceaus and Lloyd Georges. They rub their eyes to see the League so frequently invoked; they are shame-faced to find an international sentiment responding to the frequent call for service in the name of international good. They are aghast at the call for justice to Germany as well as the call for justice against Germany. Mr. Balfour's flippant discouragement of the enthusiasms of the free spirits in the Assembly received rebuke within the assembly itself from an ex-Prime Minister like M. Viviani; so that we may say that the idea of the unity of the civilized world, the idea of the need of regulation of that world, the idea of the co-operation of the autonomous parts of that world has, on-the whole, gained during the year that has now run its course. Civilization will not let die so precious an idea. *Like the United States of Holland and the United States of America, like the British Empire itself, the world is feeling for a unity which will shape itself and whose development will be very different from any conception of the present malignant contrivers.*

Fusion in South Africa.

If we look outside the League, the same features present themselves in the political world. In South Africa there are two parties, each Anglo-Dutch, turning away their face from racial differences, and founding themselves on the welfare of South Africa as a whole;—the Smuts party primarily seeking welfare by political machinery, the Labour party seeking it through the human improvement of the workers in the mines and fields and factories. The National party itself seems more or less a relic of those who cannot forget the wrong of the Jamieson Raid and the events that followed. It is said that General Hertzog himself is a reluctant leader of the Die-hards of Dutch ascendency; that this Dutch rancour against old wrongs still remains is not a matter of surprise remembering what cause old Holland and the Boers on the Veldt both had of complaint of ill-treatment by the British. It is really remarkable that, in spite of this cause, the two races are fusing together in South Africa, and the thanks for this fusion are due partly to the genius of remarkable Dutch leaders like General Botha, General Smuts and President Steyne, partly due to the noble intuition of the simple-souled statesman of England, Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman, but, perhaps, most largely due to the spirit of the time which scorns racial animosities as the ethics of the jungle. Racial union in South Africa will go further than this. In his speech on the Native Affairs Bill General Smuts pointedly called attention to the need of eliminating the spirit of mistrust which now hinders the administration of native affairs in South Africa.

The Coming Unity in India.

And looking to this end of the world, in our own India, amid the fireworks of Swaraj and the Khilafat movement and the memories of the turbulence of 1919 one can again discern the germs of a movement for racial union which, in any case, would be very difficult to achieve. It is not merely a union of races and religions, but also a union of classes, that is making demands in public affairs. The elections for the Reformed Councils have shewn that the tenantry of Northern India will not be led by their landlords; the masses are evincing a growing interest in politics, and that not under the old leadership. It is doubtful whether they will settle down ultimately under the fixed leadership of any existing guide, or whether they will at all care for the programme which politicians dangle now before them. It is not suggested for a moment that there is a united India, making a united demand. It is not suggested that that would be desirable, if it were true. What is put forward is that the groupings for diverse demands are not on the basis of old differences of race, religion, vocation or class, and that, therefore, the bitter feelings of those differences have, for the moment, receded into the back-ground. The old shibboleths are still there, and the contentions for those shibboleths; but at least there is the decency that the catch-cries surnamed Principles are rallied round on their merits, fancied or real.

Travail of Rebirth.

All this is cheering, if not exactly inspiring. The millennium is far off, and the world is not yet a bed of roses. The thorns abound. Bolshevism and its excesses are still with us, and it is hardly a consolation that there is reason to suppose the White Terror to be even more monstrous than its Bolshevist counter-part. Russia too is getting united not entirely in the sense in which Sulla united old Italy. Sulla just sacked and destroyed those parts of Italy, like the Samnites, which would not assimilate with Rome. The Bolshevists are slowly but surely assimilating the intelligentsia. Thanks to Maxim Gorky, and thanks also to the Polish invasion, Russia is being consciously Russianized. There is pride in the Revolution as a grand heritage destined to leaven civilization, and there is pride in the organizing capacity of Bolshevist leaders. Outrages there must have been; even Lenin, the most humane and logical of men, when installed at the Kremmlin and donning the uniform of the politician, seems to have felt the politician's need of bowing to the usual and nefarious Reason of State; but who shall throw stones at him and his? Not those who hanker after the dead Czardom. Not the portions of the old Russian Empire which have broken away from Bolshevist Russia, for their record in excitable Poland and in sluggish Finland alike seems no better; not by the British Empire which has on its conscience Amritsar and Ireland; not the French who let loose Algerian troops at Frankfort; not the United States whose present temper and attitude both official and non-official makes the friends of liberty weep; not even Mahatma Gandhi and prophet Shaukat Ali. After all, if the outrages have taken place, there is an excuse of necessity. The outrages seem to be not peculiar to Bolshevism; but, if peculiar to anything, they are more the trait of the Slavonian race and certainly the unavoidable consequence of a usurpation. If Lenin and Trotsky, supported by the Russian nation, could not get administrators enough in the old trained men of the old régime, they had to get administrators where they could even from jails, and much of the atrocities credited to Bolshevism must have been the work of these improvised administrators. We now know enough of the so-called horrors in Russia to be able to say confidently that they were only pale reflections of the horrors of Czardom, or of the horrors which now, on good authority, we know followed the trail of the Supreme Ruler, Koltchak. The case against Bolshevism has been inspired not by its horrors but by its efficiency and its virtues. The Bolshevic régime has worked amid overpowering difficulties. A country already starving when the old régime fell; without transport, without fuel, without an engineering staff; yet aspiring to conduct modern industry on communistic lines, was faced with enemies on all frontiers as well as with civil war within. The Government that has won against all these enemies in spite of all these difficulties must have been tremendously efficient to have achieved victory, and must have been tremendously popular to have united a starving country round its banner. Therefore, one understands dear old Anatole France's grief that even the new hope could not be born without unforgivable outrages; and one sympathizes with his hope that from Russia at all events may come the new light, and that all the miseries of the world may be only the travail of rebirth. Certainly Germany looks to the East, witness the devout reception of Prof. Spengler's new work, "The Downfall of the West", witness also the beginnings of the Sovietization of Italian industry under the direction of Premier Giolitti. Bolshevist Russia, no more than the Hungary of Bela Kun, satisfies the hopes formed of her; but her face seems set to the Sun, and she sees the Sun, in spite of the clouds of dust which those who fear her future performances raise.

Returning Health.

WHETHER, then, we turn to the nations assembled at Geneva or to the events outside, we should do well not to be spell-bound by the trickery of statesmen, or to be disheartened by wars, famines, pestilences, starvation, death-rates double of birth-rates, economic crises, paper inflations and other currency juggles, high cost of living and closing down of businesses. The world is bucking up. Germany and Belgium are already resuming economic primacy, to the dismay of profiteers in Allied countries; France is already retrieving the work of devastation; the slump of trade in England was the sign needed of returning health; a chastened temper everywhere is betokened by the actions of nations and Governments; nations once glorious are resuming life after a pause of centuries; above all, Art, Science, Philosophy, Idealism are rearing their heads more than ever, more, perhaps, in defeated nations than in the conquering countries.

FROM CLOUDLAND.

Nowhere, perhaps, is the new life shewing itself more as intellectual life than in Germany; and the greatest illustration of it is Einstein's theory of Relativity of which five continents have not ceased talking. It is not merely that Einstein is said to have overthrown the fundamentals of Newtonian Mechanics for good; it is rather that he has achieved his result by first-rate and searching mathematical work comparable with Newton's own. The world loses nothing by this overthrow of principles which the world had taken to be axiomatic. Not an atom of the superstructure based on Newton's conception of the universe need be given away any more than any portion of the chemical fabric reared on the Atomic Theory has had to be demolished because electrons have been found more elemental than the old elements; but the world has grown richer in insight and more audacious in framing its conceptions; the world has even learnt truer history. What seemed self-evident to the present generation of students of mathematics and metaphysics—namely, the atomic structure of matter and the straight-forwardness of the Laws of Motion—has been shewn not to have been so self-evident after all to, and may have been hotly contested by, the predecessors of Dalton and Newton. That a stone in the air will fall to the ground, if not supported, that this fact is of the same order and receives the same explanation as the revolution of celestial bodies—these are facts to-day no less than before and after Newton; the new thing is that the explanation is to be found not in the qualities and relations of bodies, but in the structure of Space and Time, or rather of Space-Time. The Metaphysician is appalled at the talk of Space-Time as a concrete of which Space and Time are mere sections, and still more appalled to be told that Space and Time have a structure and a curvature.

Herein is the special significance of the work of Einstein and his interpreters; *Ideas explain* the world, even if they may not *rule* it. Einstein, alone of men, attacks the Obvious in the very age where a ruinous war has been fought to make the world safe for democracy; and democracy is the deification of the Obvious. Hitherto the course of science has been to organize the Obvious and draw out the wires of paradox from it; now Einstein will have none of the Obvious. He will question every thing. He has questioned the most fundamental of our fundamental pre-suppositions. He is an intellectual Bolshevist; for him there are no Absolutes in Physics, as for Lenin there are no Absolutes in politics. The theory of Einstein then betokens an intellectual *temper*, as the practice of Lenin betokens a practical temper, and they are one. The practical and the intellectual flow out of the same mind and the same atmosphere; should the results of Einstein by their glamour penetrate into the popular consciousness, the Pandits will be surprised by the explosive and scornful attitude of their usually docile public.

The Test of Truth.

In this respect the new step of science is on the same plane as Futurism in Art and the new poetry of France. Futurism disbelieves the Obvious, and gives the pleasant name of a "backwoodsman" to the Royal Academician whose boast it is to *imitate* Nature. The ancient worthies of Art are shocked by the Futurist's representations of visible things, whereas the boast of the Futurist exactly is

> "To bring the Invisible fresh into play;
> Let the Visible go to the dogs,—what matters?"

These two lines from Browning's 'Old Pictures in Florence' illuminate at a stroke the common features of Lenin's Bolshevism, of Einstein's Relativity and of Futurism. The dignity of the visible is a matter of derision to all three; Space and Time and Force, indeed! says Einstein; the visible angles and lines, indeed! says the Painter; State and Law and Capital, indeed! says Lenin. Lenin wishes to

> "Make new hopes shine through the flesh they fray,
> New fears aggrandise our rags and tatters."

But what else does the Futurist wish to do; what else does any Romantic in Art wish to do? They all bring new values either of truth, or right, or beauty. Some of our worthy readers may yet recall the three-cornered controversy about the Test of Truth between John Stuart Mill, Herbert Spencer and George Henry Lewes. Spencer asserted that the only test is the inconceivability of the opposite; Mill asserted that the test was conformity to experience; Lewes thought that he conciliated both when he said inconceivability of the opposite, because the opposite was inconformable to experience. These tests of Truth Einstein has blown to the winds. He has shewn that nothing is inconceivable except when it refuses to fit in with our whole system of conceptions. Herbert Spencer was led by his test into Antinomies about this very Space and Time; and Mill's experience would be a queer test of Relativity. Needless to say that, if Einstein stand, the Absolutes of Kant, Hegel and of the Oxford School would all appear fly-blown.

The World Mind.

The Futurist has been dismissed with too instant contempt by the Classic. The whole object of pictorial art is to produce a symbolic representation of a certain section of the Universe so as to preserve the Universe as an atmosphere while depicting a corner of it. The visible aspects of the Universe are only a portion, and the most insignificant portion. A thing is never in itself; its real essence is in the infinity of relations with the whole Universe of which it is a part. To select colour and form may be an easy way of identifying a thing for practical every-day purposes; and to add to this form and colour

> "A light that never was on sea or land,
>
> The consecration and the poets dream"

may be to spiritualize the material for the instruction and edification of the lover of Art. But if the visible is too sensuously beautiful and too arresting to permit the spiritual aspect to be taken in, then the visible is surely an obstruction to the high purpose of Art, is an obstruction to the representation of Nature which is the Universe, and should be put in a less arresting way. even if that way distort the popular recognition of the thing. After all, the aesthetic implications of a thing are in the associations in the mind which the thing produces; and the Futurist may easily and truthfully emphasize the associations even if the thing itself be thereby lost in the background. Once this is recognized, one goes further, and realizes that there is a beauty of truth and of right as well as sensuous beauty; there is a beauty of enconomy or profusion as well as a beauty of colour and line and symmetry; and one is led to the perception of the unity of the individual mind and heart and the unity of a world-mind to which Evolution leads up; and, if mind be one, and if there be the world-mind in Space-Time, is it any wonder that the thought of "Old Pictures in Florence" embodies several thoughts of Cezanne and Einstein and Lenin? And is it any wonder that all unconsciously the same thought has filtered down to the general mind and started a general Unrest all over the world in all the branches of mental activity—the Unrest of which Labour unrest and Indian unrest are but phases? Cezanne has been recently exhibited at the Leicester Gallery; an English expedition has this year verified the bending of light rays which was deduced as a consequence from Einstein's theory; Sir Jagadish Bose has demonstrated and made visible almost exultantly certain aspects of the unity of all living things. Science and Art exemplify the co-operation of ideas regardless of race and creed, which is rather a relief after the patriotic flavour which had been imported into learned controversies not so very long ago.

An interesting internationalising influence will probably be popular iconoclasm. National idols must disappear, if all idols have to go; and this again is an aspect of the new temper which has to be reckoned with. Our whole conception of the past, our whole outlook on the future, our whole system of right and wrong have been steadily revolutionized now for centuries. Our solemn oracles are being discredited, and the popular deference to the oracles is becoming less spontaneous. No class to-day can claim a monopoly for virtue and incapacity for wrong; everything is possible even to Prime Ministers of the Empires on which the Sun never sets, nor need anybody re-affirm his faith in *vox populi vox dei*; what sort of voice was that of the mob at Viramgaum (in Gujerat, India), which burnt alive an Indian Magistrate, steeping him in kerosine oil and piling furniture round him? It is perfectly true that mobs will be mobs, and this particular mob has not the monopoly of infamy; but is not this to say that faith, trustfulness has no resting ground anywhere because there is no trustworthiness anywhere, because there never was trustworthiness anywhere?

> " In life's great stage, what prodigies surprise?
>
> Fears of the brave and follies of the wise?"

In the case of Einstein and the Futurist the wise are merely shewn to be not infallible; they merely missed the deeper insight of the men of to-day, because that insight was not attainable without taking the very steps and discovering the very truths with which their name is connected.

Looking Sunward.

BUT the other departments of Science, however, like Anthropology and History reveal the follies, avoidable and ruinous, of men who had solemnly taken upon themselves the fortunes of the people, and landed them in ruin. The people who trusted them are now wiser, and, though the Truth has not dawned upon the people, they themselves would be even less wise, more guided by passion and more led by any plausible rascal than even the mischief-makers of the past. The ruin of the war has convinced them of the ineptitude of the classes above; and the weaknesses of the peace treaties and of the secret treaties have convinced them of the fundamental unrighteousness and self-seeking of those who deluded mankind with fair phrases. The people, even when they accepted the assassination of Caesar turned to Brutus, and exclaimed "Let us make Brutus Caesar", and they turn to Mahdis, mad Mullahs, Mahatmas and false prophets generally, and yet their glance is upward or Sunward—let there be no mistake:

> "*Growth* came when looking our last on them all,
>
> We turned inwardly one fine day,
>
> And cried with a start: what if we so small
>
> Be greater and grander far than they!"

Such a feeling on the part of the people is real growth; only they themselves cannot give this growth a direction; that direction is what was indicated from Cloudland in the September number—the direction of the perception that there is no organic division between Governments and citizens; they are not merely different organs of the same community, each citizen or official is not merely an official or citizen even alternately; he is both in the same instant and all the time. There is no division between bureaucrats who publish edicts and confer benefits, and citizens who obey the law and meekly receive the benefits. As well might we make a division between producers and consumers. The producer of cloth is in that very instant the consumer of butter. It is in the union of the strength of Governments and citizens, of the official machinery and the popular conscience that the solution is being gradually found and will be always found.

A curious effect of the War that arose from national hatreds was to demonstrate the solidarity and unity of the human race in the economic sphere and in disease. No barriers, no quarantine, no ethnic repulsions kept any people safe from influenza during the War, and typhus after the Armistice is spreading. The Medical Adviser of the League opines that wide unrest is due to widespread post-war conditions of weakness and filth. The need for organised medical and sanitary action by the League has been recognised; the failure to provide funds for action is the result of a pedantry which has not hesitated to squander hundreds of millions on post-war wars, and cannot spare the petty couple of millions required to save mankind from infection. The French Premier, indeed, dissociates himself from responsibility for the policy of Blockade which must have largely contributed to the conditions which produced the infection in Russia which European prisoners in Russia are conveying on repatriation to their motherlands westwards. M. Leygues was probably thinking more of the arrest of French Trade with Russia resulting from the Blockade, and the probable present to America, Germany and Scandinavia of Russian business. This illustrates the economic interrelatedness of the World. English and French and Polish factories are idle because Germany and Russia cannot give their accustomed pre-war custom. The English metal trade and chemical trade are stagnant, because the falling mark and franc give Germany and Belgium unspeakable advantage in sterling quotations. America may keep aloof from the League of Nations, but she may not keep aloof from commerce with Central and Northern Europe. The British Prime Minister looks to redress the balance of unemployment in the Old World by promoting emigration of sturdy Britishers to the new. American farmers have overflowed into Canada, and contributed to her prosperity. Within the bounds of the United States, it has been found necessary to make Prohibition nation-wide to protect the State-wide original driness of the dry States. No corner of the world, not even the remotest Dutch East Indies, has escaped the contagion of the high cost of living, scantiness of food and clothing, and straitened housing and hotel accommodation. The slump in the prices of Silk, Wool, Rubber, Motorcars, Sugar, freights has hit all countries from Java to Canada, producing business failures without perceptibly affecting the cost of living; vagaries of exchange have aggravated economic insecurity and mistrust which travel from country to country like the Plague, with its sureness as well as its slowness. The Brussels Conference was the sign that men despaired of averting general economic ruin except by concerted measures; as the forthcoming Labour Conference is a sign that national gains of well-being to Labour are not safe unless internationalised. Even currencies and credit cannot remain national; far-reaching proposals of world currencies are under consideration; and this idea should be stimulated by the knowledge that the poorer nations can and will forge the paper currencies of richer nations. Economic isolation is out of the question; economic segregation is available only as a penalty on lepers in the Society of Nations. It is clear that Germany and Russia cannot be kept out of the economic Society of Nations; and they cannot be admitted unless they are understood; and to understand is—to forgive?

II.—India in 1920.

The pulse of India has beat in sympathy with the pulsations of the world in general. Indian Labour has awakened; there has been an orgy of strikes, and their general success may be taken to be a measure of the general justice of Labour's demands. There were some failures, there was inability to guage when business slackness made it undesirable to push the claims of well-paid Labour for further advantages. The Labourers in the Zinc works at Swansea were unable to appreciate that non-ferrous metals business was being carried on at a loss, and gave their employers a pretext to close down; and it is not likely that the politicians who have begun to supply the driving power of strikes can at all determine the limits of the potency of strikes except by methods of Trial and Error. It is not entirely their fault; employers have never spoken with a trustworthy voice; if employers were believed, the limits would be always present, and no strike should succeed even when their shares be quoted in the market at several times par. As these pages are being written, the Indian National Congress is having its annual fireworks; they say the resolutions this year are to be more serious, because Mr. Gandhi has moved momentous changes in the declared aims and objects of the Congress. There is to be complete Swaraj, within or without the Empire,—in nine months? One speaker declared it to be slavery to remain a member of the Empire, another referred to phantom Armies. One likes to hope that ferment is a positive good, and one licenses highly charged language as the necessary vent of highly strung nerves; and certainly in England it would be a political sin to interfere with liberty of speech. But even an Indian may ask whether the same license applies in a country where leaders have never practically worked the principles they rigorously enunciate, and where followers have not learnt to discount vituperation. People, indulging in the heroics of words, may find themselves firmly fixed in their attitudinizations by inexorable followers and by yet more inexorable Logic; and then? This reflection applies not merely to Congress leaders; heads of Government may also pose as strong men, as gods on Olympus unaffected by the turmoil of mere men in the plains. This policy of drift is a caution; it drifted the world into what Col. Repington has called the First World-War. What is India drifting into? When will posers understand that the need of the hour is, "Not Pose but Poise"? The ground is shaky; our protecting forces are inadequate, the controllers of the protecting forces have not the moral conviction to use them, because they do not see the moral backing which alone justifies their use. The temper of the people is uncertain; economic vexations make them look out for a scapegoat, they do not know whom not to believe and what not to believe; what was incredible has been made credible by the Hunter Committee Report; the Lion seems to be dying of the Ass' Kick, the Moderates are quiet and cowed while Mianbhais are crowing triumphantly. There is no policy anywhere unless it be Lord Selborne's---that of a counter-propaganda. To disprove what Irish happenings make only too probable? To disown the official temper, the frame of mind only too apparent in the British Cabinet from which not one placeman has resigned his place by way of protest? A Julius Caesar is assassinated, a Savonarola is burnt, a Boulanger flies his country which he would have roused; and affairs at last return to the normal, perhaps to sanity and sweetness. But at what avoidable cost? Meanwhile, the waters are troubled, the Spirit of God does not move on them, it is the opportunity of the unlofty ambitions to fish therein.

Labour and the Irish Problem.

By Philip Snowden.

(The well-known Labour Leader.)

THE results of recent bye-elections have increased the likelihood of a Labour Government after the next General Election. In that event, among the many serious problems the Labour Government would have to attempt to solve none is more difficult than the settlement of the Irish question.

Practical statesmanship always finds itself on the horns of a dilemma. It is seldom or never possible to settle a political question on strictly logical and consistent lines. It is easy to lay down general principles and logical formulas, but when the effort is made to practically deal with problems, logic and principle have often to be sacrificed and a compromise is necessary to secure either an agreed settlement or one which reduces opposition to a minimum.

The Labour Party has formulated a very definite plan for the settlement of the Irish question. It begins by accepting the principle of "self-determination." Ireland is a nation with well-defined geographical boundaries fixed by nature. Self-determination implies that the majority of the people in such circumstances should have the right to determine their own form of government without interference by any authority outside their own national boundaries.

If this principle be accepted in regard to Ireland—and it is impossible to deny it to Ireland when Great Britain has sacrificed a million lives and ten thousand millions of money to secure that right for oppressed nationalities far away—then it follows that the will of the Irish people constitutionally expressed, should be accepted, even if it results in the separation of Ireland from political connection with the rest of the United Kingdom.

Unlimited Self-determination.

That is the policy in regard to Ireland which received the endorsement of the last Labour Party conference, which is the authority for deciding the policy of Labour. It is true that a considerable minority of delegates voted for an amendment limiting the exercise of self-determination for Ireland to the control of exclusively Irish affairs as a part of the British Empire. Such a limitation of the right of a nation to determine its own form of government is inconsistent with the principle of self-determination, but it well illustrates the practical difficulty of logically and consistently applying a formula or a general principle in all circumstances.

For Great Britain to say to the Irish people that they shall have the right of self-determination provided they agree to select a particular form of government approved by Great Britain, asserts a claim on the part of Great Britain to impose its will upon the Irish nation. This is a right which can never be enforced against the will of a people except by superior force.

The Prime Minister has stated that he will be prepared to sacrifice a million British lives in a five years' war rather than permit the Irish people to sever their political association with the British Empire. If, as the result of such a sanguinary conflict. Great Britain reduces the Irish people to submission, the Irish problem would not be settled, for Ireland would be left as sullen, disaffected and more irreconcilable than ever.

The logical treatment of the Irish question is, the practical way of dealing with it. Labour recognises that fact, and bases its Irish policy upon it. It does not by any means follow if the unqualified right of self-determination were offered to Ireland that Ireland would decide in favour of complete political separation from Great Britain. The present feverish condition of Ireland, due to the mishandling of the Irish question by the British Governments, naturally drives the Irish nationalists to make the most extreme demand. If the right of the Irish people to decide their own form of government without restriction or qualification were conceded, it is highly probable that the commonsense of the Irish people would decide that Ireland's economic interests could be best served by remaining in federal association with Great Britain for the joint treatment of questions of common interest to all parts of the United Kingdom.

The hope of the Labour Party.

Once the hated supremacy and authority of Great Britain over Ireland were abandoned, the natural magnanimity of the Irish people would no doubt assert itself in a willingness to enter into a partnership with Great Britain, not as a subject nation. but as a partner with equal rights and authority in all matters common to Great Britain and herself.

That at any rate is the view and hope of the Labour Party. A Labour government would seek to bring about that desirable result by first of all granting to Ireland the full right of self-determination, without even the reservation that an Irish Republic must not be set up. The machinery by which the right of self-determination would be expressed by the Irish people would be by the election of a Constituent Assembly for the whole of Ireland on a system of Proportional Representation. This Constitutional Assembly would decide the future form of Irish government.

If all sections in Ireland would co-operate in the election and deliberations of such a Constituent Assembly, with the assurance that the final decision of this body would be accepted by the British Government, it is practically certain that a scheme would be evolved which

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would not be disadvantageous to Great Britain and would secure for Ireland a lasting settlement of her difficulties and disagreements. This proposal involves a spirit of goodwill and toleration on the part of the small minority in Ulster which has never been shown by them. This Labour proposal would, however, have the supreme merit of putting upon the Irish people themselves the task of solving their own problem, and under the sense of responsibility which every party, even Ulster, might be expected to feel in such circumstances, it is not unreasonable to believe that a conclusion could be reached which, though it involved some sacrifice, from both extremes, would be a settlement all could approve and cordially work together to carry through successfully.

This is the Labour Party's Irish Policy. If the Labour Party does come into power in the near future it is the proposal they will make for dealing with the Irish situation. It is one which it is believed the Irish people would accept, and one which the commonsense of the people of Great Britain would approve.

The Future of the League of Nations.

By Theta.

THE League of Nations without America is something closely resembling *Hamlet* with the part of the Prince of Denmark omitted, by particular request. It is unfair, however, to take the line followed by some publicists, and blame America for leading the Powers into a League, and then drawing back herself. The *impasse* results from the constitutional "distribution of powers" in America, which gives the Senate a check on the President, as a treaty-making Executive officer. This is not unreasonable, since under the constitution a treaty is part of the law of the land, whereas in the British Empire it requires legislation, in general, to carry it into effect. Thus, the concurrence of one branch of the legislature (the branch, moreover, which represents the several States on a basis of equality) is a natural requirement for the validity of treaties entered into by the Executive.

But there is a good deal of reason for saying that it is the Senate, rather than Mr. Wilson, that represents the considered judgment of America regarding the League. There is, doubtless, much superficial public sentiment in America in favour of the League—perhaps a preponderance of such loose sentiment. But it is not the momentary, unthinking sentiment which counts. To ascertain the real desire of the public in the United States, we must look deeper. A man may write a letter, strongly and sincerely in favour of a particular negotiation or scheme. But it does not follow that he is really in favour of it. It may only follow that he does not understand it.

It is a curious fact, that long before the League of Nations had become a practical proposition, and which it was still the object of Mr. Taft's unofficial but energetic propaganda, the late Cecil Chesterton, in the *New Witness*, put his finger on the exact spot where it would meet with disaster if ever it was seriously put forward. "If any League," he said, "shall tell America what to do with her Negroes or with her treaties, I think I know what the Senate of the United States will do. I think it will tell the League to go to Hell." Coarse, but precise!

And it is, to say the least, curious, that in an age which is persistently declared to be devoted to Freedom and Nationalism, an instrument should be put forward for adoption which is designed to restrict the freedom of nations. A nation is no longer to be its own judge of the meaning of the obligations it has entered into. India ought to know what this means. When Dalhousie asserted the principle that the British were to be the sole interpreters of the meaning of treaties with Indian Princes, he thereby reduced them to the position of dependents. And when the League makes itself the sole and final judge of the meaning of treaties, it reduces the nations of the world to its vassals. The meaning of the wide words usual in commercial treaties might easily be interpreted to involve a liability to admit an influx of foreigners which would revolutionize the industrial and social life of a country. Nations, again, are to be tied down to common standards of labour and transit, by conventions the interpretation of which may imply a liability to outrage the deepest sentiments of their population. Freedom within due limits of fitness is best secured in small communities where personal fitness can be readily appraised. A world-community of benevolent cast-iron regulation from Geneva could only be a benevolent despotism camouflaged by pretences of consulting the thousand million people of the globe it might be. Such an absurd pretence could be no more than a mockery.

To be sure, the League has very shadowy powers. It is at once both weak and dangerous. In itself it has little or no force. But it may be made the instrument of world-tyranny. It is in the use which may be made of it by bold and designing men that its danger lies. In itself, it is as weak as water. Nothing need be arbitrated, so as to involve an obligation to carry out the award, unless both parties like. If they do not like, the only result will be that the Council of Nine will investigate the case, and if it is unanimous—which in these days of *ententes* is hardly likely (except in the case of a weak power)—in recommending a settlement unfavourable to one side, the defeated party is barred from going to war to enforce its view. I should strongly recommend weak powers to make warm friends with Belgium, Greece, Spain or Brazil, which all are on the Council.

War is not forbidden. It is only delayed for three months after the arbitration by the chosen tribunal or by the Council of Nine, as the case may be, in the case of "disputes." All wars do not arise out of disputes. They arise out of fears and necessities. And although it has been convenient in the past, to seek occasion for them in some concrete "dispute," it is by no means necessary. A. may knock down B. because of some "dispute": but he may also knock down B. in self-defence; and there is nothing whatever in the League to prevent one nation from invading another in self-defence against a supposed imminent attack. Such a war would not be within Article 16 of the League, as a war in disregard of Articles 12, 13 or 15, and as therefore putting the warring State under ban of the League. For these Articles apply avowedly to "disputes." They cannot apply to cases where a State is in imminent danger of immediate violence. That is not a "dispute": nor can a State be expected to expose itself to invasion whilst taking the (unanimous) advice of the Council under Article 10, or inviting it to take (unanimous) action under Article 11. The opposing State may not be obviously in the wrong. It may be just as apprehensive of invasion by our supposed nation as the latter is apprehensive of the invasion by itself.

The League, therefore, does not inhibit war, does not make it compulsory to arbitrate effectively, does not compel more than a short delay in the warlike settlement of disputes. Its real strength and danger lies in the mere fact of its organization. It provides the framework on which a real organization for the coercion of the world can be prepared. The consultations between the Councillors, the habit of acting together which they are likely to form, and the general acquiescence with which their decisions will probably at first be received, will tend to invest them with the powers of legislators for the world. The Council has perhaps no express power to legislate: though this might be inferred from its power to "deal with" any matter affecting the peace of the world. But, like the *praetor* at Rome, it has only to let its probable future action be known, in order to legislate in effect with as much force as any parliament or judge. If its powers of commanding the united forces of the great nations are unchallenged, then it will not matter that no provision of the League exists directing that the awards of tribunals and the decisions of Councils shall forcibly be carried into effect. For the Council will certainly see that they are!

Suppose, for instance that some State has peculiar ideas about Labour—that it prefers long hours under pleasant conditions to short hours of hard and remorseless toil—and that some industrialized State raises a "dispute" against it, alleging that it ought to conform to generally accepted ideas regarding hours of work. The Council, staffed by officials under the obsession of the fashionable theories, decides that our supposed State ought to modify its labour laws. It appeals to the Assembly (as it may) and a bare majority are against it. It now lies open to war on the part of the industrialized State, which (after three months) would not be acting contrary to Articles 12, 13 or 15, in waging war against it. But does anybody suppose the industrial State would be left to make war alone? Certainly not: the Council and the majority of the assembly would infallibly combine to crush the dawning opposition to their ideas—which would seem to them the only sound ideas. It could be only a short step from this to a state of things in which the sovereigns and peoples of the several States would be the obedient servants of the World Council liable to be tried and shot if they rebelled against its decrees.

THE FUTURE OF THE LEAGUE OF NATIONS.

The hope of the future lies in variety. The action of the League will tend to produce a grinding uniformity. And this the American Senate realized.

The Senate is, itself, the vestige of an attempt made in the early days of the Union to set up against the dead weight of numbers and omnipotent majorities a check based on other than numerical considerations. The check is based on sentiment and the imponderable magnificances of life. In the Senate numbers are not everything: to put it crudely, counting does not count. Nevada, with 81,000 people (about the population of Westmoreland) returns her two Senators (I presume), exactly as does New York with nine million.

A body so chosen has natural inducements to remember the value of independence and the limitations on the omnipotence of majorities. And, reflecting that the institution of a World Order needs only the voluntary supply of force by those who work the machine, to make it a World Government, they have realized the threat to American independence which is latent in the League.

They do not deceive themselves by relying on the provision that the domestic jurisdiction of States is not to be interfered with. Their own history teaches them very plainly what is the effect of such a provision. Because a clause of the Constitution gives the Federal authority power to regulate interstate commerce, the Federal authority has been conceded power to supplant the State authority over State railways, wholly and completely, because they sometimes carry interstate traffic. Because a Federal judgment is declared to be binding on States, the Federal authorities have been allowed to issue Federal execution on a State--as a "natural consequence." The history of the United States, in short, is one long series of demonstrations that the State cannot stand against the Federal Power.

It may be true that the history of the Germanic Confederation was an equally prolonged series of demonstrations that the Federal power could not stand against a vigorous State,—Austria or Brandenburg. But most modern precedents are the other way. The Senate may be excused if it sees in an active and united Council an instrument of encroachment.

It is very remarkable that in these self-styled democratic days an instrument of democracy should have been created which has a permanent, irresponsible and self-elected House of Lords! For such the Council is—only with a coherence a handiness and a degree of executive power of which the House of Lords never dreamt. The casual, crowded and heterogeneous Assembly but little in touch with the permanent officials, and uncertain as to what force (if any) it can in the last resort command, will of necessity be of little account in comparison—especially as the Council Powers must concur in its decisions on disputes in order to make them effective! The only reason which would lead us to suspect the validity of this conclusion is the unanimity with which it has been made.

There is not even any pretence of democratic selection of the Council Powers. Who chose Spain, Belgium, Brazil, and Greece? Nobody that you or I know much about! Why Spain was selected rather than Holland: why Greece, which has been kicked about like a football, should have been selected at all, are mysteries which are beyond democratic comprehension, as much as they are beyond democratic control. In fact, democratic control, as Rousseau and all great democrats have said, is possible only in very small communities. The difficulties of combination and expression make the population of large communities obliged to accept the will of self-elected oligarchs—whether these oligarchs be styled party leaders, bosses, demagogues or Under-Secretaries of State.

It is possible to do full justice to the excellent motives of many who clamour for the League. All are not Wilsonite election agents, cosmopolitan concession-hunters, or brainless pacificists. Many sincerely believe that as peace is preserved in a nation by police, so it can be preserved between nations by police. More believe that whatever the faults of the League, it cannot be worse than war. These are amiable, well-meaning and thoughtful people. But they do not think hard enough. The solution of these great problems of world-government demands the hardest and severest mental labour. Good-natured aspirations which stop short of an easy solution are quite useless As Bagehot was fond of saying: "The work of the wise in this world is to undo the harm done by the good."

The concrete fact which would be developed in the League, if it were even more than an Alliance, would be the existence of a small body of men wielding world-wide and almost dictatorial powers. Nothing which is on so vast a scale can be really open to efficient control from below. The parties of English politics—the Trade Unions of English labour--the propaganda of Muscovite Bolshevism,—the settlement of post-war Europe--are all controlled by managers who are in fact selected and invested with power by just the same processes and intrigues as those by which autocrats arrive at domination. Vast populations can only be managed by machinery; and power will vest with those who manage the machine. Those who manage the machine termed the League of Nations will have a tremendous power which they will be more than human if they do not use to promote their own conceptions of what is good for humanity. The so-called popular control of the Governments that appoint them is, even in the freest countries, a palpable farce. Take Great Britain. If the population is not subjected to the will of the bureaucrats and plutocrats of the Coalition, it must inevitably be subjected to the will of the cranks and bureaucrats who run the Labour Party. A World-Bureaucracy is the inevitable outcome of a League of Nations: and the conventions regulating Labour and Transit are the obvious channels of its accomplishment. These formally invest the League with the power of interference in domestic concerns—for the conventions are treaties, and every asserted breach of a treaty is an arbitrable dispute.

Just as the Federal authority in the United States has seized on the Interstate Commerce clause of the constitution to interfere in the domestic affairs of the States, so the Council will inevitably be led through these conventions to the position of a World Legislator.

Nor will the League save the world from war—nor even diminish the danger of war. Our existing State organization may, indeed, have put a stop to the little private raids of earl on earl and baron on baron. But it has led to a state of things in which millions have been driven to the slaughter under the most horrible conditions of torture and foulness. The contemplated World Order, attempting to impose the ideas of a narrow bureaucracy upon the whole earth, cannot but in the end lead to universal conflict. The Council Powers may combine their forces of gas and flame and germ: but their agents will be divided against themselves; and their cold remoteness from the common man will in the end revolt him. Interference in the home, wherever children or labour are concerned, will precipitate the crisis. Civil war, issuing in general anarchy, is likely to be the issue.

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And the melancholy thing is that there is no need for this apparatus of the world-dominion; nor for the camouflage by which it is represented as a harmless apparatus of advice. All that was needed was a firm declaration that under no circumstances would any one State be permitted to invade another, or to touch its ships. True, this would allow the Swiss, as an eminent Irish thinker has remarked, to boil English tourists alive in Berne. True, it would prevent an oil trust from securing its foreign property by force of gunboats. True, it would prevent a strong country's helping itself to a right of way across a weak one. But some risks must be run: and these might be better to incur than those of World Tyranny or World War.

The common sense of the world has realized it. The American Senate has expressed it. The true analogy of peace between forty or fifty nations is not that of a policed body of four or five millions, but that of a club or family in which mutual respect and concession are the paramount considerations. Forty or fifty people on a desert island would be very foolish to set up a magistrate and policeman! The family of nations would be particularly foolish to imitate them and America has been the first to realize it.

It is hoped that the objection which some may have felt to the action of the United States Senate may disappear on a candid examination of these considerations. Political rivalries may have played their part in this little bit of history; but these sordid motives are not the predominant ones. The deep instinct of America, expressed through the Senators, is that this League, in so far as it is not useless, is dangerous. That it is the thin end of a wedge which will depose America from her proud pedestal of self-determination, and convert her into a cog-wheel in the machine of world-finance. That the true need of the time is the reaffirmance of the American ideal of Freedom and Independence in opposition to dictation, however benevolent. That America can best perform her duty to the world, not in isolation from the Old World, but in refusing to take a hand in its disputes. That, in short, while a League to prevent war under all circumstances might be desirable, this is not such a League: but rather a League to prevent war by multiplying interferences with domestic concerns.

Old-World observers may feel the same: and in fact there are now few so poor in spirit as do the League reverence. To discuss its demerits is to slay the slain. The rocket has come down like a stick. From Marshal Foch to the veriest journalistic scribbler, those who have the public ear riddle it with contempt and laughter. It has proved a veritable Jonah's gourd; and we need not go very far for an answer to the question: Who is Jonah?

Until Day Breaks and Shadows Flee Away.

By Jean Roberts.

The Voice of my Beloved cries
"Come!" and I rise
With instant speed; but He is gone.
Gone!

Is there a word more sad
Than this when it means One,
Who makes our whole life glad,
Has passed from sight
And changed our day to night?

But in the outer dark I grope
My way, and hope
For near or distant sign or sound
To tell me He,
In whom my very life is bound
Waiteth for me.
But Silence swathes me in dense folds
My Love from me Himself withholds.
I struggle through the shadows dim
On towards the Light—in Him!
And lo!

UNTIL DAY BREAKS.

Before mine eyes can see
One streak of light
I am aware that He
My Soul's great Lover
Makes of the dark His Glory's cover,
And holds me in His vast embrace
So that I cannot see His Face
Or know that Night hath ceased to be,
But, though my senses are so bound,
No entrance can be won by sight or sound
This know I well 'tis Day and Shadows flee.

Indian Nation—A Reality or a Dream?

By Taher S. Mahomadi.

An English lady who has lived nearly thirty years in India and visited most parts of the country asked me, the other day, about the conditions there. Talking of Home Rule, she said. "Your people cannot manage it. Firstly, there is the caste and that means—the welding of the diverse peoples into a 'nation' is a dream. Secondly, granting that you can get up some sort of unity to start with, the outcome would be", as she quaintly put it, "Ranji would fight Patiala and Bikaner would fight Jodhpur and you will end where you began", that is to say, in Civil War. There was the further suggestion that some foreign power would step in and India would have to undergo tutelage all over again and, possibly, under a worse master.

I am quoting this lady not because her opinion is so much valuable in itself but because it is typical of what Englishmen, in general, think, supposing that they ever bother themselves about this distant dependency, except for the purposes of trade or on the rare occasions, when a 'Dyer' excites their latent pride of race.

And, perhaps, I should, not be far wrong if I say that most other nations think likewise. Though this be very galling to *our amour propre*, it is, really, not very much surprising if we try to understand their point of view.

At the back of their minds is the underlying contempt—though it's a strong word yet, no other would express their feeling so well—which all freedom-loving and virile races feel for those who, they think, are incapable of sacrifices for their own redemption. To them a "nation" of three hundred million people doing little beyond holding conferences and sending memorials and petitions, which, more often than not, go straight away to swell the contents of the waste-paper basket, is a real conundrum. They ask you to show them a single instance in which the people without the help or guidance of government have shewn any genius for corporate *action* on a large scale. In a word, sympathy for Indians and their aspirations is not so much absent, but, there is in the minds of many an honest conviction that 'self-government' would prove disastrous in its consequences to all who have a stake in the country.

If, only, we could demonstrate to them that we are capable of standing on our own legs unaided, the road to India's freedom would not be so dreary and rough. For instance, take education, not the mere book learning, but the education that makes people alert both in mind and body. Here's an ample field for organised effort which should prove of the utmost value now and more so at the time when India stands shoulder to shoulder with the free countries of the world. Both to *attain* and *retain* that position requires the adoption of other systems of education than those which merely cram the mind.

Physical culture has received a tremendous fillip since the war, both in Europe and America. In England, athletics and sports of every kind is receiving the greatest attention. It was always regarded as the foundation of civic education and now it is taking its proper place even in the industrial organisations of the country. The French are feverishly trying to make up for lost time and have worked out most elaborate schemes for the whole country and particularly for Paris which they hope to make one of the greatest, if not the greatest, sporting and athletic centre. Even the newly emerged republic of Czecho Slovak, in the midst of a thousand distractions, has found time and energy to put into practice a very comprehensive scheme for the improvement, physical and moral, of its people--important not only for the maintenance of its hard-won liberties but as a social and economic factor of the highest magnitude.

This Czecho Slovak institution should prove a valuable object lesson to India. It is designed, as

I have said, for the promotion of mental and spiritual as well as corporeal excellence. Recently a great meeting was held at Prague, where thousands of men and women, boys and girls, from all parts of Bohemia and Moravia gave an exhibition of individual gymnastics and combined movements which for their revelation of strength, agility and grace, the experts say, could not be rivalled anywhere else, not even in Sweden where also there is a national cult of physical training. Mr H. G. Wells, the giant of letters, has just returned from a visit to that country. On being asked his opinion, he answered with glowing enthusiasm, "That is the one bright spot in Europe to-day. The 'Sokol' is the web and woof for the whole republic. It has developed the social moral of the people until that moral is in advance of that of Western Countries."

It is to be remembered that this republic is hardly two years old. The people did not wait with folded arms; they started the work of nation building long years ago and when the opportunity came, it found them ready to shoulder the responsibilities as well as the privileges. The 'Sokols' were founded sixty years ago. They were intended to keep alive the spirit of solidarity and independence. No doubt it must have looked little more than a dream then to the subjugated and divided Czechs and Slovaks, nevertheless, it was a dream that had never faded from the popular consciousness through long years of depression and persecution.

The 'Sokols' are meant to develop the *character* no less than the *muscles* and the *limbs*. Apart from recreation and sport which they supply in abundant measure, they have a high moral purpose and they are all inspired by an ideal of profound national and patriotic significance. A high authority thus describes them :—"Their object was to bring together the youth and manhood and womanhood of the Czecho Slovak lands in a common task of union and organisation. The athletic and gymnastic societies kept before them the aim, not only of freedom, but of progress, as nothing could have done. Denied the opportunity till the great war had broken their Austrian and German masters of asserting their national aspirations on the political and military fields, the Czechs sought to realise them in other ways. They determined that when freedom came it should find them worthy of the gift and if it did not come—it must have seemed remote enough sixty years ago—yet they would attain their inner freedom, that liberty of the soul which tyrants and bureaucrats cannot take away. So the Sokals gathered in the best of the nation and they devoted themselves to the promotion of physical and moral development. Scientific athletics and gymnastics gave them the former, the sense of brotherhood and corporate consciousness the other. How well they succeeded the events of the past few years have shown."

It is really sad to see the crouching gait, the narrow shoulders and the shuffling walk of the Indians amidst the well set up figures and the strong, manly features of most of the western races. Though climate may have much to do, yet, surely, India was once peopled by stalwart men and heroic women. Why should we not have them again? If we are taking to European culture in spite of all the impediments that different ideals, environment and climate offer, could we afford to neglect what has now come to be regarded as the most essential parts of a thorough education, *viz.*, the training and development of the *body* and *character*. Surrounded by nations virile and often actuated by animal instincts, India would have little chance of winning or preserving her liberties unless they are supported by the broad shoulders of its manhood and the healthy vigour of its womanhood.

Turning to the differences of caste or religion, it's a most gratifying feature that the caste has shed much of its rigidity. To those who saw the fraternising between the Hindus and the Musalmans under the roofs of their holy shrines and from a hundred public platforms, the prospect looks very promising indeed. All this is a matter of public knowledge. I am, however, tempted to recount a couple of incidents I came across just before leaving India. Though small in themselves, they are big with promise.

From the political restrums of many lands we have heard the talk of human brotherhood and the essential unity of religions. What is more significant is that even with the itinerant Sadhu or Fakir these have become the stock arguments in his scanty repertoire of legend and history. By the way, it is interesting to note how different people go to work in the same cause.

A Sadhu (Hindu) from Benares was discoursing on the Hindu-Moslem unity. In support of his argument he produced a big placard with the word "Allah" written thereon in Arabic in large type. He then turned it upside down and with a triumphant look cried, "Lo, the 'Allah' becomes 'Ishvara', when you look at it thus." To him the argument was too convincing to need further elaboration and the audience acquiesced, if not from heartfelt conviction, at least by reason of the novelty of presentation. He had other arguments of the same nature. He now produced a second placard with Hindu divinities (thirteen in all, if I remember right) and placed it by the side of another on which were depicted the shrines at Mecca and Medina, thirteen in number. From these he once again drew the incontestable conclusion that both had thirteen incarnations of divinity! It was certainly amusing and, I may add, in a way instructive to see that man attempting for all he was worth to prove the oneness of the two great religions of India. The climax, however, was reached when he gravely admonished his audience to turn up again the next day when he promised to produce other convincing proofs of a similar nature! Whether you wonder at his effrontery or laugh at his ignorance, the fact is that the people have begun to *feel*, if they cannot argue, that there is an essential unity beyond and above the petty groups which we call Communities or nations—a brotherhood between the vast multitudes that inhabit the earth, and that the great purpose of religion is missed if it does not lead to harmony but discard again who cannot envisage the superstitious touch-me-not air of the Brahmin of the old days, seated at his meals or engaged in his devotions. That type is happily disappearing fast. To see, in a railway compartment a Dakshni Brahmin, orthodox to all appearances, with the dhotar, the shaven head, and the 'Shendi', inviting a Parsee (representative of a race westernised almost to the bone) to part ake of his: meal, and then both sitting down together and eating, from the same plates, was, indeed, a most happy augury of the dawn of a United India.

The Snow Drop.

By E. M. Holden.

Tho' February skies are grey,
Along the woodland lawn to-day
I found an *elfin*-flower at play.

Amid its own slim blades a-blow,
I found it first three days ago,--
A slender Stalk—a bud of snow.

To-day it shakes out three white wings
All shoulder-high, the dainty things,
Like hollow shells the foam up-flings;

And foots it 'mid the sylvan scene
(On tinsel-slippered feet I ween)
In tiny tunic tricked with green.

And well I know the giddy thing
Will dance the day away, and sing
Its tra-la-la-la-lee of Spring,
Its trill and triolet of Spring.

The Standard of Life of Our University Professors.

By Prof. Karl Brockhausen

(University of Vienna).

UNIVERSITY Professors signify a class of people quite by themselves, and are much more worth than they earn,— considered the value in money. If a University Professor would only do the work for which he is paid, he would not be worth his name, his position and the esteem, which he enjoys. Except perhaps the Professor who practises medicine, and becomes in consequence a very practical thinking man, the general Professor, that is to say, the theoretical Professor, must find solely his satisfaction in his line, in his work as a teacher and explorer. These Professors form a class, in which the personality of each is more highly esteemed than his income.

In order to gain a right judgment of the real material standard—besides the imaginary appreciation, on which nobody can live,—there may be described the life-career of a Vienna Professor.

The academical career can only be entered if first of all one gets the admission into the faculty as an unsalaried Docent, based upon a scientific dissertation. That cannot be sooner than two years after having passed the doctorate between his 25th and 28th year in general profession, delivering special lectures, for which they are highly paid.

This time of unsalaried lecturing lasts in general 3 years—a very hard time for the no more young man of science; he must have some support from home or some extra occupation in his spare hours or occasionally a scholarship. But this hard time has also a good side: only such young people, whose love for science engrosses all their thoughts pursue this career. This errand through the desert is only risked by men with an inward calling and no outward interests; with this extent of intellect and knowledge which a Docent wants to become a Professor, he could choose another profession with better prospects. The characteristic of the German University type, that the Professors do not rise slowly from moderately paid positions, but are conquering the Professorial chair with a jump out of the material nothingness, *is a sieve* towards the less talented place hunters. The entrance is marked with the sentence: There is no hope for those who are not truly elected; *per aspersa ad astra.* On this rigorous selection is founded the nature of the professoriate.

The professorship has two degrees: A preparatory degree of the extraordinary Professor and the final height of the professorship in ordinary. He who has not reached the degree of an extraordinary Professor after 5—6 years of unsalaried lecturing is generally a lost man. As an extraordinary Professor *his heir horrigiest* he mostly spends 3–5 years, therefore the time in his 30th to 36th year; then he becomes professor in ordinary in a University of the province, and if good luck and an illustrious name are combined, in futher 4—10 years a professor in ordinary in Vienna, seldom before he is 40 years of age. The University lecturer could live before the war on a modest style on an original salary of 2,800 kr., an appurtenance of his district of 4—800 kr., after 5 years an addition of 800 kr., and some taxes for examinations; for the foundation of a family it was of course not enough. This he could only risk with the security of becoming professor in ordinary, who had an original fixed salary of 6,400 kr., an appurtenance of 600—1,200 kr., and additional salaries and taxes of about 2,800—4,800 kr., so that a professor in ordinary disposed as an income, which was equivalent before the war to a purchasing value of . . . . . . yearly.

Then came the dreadful war, which came at the wrong time upon few people so unsparingly and unexpectedly as upon our professors, and few people are so guiltless concerning the war as they—not even one professor I could denominate as being a war agitator. As the value of their income was reduced to the half of the former purchasing power, they could hold out proportionally because journeys and other amusements were reduced. Even as the purchasing power sunk to the fifth part they endured it without a murmur. Everything, that even reminded them of former comfortableness disappeared of itself, and things that were a matter of course became unattainable. But then the catastrophe came nearer and nearer as our Krone sunk to 2 till 3 centimes. At the same time an unheard of estimated value of manual working power set in and the professor, who was never very clever concerning the art of taking life. could not keep on like some classes of people, who made a skilful leap into the new situation.

But the loser is always laughed at, and as the mental workers complained and stated that a washing woman had nearly the same income as a learned man, one spoke of the wearing work of the char-woman in comparison to the satisfying activity of learned men.

But at the end of the last year, our Government had a fair understanding: the university lecturers have since the beginning of 1920 a fixed original salary of 12,000, the professors in ordinary 18,000 kr., then an appurtenance of 1,000. resp., 3,000 kr., and additional charges of 30 % for Vienna. Also the quinquennial amount now to 2,000 kr., and can rise till to 10,000 kr., after 25 years spent in service, and finally they get again the students fees, of which they have been occasionally deprived by a former regulation of salaries. Therefore a professor in Vienna has now 15—40,000 kr. a year, a very high income compared with former times.

But all appears in another light if one compares the income and the expenses of now-a-days to those before the war. In the following I state the budgets of some elderly married-couples of professors, whose children are already provided for and who have relatively a high income of about 15,000 kr.;—married couples with younger children I do not take into calculation, the number of children being a difficult factor in the calculation.

These 15,000 kr. were spent for :

Lodging	1,800	till	2,000
Household	4,500	„	5,000
Clothing	1,000	„	2,000
Illness	100	„	200
Books	1,500	„	2,000
Amusements and Journeys	1,500	„	2,000
Associations and Presents	300	„	400
Sundries	1,000	„	1,200
	12,800	till	14,800 kr.

According to the dearness at present, there must be shewn the following figures for the abovementioned account :

Lodging	2,500
Household	28,000
Clothing...	5,000
Unforeseen Expenses	5,000
	40,500 kr.

Even with the increased salary the university professor in ordinary can only live in Vienna if he has no children to provide for and if he avoids every outlay for amusement and illness. Not even the most necessary books he can buy, because the prices have increased 5 or 10 fold, in some cases as much as 15 fold.

In former times he could hope to spend his old days at least free from material sorrows, after having passed through hard times of youth. He could walk on the heights of human culture where not wealth, but mental goods are esteemed. He was independent concerning superiors and inferiors, independent of all sides; Government could not afford him anything but the empty title of a "Hofrat" for special works, and society was glad and proud to see him in their midst, even if he was not dressed according to the prevalent fashion; and his wife was received in society even without ornament and finery. To-day he is put on a level with a manufactory workman on a weekly salary of 4—800 kr., and, that is the most painful, without the possibility to procure the indispensable literary resources and remedies, especially those of foreign countries.

An action on a large scale, which would provide the Austrian universities with several copies of the scientific material from abroad, as far as it lies as a dead capital in unused printed copies, such an action will fill up a gap without great sacrifices and will bless the fertile soil of culture with fresh seeds.

The young Docent enjoys no fixed salary at all of the State, he only has the right of delivering a course of lectures. Being not yet examiner, the only advantage that he offers to the students, attending to his lectures is his individuality, that is the capacity of introducing the students into science. It is left to their free will to attend these lectures or not—the greater number of them prefer to attend the lectures of a Professor, who is at the same time an examiner. The equivalents for this service are the payments of the students' fees, amounting till now to 2 kr., for attending one hour weekly a lecture for a term of six months. If therefore a Docent had the rare fortune to gather a circle of 20 hearers and if he lectured 5 hours during a week, his income for these lectures would amount to 2 × 5 × 20 that is 200 kr. during the term of six months, or 400 kr. in a year. This sum was just sufficient for the rent of a very modest room, or for a frugal daily breakfast before the war. Now, after the war, a drive in the electric railway amounts to 2 kr., for which formerly was paid 20 bl., and the Docent can use up his earnings only for his daily drive to and from the University. The State acknowledged this and lately the students' fees were enhanced from 2 to 20 kr. The sum of 200, calculated above, must be therefore enhanced to 1,000 kr. supposing that the 20 students remain faithful. But neither lodging nor breakfast can be paid. The exceptions are some Docents of the medical.

Within and Without.

By Edith Dart.

Within high walls of carven stone
The organ pealed, the preacher's drone
Meandered ; while the God I sought
Eluded prayer, petition, thought.

Without I passed into the night.
The sky was one wide track of light,
With steady planet, moon and star
Serenely shining there afar.

Before my prison'd, earth-bound view
The Infinite was flashed anew ;
Unto such Awe and Vastness brought
Swiftly I found the God I sought.

Indian Music.

By Shahinda.

FEW subjects have been more enveloped in mystery and darkness than the most exquisite of sciences "Indian Music."

After a careful research we find that there is no dearth of material on the subject. The sages, law-givers, grammarians and poets have been rendered somewhat intelligible by German and French scholars and the literary public has been enabled to form some idea of the new light thrown upon subjects of Indian antiquities—but there is a vast field for research work yet to be accomplished. A complicated and elaborate system like that of Indian Music requires most continuous labour—to be able to appreciate its supreme subtleties—either from its scientific or artistic standpoint.

Indian Music is attributed to be of Divine Origin. It is as old as the Sun and the Moon, and man's knowledge of this World was learnt through Music is the firm belief of the Hindu—and India is ever believed to be the land of its Origin and Birth. Whatever be the origin of Music · which is at present enveloped in the superabundance of myths—the fact remains that it had attained an extraordinary theoretical precision even at a period when Greece was little removed from Barbarism!

From the regions of fancy and fable scores of centuries ago attempts at intervals have been made to collect, rearrange, assimilate and consolidate existing practices so as to reduce the same to an intelligible and workable system but in the present day—the worst that India has ever known—the rich harvest lies buried in the ponderous dusty tomes.

To trace something of its history the old Sanskrit literature must be divided into four periods—the Mantra, Chanda, Brahmana and Sutra B. C. This takes us back to a time which though involved in dark antiquity clearly shows that in all these ages Music not only existed but had attained a high form of perfection and that the musical scale—the fundamental basis of the science—and the result of music activities of many ages, was practised by the Vedic Rishis 4000 B. C. The Aryans were, therefore, foremost in developing the art very nearly to perfection.

The Sam Ved, extract from the Rig Ved to be chanted during the sacrifices has its own metrical system, and the rules for chanting the Vedas are laid down in the Sama Sutras. They possess all the fine elements of our present music with a proper musical notation to denote the metre and their mode of chanting. "Let an Udgatri (priest Sam singer) who is going to perform the sacrificial work desire that his voice may have sweet tones, and let him acquire the musical notes with Udgitha (sound pure and simple) and by that Udgitha perform the rites of the Rig-Ved." Music was correlative with the teaching of the Vedas and an inseparable part of devotion.

The hymns of the Vedas were sung. Upvedas developed music as an art and the Rishis and Manis included it in their studies. An extraordinary Shastra is the Gandharva Ved. It is just looked upon with Divine reverence. When and by whom was this composed is shrouded in mystery, though almost all the ancient works on music have wholly and solely drawn upon the Gandharva Ved when dealing with its technicalities. There are traces at present, dim and obscure that even previous to the compilation of the Gandharva and Sam Ved—a free and original spirit of a long duration was at work in the domain of music—and that there was a succeeding age in which that spirit was criticised is proved from the Dharmā Shastras of the Rishis.

Now the Vedic period established music as an art. The Brahamana period shows that not only was the musical scale practised by the ancients but its internal value to notes was scientifically studied. This would be unintelligible without the admission of a proceeding music age.

The Upanishad literature of the Brahamana period is strictly involved in mystical symbolism which characterises ecclesiastical Hinduism of that age. But when the verses are stripped off their spiritually enigmatical garbs it is extremely interesting to see that they are connected with the corresponding number and value of notes. Moorchanas, Gramas and other technicalities of music and their subtle compositions treat of the numbers indicating their relation to musical scale and its intervals.

They had songs which differentiated from hymns and the names of the metres—hymns and songs even associated with the names of God.

" Let me sing to the Immortality of the Gods—for desires of mankind, for securing grass and water, for aliment, for self and for the Heavens to the Institution of Sacrifices.

The vowels constitute the body of Indra, the sibilants and 'ha' for that of Prajapati and the consonants for that of Death. Should any revile the singer about the sibilants and 'ha' he should say 'I take the protection of Prajapati who will ground thee down : about the consonants 'I take the protection of Death who will hurl thee into flames,' etc. The singer was thus revered and protected from any ridicule.

In the Chandogya and other Upanishads—in spite of the strong tendency to mystify everything it says : "In chanting the Vedas, the deeply significant and supernatural 'Om' is articulated. What is Om? It is the all-pervading, all-essential, all-absorbing and all-sanctitious." It is explained thus---Rig is the Essence of Speech; Sam is Praan (breath); Rig and Sam make a Maithuna (couple). Udgitha is Swara (sound pure and simple); and Udgitha is the quintessence of all essences Om is Udgitha—the supremest and most adorable of all. It is listened to in the ether of the human heart, with its seven sounds which having settled in the soundless—supreme—unmanifested Brahmin—becomes undistinguishable—as various flavours of the flowers lost in honey—securing safety and Immortality!"

Thus the Udgitha and its epitomized sounds 'Om' is a composition of musical notes with words and is the essence of songs. Yajnavalkya—the ancient Rishi—the author of Yajur Ved—in explaining the so-called atman (self) to his wife Maitriya quotes a verse which not only classifies the Deities, the castes of the Rishis and of the metres into three divisions—under the appellations of Uchcha, Nichcha and Swarita—but groups the seven notes 're' with 'dha'—'ga' with 'ni', etc., in such a thoughtful clever manner so as to point out the extremely advanced form of the progress by fifths technically.

In the Buddhist period all the writings and teachings speak of music. musical instruments, songs and dances as a part of beautiful existence. The simile of musical references is continually given in dialogues to high moralistic principles to be adopted in life.

There is a veritable vocabulary of imperishable records connecting the link of prehistoric music to the ensuing centuries. Works on Theology, Mythology and Literature all point to the important fact that ancient music abounds in artistic, philosophic and scientific speculations. Poetry and Dancing is linked with Music. The dramatic compositions of Sudraka, Kalidasa and Bhavabhatta are immortal for their extraordinary beauties. Such an abundant varied and rich treasure of poetic genius has never been brought to play upon the emotions and finer sentiments of any other people in the history of the human race than it has upon us. They are all arranged in metrical form so as to be sung with musical rythm and performed with proper gesticulation.

Narada the Vedic. Rishi, the distinguished son of Brahma, was a musician of exquisite skill. His invention of the wondrous "Been" is thus described in the poems of Magha : " Narada sat watching his large Been, which, by the impulse of the breezes yielded sweet notes, which pierced the regions of the heart—proceeded by musical intervals.

Bharat was the first inspired sage who invented three styles of dances : Natya, Nritya and Nritta.

Shiva, the Divine Dancer, added two other styles, the " Tandava and Lasya. " The Goddess Parvati instructed the Gopis of Dwarka who communicated the secret of these dances to the women of Sourashtra whence it passed on to the female of other regions. So that from the earliest times we find that Music was regarded as sacred. It was originated from Divinity and performed by Divinities. There were professional celestial beings such as the Gandharwas and Apsarasas who performed before the Gods. When the art was so freely cultivated among the Gods in Heaven, it affected the mortal beings on earth. The Kings indulged in it. The royal ladies cultivated sangit (singing and dancing) in their sangit shalas (schools) attached to palaces. The youths were taught to 'sing' the Divine Praises and Prayers. " To win over the Deity is to 'sing' its Praises and Prayers. Music hath power to make the Heavens descend upon the earth " displays the early innate belief in the mythical portrayal of this wonderful science.

The Gandharva-Ved was destined to exercise a world-wide influence in later years. A methodical notation system had already been worked out before the age of Panini, the mightiest language authority 350 B. C., and very much later it was drawn upon by the Persians, Greeks and Arabs. When the celebrated Greek harpist Terpander introduced A and E and Pythagoras B completing the Diatonic scale—the Hindus had already established a complete Diatonic scale centuries earlier—and it was Alexander who carried the chromatic scale from the banks of the Indus to the shores of Greece.

Thus the Hindu Music, the Origin of all Musics, first crept into Persia—thence to Greece and thence to

Arabia from where it was brought again into India and it blended itself once more in its parent stock forming the modern Hindusthani Music.

With the advent of the Muslims a 1,000 years ago into India all Hindu thoughts were marred and checked at first—but eventually they not only adopted Hindu Music as an ennobling art—but by their powerful influence and intercourse changed the original features somewhat. The South of India being less disturbed by foreign intervention and bloody warfares retained the material of Aryan emotions and feelings, and preserved the Shastric traditions so that the Southern Music is a safe index to what Music was in its prestine stage. It is accurate and therefore quite capable of being studied with the help of regular text books. The Northern Music became duly confused and disconnected dividing Music into the two recognised present systems -the Hindusthani or Northern and the Karnataki or Southern. These two great schools have been existing in the country for the past several centuries and the chief difference lies in their two perfectly independent Shudda or Primary Scales. The Hindusthani is based on the 'Bilawal' and the Karnataki on the 'Kanagangi' scale. Of the two musics the alluring fascinations, graceful embellishments and pleasing excellences of the Hindusthani or Northern even in its present completely degenerate state cannot possibly be denied.

Birds.

By F. H. Skrine.

In an age given up to coarse materialism and almost incessant warfare, Gilbert White devoted his life to Nature-Study. Gifted with the true scientific spirit, he observed the wonders of the country-side and strove to divine the laws governing their development. Birds were his special hobby; and we have excellent reason for sharing his love of the Order which he styled the "Feathered Tribe." Birds are bipeds, while other species move on four legs or use rudimentary arms for locomotion. They have long since solved the secret of aerial flight, which we have lately learnt after centuries of fruitless effort. Their power of expressing melodious sound is the envy of our Queens of Song. They share with mankind a sense of beauty of form and colour. The Australian *Chlamydra Maculata* constructs honeymoon bowers which it decks with feathers, shells and berries. Both sexes take part in this labour of love. A Bird of Paradise, *Ambly-Ornis Inornata*, found in New Guinea, builds a conical hut to shelter his amours; he carpets a tiny lawn in front with green moss which he adorns with ripe berries, pebbles, shells and fresh flowers.

The Law of Mutual Help, which is slowly superseding the Law of Struggle as the mainspring of human society, has left indelible traces on the relations between the sexes. Prehistoric males fought desperately for the exclusive possession of a coveted female and in the process man's physical strength increased, while a woman's weapons were only beauty and cunning. Thus her subjection to man's caprice has been assured, and civilization has never reached the full development which would have come with the concession of equal rights to both sexes. What do we see in the case of birds? In many species the cocks compete for the hen's preference by beauty of plumage and sweetness of song. The little grouse of Scandinavia and Florida gather in vast flocks at pairing-time, and hold regular Courts of love which last throughout the night.

Many married couples might learn a lesson from bird-life.' The Siberian Red Goose, *Anas Casarca,* is regarded by Indians as a model of conjugal fidelity. This species is strictly monogamous, and if one of a pair be shot its mate refuses to leave the dead body, but nestles by its side to receive the stroke of death. Gilbert White wrote in 1773 :—" Affection sublimes the passions, quickens invention and sharpens the sagacity of the brute creation." Thus a hen just about to become a mother is no longer that placid bird she used to be, but with feathers standing, wings hovering and a clucking note, she runs about like one possessed. A partridge will tumble along before a sportsman in order to draw away the dogs from her helpless covey. All the swallows in a village are up in arms at sight of a hawk, whom they will persecute until he leaves the district. Even the blue thrush at breeding time will dart out of a cleft in the rock to chase away a kestrel or sparrow hawk.

It is true that many birds reflect the vices of our race. Cock-herons fight desperately for the hen, thrusting and parrying with their sword-like beaks until one of the champions is placed hors-de-combat. Starlings wage pitched battles in the air. On the eve of the Thirty Years' War many German cities were visited by vast flights of these gregarious birds, which literally darkened the sky. Separating into hostile armies, they charged each other fiercely and the streets were soon covered with their dead and dying, presaging the calamities which were about to fall on the Fatherland. The farmyard cock epitomises human failings. He is vain, lustful and greedy, with the one saving virtue of dauntless courage. Despite such exceptions it may safely be said that birds, as a whole, are more faithful to their mates, and kinder parents than the average of mankind. But the time will surely come,— nay that golden age has already dawned, when human mothers will give to the children of the race the same self-devotion and self-sacrifice as they now lavish on their own offspring.

The migratory instinct is another link between birds and ourselves. You all know that Europe was peopled by successive waves of emigration from Central Asia; but only since steam power has superseded "white wings" have we contrived to escape from the northern winter and tropical heat. What power ordains the annual flight of birds from colder regions to the sunny south and vice versa? Maeterlinck explains the swarming of bees by his theory of "Spirit of the Hive," but the migrations of birds are far more wonderful. They are periodic and synchronous; the distances covered are enormous and the goals aimed at invariably the same. The Siberian Red Goose which I have already mentioned, spends the summer on estuaries discharging into the Polar Ocean, and when they become "thrilling regions of thick-ribbed ice," it crosses Asia and the Himalayan Chain to winter on the banks of Indian rivers. During a homeward journey from Constantinople by sea, my steamer touched at the Island of Patmos, where St. John wrote the Book of Revelations. While wandering through the market I saw a number of fat pigeons displayed on a butcher's stall. Their legs were thickly gilded, and on handling them I found that the gold came off on my fingers. Enquiries solicited the fact that these pigeons arrived yearly in dense flocks from Africa, and on landing their limbs were invariably coated with fine gold dust. So Sinbad the Sailor's story in the *Arabian Nights* was not altogether mythical, and the Dark Continent has not yet yielded up all its secrets.

I have alluded to the sweet strains uttered by our song-birds during the pairing season; scarcely less charming is the motions displayed by other kinds. Gilbert White believed that a trained ornithologist could distinguish species by observing the manner of their flight. He wrote in August 1778: "There is a peculiarity belonging to ravens that must draw the attention of even the most incurious—they spend all their leisure time in striking and cuffing each other on the wing in a kind of playful skirmish; and when they move from place to place frequently turn on their backs with a loud croak, and seem to be falling on the ground. When this odd gesture betides them, they are scratching themselves with one foot and thus lose the centre of gravity. Rooks sometimes dive and tumble in a frolicsome manner; crows and daws swagger in their walk. The superior intelligence of gregarious species is very marked, because individuals are better able to learn by imitating their fellows." The following anecdote proves conclusively that rooks can count up to three and no further.

A farmer had a field of newly-sown wheat which suffered terribly from the depredations of a neighbouring rookery. The birds used to post sentinels on the neighbouring tree-tops, which cawed loudly when any human enemy approached their comrades feeding ground. One morning the farmer, armed with a gun, hid himself in a cow-shed which stood in the corner of a field. He was observed by the sentinels who, promptly gave the alarm and every rook flew out of range. Next day he repeated the manœuvre, attended by his son, who went home after a short stay, leaving his father alone in the shed. Not a rook descended until he too had left. On the morrow he took two sons with him, and sent them away after a brief sojourn; but the cunning birds were not deceived. On the fourth day the farmer was attended by his sons and a labourer, who left the shed in succession. Hardly were the three out of sight than the sentinels uttered a joyous call, and the whole flock descended, only to be decimated by the double detonation which followed.

Gilbert White goes on to remark that "Parrots like other hook-clawed birds, walk awkwardly and make use of their bills as a third foot, climbing and ascending with ridiculous execution." I do not remember any other reference in the "History of Selborne" to these exotic creatures, but in tropical countries they are a conspicuous ornament to the jungle, and sometimes an intolerable nuisance owing to their ignorance of Malthusian doctrines. I remember meeting four cartloads of dead parrots in the streets of Lahore, victims of an organised battue in the Shalimar Gardens. Is the adjective "parrot-like" employed to connote an unintelligent learning by rote justified by natural history? There are many stories which seem to prove that these birds sometimes understand the meaning of the words that they repeat.

A General Officer of my acquaintance owned a parrot which had been taught to sing the first bar of the National Anthem. When Queen Victoria was gathered to her fathers, immense pains were taken to teach Polly the new wording. But all was in vain; she persisted in wishing a long life to the deceased sovereign. One morning, however, she happened to be in the dining room during family prayers. Instead of maintaining her wonted silence during devotions she suddenly yelled "God save the Cook." The effect on the little congregation may well be imagined. A friend of mine residing in Calcutta bought a talking parrot from a ship's captain who visited the Port. "Tota's" education having been completed in the fo'c'sle, its language was distinctly unparliamentary and when ladies asked my friend to exhibit its powers of conversation he was obliged to evade compliance. An acquaintance asked him to take charge of a pet monkey during his absence in the Himalayas, the mountain climate being fatal to creatures reared in the sweltering plains. The new comer was kept in a disused room on the ground floor containing a pair of decayed bookcases and some punkah-ropes hanging from the ceiling. On returning from office one afternoon, my friend found the door open and heard the sound of gibbering within. There was the monkey clinging to the punkah-ropes, and crowing with accursed glee! and then his eye lighted on a heap of red and blue feathers on the floor! The monkey had evidently watched the cook plucking a fowl and tried his 'prentice hand on the parrot. A frantic cry "Tota! Tota!" was answered by a feeble scratching, and from beneath the bookcase there crawled a parrot, featherless as when he had emerged from the egg. Cocking his naked head knowingly on one side he shrieked, "I've had a hell of a time! I have had a hell of a time!"

White reminds us that "all the duck tribe waddle, but their walk, clumsy though it appears, is effective by reason of its persistence. This fact was evidenced in the eighteenth century, when two noble sportsmen registered a heavy bet on the relative speed of geese and turkeys. A dozen of each started simultaneously from Cambridge on a race for London; their backers being permitted to drive but not to lead them. At first the gobblers easily outdistanced their competitors, which plodded on slowly in single file; but at nightfall no human power could keep them from flying into trees to roost. Turkeys were once denizens of the forest, and 350 years of domestication have not eradicated their ancestral habit. The geese won in a canter. I questioned the accuracy of the adjective "parrot-like," and would add a query—Why do we persist in making "goose-like" synonymous with stupidity? As a matter of fact the genus *Anser* are above the average in intelligence, and susceptible to affection for a mistress who treats them kindly. There are few prettier sights than that of a snowy phalanx of geese returning at dusk from the communal grazing-ground of a German village. On entering the street it breaks up into groups of 12 or 15, each of which makes for its owner's cottage, headed by a stately gander. When mistakes occur it is always a case of *force majeure*. One evening an old Bavarian crone was distressed at finding that her geese did not return as usual to their home, and sallied forth to search. She found them lying motionless near a clump of bushes bordering the Common. After bewailing the wreck of her fortune she reflected that all was not lost for feathers command a fair price in the market. So she plucked every goose clean, and hobbled home with her huge bagful of plumage. At midnight she was awakened by a chorus of frenzied quacks, and on opening the door her hut was invaded by a little crowd of naked geese which made for the kitchen fire. It turned out that they had partaken not wisely but too well of some grains thrown out among the bushes by the owner of a surreptitious still, and were in fact dead drunk until revived by the cold air. I am glad to say that the neighbours provided enough red flannel to make coats for the shivering flock, which they wore proudly until their feathers grew again.

It is generally known that our remote ancestors lived by hunting wild animals in the vast forests which then overspread the ancient world. Instincts slowly formed during an earlier epoch persist long after their utility has disappeared, and amongst them is the hunting instinct, which is very strong in our leisured classes. The craze for slaughtering fellow-creatures which are probably doing their duty in the scale of Nature more satisfactorily than their murderers, is increasing with the growth of wealth. Winged visitors which reach our shores are greeted with salvoes of musketry; in Gilbert White's time the Great Buzzard was common on the Sussex Downs, it is now as extinct as the Great Auk. The Selborne Society is a living protest against the survival of barbarous impulses. You are in touch with the modern Renaissance which is widening the sphere ot human sympathy, and teaches us that birds should be hunted by the camera rather than the gun. It is disheartening to find the selfish and cruel pastimes misnamed "Sport" being taken up by women; for creatures whose maternal instincts are strongly developed ought surely to be sacred in the eyes of the gentler sex. I saw a paragraph in the *Ladies' Field* some time ago which recorded the fact that a bride intended to spend her honeymoon in Africa, shooting giraffes. Few women are rich enough to follow her bad example, but many thousands offend as grievously by decking their heads with the plumage of brilliant birds. The aigrettes so fashionable now-a-days are the crest-feathers put forth by male herons during the pairing season; so that every aigrette one buys means that the father of a brood has been destroyed just when he is indispensable for the continuation of his species. Another newspaper paragraph tells us that the ferocious slaughter carried on for the London and New York Markets has led to the virtual extermination of white herons throughout Florida. The Audubon Society, which is an American replica of ours, had three of its wardens assassinated by ruffians who subsist by catering to an ignoble demand.

In the little State of Venezuela alone 258,000 herons have been killed in one year; and shortly before the War 25,000 skins of humming birds and 5,092 Birds of Paradise, besides 24 bundles of paradise plumes were catalogued for sale in Mincing Lane. Many years ago, while administering a large district on the north-eastern frontier of India I learnt that a gang of men were engaged in shooting orioles and other birds of brilliant plumage. They told me that they were under contract to supply a German firm with 30,000 skins; it is needless to add that their guns were promptly confiscated. A nation is civilised in proportion to the sympathy which the average individual feels for the joys and sorrows of others. While Englishwomen continue to disfigure their hats with the remains of slaughtered birds instead of using the vegetable products which science has placed at their disposal, they stand convicted of barbarism. Members of the Selborne Society should strive to awaken the slumbering conscience of their sisters; and if persuasion fail they might try the effect of boycotting a peculiarly objectionable form of ostentation.

But the foundations of social reform must be laid at school. In my childhood I was taught that animals were given to man for his enjoyment; the idea had not then dawned that they are our humble relatives, subject to joys and sorrows resembling our own, and doomed to wage a lifelong struggle for existence with a certainty of ultimate defeat. So bird-nesting was a favourite pursuit, cats were hunted to death, dog and rat fights keenly enjoyed. I am thankful to admit that a marked change has taken place in our outlook on the "Brute creation." Young people have more fellow-feeling to animals and when they offend it is generally from ignorance. How colossal this is among town-bred children is proved by some essays sent up some years ago by the pupils of a Council School. One boy aged 13, wrote as follows about the turkey: "It is generally fat with thick legs. It has no tail worth mentioning at the side of a peacock's tail, but it has instead a long piece of skin hanging from its head, just under its chin, like red tripe. This is generally dirty at the end because it draggles on the ground when the bird is a-feeding. The turkey is king of the goose and most other birds, but the eagle can beat us. *It is not cruel to kill a turkey if you take it* into the back yard and use a sharp knife, and the turkey is yours. Boys like the turkey to run after them because they get home quicker without feeling tired and the turkey has to walk all the way back."

This essay shows a power of observation qualifying him to become a Member of the Selborne Society. No one can doubt that if its principles were taught in elementary schools our boys and girls would form a conception of their responsibilities towards the inferior forms of life which is not always the heritage of the upper classes.

A Present Need.

By R. K. Sorabji.

INDIA has been set on the road to responsible Government and it is hoped in ripeness of time will acquire complete Self-Government. It is natural to suppose that immediate steps will be taken by all Indians to prepare for the new responsibilities. The time for such preparation is all too short. There is no royal road to statesmanship. Few men are born Administrators Genius has been defined as the infinite capacity for taking pains. If ever we needed such genius we need it now. Are we taking pains to be ready for the new era? None of our strength should be dissipated. All our energies should be employed with a view to so shouldering the new responsibilities that failure would be impossible. But what do we find? There are those who waste their strength in vain cries for more power, before we have proved ourselves equal to the tasks which are to be committed to our care. There are those again whose whole time and strength is devoted to a desire to interfer in European politics, with a fine disregard of our own contention that every people should have a right to determine their own destiny. While eventual home rule depends entirely on present co-operation, we have an influential section advising the gradual abandonment of co-operation, not because the Government of India has forfeited allegiance, but because powers outside the Government of India's control are exercising their undoubted rights, as Victors, to dictate terms. And let us not forget that the Government of India has done its best to induce the Allied Powers to respect the Indian point of view. The Extremists are expending some of their strength on attacking the Moderates. The Moderates are not asserting themselves with sufficient assurance.

Nowhere is there to be found a unity of purpose, nor a determination to prepare for the very great changes before us. It is the old story of procrastination. We may have inherited the quality of postponing duties. It is certainly encouraged in us in our schools and colleges, where effort is postponed till just before the examination. A man cannot lay aside the habits of youth, that is why it is so imperative that our homes and schools should wake to the necessity of making our young people keen, active, and alert.

We are postponing fitting ourselves for the new responsibilities till we have actually undertaken them. That means that there will be a period of mistakes and muddles of far longer duration than need be.

What strikes at the root of the matter, and will be a hindrance to rapid success, is the lack of unity. Surely none of us are deceived by the show of Hindu and Mahomedan fraternity as regards certain matters which do not affect one side or the other. It is easy to be at one with others where our own interests are in no way involved. The test of unity is whether it exists where there has to be give and take on both sides. Judged by that standard, is there oneness? If unity exists, why the extreme anxiety that Mahomedans should have a certain number of seats, a certain number of posts, a certain number of privileges out of all proportion to the size of their community?

If we are all one, why not let the best men of us all have the posts?

Then there is so much waste of time and energy in pointing out the mote in others eyes, instead of attending to the beam in our own. What is far more important than the faults of the British, at the present moment, is the question of the eradication our of own faults that we might be fit for our great chance.

It may be an old-fashioned view, but that does not render it untrue, that the present trouble is due to *a lack of spirituality*. And by that is meant not the special spirituality of any particular creed, but the lack of being in touch with the Divine under whatever form or by whatever name we may worship Him. To deal with other men, certainly in order to rule other men, we need the divine qualities of sympathy, patience, love—we need understanding hearts; and how can we have these except we be in touch with the source of these gifts? Above all we need to be unselfish, and can any man be that apart from God? Surely all power comes from the Divine, and must therefore be exercised in His name, and according to His will.

The British need to remember this no less than ourselves. Now, if spirituality ruled our actions, there would be an absence of all pettiness such as jealousy. One side would not be guilty of doing exactly what it condemns in the other side. Take for example the Press. The Anglo-Vernacular Press condemns the Vernacular Press for commenting on General Dyer's actions, in spite of Hunter Commission Report; yet that very Anglo-Vernacular Press publishes numberless letters commending the General and seeking to raise a memorial to him. Similarly one branch of the Vernacular Press does exactly what it decries in another branch. Is it right to judge others more harshly than we judge ourselves?

But there is a great danger of our being ready to cut our noses to spite our faces. Take the question of General Dyer. I suppose no Indian can think calmly of his actions *as interpreted by his own evidence before the Hunter Commission.* (His attitude in England, at present, is absolutely different to the position he adopted when giving his evidence.) But in proportion as we harbour bitterness we diminish our capacity for rendering effective aid to the country. Bitterness is a handicap. If we foster it we are perpetuating, not diminishing, evils. We cannot remedy that past. We cannot give back life. But we can lay aside every weight that does beset us (and bitterness is a very heavy weight) and we can set ourselves to look only to the good of the country, leaving to a higher Power the adjustment of that which we may think wrong but which we cannot undo. That is why the memorial, if their need be a memorial, at Jallianwalla Bagh, should not be of a nature to perpetually remind us and the generations to come of a regrettable past. The only justifiable memorial (if spirituality be our guide) would be a great Temple of Peace where every creed might come and pray for the well being of the world in general, and our country in particular.

There is another matter to which we must attend. We must have only one standard as to right and wrong. A thing must be either right or wrong. There must be no degrees of right and degrees of wrong. In other words we must abolish the tendency to omit doing certain right because it is too small to matter and to overlook certain wrongs for the same reason. What is right must be done at all costs, and what is wrong avoided no matter what the price. And there must be a raising of our standard of right. Here, again, spirituality will be a guide and help.

All politicians need *character*; but character without spirituality is a skeleton—spirituality gives it life. Indeed, it is questionable whether one can speak of character at all apart from spirituality. This life-full character had best be acquired early. Too little stress has been laid on moral teaching in our schools. In this, too, we have our chance, as education is a transferred subject. Let us see to it that our boys and girls receive the best possible moral teaching side by side with their secular work.

The great essential to usefulness is true character. No one can be a real citizen without it. We owe it to our country to see that there will be forthcoming an abundant supply of men and women of character and purpose for the future.

An absolute essential to good Government is that the Rulers should be able to put themselves in the position of the ruled—be able to look at things from the view point of the ruled. Now this is difficult—more difficult in India than elsewhere, by reason of religious and caste prejudices. Only spirituality can help us to acquire the necessary sympathy.

There is a story of how men tried to build a tower which should reach heaven-high, but they failed because they spoke in different tongues, and so could not understand each other, and were always at cross purposes. We are in danger of like failure if, instead of speaking in one language,—the language of India—we introduce into our country building the different tongues, so to speak, of Mahomedanism and Hinduism, Brahminism and non-Brahminism, Extremism and Moderation, and so on. The language and purpose must be one. Every difference militates against the attainment of the ultimate goal. The most perfect rule in all the World is the control of the universe. The most perfect Ruler therefore is Divine Is it far fetched to say that, if we want to rule, we must have some of the attributes of the Divine? And the only way to have even a semblance of those attributes is to keep in touch with the Divine. In other words, we need spirituality. Such a plea should find a ready hearing in a religious country like India, unless we have travelled far from the principles of our Ancestors.

May the Divine grant us vision to see our need, and grace to seek Him, that we may not miss the great opportunities that lie before us!

The Thucydides of British India: Robert Orme.

By P. R. Krishnaswami.

AMONG the most exciting romances of youthful reading is the story of Robert Clive, the founder of the British Empire in India. The boy was given up by his parents at home as good for nothing but had latent genius to found an empire abroad. Everybody knows how he was a writer at Fort St. George, and how on the occasion of its attack by the French, necessity drove him to change the pen for the sword and how this proved the turning event in his life by his being recognised as an excellent fighter and leader of men in battles. The siege of Arcot was the first great event of British history in India and it was synonymous with the heroism of Clive. But Clive was to play even a greater part in Bengal. It was a lucky circumstance that he was chosen to play this part, and this circumstance was due to the good sense of a British officer, Robert Orme.

Thus the genealogy of the founding of the British Empire in India may be associated in some measure with the name of Robert Orme. He was not a soldier or general like Clive, but he was greater than Clive as a writer and historian. It is not enough that great deeds are performed by heroes like Clive. The world needs a record of them, and if the greatest actors on the world's stage cannot turn historians themselves, lesser men should. Luckily, we are not wanting in accounts of the doings of the British pioneers in India. Robert Orme still remains almost the greatest among British Indian historians. The influence and fascination which his History of Indostan has exercised on successive generations of British readers are incalculable. Thackeray builds the character of Colonel Newcome as practically evolved from the inspiration of the pages of

Orme. The dream of an Indian career is due to the reading of Orme. Even the old Mrs. Newcome seems to be infected with the charm of India in Orme's pages, as she is reported to be pouring over them even on the night previous to her death. It was in the pages of Orme that she left a letter leaving a legacy to the Colonel. When the sentimental Sterne pined for his 'Bramine,' Eliza Draper, living in Bombay, he sought to gratify his curiousity about the magic land of India by buying a copy of Orme. Thomas Moore had of course carefully consulted Orme before writing his "Lalla Rookh."

The second son of Dr. Alexander Orme, who, admitted as a useful surgeon rose to be the chief of Anjengo, Robert Orme was born at Anjengo on the Travancore Coast, on Christmas Day in 1728. Anjengo has been immortalised by the French Raynal, as the birthplace of the romantic Eliza Draper. When scarcely two years old Orme was sent to England and was educated at Harrow from his sixth year till 1741. After a short training in commerce he arrived at Calcutta in 1742 and was entered as apprentice in the "first mercantile firm in India." He voyaged in their auspices round the peninsula to Surat and in 1743 he was appointed to a writership in the East India Company at Calcutta. He became an ardent student of the customs and institutions of the people around him as well as of the municipal problems of the town. In 1753 we see Orme going back to England carrying with him much useful information about India. In 1754 he was appointed a Member of the Council at Fort St. George and he arrived there on the 14th September. The most important concern of the British Settlement was to check the growth of the French power, and Orme used all his sagacity towards this. When in 1756 news of the misdeeds of Siraji-ud-dowlah and the Tragedy of the Black Hole reached Madras Orme urged strong hostilities against the Bengal Nawab, and also recommended Clive to be entrusted with the command of the expedition Orme's wisdom as a councillor was appreciated so far as to procure him the nomination to the Governorship of Madras, but owing to ill-health he was obliged to go home in 1758 and he was never more to go to India. On the way to England his ship was captured and taken to Mauritius by the French who were then at war with the English. From Mauritius he went to the Cape of Good Hope and thence to France where, with his perfect knowledge of French, he became the recipient of flattering civilities.

Arriving in London in October 1760 and buying a house in Harley Street Orme set himself to collect a valuable library of classical and modern literatures and materials for the completion of his "History of the Military Transactions of the British Nation in Indostan, from the year 1745." The first volume of the history chronicled events down to the beginning of the war between the English and the French in 1756. Possessing no knowledge of the oriental languages it is not surprising that Orme has many errors in the period relating to Muhammadan history but his history of the wars in the Carnatic is unequalled. An excellent feature of the history is the number of valuable maps included in it.

Orme formed many friendships in England, but it also happened that on Lord Clive's return to England in 1769, an unaccountable breach occurred between them which was never made up later.

Recognising the worth of Orme's history, the East India Company appointed him historiographer on £400. He applied to Lieutenant-General Bussy for some information about the operations of the French in the Carnatic, and we are told that the Frenchman appreciated Orme's impartiality as a historian so much, that he invited him to his country seat in 1773 and treated him with "elegant hospitality." In June of the same year a second edition of the first volume was issued and it occasioned the expression of warm praise in a letter from Sir William Jones, the celebrated Sanskritist. Orme never ceased his assiduity in collecting information, and we find him addressing a letter to Warren Hastings in 1775 earnestly requesting him to send information about the affairs and revolutions of Delhi. The second volume of the history was at length published in October 1778. It gives an account of English commerce in Bengal and carries British history to 1763. A complimentary copy elicited praise and a return present from the historian Robertson. Orme met the great Dr. Johnson himself whom he loved to hear talking. On one occasion Johnson expressed being pleased " with such praise from such a man as Orme."

In 1782 appeared Orme's Historical Fragments of the Mogul Empire, of the Morattoes and the English Concerns in Indostan, from the year 1659. This was the last of his works, but the pains expended in preparing it were considerable. Owing to his studious and sedentary habits his health gave way and he was confined to the home. He also received a shock in the death of his nephew on board the *Grosvenor*. In 1792 Orme retired to Ealing from London. His London house was sold and his books excepted some select volumes, were auctioned. On the 13th of January 1801 he expired after an illness of less than a fortnight. Orme has been called the Thucydides of British India, and besides his labours in history he cultivated poetry, music and art. Some of his efforts in poetry are extant, though not remarkable in quality. In art he is said to have given hints to the great Sir Joshua Reynolds. Though he started as an Indian administrator, his inclinations were essentially literary, and instead of ruling an Indian province he was content to die as the historiographer to the East India Company.

The High Field.

By Baroness Violet de Marlorte.

Untrodden, wide and treeless. O to breathe
On thy soft uplands nearing a grey sky,
Where naught is seeable save it and thou ;
Thy solitary places do not grieve—
If late the music of the plover's cry,
Nor I thy loneliness,—I love thee now,
Though chill the mist that clothes this seeming Waste—
Whereon both Sun and Shower might fall in vain,
Not such their task—they hear the coming corn
See thy brown bosom with its gold enlaced,—
Whose fancied poverty has turned to gain—
Bread! not the fruitless darnel, thankless thorn.

Life in abeyance. Who can then complain
If such is theirs?—the harvest may remain.

How Stands the Empire?

BY

The Author of "The British Empire in the Nineteenth Century," etc.

By Jas. Stanley Little.

When the Editor of "East & West" did me the honour to ask me to write a paper on the situation of the British Empire to-day, and the necessity of working for the effective union of the Empire demonstrated thereby, the magnitude of the task somewhat appalled me, especially as I perceived that rigorous compression would be essential in order to bring the matter within the compass of a review article. At this juncture the words of an English nursery rhyme, chanced to come into my mind,

> "Robert Barnes, fellow fine,
> Can you shoe this horse of mine?
> "Yes, good Sir, that I can,
> As well as any other man."

May I hope it is not presumption on my part to assume that I am as well equipped for the task the Sirdar has confided to me as Robert Barnes was to discharge the duty devolving upon him?

There is nothing to be gained by dwelling upon the fact that the aftermath of the war has left us, left the British Empire, in a condition of prostration from which we and it cannot rise again save by putting forth tremendous effort and will power. Excluding the United States and Japan all the nations engaged in the recent war are not merely in a similar case, since most of them are in a worse case; while, notwithstanding superficial appearances to the contrary, many neutral countries are still suffering severely from the percussion of that conflict. It is obvious, however, that the British

Empire, if it has only learnt the lessons, lessons reiterated again and again during the war, lessons which one may hope were then burnt into the minds of its peoples; if it has only the sense and courage to profit by these lessons and to take advantage of those opportunities, always existing, but revealed now with startling vividness by the fierce lights of recent events, was never in a better position to go boldly forward in what has always seemed to some of us to be its palpable destiny, and take up the rôle which belongs to it as the premier empire, a huge common wealth of free men and women set apart to be, and standing forth as, a beacon and an exemplar for the guidance and protection of humanity generally, and as the rallying ground for the apostles of the world's freedom.

Let me make a personal avowal to start with. As an old and a convinced imperialist, now as ever, the imperialism which I, in common with all sane imperialists, have championed has nothing of Chauvinism about it We would not be imperialists were we not persuaded that the British Empire stands for the good of the human family generally; and that the success and predominance of the English race, to be desired as such certainly for the advantage of that race, are to be desired too, because such predominance should conduce to the happiness of the world generally. When we speak of the English race we naturally include the races affiliated thereto, and those races living under the ægis of the British Empire. Altruistic, sound and healthy imperialism must be; but not to the point of self-effacement and the Quixotic renouncement of national interests; not to the point of weak concessions to the demands of rivals and enemies without; not to the point of being a friend to our enemies and the enemies of our friends. In all these regards the rulers of the Empire have sinned grievously in recent years; the years before, during, and since the war. Of these diseases which have attacked the body politic, not only the incipient symptoms, presaging the Empire's decay, have been and are apparent, but in some cases the disease itself has declared itself in a virulent form. The malaise must be arrested if the British Empire is to escape the fate of the Empires of the past. An imperial people must be governed imperially. We are a long way off that federation of the world of which the poets dreamed. It will come; but it will only come through the agency, the instrumentality of one dominant factor in the cosmos, ethnically speaking, of the world. Such a result needs a doyen. Just as the human race itself has been raised to its present general level through the influence and example of units, and a very few units at that; so the nations of the world have been and will continue to be raised by individual nations. The British Empire would seem to be designed, in the eternal scheme of things, for an important rôle in this regard. It may fail; it may miss its mission; but if it should, one thing seems certain. The true internationalisation of the world will be set back indefinitely; the processes making for the union, the moral and psychic coalescence of the races of the earth, will have suffered a serious set-back; and humanity will have to begin its upward march all over again.

In the consideration of the present position of the British Empire it is better to dispose of those factors first which may adversely affect its future. It is obvious that so far as material, physical that is to say, considerations go, these must be largely conditioned by the success attending the efforts made to correlate and effectively unite its various competent parts for governance, defence and trade. One cannot but express keen regret that in regard certainly to one of those factors, defence, if it cannot be said that we have entirely reverted to the status *quo ante bellum*, it must be allowed that in renouncing compulsory military service we have actually done so. Many among us assumed as a practical certainty, I confess I did, that the fight which Earl Roberts and his co-workers in the National Service League had waged so valiantly was definitively won. It seemed to us inconceivable that we should revert to the defenceless condition in a military sense in which the outbreak of the war found us. Even before the armistice some time before in fact, suspicious symptoms of a weakening of national purpose in this important regard manifested themselves. The spokesmen of Labour had pronounced against compulsory service, using, *inter alia*, that time-honoured bogey, the menace of militarism, as their principal argument. Our rulers, nervously responsive to the electoral barometer as they are invariably, fearing bad weather took shelter precipitately, and not only jettisoned compulsory service in their flight, but reduced the army to numbers dangerously meagre having regard to the unsettled state of the world, the growth of militant Bolshevism and the avowed designs of the villains who have usurped power in Russia, the vast extention of our frontiers and increased difficulties of their protection in Asia and in a less degree in Africa. Further they did this in flat defiance of sound military opinion. It is the more remarkable that the Government should have shewn weakly the white feather in this matter, since they might have taken heart of grace from the reflection that the prophets of evils, who had freely foretold revolution—that cheaply used word—as the result of the tardy adoption of conscripted service during the progress of the war, had been made to look foolish in the actual event. In abandoning the system too, they went counter to evidence, so convincingly furnished during the war, of the immense physical and moral advantage to our up-growing manhood resulting from physical training; demonstrated a complete indifference to the startling facts incidentally revealed as to the physical unfitness of a high percentage of our young men, who in the aggregate shewed a lower standard of physical efficiency than that shewn by the youth of continental nations—allies and foes—all of which nations had adopted universal military service serveral generations previously. This superiority is no doubt due to the pernicious effects of segregating our people in urban areas, and in factories; but it is also due to the salutary effect on the physique and morale of continental peoples resulting from military training and discipline. Herein too, in the attitude of the leaders of Labour, that is to say, whose threats and fulminations frightened our rulers into betraying the nation, we have distinct and unmistakable evidence of the unwisdom of pushing the franchise, extending its basis that is to say, far in advance of those preparatory measures of sound education, vital education in those things which possessing knowledge, would enable voters to form sound judgments in the real need of their country; education in a word in historical, geographical and economic fact. Without this equipment the great mass of the electorate becomes an easy prey to teachers, who often ignorant themselves blindly lead the blind; but who more often are the conscious apostles of an anti-national policy. To the unhappy results of this blind adoration of the false god, Demos, a fetish which has bemused and obscured ths political vision of the rulers of this and other countries, it will be necessary to refer again and again in the course of this article.

It must be put on record, however, that in regard to Imperial Defence generally, it would seem that the lessons of the war are to bring forth some fruit. The mission of Lord Jellicoe to the Dominions, and the conclusions arrived at by him may be expected to eventuate in the institution of sound scheme for the future defence of the Empire in a naval sense; while we may hope, may we not, that the necessity of co-ordinating the military resources of the Empire is not being overlooked.

Coming to the question of inter-imperial trade surely the war, if it has proved anything, has proved that this is not merely a question of the first moment, economically regarded, but it is nothing less than a life-and-death affair. The problems involved in it must be solved in the sense of making the Empire as quickly as possible, a self-contained Commonwealth, able to draw all the essential requirements of its people from within the confines of its own boundaries. This must be done, if the Empire is to endure. All the world knows what we owed to the Dominions during the war, and all the world can see how different our case would have been, in the sense of feeding and clothing our people throughout that conflict, had the Dominions been in a more advanced state of development, and had their resources, in ships and produce, been what they very well might have been, what indeed they would have been had we listened to the advocates of sane schemes of plantation or settlement, and those pleaders for the generous preferential treatment of colonial products, who for two generations at least have stood for this policy. Here, again, although it is impossible for the Empire to become a Free Trade Empire, pure and simple, so far in any case as the measurable future be concerned, yet it is certain that along the lines of a bold scheme of inter-imperial preferential treatment of Empire products, a vast extension of existing tentative arrangements must be made if the Empire is to grow in wealth, strength, unity, self-reliance and mutual support; to grow in a word as we hope to see it grow.

The small and halting approach to the preferential treatment of certain colonial products already made, is mainly to be welcomed as the harbinger of larger measures. Nevertheless in view of what was set down and implied at the Paris Economic Conference conclusions receiving the blessing even of that hardened adherent to outworn economic shibboleths, Mr. Asquith, the concessions in question, are disappointingly meagre and inadequate. Once again we see the wheel of State brought up sharp in the ruts of ignorance; its passage impeded by the same obstacles—the prejudices, misconceptions and lack of vision of a large proportion of the electorate. These it is necessary to educate, it happily it be possible; for we are always up against the strange anomaly that as concerning all those political truisms as affecting the health and wealth of the British Empire, which are self-evident to persons who have grasped the mere elements of the problem how to secure that health and wealth, the vision of a vast number of the people has been hopelessly obscured by the men who lead them. These men in their turn have derived their opinions from the enemies of Great Britain; not from deluded teachers merely, but from teachers consciously working to bring the British Empire to nothingness.

While it is essential that in defence and in commerce the compotent parts of the Empire should march hand in hand, giving one another sympathetic support, it is no less essential, in fact it is a condition precedent to permanent unity, that they should arrive at some basis upon which legislative and administrative co-action and cohesion, in regard to imperial issues, can be ensured. The immediate problem is how to secure effective unity of control and governance, so far as matters of common necessity and importance be concerned, while leaving to respective provinces the conduct and management, so far as may be, of their domestic affairs. Obviously in a huge commonwealth like the British Empire, containing provinces so differently situated and conditioned, and so variously peopled in a race sense, provinces, too, in so diverse a state of political development, no hard and vast scheme, common to all, could be devised which would stand any kind of chance of surviving the test of actual consummation. The processes of decentralisation, the devolution of the legislative and administrative business transacted at Westminster to local assemblies, has been in progress almost from the earliest days of the Empire's existence; that is to say, so soon as the Empire began to grow, the colonies, as they came into existence, began to attempt, how tentatively and incompletely, to govern themselves. How impossible it is to reduce the measure and degree of self-government within the Empire, to rigid uniformity is exemplified to-day by the case of Ireland, which country never in history has been a kingdom, or actually united under any form of native Government, and which for seven hundred years has been part and parcel of the British Isles, associated with England as an integral portion of that kingdom. To-day a large section, certainly a majority of Irishmen, maddened by the fumes of religions and political fanaticism, artfully generated in enemy-gasometers, would seem to be determined to defy every law of God and man, and to cast to the winds the dictates of common sense and tradition, to use the Premier's phrase. Employing one of those cheap catch words, which the war has brought into currency—self-determination—they would ask the British Empire to put a knife to its own vitals, to commit hara-kari in fact, for in allowing an Irish Republic to come into existence, the Empire would be guilty of a political crime which would fall not-at-all short of national suicide. The scope of this article will not permit of the laboured examination of this Irish conspiracy, which in its latest manifestations is not only in some measure a symptom of Germany's undying resolve to destroy the British Empire, but of the Russo-Hebraic complot to the like end. The flabby sentimentalists and unpractical doctrinaires who have eaten of these insane roots, internationalism and Little Englandism, attempt to hold up to ridicule and obloquy, as Tories, reactionaries and so forth, all those who, in the light of sound historical knowledge and contemporary experience, and of the especial appreciation of the impossible mentality and character of the average Irishman, reject all the panaceas on paper for curing Irish discontent, and rely on governing Ireland with a strong, firm hand as being the only possible solution of the Irish question. *Tu regere populos barbaros memento* and surely it is entirely within the justice of the case to speak of a people, which tolerates and encourages the desperadoes who now work their sweet will throughout the greater part of Ireland, as barbarians ; for in very few regards have they emerged from the status of primitive man. In the considered judgment of most serious students of the Irish question, persons who have risen above party political standpoints and who are not the slaves of mere words, the popular cant which imagines any one form of government—self-government in this case—has divine sanction, and is sacrosant for all time and for every place and under all circumstances, to govern the Irish people with authority is the one, the only possible method of governing that people—for the present in any case. And this for the good of Ireland, no less than for the good of the Empire. The writer is firmly persuaded that, in their secret souls, despite what political expediency or opportunistic necessity may have prompted their mouths to utter, every unbiassed person, competent by reason of education and study of the conditions of this problem to form a judgment upon it, is of the like opinion.

It may be hoped nevertheless that when the present madness has passed, been cured in the way such frenzies must be cured, our governors will turn their attention to those homely methods of securing the goodwill of a people, the granting of economic favours which will sustain and stimulate their native industries. The farm produce of Denmark and Holland for instance should be made to stand on one side until such produce from Ireland as may not be needed locally, has, under preferential treatment, been disposed of in the English market.

There can be no doubt whatsoever that this particular catch word, " self-determination " has been, is being and will be used by the envious enemies of the British Empire without, and those " lean and hungry " malcontents within, in the hope that it may prove the means to drive a wedge into the structure of the Empire ; to break it up into its compotent parts, and to effect that disruption by subterfuge and camouflage which Germany hoped to accomplish, but failed, by direct action. It is common knowledge that the German in authority, not only fondly hoped but fully expected that the test, the shock of war, would prove fatal to the unity of the British Commonwealth ; that India would revolt ; that Canada, Australia and South Africa would fall away rather than make the sacrifices of men and money which in any case, even if they had not all leapt spontaneously to arms, was involved in their continued membership of the Britannic Bond. " Self-determination" within, to quote Mr. Lloyd George again, the limits of commonsense and respect for history and tradition, is, of course, a principle to which every right-minded politician adheres ; but pushed to extremities it is nothing more than an instrument of destruction in the hands of the Empire breakers. It may be said in passing that President Wilson, whose idealism takes a very human form and never prevents him from being keenly alive to the material interests of his own country, interests he never fails to safeguard, in attempting to crystallize into a " point " the crude principle of the right of peoples to decide their own destiny, and to determine the Sovereignty under which they would range themselves, fell into a pitfall, as he did in his adherence to the formula—the Freedom of the Seas, pitfalls artfully prepared for him by the astute German, who really invented the famous "Fourteen Points," and by the skilful arts of suggestion got the President to send them forth over his imprimatur. For the rest, dealing with this principle in its more general form, as apart from its dangerous significance as applied to the British Empire, its obvious absurdity becomes manifest when we remember the complex diffusion of the various races inhabiting given areas of the world, the overlapping, the intermixing, the existence of patches, great and small, of peoples within the boundaries of a given State who racially belong to States outside the frontier of the particular State which encloses them. The only logical solution of the problem, how to secure complete autonomy for such detached fragments of ancient, or in any case non-existent Empires and kingdoms, if we reject, as we must, the absurdity of setting up countless microcosmic States, lies in the migration of these human pockets to their parent States—their respective fatherlands. It might be feasible conceivably to make such arrangements as would give each individual belonging to these detached communities the opportunity to make such migration. But to return. Let us consider a little the case of India. Obviously to deal with her case, other than cursorily would be impossible within the scope of this article. Let it be said at once that the growing demand of a considerable section of native Indians to be granted self-government is on quite a different plane to the demand of Ireland, which is an integral part of the British Isles and in all essentials lives and has its being under the same political necessities and limitations as those which condition the existence of England, Scotland and Wales. Moreover, the demand of Ireland is not for Home Rule about which she cares nothing; in its latest form (and under the rose this was always the aim) the demand is for complete separation. Sane Indians have formulated no such demand: at present, in any case, no responsible body of Indian reformers associates itself with ideas of this sort. Let it be said also that the ambition and desire of Indians to have some sort of control over their own affairs is perfectly understandable, and should evoke the sympathy of all Englishmen of sound judgment and good intent. The problem as to how to satisfy this aspiration is, however, one of extreme difficulty and complexity, since India is not only a country containing numerous sharply differentiated races; but differences of religion, language, and above all of caste, erect barriers against unity of a most formidable character. As to the reforms in the government of India, known as the Montague-Chelmsford reforms, it would ill-become me to attempt to dogmatise about them, unless I could deal with them with some approach to detailed examination. I will frankly say, however, that I question the wisdom or the practicability of much that they propose; I will not say that the reforms look much like a leap in the dark; but I will say that I cannot feel sure that they are going to accomplish the purpose of their authors, and this view is based not so much on any misgivings as to the details of the scheme, but on the unpreparedness of the electorate to exercise the powers which under it, it is proposed to confer on them. That local considerations or race considerations are not necessarily involved in this opinion should be allowed, when I make so bold as to confess that I consider all the greater evils we, in the British Empire and especially in the United Kingdom, are suffering from at the present moment—the war itself certainly; our unpreparedness for it no less certainly; the Labour unrest and the menacing attitude of Labour undoubtedly, are due directly and almost wholly to the utterly mistaken and illogical policy of giving votes to persons, entirely incapable of forming sound judgments on any of the larger issues of State policy, economic issues, and above all in regard to foreign policy and extra-insular and imperial matters. This disability is not only due to the superficiality of the education of the masses in such affairs, since there is a danger of going wrong in judgment as the result of the emasculating effects of super-education; but is due to the fact that such education as the rank and file have received has been almost wholly on distinctly wrong lines; on lines which have made them the easy prey of the demagogue and revolutionary, so easy that it says much for the innate common sense and level headedness of English folk generally that so substantial a number, perplexed and untutored though they be, have yet kept their heads and have refused to be driven by the German-inspired agitators who have betrayed Russia into Bolshevism and the Egyptians into a crude and impossible type of Nationalism.

It is said that the war has undammed the flood gates of democracy; that the future of the world is with democracy; that the world has got to be made safe for democracy, and the like. How much of this is mere lip-service cant we need not stop to enquire. But it is abundantly plain considering where, unbridled power in the hands of any section of the people, whether composed of a unit or of a few favoured units at the top, or of the untutored masses at the bottom, always leads, that it is at least as necessary to make the world safe *from* democracy as it was and is to make it safe from Czardom. History teaches that of all disintegrating agencies unfettered mob rule is the most certainly destructive—destructive of rule, order, wealth, prosperity, of life itself.

Nevertheless let it not be supposed I am in any way out of sympathy with the legitimate political aspirations of India. I have tried to arrive at a balanced view in this matter, and have studied most of the literature, lectures and speeches which have appeared on the subject—for and against. I think Lord Carmichael, in the course of an address to the Royal Colonial Institute on "Empire Partnership,' successfully epitomised the matter and I am generally in agreement with the spirit of the following quotation from that paper :—

"Whether we like it or not, a spirit of discontent is growing, both in intensity and in volume, every day in India among all classes . . . What is most needed just now there is a wise guidance of that spirit. We British people have given full opportunity to the discontent to grow, and I believe we can do much to guide it. The discontent may lead to disaster if through it Indians lose their sense of proportion, but it will lead to triumph if through it Indians learn to share in a real partnership not with Britain only, but with all those lands who look to Britain as their mother."

Nevertheless I am persuaded that it is necessary to approach this matter with the greatest care and deliberation; to do nothing in a hurry, and above all never to let sentimental attachment to mere political lables influence our decisions and actions. There is no scantity in any particular form of government, time and place are conditioning and determining factors. There is less reason to expect just and sane government in the interest of all classes, from an elected assembly, the total population being electors on equal terms, much less chance for the masses themselves in the long run, than there is to expect such a result from a sane and benevolent autocracy. The hereditary principle is illogical from certain points of view; theoretically it is, however, capable under favourable conditions of providing an ideal system of government, and illogical or not, it is not nearly so illogical as entrusting the destinies of a nation to the caprices of the people *en bloc*, seeing that not one in a hundred is capable of judging the issues their votes decide.

Whatever happens it is essential so to govern India as not to lose the respect and confidence of her people, for we may hope, despite what we are constantly told to the contrary, that we possess the confidence and respect of the mass of its inhabitants. We must, too, do nothing to jeopardise the belief to which the thinking classes of India still hold that we are not in India from purely selfish motives. Moreover as in the case of Ireland, so in that of India, so in the case of all the limbs of the Empire it behoves us not to neglect the greatest cementing force as between communities, great and small, the force wielded by trade, reciprocal trade. The great aim of our statesmen should be to stimulate commerce within the Empire; this policy is the talisman of the imperial problem and should be the corner stone of Empire statecraft.

Incidentally in discussing the consideration of India's position within the Empire, necessarily a cursory glance merely, it should be said that it behoves us never to lose sight of the vital importance of conserving and cultivating India's friendship, so that whatever happens in the future as India grows in self-reliance and political wisdom, she will recognise more and more that in her own interests, no less than in those of the Empire generally, she must always be the Empire's ally, and the ally of the Empire's allies. Certain developments in the East, which developments may very possibly as they mature constitute a menace to the Empire generally and to India especially, may need the firmest and surest co-operation between Britain and India if they are to be combatted successfully.

To turn to Africa. Although at first sight there would appear to be no relation between the National movement so called in the Union of South Africa and the movement thus designated in Egypt they have a like genesis irreconcilable hostility to the hand that has fed and upheld the one and the other--the Dominion and the Protectorate. The acute recrudescence of this hostility is due in both cases to the same cause—the Teutonic-Jewish conspiracy, of which Bolshevism is merely a symptom, a conspiracy which aims at the dominance of the world, and as a condition precedent to that dominance the disruption and destruction of the British Empire.

From what has been written already, it may be hoped the fact will have emerged that the writer, though not insensible to the dangers ahead which menace the stability of the British Empire, is by no means pessimistic as to its future, on the contrary he believes despite all ugly appearances and disquieting symptoms of a monitory nature, the dangers which our statesmen have to meet and combat are from our enemies within rather from our foes without. Assuredly our worst enemies to-day are those of our own household.

HOW STANDS THE EMPIRE ?

The history of the last three or four decades is bad reading for the lover of his country. It is the history of lost opportunities all along the line ; of blind indifference to the real needs of the nation, of the Empire that is to say, of criminal negligence as to taking measures obviously necessary to secure its safety, and no less criminal levity in ignoring and ridiculing the constant warnings, advice and pleadings of persons well qualified, by their training and experience, to draw just conclusions from the signs of the times. The rulers of this Empire have, during all or the greater part of that period, resembled nothing so much as a careless and indulgent parent, who, unmindful of the effect on character, morale and health, allows his children to indulge every whim, neglect obvious duties, defy his authority and generally to palter with all those measures of physical moral and intellectual training essential to their ultimate well-being. Indifference, *laissez faire*, procrastination have been the outstanding characteristics of our rulers' conduct.

If indeed it had not been for the efforts of individuals and organisations, pelicans crying from the house tops, persons and associations outside of the governing body, it is hard to say what might have been our fate. They accomplished something, prevented much evil resulting from the laches of the ruling powers ; but all said and done the sum total of their efforts was disappointing. Assuredly the Navy League and the Imperial Maritime League, in exposing the madness of the Little Navy party, a powerful and energetic faction of the Radical, Socialist and Labour parties and the panderers to those parties, were able to insure that our Navy, our "sure shield," should be in a position of superiority, bare superiority all told, in ships in any case, over the German fleet at the outbreak of the war. The National Service League, although it failed of its main object, doubtless helped greatly to inform the public mind as to the military necessities of the nation, so that when the great assize came, the hour of our trial and peril, men who had accepted in theory the evangel of the League, responded with alacrity to their country's call. The Tariff Reform League certainly prepared the ground for that small measure of preferential treatment of our dominions tardily vouchsafed The Royal Colonial Institute, founded in 1868 and now numbering 15,000 members, a Society which is forming branches and spreading its influence throughout the Empire, has done and is doing magnificent yeoman service in educating the people in the true meaning of British Imperialism, and in helping the processes of unity and coalescence between the various parts of the Empire. By its lectures and discussions it has constantly made known the resources of the Empire, actual and latent, and has pointed out the way to potential settlers. To this end, Sir Rider Haggard's Empire Land Settlement mission to the Dominions, carried out under the auspices of the Institute, contributed materially. The British Empire Union, founded in the first year of the war, has waged ceaseless warfare, in fair and square fight, against the enemies of the Empire. within and without, and has laboured assiduously to remove the scales of ignorance and indifference from the eyes of the people. These and many other agencies in their cumulative efforts may at least be said to have saved the Empire; they have arrested those tendencies to disruption and warded off the malignant devices of its enemies. from within and without, which the supineness of constituted authority did little to arrest or combat.

In this connexion, however, I am reminded that in the institution of Colonial Conferences, culminating in the assembling of the Imperial War Conference (1917), which conference virtually fulfilled the functions of a cabinet, is the most hopeful outcome of the labours of these patriotic associations, and constitutes the most happy augury of the many happy auguries for the future of inter-imperial relations and of the permanence of the Empire. For my part I imagine that since these Conferences are now to be held annually, and since the moral and effective influence if not the more definite and technical authority they enjoy is bound to increase with the efflux of time, these Conferences are destined *to become the substitute for the more rigid form of imperial federation some of us advocated in our youth,* probably they will prove to be the nearest approach to that ideal the actual independence of the self-governing colonies and the exigencies and circumstances and limitations of their respective constitutions, make feasible—at all events under existing conditions or conditions possible of attainment in the measurable future. Lord Milner has recently said that the great bond of Empire is the bond of moral unity, a fact demonstrated abundantly lately, and in nothing so much as in the magnificent reception given to that gallant Apostle of Empire, the Prince of Wales, in his progresses through the King's domains. The visible and tangible head of that Union is the Crown. As touching that headship and its spiritual significance I cannot do better than quote in conclusion some fine and inspiring words which fell from the lips of Dr. Ellis Roberts in the course of an address to the Royal Colonial institute (Jan. 13, 1920) on the "The New British Kingship":—

Dr. Roberts said: "The reigns of Queen Victoria and of Edward VII, brought a mighty Imperial awakening to which the Royal Colonial Institute, with its motto 'The King and United Empire' has made no small contribution. The position of the Throne was immensely strengthened and consolidated. In truth, the whole character of the Kingship underwent a fundamental change. . . . . The Monarchy became a mystic adumbration of the Imperial Self. The Monarch no longer stood for himself, but shadowed forth a mystic spiritual entity, the Imperial Soul, which loomed gloriously behind his transient mortal figure. The whole Empire, including many of our Oriental fellow subjects, steeped for thousands of years in the knowledge of the deeper secrets of life and mind, awakened to the change."

Census in the United States of America

By R. Kissen (Sub. C. S.).

CENSUS or stock-taking, as the Americans term it, is not the ordinary enumeration of the population in the more advanced countries of the world, as we understand it here in India, but a highly developed science which is destined to play a great part in the service of mankind.

The first U. S. A. census took place in the year 1790, and this year its decennial census is being held. In the first census 17 U. S. Marshals, with 650 assistants handled the work without difficulty; but this year a staff of 90,000 has been employed, all working at top-speed. In 1790 it required eighteen months to take the census, and another eighteen months to tabulate the returns and publish them. This year's huge task is hoped to be completed by fall. There is a permanent Census Office in Washington, which deals with the routine work of the census and makes available the many facts which it gathers. The scope of the census has been enlarged to meet the modern demands, and it now includes seventeen distinct fields of enquiry. During the recent war, United States Government was able to find by means of the census statistics the number of men of military age, their places of abode, the industries which could be devoted to war work, and the amount of farm products raised in the United States (an important factor which aided much to solve the food problems of war).

The actual work of the census-taking—the individual enumeration in a house-to-house canvas—is the smallest part of the work, and is completed in a comparatively short time. The preliminary labours of the permanent Census Office, and the vast amount of tabulation and compilation which is to be done after the results of enumeration have come in, form by far the major part of the census. The preliminaries engross so much thought, labour, and time that they are begun three years in advance of the actual census, and the staff of the permanent office is increased accordingly. The question and fields of enquiry which the census is to cover, are decided before it starts. To determine these the Director of Census is assisted by an advisory board mainly composed of statistical and economic experts who are familiar with all the special problems of the fields of enquiry. The decided questions are printed as schedules and distributed among the enumerators. The country is divided into districts under the supervisors, and the enumerators are selected. The preliminary organisation of the census work is done by the Geographers' Division, which prepares the census maps and divides the country into census and enumerator's districts. The census maps are full of marvellous and minute details. There is not a house, street, alley or court in the United States which is not shown on the census map of the district of its location. These maps are kept corrected up to date with the aid of periodical reports which are always received by the Census Office from all parts of the United States. Every enumerator before starting on his round is given a detailed and absolutely accurate map of his part of the district to guide him in the work. This careful and minute charting is responsible for the accuracy and reliability of the returns. Every return of a district can be checked from the map which is on the file in Washington. For 1920 census United States proper has been divided into 372 districts.

The seventeen fields of enquiry include in addition to the population wealth, taxation and debt; religious bodies; water transport; fisheries; dependent, defective, and delinquent classes; vital statistics; cotton and tobacco reports; divorce and marriage figures. The decennial census is primarily meant for the calculation of the population, while other fields form a paramount part of the permanent activities of the Census Office. Statistics are compiled monthly or annually, biennially or at three, five, seven, or ten years intervals as their importance demands. The decennial census is very comprehensive and includes all the data collected.

The returns of the enumerators when received by the central office are elaborately sorted and tabulated. The names of persons are left out and are only kept for reference on the office file.

The information contained in different sheets is transferred to cards which are punched by a machine specially made for the purpose. This machine is one of the many ingenious devices which are employed in the central office to lighten and expedite the work of dealing with such a large amount of data. The cards are punched with symbolic figures and numbers. The symbols are for all sort of things--one showing whether a person is a native or foreign born, another whether married, single or divorced or widower, another for occupation and so on. The system of symbols is highly elaborate and covers 9,000 designs in 428 occupational groups. The machines are triumphs of the mechanical skill. They were first brought into use in 1890 and have revolutionised the work. A hundred million punched cards are to be sorted according to the place of birth (native or foreign), sex, occupation, age, etc., are simply put in an electrically worked sorting machine which automatically drops them into proper compartments. Another machine tabulates the totals of various groups. A sorting machine with a single operator sorts 300 punched cards in a minute, and the tabulating machine 400 cards a minute.

Generally speaking the census is said to be a process, for counting the population but the enumeration and classification of the people of the United States have become only one of the numerous enumerations, most of which are of no less importance than the population count. Agricultural census is one of them. There are more than seven million farms in the United States, and each one of these is visited and the farmers interviewed. The schedule of questions is a very detailed one covering each and every branch of the farmer's activities during the year (usually the one preceding the census). The questions for 1920 census include the exact area of the farm; the amount under cultivation and not under cultivation; the area of the pasture land; the value of the farm, the buildings, implements, and machinery; the crops raised, with specific and detailed enquiries about each; the stock, the poultry, bees, etc., on the farm. In fact no detail of the life and activity of the farm and farming is left out. The information thus collected is also tabulated by means of the machines according to a symbolic system similar to the one used for the population data. The agricultural census used to be taken every ten years, like the population census, but now it has been decided by the authorities that it shall be taken every five years beginning from the present. This shows the increasing importance attached by the United States Government to the farm in the national life and the need of having always up-to-date returns about agricultural operations.

Industrial Census.

The industrial census, is of no less importance and covers the industrial and manufacuring activities of the States, mines and quarries, oil and gas wells, forestry and forest products. It is not taken in the same way as other censuses. Special and separate agents are given this work, and much of the figures are collected by correspondence, special forms being used. For 1920 industrial census the United States has been divided into 589 districts, with a contingent of 98 special agents and 1,200 enumerators. Returns for the numbers of workers on each plant, the hours of working, wages, etc., will be compiled for 400,000 manufacturing plants. Taking into consideration the rapidly increasing activities of the industrial world, the United States Government has decided to hold the industrial census biennially beginning from this year. The data thus collected will be of utmost importance to the nation and its business.

The enumeration of the population was started in January last, and the returns from big cities were expected to be tabulated by the time this appears in print. The industrial census began in March and by the end of the year all census returns are expected to be classified, completed and filed.

The Recent War and Some Lessons it Teaches.

By A Punjabi Brahmo.

I.

The Central Powers.

THE greatest lesson which the terrible war has taught Germany is in the utter humiliation of her defeat, the very dust in which she is grovelling. Where are her mighty arms, like those of the great Ravana, her armaments and her armed forces and everything else of which one day she was so proud? Alas! they have all gone to wreck and ruin! And this is not the first time that such a thing has happened. History repeats itself in this way, whenever might gains an ascendancy over right. How relentless the Law of Karma in its operation! As ye sow so shall ye reap. And how just the retribution from Heaven! How true the saying of the wisest of the Jewish prophets has proved in her case. Verily, pride goeth before destruction and a haughty spirit before a fall. We are told that all her misfortunes were due to her blind faith in the pernicious teaching of her Superman. I do not pretend to have any first hand knowledge of the philosophy which is said to have brought her downfall. And neither do we care to learn more of it. We judge it simply from its bitter fruits. With regard to the founder of that philosophy, may Heaven save our unlucky province from a second visitation of that fearful man, as we have already had in our midst one like him, though bearing the false name of an Englishman, a name which he has dyed in cold blood.

Anyhow, let the Central, and indeed all, the Christian Powers, get out of the clutches of their so-called Superman, their great Mammon, in whatever guise he appears, and whatever name he assumes. Let them at once place themselves, if they are still found of the worship of man, under the guidance of their true Superman who was not above the law, or a law unto himself, but whose will was the Will of his Father in Heaven.

In the midst of the indescribable misery caused by the destructive war, it is just the time for all those who took part in it to learn the simple truth, that it is not might but right or righteousness, the tremendous power in the world, that exhalteth nations ; indeed, that God is no respector of persons and that He cares not how big they are, or the proud nationalities to which they belong, but that only those who fear Him and work righteousness are acceptable to Him. Let them bind that truth round their necks. Let them write it on the tablets of their hearts *lest they forget.*

And in all their laudable efforts to readjust the various conflicting interests of different races, with the view to place the International League on a firm and permanent footing, they must take care that they do not ignore the practical side of the religion they profess, I mean an evenhanded justice between stronger and weaker or dependent nations-- the very foundation of all true politics. Indeed, there is no possibility of a lasting peace in the world, unless our nation tries, in a truly righteous spirit, to love its neighbour like itself; or, in other words, to look upon the interests of another class of people, as if they are its own, leave alone the higher religious ideal of a perfectly unselfish national life.

II.

Great Britain.

It is the general impression that Great Britain has won the war owing to her formidable naval strength, and to the timely help that came in the hour of her greatest need from her cousins across the Altantic. But this is not the whole truth. She has, moreover, many sterling qualities that contributed largely to her success. I will mention here a few of the most prominent ones. In the first place, unlike Germany where the spirit of militarism was omnipotent, Great Britain has a firm hold over her military power. She too has her military force, but it is kept tightly in the grip of her civil administration, both at Home and in all other parts of her dominions. Secondly, in spite of the great ebb and flow in her national life, she is never too slow, when the psychological moment comes, to stand by her word of honour; as for instance, the generosity shown by her in granting the boon of Reform Act to India. It is partly a response to the political aspirations reawakened by herself, but chiefly a recognition of the great services rendered by India, as an integral part of the Empire, in the time of war. As the first instalment towards self-Government, it is a fair beginning, if it is not whittled down in practice. But it pains me to say that it has hardly given any encouragement to us in our present highly depressed condition due to the almost incredible excesses of the Martial Law, unless some action is taken that the perpetrators of those excesses will not go scot-free; or, at all events, an assurance is given that there will be no repetition of such a gross miscarriage of justice in future. As to what the people think of them, it will be enough to say that the sooner they cease to call themselves the followers of Jesus Christ, the better for themselves and for the cause of true Christianity in India. In shedding indiscriminately the blood both of the innocent and the guilty, these "strongmen" have given us what they exhultingly call the "taste of discipline." Well, we have tasted it and found, to our bitterest disappointment, that it is all bad blood, without a drop in it of the atoning blood of the Lamb of God. Another distinguishing feature is the sturdy independence of the British Press. I do not mean the Anglo-Indian Press, which is, with some honourable exceptions, no better than a hireling handsomely paid to safeguard the vested interests of the Civil and Military services, the sower of the seed of racial antipathy and its consequent unrest among the educated classes, the rising aristocracy of enlightened intellect in India. No, not the Bureaucrats most humble and accommodating servant to whom the cruelest wrongs inflicted on helpless people, simply because they are of a different colour, are acts of perfect justice, but the Press at Home whose righteous indignation is aroused, the moment the occurrence of such wrongs reaches its ears, and the great impatience with which it tries to create a strong public opinion to redress them.

Here in India, it is the first duty of the British Government, as the paramount Power, to maintain peace and order, and any attempt made to disturb it must be put down, more in the interests of the law-abiding subjects than of the Government itself, and the offenders brought to justice tempered with mercy, in a vindication and not in a vindictive and revengeful spirit, and without any distinction of nationality. I believe there is no Indian with any fellow-feeling in him, who does not condemn in the strongest language, and sincerely deplore, the murder of several innocent Englishmen and other acts of lawlessness committed by wicked people in the disturbances last year in our province, whatever the cause might be.

But the greatest misfortune is that it is not fully realized by the authorities in India that the real prestige of Great Britain lies not simply in the fact that she is a world-wide military power, but that she is the greatest Christian nation, at any rate second to none, among the self-governing races. Hence it is highly desirable that the country is governed and all its affairs administered in strict accordance with the high ideal of a truly Christian life—a standard which the rulers themselves have set up, and which is in no way different from that of any other religion bearing in mind always and in every case, that any act of injustice, viewed in that light, means the murder of British justice in the eyes of the people.

In justice to the people, and its own higher interests, the Imperial Government, consistently with the great lesson it has taught the central powers in Europe in the complete overthrow of their militarism, must take care of its own Superman, civil or military, in India, and cure him of his colour-blindness. I do not judge—for the day of judgment is sure to come sooner or later—and much less do I prejudge, when I humbly submit, that his malady has advanced more seriously than in the case of the much abused Hun; as a thorough examination of his ocular organ has proved without any possibility of doubt that his angle of vision has completelyturned in the wrong direction, so that according to his own admission of this serious defect in his eye, he has actually come to see a thing which is "frightful" beyond description as if it is "all-merciful." Or, in plain words that an unarmed crowd—like so many sheep huddled together in a slaughter house—trying, in vain at the very sound of the first shot, to find some opening to escape their cruelest fate appears to him as if it is *a vast military force armed to the very teeth*! And it is greatly to be feared, though the man of might may laugh at the idea, that, what with a blank cheque for unlimited power and a free license to use that power, both safe in the pockets of his uniform, and the *celerity* and the *accuracy* and the *severity* of a lawless law with which he has begun to fire, and to fire, with his undoubted military skill, to the utmost limit of brutality leaving nothing more of it to be done over again; in short, that in this way, unless his militarism is brought under complete control, he may not some day, blow up, Heaven forbid, the vast superstructure of the British Empire in India, built up with considerable pains in the spirit of genuine fellow-feeling with the subject population, by the wisest of British statesmen, in hearty co-operation with the most sympathetic and justice-loving among the members of the civil and military services, and under the guidance of England's God-fearing sovereigns, no less ours than theirs—Queen Victoria the Good, King Edward the Peace-maker of blessed memories, and our gracious King George whose Proclamation of Clemency and Reform Act has gone a great way to quench the fire of racial hatred.

O! let the vanquisher and the vanquished, the conqueror in the hour of his triumph and the conquered laid low in the dust, learn the lesson, in the spirit of true humility, that the evil of militarism, or unspiritual materialism, which they, in their supreme self-forgetfulness, personify in any individual, or exclusively confine it to any particular nation, is found everywhere; that it is like fire, a single spark of which, if not at once smothered and totally extinguished, may spread and end, as, indeed, it ended in the terrible conflagration of the European War. Let us pray to God that this evil may perish, and the spirit of righteousness and fair-dealing, of peace and good-will, reign throughout the British dominions and all over the world.

To Old Rugbeians, Old Oxonians, Members of the Legal Profession and To All who have lived in India.

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EAST & WEST.

February 1921.

From Cloudland.

A Warm Welcome.

WE offer H. R. H. The Duke of Connaught a warm welcome. He comes with a message from His Majesty The King, the representative of the Crown and the Commonwealth: and the son of Victoria the Just is thrice welcome as our honoured guest. I have no doubt that if some of the main grievances could be removed India would be contented and happy and bless the Sovereign under whose reign, justice and freedom ot thought again prevail. His Majesty the King-Emperor observed the spirit of non-co-operation which animated some of his countrymen in his Eastern Empire, but his warning was not seriously taken and now there is a movement of non-co-operation on the other side. Times have changed. India has been given a new constitution and mutual goodwill can smooth the paths of progress. What we need is a spirit of co-operation and a change of heart on both sides. The visit of His Royal Highness will certainly draw people together and thus strengthen the foundations of good Government.

Land Revenue and Rent.

THE agriculturist has not prospered from the days of Akbar as Mr. Moreland points out in his recent book. Land Tax is raised according to standards which are now out of date and a major portion of population is under-fed. under-clothed and living on the verge of starvation. The remedy is to take up the question of the poverty of the people and give the land some rest. by extending the term Settlement from 30 to 50 years.

and giving the tenants the security of tenure and an equitable rent. Agriculture and other industries should be organised and the prosperity of the people assured. If this could be done discontent would die a natural death. India still lays great store by the Empire and looks upon His Majesty as the shadow of God upon earth, as the giver of bounties in whose keeping their rights and liberties and interests are for ever safe.

A declaration of rights would, therefore, restore confidence which has been greatly disturbed by recent actions. People have begun playing with established laws as if laws were of no moment. In India and the East generally the King could only administer laws, he could not change them. Therefore it is not strength but justice which East has always respected.

The New Era.

IT is said that the Reforms Scheme marks the starting point of a new age in India. This is, to some extent, true as it coincides with mental, moral and material changes which have taken place in the last few years. The Congress and the Conferences held at Nagpur during the Christmas week bear witness to the fact that there is a vague national feeling which may at any moment create a very overwhelming national purpose. It is well that new Councils have come into existence and leaders of public opinion have been associated with the Government of the country, to understand this undefined national will, which rules the subconscious mind of the people. The demand is for a better life for all the people; and includes a demand for a sufficiency of food and freedom of thought and a growing pride in the Motherland. We judge the present by the ripples of surface currents only, deep down perhaps great beneficent forces which we cannot see, are at work and it is possible human happiness will acquire a new value and a new consciousness of spiritual and intellectual unity obliterating political boundaries and uniting the human race into one great family; each nation contributing to the peace, prosperity and happiness of the other.

Eternal Vigilance.

THE Non-Co-operation Movement has failed and it is well that the ideal of Co-operation has won the victory. But co-operation is possible only amongst equals. Friendships and alliances are strong, when parties concerned respect each other. The ascendancy will belong to the nation which is the best organised, the most strenuous, the most intelligent and the most united. British Commonwealth promises us an equal partnership. We must make every effort to be worthy of this partnership and bend all our energies to acquire qualities of freedom, strength, self-respect and united action. The intoxication of power and its brutal use, as in the war just over is, responsible for such happenings as in Ireland which has put Amritsar into the shade. We must be so organised as to prevent even the slightest use of force which only brings discredit to a Government. Martial Law will produce hate. Fanatics will not rest till they have avenged what they consider wrong; that is how the fountains of peace are for ever poisoned. Force is a remedy which only succeeds partially when nations are at war, its use in times of peace has always failed and brought only weakness instead of strength. All Governments have a tendency to become machines. Two or three years before the war a German publicist replying to an eminent Englishman said: " In reality the machine runs itself. Whither it is carrying us none of us know. I fear towards some great disaster." This seems to be the truth of the matter. Governments unless guided by public opinion become machines and go wrong, therefore there is need for eternal vigilance. Public opinion properly organised provides the surest security. " It is useless for the sheep to pass resolutions in favour of vegetarianism while the wolf remains of different opinion."

Patriotism.

HERBERT SPENCER called love of one's country extended selfishness. He was both right and wrong. Right in the sense when patriotism is confined to the love of one's home and one's country and engenders a legitimate pride in its greatness and beauty. Wrong when it leads to the invasion of other countries and forbids other people having similar aspirations. Very often, like other things, patriotism can run into moral lunacy, leading to International rivalries which work ruin all around. The war that was waged to end war has failed. Its lessons are forgotten. Every nation is anxious to exploit the weakness of the other. The memory of common suffering, which might have bound people together with hoops of steel, is fading and the Allied Nations are seeking national advantages instead of working for international advantages and laying the foundations of peace. Patriotism in such cases only brings disaster.

The Position in Ireland.

THE Sinn-Feinners in Ireland started a campaign of terrorism, indiscriminate murders, to establish an Independent Republic and the Government betrayed itself into reprisals loosening lawlessness. The servants of the Crown now commit acts which it was hoped were dead with the dark ages. Cities have been set on fire and citizens fired upon as if there was no government to protect them. The British Government is bent upon bending Ireland to its will and subduing its will to power. In ancient India all such attempts were regarded as sowing the seed of blood which multiplied the more it was spilled leaving a bitter harvest to be gathered. It seems that the war has brutalised man. Force has come to be regarded as the only arbiter between right and wrong. And yet in the year 1914 we set out to destroy Prussianism! What is happening to-day in Ireland will form a precedent for action in other parts of the Empire. If peaceful solution is impossible in Ireland how can it be possible in other parts of the Empire? Mr. Lloyd George failed at the Peace Conference and he failed once again in the matter of Irish Government and a truce to terrorism cannot be born out of a reign of terror. Ireland must be satisfied. It wants independence in the first instance and then free partnership in the second. England wants nothing else and yet both distrust each other and can find no agreement without forgetting the past and endangering the future. Says Yeats:

> "Turning and turning in the widening gyre
> The falcon cannot hear the falconer,
> Things fall apart, the centre cannot hold,
> Mere anarchy is loosed upon the world;
> The blood-dimmed tide is loosed and everywhere
> The ceremony of innocence is frowned,
> The best lack conviction, while the worst
> Are full of passionate intensity."

Soviet Russia.

A GOOD deal has been said and written about the Bolshevist Movement but Mr. H. G. Well's recent survey of the Russian situation is most illuminating. He is not fascinated with the changes that have taken place but he sees nothing between the present Government and red ruin. He describes with pathos the deserted streets, squallor and penury which prevails and how men of science and learning are trying to live amidst this ruin. Mr. Wells is vaguely apprehensive that if Russia fails Asia will push up its boundaries to the Eastern borders of Prussia and thus endanger western civilisation. Civilisation is a great name, but it remains to be seen who has contributed largely towards it: Asia or Europe? Asia remains the strongest supporter of law and order even to-day, while the foundations of authority have been slowly sapped in Europe. The fact remains that Russia is in the throes of a new birth trying a new experiment in an old environment. The world remains unchanged and its collective will is the decisive factor. Russia will resume old ways imperceptibility as soon as the blockade is removed and world contact established. There is no other way to heal the wounds of Russia.

Turkish Peace.

I REMEMBER having said when the Turkish peace was signed, with the powerless government of Constantinople and Khilafat Agitation was at its strongest, that there were other factors working to modify the treaty. In the first place the Turkish Government was powerless to carry it out, in the second the Allied powers were not in agreement about it. The prophecy has come true. The return of King Constantine and the success of Kamal Pasha have both combined to defeat the Treaty of Sevres which will have to be revised. Anatolia will go back to Turkey and in other parts too, perhaps the Turkish Government will come to its own. The French from the very beginning have been in favour of securing Turkey as an ally. The break up of the Turkish Empire has raised a whirlwind in Asia which no one seems capable of riding. It is this whirlwind which will presently force the European Governments into a more rational policy which will lead to the evacuation of Persia and Mesopotamia and other important changes and to the restoration of Turkey :

The good want power, but to weep barren tears
The powerful goodness want, worse need for them.
The wise want love, and those who love want wisdom
And all best things are thus confused to ill.

The Changeless.

By Meredith Starr.

Through starry realms of cyclic toil
The æons onward roll,
Yet still unchanged the Godhead lies
Deep in the Soul.

Through change the Changeless One abides;
He is Himself the Goal
Which lies, beyond all stars and suns,
Deep in the Soul.

Sinn-Feinism and Imperialism.

By H. L. S. Wilkinson.

THE cure for Sinn-Feinism is Imperialism—genuine, not sham; the true imaginative empire spirit, born of pure patriotism, such as gives all to service of country, and takes nought. The cause of the disease of Sinn-Feinism, in the acute form, such as Ireland is now suffering from, and the extremist and separatist ranks in India, is *fales* Imperialism, which substitutes self or class for country, and worships self under the guise of patriotism. This false garb of patriotism—this wolf in sheep's clothing engenders chronic Sinn-Feinism among the privileged or ruling classes, and this unhealthy plethoric condition reacts, here and there, in the form of inflammatory or acute Sinn-Feinism among the classes to whom freedom is denied, or who are ruled against their consent. This is obvious! When disease breaks out in the human body, we search for the cause in the antecedent history of the patient, in some wrong way of living which he has adopted. We do not, if we are wise, bully and dragoon the offending organ, and attempt to suppress the symptoms by force. Similarly, when any section of an Empire or State develops Sinn-Feinism or rebellion, we may be sure that antecedent bad government is the cause, and true statesmanship will search out and remove that cause, instead of attempting to suppress the disease by the administration of blind reprisals and ruthlessness. If the world war has proved anything, it has proved that force does not win by itself, but only when inspired and organised by Right; otherwise Germany should have won, for she held all the cards. Yet strange to say there is a spirit abroad in Britain which has drawn the false deduction—in the teeth of practically every incident of the war—that *our* Force was superior to *German* Force, and *therefore* we won! Ergo, Force remains the final Arbiter!

False premise and false conclusion! Sinn-Feinism was never heard of until the other day, but as a matter of fact it has been rampant all over the British Empire during the past 100 years—or for that matter, since its foundation. It is a legacy we have inherited from the old Roman Empire. When that Empire was at the zenith of its power, there were two antagonistic forces permeating it: one, a principle of life; the other, a force of death and decay, a malignant cancerous tendency. The former aimed at conferring full citizenship on all subject races and drafting them into a democratic citizen army, for the Empire's defence. The latter preferred an army of the Prussian type, manned by Romans only, and ruled by Caste and Privilege; a Sinn-Fein army; "we ourselves!" and no others; no barbarians or outsiders! The Sinn-Fein idea, unfortunately, triumphed, with the result that the miserable little army of Rome was engulfed and wiped out by hosts of surrounding barbarians—a result which a child might have foreseen.

The same antagonistic forces of life and death are at work in the British Empire now. We talk in a superior way of Mr. Gandhi and his insensate separatist policy: but what of the fury of odium launched against Mr. Montague? What of the non co-operation which is heard in every club in India? What of the lack of recruits for the Civil Service and the Indian Army, and the open boast of fathers that they will never send their sons to India, as "India is no longer to be a white man's country"? Never tell me that Sinn-Feinism is a fungus growth of degenerate Ireland, or that Non-Co-operation was invented by Mr. Gandhi! The microbes of these fell diseases have long been endemic in the very tissues of the British Constitution itself.

We must uproot them! Under whatever form they hide themselves, *esprit-de-corps*, class tradition, trades-unionism, Punditism, or what not—we must expel the poisonous germ, the microbe of selfishness. It must be The *Empire*, first, last, and all the time. Britain for us all and all for Britain. Maintain classes, and divisions, and interests if we will; specialise as much as we please; but away with false barriers, artificial and sham divisions! Away with snobbishness, pettiness, and parochialism.

Britain first, and no class or canon or creed that excludes Britain. Break down the barriers that stifle Britain, open the doors, let in God's air and sunshine and freedom, and we shall all be healthier and happier. Is the white man to lose caste by so doing? Be it so—to Hades with Caste, as Mr. Bottomley would say! Caste, whether of the British or Indian type, has become old, rotten with decay, unhealthy and stifling—a poison not to be endured any longer by a world struggling for air and freedom.

What a different Britain we shall have when all British subjects become really British citizens, and learn to think Imperially! Out here in India, we Englishmen will strive to begin and learn to understand India, painfully and awkwardly at first perhaps, but gradually with increasing interest and sympathy. No longer turning away with amused contempt from things Indian, no longer shutting ourselves up in clubs from which Indians are excluded, no longer grasping with a dead hand the rotten Banner of British Sinn-Feinism, we shall strive to *learn* something of the great nation in whose land we are encamped, to mix with Indians of good breeding and class, and learn what they think and feel, learn their habits, standard, and ideals, which at present are a sealed book to us. We shall be surprised to find ourselves reflected back in a new and strange mirror, for the two nations are strikingly alike in many of their foibles and weaknesses. And even where we are not alike we shall assuredly find much that is interesting in our dissimilarities—a field that we may profitably explore, and in so doing learn to forget our British self-consciousness and insularity—our most unattractive characteristic in the eyes of the foreigner!

Of course the stale objection will inevitably be made, that Indians themselves are caste-ridden and exclusive, and that their women are secluded from Society. A *tu quoque* worthy of school boys! Where, then, is our vaunted superiority? Where the fine example that the West has to set? No! the blight of Caste has affected *us* as well; if not, let us show our freedom from it by resolutely stooping to conquer, meeting their exclusion with unfailing tolerance and untiring good will, until we have broken it down: for as the great Buddha well said: "Hatred ceaseth not by Hatred at any time; Hatred ceaseth only by Love!" We need not coax sentimental however: Love means rational dealing, rational behaviour such as one Englishman accords to another; the friendliness and courtesy of equals, free from either patronage or distrust. It means the recognition that an Indian can be a "Sahib," with all that the term implies, as well as a white man.

The statement that Indians and Englishmen can never learn to co-operate, never pull together, is not true. It has been falsified over and over again in practical life, in business. The Army and the Indian Civil Service are neither of them suitable field for the good seed of race co-operation, because they are both saturated with the Sinn-Fein spirit. That spirit must go, before the new life can have the ghost of a chance. We flatter ourselves that that spirit keeps Englishmen English; does it? There is, as a matter of fact, not a single station in India where the English community is not suffering from intolerable weariness and boredom, though no one knows the cause! And the cause is this and none other! The sham and unreal spirit we are cherishing is a burden which every body in their hearts would be only too pleased to be rid of. It is not an English spirit at all, but a poison gas more suitable to Germany. Away with it!

No empire can endure except it has learnt the lesson of Sacrifice, and has cast out its lower self. Law and Order are good things but they can never be imposed by force from above, unless that same force is strengthened by willing loyalty and devotion from below. And the soil of human nature is not so exhausted and barren that it can no longer produce these qualities. It does not require to be periodically manured by blood and tears in order to produce them. It is rich and fertile, and will produce an inexhaustible rotation of good crops with very little effort and attention on the part of the gardeners in charge. But *some* attention must be given; some cultivation, some irrigation, some outlay in the shape of good and generous deed, and timely sowing of suitable seed. No farm will prosper under an absentee landlord, who leases it to mercenary and corrupt officials, or allows it to be hawked about by speculators and money-lenders. If the world is now being rent in every quarter by unrest, war, and rebellion, the cause is to be sought for, not in the "cussedness" or mulishness of human nature, but in heedlessness and selfishness on the part of those who are entrusted with its nurture and guardianship, the trustees of the nations. And recrimination and *tu quoques* will not put matters right; neither will laziness and indifference and inertia; nor yet angry coercion backed by high explosives and maxim guns. What is wanted is the exercise of wise calm judgment and statesmanship, an action with an eye to the future, not inspired by the hand-to-mouth needs of to-day only. Sacrifice and service must begin in high places, within the ranks of the privileged classes, and it will then return with compound interest from the low, in a bumper crop of gratitude, loyalty and civic pride. It is neglect and selfishness only that produces the weed of Sinn-Feinism.

The Real.

By Meredith Starr.

If thou art maimed in quest of Truth;
 If thou art shamed who sought the Pure,
Reflect that in eternal youth
 The Spirit must through all endure.
The Path gleams straight before thee still,
 O thou of adamantine will!

Though to thy sight the heavens are black,
 Unseen the stars yet burn above;
Thus, hidden by the treacherous wrack
 Of self-hood, beams the Star of Love,
And in the darkness of thy soul
 Remains intact the glorious Goal.

Adoration.

By E. M. Holden.

Give us again to adore Thee, Ineffable Spirit,
Lift us again from the flesh and its weariful ways!
Call us again to the godship that all shall inherit,
Felt in the solace of prayer and the glory of praise!

Came we not forth from the breath of Thy boundless Compassion,
We who awhile, mid the trammels of Time and of Space,
Climb in the garments of flesh, in humanity's fashion,
Back to the joy of Thy feet and the light of Thy face?

Came we not forth from the arms of Thy perfect Upholding,
We who awhile, mid the caverns of sorrow and strife,
Toil in the dark, till the spirit, persistent, unfolding,
Winneth once more to the innermost vision of Life?

Came we not forth from the smile of Thine absolute Beauty,
Straying awhile mid illusions distorted and vain,
Till from the furnace of Love and the moulding Duty,
Meet we return to the precincts of godship again?

Yea, Thou art ever the God of Thy children's confession,
Lifting us still from the flesh and its weariful ways,
Drawing us still by an upward and ceaseless progression,
Back to the godship of Love and perfection of Praise!

Netti-Netti.

By Meredith Starr.

"Nor this! Not this!" the Sages cry,
Eternally beyond, above
Whatever can be named or thought.
The primal cause of All doth lie;
Beyond all Wisdom, Being, Love:
Nought may declare it. Nought!

Empty thy mind of name and form,
Seek not to limit That Supreme,—
Beyond all attributes is He!
Indifferent, through calm and storm
To all the changes of life's dream
Lose self in self s infinity.

The Old Bee-master.

By Karl Brockhausen.

He is between 70 and 80—his exact age he does not know himself. His bright eyes offer a strange contrast to his stony features, and the years have gone by him eventless and monotonous, like a broad stream of oblivion. High up in the Tirolean Alps he lives, apart from his fellow-creatures in a small timber cottage—small, but neat and clean, all alone with his bees, whom he takes care of, loves and rules like a king.

Ever since I have known him, this world of bees on the sunny mountain slope, difficult of access, has been his own world, his kingdom, his all and everything. The people, whom he cared for, have died years ago, and the clever insects have taken their place in his heart and life. In their ways and customs he recognizes God's eternal laws, the beauties of the earth, and the miracles of Heaven,—for he not only is a specialist in his own branch, but a meditating philosopher. The harmony of the Universe, the profound lawfulness which he observes in every detail are the religion of his superior character.

Then the war came; hardly any news of the awful events reached his remote home. I imagined that he did not much care, but I was mistaken. He was deeply touched by what he heard of the murderous fights. "It is more cruel and injudicious than a battle of bees," he once told me, "and I am as responsible for this men-slaughter, as my bees are responsible for the rotation of the earth." I did not understand what he meant. We both cannot help it, but we have joined in, and it will annihilate us, the bees and myself.

These dark prophetic words are now likely to come true. I paid my old friend a visit the other day. A rainy summer had prevented the animals laying up stores for the winter. "Up to this time my bees have supported me, now I ought to support them. They need sugar. One hundred bee-hives I keep around my cottage: in the year before the war, they brought more than 2,000 pounds of honey; now they want 400 pounds of sugar. But sugar is no more to be had." He is right, the old fellow. Our neighbours, whom we have lived in peace with for 500 years, have deserted us; they are themselves none the happier for it, but they have closed their frontiers to us, and we are starving. As for sugar, it is the last thing they will allow us to have.

"What shall I do? I cannot suffer my bees to gradually starve to death, therefore I shall have mercy on them and kill them quickly. The sulphur is ready; first the bees shall die and then I shall die myself. I shall wait just another week; perhaps Heaven will be merciful and send a sharp frost, or men shall be merciful and send sugar. I do not believe they will; it would be a miracle, and miracles there are none."

And so the prophesy of the old bee-master may come true. Even he, the solitary old man, and his remote bee-hives are annihilated by the war, which he could help as little as the rotation of the earth.

To A Young Lieutenant.

By C. M. Salwey.

WHO gave up his life for his comrades in the last push at Cambrai, August 1918. Seeing a bomb about to fall in their midst, he flung himself forward to cover it as it lay fusing on the ground, and by thus preventing the decimation of those of his company who were around, was blown to atoms beyond recognition in the forefront of the battle.

> " Fear not. I have called thee by thy name,
> Thou art Mine."

The Mother's Prayer.

Dear Lord,
My lad the call obeyed
Love's sacrifice he made
When on his shoulders war's stern weight was laid.

Shattered by bomb and shell
That turned fair earth to hell :
He gave his life for those around and fell.

No grave his body holds,
Thy Hand his hand enfolds,
And for Thy service this brave soul remoulds.

My God, I pray that he,
Refashioned whole may be
In the Great Day of all Eternity.

When Thou wilt dry our tears,
And still our faltering fears
May we like Christ's own Mother meet for endless years.

Idealism.

By M. O. Abbasi.

IDEALISM is a phase of the human mind tantamount to appetites like hunger and thirst. It is a dipsomania of which the craved drink is perfection. It is co-existent with human existence, and must of needs, continue to eternity.

To say it springs from reason alone would be partial truth. Emotion seems to play an important part in its genesis and growth. It is difficult to decide whether it is an end, or a means to an end. On a physical plane, idealism is the pursuit of a rainbow, which can never be reached. But the zest of the pursuit is in itself a sufficient reward. It adds to the salt of life. It calls forth all the best faculties of mind and heart and develops them, helping mankind to advance in evolution, a biological line of which idealism points to the final end.

Prophets, sages, poets, artists and philosophers are all offsprings of idealism. Riddle of the universe, mystery of Divine Nature, purpose of human existence, analysis and unfolding of beauty, realisation of human happiness, are some of the tasks they set themselves to perform. To say they have been finally achieved is to deny the most glorious aspect of the human mind, namely the thirst for perfection, and to suggest a point of stagnation in human evolution.

Like gravitations, idealism pulls the earth of human nature towards the sun of perfection and the day it does clash with sun will be the doom of human effort and progress.

Used for noble purpose, idealism has accrued in all that is great, glorious and good in human achievement. But like all good things in life it admits of excess. The doctrine of Maya, the practice of self-abnegation, the pessimism of sceptics are some of the pernicious effects of idealism run wild.

Eastern nations have always been characterised by an excess of idealism in their outlook on life, may be as a result of climatic influences. They rose and fell in the history of the world. Like meteorites they dazzled the universe with their thought and culture but they could not withstand the over-consumption unlike the fixed stars and the suns. These suns are the symbols of races, whose idealism was tempered with materialism owing to bleak, and unromantic natural surroundings calling them to the fierce struggle for existence in the face of paucity of resources. India is the most outstanding illustration of the meteorites. Her whole philosophy is permeated by the central yearning for attaining the infinite through finite means. She has paid the price of her over-altruistic phantasmagoria of trancesdent doctrines by succumbing to the hordes of invaders that descended from Central Asia which had a more positive background to offer its people in the form of militant materialism.

The extreme type of the opposite category might be represented by chauvinistic Germany whose materialism had no redeeming grace of a savour of idealism. Inebriate with her consciousness of military progress and backed by destructive teaching of science, she led herself to ruin on the battlefield of France.

The most harmonious combination of the two, or rather the golden mean is typified in England which did not forget the place of ideals in determining the destiny and effort of mankind while admitting logically the forces of material glory and conquest in carrying them out.

The more romantic the natural surroundings, the more imaginative the temperament of the people, the more abundant the bounties of nature the more idealistic are the people bound to be. On the other hand, the more rugged the geographical feature, the more trying the inclemencies of climate, the less exuberant the bestowal of natural resources, the more matter of fact, more materialistic and more militaristic are the denizens of that country. In brief we might rightly divide the races of the globe into Eastern and Western, the former typically idealistic and the latter typically materialistic.

Luckily modern inventions and discoveries are helping to epitomise the world and level down the differences created by natural factors. Quicker communication by land, sea and air, close intercourse between orientals and occidentals, international exchange of commerical commodities and cultural propaganda have all contributed towards the harmonious fusion of the two influences for the most well-balanced upliftment of mankind.

Modern materialism based on positive science has helped to rectify the error. It has turned us from a negative to a positive outlook on life and its purpose. Self-development has taken the place of self-abnegation, hope that of despair, the cash of happiness in the present for the credit of promises in the future. Finite though the achievement, it has saved us from the despair of attaining infinity.

The tension between materialism and idealism will always continue. Yet the two are inseparable. The globe of materialism shall always obey the gravitating force of idealism in its movement towards the sun of perfection, but gravity would be useless without the mass of materialism. Electricity must have matter to act on.

So let us try to reconcile the paradoxical yet co-existent issues in our own life. Let idealism point us the way to the sun, but let materialism be the earth that moves towards it. Let dreamers and thinkers draw for us the pictures of the rainbow, and the stars, but let workers and explorers chalk out our path. Let philosophers and prophets give expression to human yearnings but let the scientists and mathematicians prepare the charts and steer the ships. In short let idealism be the lodestar of human evolution.

Resurrection of Autocracy.

By Nawab Zoolcadar Jung.

"If you Love mankind, you must not expect too much from them." - MORLEY.

The largest in fact, the most momentous of all political questions before us is whether the honours of war are to remain with Capitalism or whether enough life and energy are still left in democracy to withstand the shock. Victory for Capitalism would of course mean the restoration of autocracy. It is nothing less than a tragedy both for the Empire and mankind that England which for generations headed the coalition in support of liberty should now after championing the cause of the weak deliberately ignore the lesson of history and become the foremost leader of the movement for the establishment of democratic tyranny, an innovation ever so much more dangerous than the personal rule of an irresponsible Monarch. England does certainly appear to-day to be in the plenitude of her power and glory but we have with the deepest sorrow to admit that the foundations of her political greatness so well laid, guarded and constantly strengthened by the successive immortal pioneers of her expansion are showing signs of decay.

The urgent problem can only be solved and a remedy for the political malignant growth discovered by seeking the aid of history. But before the nation can be induced to follow the lessons of history, past and present we must carefully analyse the position of affairs so as to lay bare in all their nakedness the disastrous intrigues of the Capitalists. Activities of their imperious and immobile mind, no longer hidden and saturated with injustice, hatred and oppression were employed years before the war in imperceptibly bringing the educational institutions of the world under their domination. The power of money was utilised in encouraging "infernal impulses" of mankind to destroy itself. The study of political history which does not harmonise with the system is being discouraged and flouted as nonsense and the existing intimate connection between history and politics severed. Historians who base their forecasts of the future of the state on past historical instances are looked down upon as mere dreamers and the result of their research proclaimed as dreamy conjectures. The tendency to consider politics synonymous with falsehood and history of no practical value was detected even during the last decade of the nineteenth century and historians realising the grave consequences to the future generations if the contamination was not checked in time, laboured incessantly by means of public lectures to prove that such conjectures when they are the outcome of the application of the Scientific Method and have for their Goal a practical object must invariably come true. They proved that if the prescribed laws of political science are carefully and truthfully observed we shall not only be able to make a correct forecast but also find that what has come to pass was bound to happen, because the outcome largely depends on a combination of circumstances, often unexpected, than on the desire of the actors themselves and because in the modern limitless maze of politics the views thoughts and actions of the directors of the state policy take a practical shape not so much under the influence of their immediate surroundings as by the pressure of outside political developments. This they observed affords an excellent opportunity for an unerring statesman to take full measure of his opponent's character and genius and by anticipating event, derive the greatest possible benefit for his country.

But before an attempt is made to foretell the country's future it is necessary to take stock of the present world situation. study its nature and the policy that led up to its marvellous expansion. As mistakes are bound to be committed in the smallest and most well regulated family it is not at all surprising that nations too are not free from errors of judgment. The English nation during its long political career has passed through many vicissitudes and been faced with extremely intricate home and foreign political problems sometimes accompanied by blind passion, even bloodshed, but I believe this is the first time that its proverbial calmness, and political skill have forsaken its leading politicians. Mutual recriminations engendered by bitterness of feelings between the rulers and the ruled have roused such racial passion and prejudice on both sides that it seems England will be better off if she gets rid of such dangerous encumbrances as India, Ireland and other portions of the Empire which refuse any longer to live in fettered bondage, for persistence in the present policy of repression is sure to end in calamities of inconceivable magnitude. With history always at our elbow to guide and control our actions can it really be possible that the members of the present cabinet are incapable of understanding the cogent reasons that induced their great predecessors to base the national policy on the conciliation and good will of all the diverse races that the ever expanding empire had brought within its circuit? They must know that unlike the ancient Roman and Greek empires or the more modern rise of Islam as a world power, her expansion was not the result of Conquest by the sword. But wholly due to what is known as the policy of "peaceful penetration" initiated by her enterprising traders and colonists. The wisdom of this policy was obvious England's population at the time she broke through her insular isolation could not have been more than ten million souls all told and with her meagre military and economic resources, her home and foreign distractions she could not possibly hope to conquer or retain her vast dominions by force. Consequently her leading politicians gifted with extraordinary political shrewdness invented the policy of "peaceful penetration" and they foresaw that an empire acquired without adding a single penny to the national debt and at the voluntary sacrifice of a handful of adventurers of fortune could only be held together by the spontaneous consent and good will of all the peoples forming it. Once the line of action was decided upon they boldly moved forward and their very first shot scored a bull's eye. Wisely worded Proclamations issued from time to time in the name of the Sovereign secured to his alien subjects all the rights and privileges of full British citizenship unhampered with any invidious distinction of race, creed and colour. The result of this broadminded statesmanship was as to be expected. All the heterogeneous peoples owning allegiance to the Empire became staunch partisans of English rule. If history is read aright it will be noticed that if they had deviated a hair's breadth from this well thought outline of conduct the British Empire would have proved as ephemeral as the trade empires of Portugal and Spain. But what a contrast between its past and present leaders? It seems impossible of belief that Lloyd George and his colleagues belong to the same race which produced men like Chatham and Pitt, Sheridan, Burke and Beaconsfield. Under the existing régime truth has become a miracle, falsehood thrives openly and politics has been dragged down to the level of low intrigue. The Irish, Indians and Arabs befooled long enough are beginning to manifest unmistakable signs of disillusionment and no further commentary is needed to prove it than that the Irish and the Indians are on the verge of revolution and the Arabs actually at open War with their late liberators. If England is compelled at the eleventh hour to recognise the just claims of India and Ireland to freedom as she was forced to do by the united will of the Egyptians, I ask can England expect any gratitude in return? I leave the answer to this question to the Cabinet which has brought to the verge of ruination the finest heritage that Providence could have vouchsafed mankind.

Aeroplanes might conquer the air, submarines the sea and wireless telegraphy accepted as the last word in civilisation but nothing can ever compensate the ruthless destruction of human happiness. History provides us with innumerable object lessons. It warns us that there is a limit even to human patience and those responsible for human sufferings must look forward to stern retribution. Solon gave ancient Athens liberty which was afterwards killed by Military dictators, Rome during her barbaric splendour was free and happy but when enlightenment came it converted freedom into serfdom, followed several centuries later by the rise and fall of Islamic Democracy. But we have a recent object lesson in France. The terrible political suffering the French underwent for more than half a century in their endeavour to discover a more bearable form of political existence is yet within living memory. Within a hundred years Democracy and despotism succeeded each other with bewildering rapidity. Is history then about to repeat itself once more? Has England the torch-bearer of democracy and mother of parliament suppressed Prussianism at the untold cost of her own and her alien peoples flower of manhood and treasure only to revive it with increased momentum? The immense complexity of the Problem might well make a most profound thinker hesitate to attempt its solution especially at a time when the nation fascinated by the glitter of capitalistic gold is in no mood to listen to reason and the dependencies no longer able to bear persecutions are equally obdurate in their refusal to allow any further exploitation of their economic resources by the English capitalists. In the circumstances all that can be done in pursuance of the duty we owe to the English Crown is to give a brief sketch of the present deplorable state of affairs of the Empire in the light of historical facts and the relations and value of its outlying portions to the mother country. The final decision to make or mar its future must depend on the commonsense of the English nation alone.

In a previous article I have dealt with the Empire's foreign entanglements basing my conclusions on the opinions of its own allies. Here by way of a brief supplement I should like to add that since then the outside situation has become more involved. The Twentieth Century notion of freedom does not appear to appeal to the rustic sincerity of the Arabs who have been suddenly converted from allies into rebels. They are thus in a practical manner manifesting their unalterable determination to remain wild nomads of the desert, simple and truthful rather than become westernised and false. By placing themselves unreservedly under the direction of

Mustafa Kamal, they have in actual deeds replied to Curzon's diatribes on the five hundred year old misrule of the Turk. The Turkish Treaty is only a continuation of the old-world opposition between the Cross and the Crescent and breaks all the rules of chivalry and political wisdom. Turn over the pages of history and you will find proved beyond a shadow of doubt that had it not been for the unparalleled religious toleration and solicitude for the welfare of their Christian subjects there would have been to-day no Armenian, Bulgarian, Servian and Greek question to bring about the dissolution of the Turkish Empire. Suppression of the Christian rebels is a massacre, but if any one within reach of English Democracy dares to refer to the slaughter of innocent Moslems, Irish and Indians without difference of sex and age he is dubbed forthwith an anti-English and revolutionary.

The Polish episode has laid bare the farce of the League of Nations and as a climax to this political running amock even the French, Italian and Americans are beginning to show their disgust at the intolerable arrogance and selfishness of their English ally. Not a day passes without the French newspapers having something to complain of the "Perfidious Albion."

Commercially India has lost its value to England and if that be the only reason for her forcible retention then I fear that India along with Ireland will soon bring about the Empire's disruption. On the other hand strategically both the countries possess incalculable value. Ireland because of its close proximity to the mother country and India for the protection of the East African and Pacific Colonies. But the strategic value solely depends on their intimate co-operation with England. I cannot in view of her present cruel plight say with any certainty what the attitude of Ireland will be, but India in spite of the thick political fog surrounding it is yet prepared to grasp the hand of friendship and remain an integral portion of the Empire on the same terms as the self-governing Dominions. The Indian Empire was the outcome of a bold adventure, gained by means of Indian money, Indian army disciplined and equipped on European style and taking advantage of the internecine struggles at the right moment—a lesson learnt from the French. Why not then attempt an adventurous finesse and make a bold bid for the Indian and Irish friendship? When the issue lies between friendship and hatred a bold stroke of policy can alone save the Empire from the stupendous of all impending calamities. But to reach this most desired consummation it needs the political finesse, cunning sagacity and true loyalty of Machiavelli combined with the deep sincerity, unrivalled Patriotism and unerring political instinct of Disraeli. When the nomads of Arabia and Christian cut throats living between Germany, Russia and Turkey are recognised as fit to be given absolute liberty you cannot expect highly cultured Indians to remain much longer under the foreign lash. Morley's régime at the India Office was by no means faultless. If you read through " a page in the Imperial history" in his " Recollections" you will find that while he succeeded in imposing his will on the simplest and noblest of Viceroys the cunning bureaucrats of Simla by the use of his own tactics prevailed upon him to relax unconsciously in his too strict an observance of life-long democratic convictions. Deportations without trial and his remark to Gokhale that Home Rule for India was quite beyond the pale of practical politics although accompanied by remorse and hesitation would have raised a terrific political storm but for his stern resolve to retain the good will and confidence of his wards and spontaneous and timely introduction of his liberal scheme of reforms liberal comparatively of course. If for nothing else his rule will be long remembered for the removal of " the most conspicuous stamp of inferiority." Are you not going to carry this policy to its natural conclusion or have you finally decided to play into the hands of irrevocable mischiefmongers and continue with increasing ill-humour in the game of "harshness and stiffness" and demolish the Empire?

The Stony Oasis.

By Stephen Foy.

"The Arabs call this the Stony Oasis, and say that it is on the road to Nowhere, whither your Excellency wishes to travel," said my guide drily. We were in the Desert of El Hegerah and he had accompanied me from Koweit, complaining all the way.

"Your heart is hungry for the fleshpots of the towns," I answered, smiling. It seems to me a pleasant place to rest for many days.

"The season is good and the thought is also," said old Seyyid sententiously. "And the Stony Oasis has a story which perhaps I may tell you."

Every rock and tree in the Desert has a story for old Seyyid, and I found him a much more interesting companion than my guide Khasif. I strolled to the Pool and looked into the placid water. On three sides it was bayed in by rock, and the low, muddy bank on the fourth side was marked by our beasts only. Evidently the oasis was not often visited. Khasif bustled away to oversee the tent-pitchers and the cook.

"The Stony Oasis!" I said, to draw Seyyid's story from him. "That clump of rocks there looks like the ruins of an afreet's castle."

"It is not good to talk of afreets when one is in the desert," said the old man gravely. "The Children of the Desert who understand, do not love this place. In the old days they did not frequent it much," he went on in a meditative tone, "but now that it has another story they do not come at all. Always it has been a haunt of the Doers of Forbidden Things. But now it is time to eat."

He led me towards the clump of rocks where the tents were pitched.

"It is a tale of a woman, as all tales are. It is a tale of two men who loved her, of one who had much knowledge of forbidden things. But this place at night is not good to tell their story."

"You are afraid of afreets!" I said with foolish contempt.

"He who trusts in Allah and his Prophet fears nothing," said Seyyid proudly. "You Franks have knowledge of many things, and wide open are the eyes of your minds. But in your souls is a great darkness. I will tell you in the very chamber of the rocks where Banoum lived."

This is the story that Seyyid told.

* * * *

Banoum was of the tribe of Essira of the men who are homeless forever. In his time he was beautiful as women are never beautiful, with the beauty of strength and the supple grace of splendidly attuned muscles. His walk had the rhythm of music and his eyes the subtle spell of a flute heard in the desert.

He was a stealer of forbidden loves and wheresoever he went he sowed hatred. His loves were as the gleam of the lightning, illuminating with a strange new beauty and then vanishing from a blackened ruin. The hearts of all women longed for him, longed with a bitter eagerness which ministered to his desire. Banoum cared nothing for the hatred of men, for he was of those accursed who are lonely in their souls. Yet that hatred accumulated against him for the noblest of reasons, accumulated as the thunder is stored up for the day of Allah's wrath. It was as the lightning flash that he had entered their lives, caressing and striking their heart's pride. And some of them one day came upon the lonely Banoum at this oasis, where the Wahabis have never penetrated and the law is the law of the desert. As had been his love so was their hate. They struck as the lightning strikes, leaving him a battered and distorted ruin whom never woman could love again.

Never, say I? Seyyid ground his teeth in the darkness, and his voice rang with deep intensity of feeling, the fine frenzy of the emotional story-teller. Silently Khasif passed him a *narghileh*. He puffed it steadily, staring into the darkness beyond the palm-trees at the well. His voice was monotonously even and controlled when he resumed:

"Verily no soul knoweth what it shall gain on the morrow!"

For many months Banoum dragged his maimed and distorted body about these desert places making his home in the rocks yonder which never echo to the feet of other men. Slowly he regained much of his old strength. Day after day he would look into the placid water of the well, which spoke of peace to a soul from which peace was forever banished, which showed him that Banoum the beautiful had been transformed into Banoum the brutalized and hideous. Verily his enemies had been cruel to him, but the hearts of all men were happier for the fate which had overtaken Banoum.

Now amongst his enemies was one whom Banoum had never harmed, but who hated him, as all true men hated him, for his evil loves And this man again passed through the Desert to the Oasis. Banoum sat always at the well, staring stonily at the passive water. When travellers came he begged of them, and of this man he begged also.

Gravely the traveller gave He was not rich, and he travelled alone with his daughter, the lovely Leila, whose name even now lends beauty to the songs of the desert, and whom all our young men would choose to be with them in the intoxicating gardens of Paradise. Her beauty was serene and calm as moonlight upon still waters, but her black eyes could melt in a sea of pity or brighten with a sunshine of gladness which would fill the heart of man with but one thought, the thought of Leila.

"Had any man seen her, then, my Seyyid?"

Scornfully he answered.

Does a man scatter pearls in the bazaar? Verily no man had seen her save her father only. What I tell you of her beauty is known from the golden songs of Shaibah, Shaibah the very wise, of whom also I will tell you.

Those three were alone in the oasis. In the evening Leila played and sang to her father Hadji, and Banoum crept near to them Her voice filled the night with mysterious tenderness and the stars came out to listen. Then Hadji told her that Banoum also listened and her heart—was it not the heart of a woman?—filled with desire to see him. His story was known to her, as everything is known in the harems, and she came veiled to the door of the tent to behold the man who had stirred the hearts of so many women. She laughed when she saw him, then shuddered and ran back. She was the first woman to see him since the malignity of his enemies and Banoum now felt the irony of Fate in its full meaning. He who had made so many women faint with desire could now only move them to disgust. His hand gripped his knife—he could have killed Leila for that unpitying laugh.

Now it came into the mind of Hadji to do a foolish thing. Allah alone knoweth the heart of man, but it was a bitter and a cruel thing that Hadji did when he drew Leila again outside the tent into the soft light of the lolling moon.

"Cast aside thy veil, my Leila," he said. "Banoum has seen many beautiful women, but none so fair as thee Yet why shouldst thou remain veiled before him, for who could love him now? The love of woman can never again be his, so let him feast his eyes upon thy beauty. So may he treasure the memory whilst he has life."

Banoum's eyes flashed angrily. Surely this Hadji mocked him as Allah does not permit one man to mock another! Surely—but Leila danced. Her beauty mocked him even more bitterly than the words of her father. Her glances struck like blows upon his heart. It was mockery, mockery, mockery, worthy of the fiendish heart of Eblis himself. Surely Hadji erred with a great error.

The dance was the dance of the daughters of El Ombeh. Slowly Leila came near to Banoum, and from her superb freedom and grace he saw how utterly she despised him, holding him no longer man. She passed and repassed. Her garments touched him, seemed to float round him. Her stimulating beauty quivered through him until every nerve was athrill and his soul became a lake of molten desire. The dance grew faster and faster. Always she was near him, just out of his arms. Then for one vivid moment her face flashed close to his and her eyes searched his with laughing temptation. He started up to seize her, but with a trill of delighted triumph she whirled into the tent and her father stood smiling at the door.

' Is she not beautiful?" asked the foolish Hadji.

"Verily thou art the father of loveliness and she is the mother of desire."

Proudly Hadji fastened the door of the tent whilst Banoum drew his haik closer around him and all night stared fiercely at the still and silent waters of the well.

In the morning, as the travellers passed, Leila mockingly unveiled herself and called :

"Peace be with thee, Banoum!'

His soul danced at the sparkle of her eyes.

"Away from thee there is no peace!" he said gravely.

The heat of the desert noon seemed cold and chill and the blinding light seemed pale after Leila had gone, and he withdrew to this chamber of the rocks where he smoked hashis and dreamed of Leila, of Leila alone with him, of Leila blind to his deformity and loving him. Day after day he dreamed the same dream and was like to go mad with longing, but no-one came to the oasis for many months and he could not cross the desert alone.

When Banoum had grown weary of waiting there came a wanderer of his own tribe, who undertook to carry his message to his blood-brother the Sheikh Shaibah, in whom Banoum had a simple child-like trust. All things were possible to Shaibah, even forbidden things, and he knew that Shaibah would surely come. Perhaps Shaibah could even restore his old beauty, but certainly he could help him to his desire.

Shaibah came He was younger than Banoum and even more beautiful than his brother had been. Never had his soul been stirred by the love of woman. In his stern eyes burned a pale flame which spoke of the searcher for knowledge. No mere enjoyer of lovely life was he, basking in Allah's sunshine and paying for it only by prayer. He was a man of deeds, soliciting the confidence of his Mother Earth in order that he might betray her secrets.

The desert men said that Mother Earth had been kind indeed to Shaibah and that many things were known to him which he dared not communicate to other men.

He loved his brother Banoum with that rarest of loves which men have sometimes for one another. And the evil, selfish Banoum would have yielded his life to give joy to Shaibah. Yet they rarely saw each other, and Shaibah had known nothing of Banoum's injuries.

Banoum brought him here and poured out all his story.

"Earth does not hold enough torments for these men who have afflicted you, my brother," said Shaibah. "But all the curses my knowledge can bring upon them shall work misery in their lives. Truly your quarrel is mine and I will avenge you"

Banoum sat silently staring at the grey earth. The very thought of vengeance had faded from his mind.

"Tell me, my brother," said Shaibah gently, "is it not vengeance you want?"

"It is a greater thing I ask of you. It is true that I was hungry for vengeance, but now my heart has room for hatred no longer. I love. I love the beautiful Leila, whose eyes are the windows of Paradise, whose beauty is the beauty of the moon shining upon the wind-kissed pool."

Involuntarily Shaibah laughed.

"Put from you all thought of love, my brother. Thou hast loved too much, and canst never move the heart of woman again. And I have heard that Leila has many suitors, for it is said that she is strangely beautiful."

"Hast thou no help for me, my brother? Is thy knowledge so weak a thing that it cannot control even the love of a woman?"

Shaibah frowned, but Banoum went on eagerly.

"Canst thou not restore me my brother. Thou art a wise man and a physician. Must I be like this forever?"

"I cannot restore thee," said Shaibah gently, his heart overflowing with pity at his brother's distorted and crippled figure. "Leave me now to think. My whole heart is thine. What I can do I will do."

Banoum departed to the well and stared into the placid mirror of his ugliness, while all night Shaibah, in his vaulted chamber, smoked hashish and thought of Leila. The morning came and with it came weariness to Shaibah, Banoum sat still by the well, staring now at the shadows of the palm-trees, watching them diminish and then slowly lengthen again to the East. At last Shaibah called him. Together they smoked hashish, and as the drug bathed their souls in splendour Shaibah promised that Banoum should have his heart's desire.

"Surely for one month she shall think thee beautiful and her love shall go out to thee. But afterwards. . . . ."

"Tell me not of afterwards," shouted Banoum in an ecstasy of joy which broke rudely upon Shaibah's somnolent comfort. "What care I for afterwards if Leila once is mine?"

"Let it be as thou wilt," said Shaibah wearily. "I go to do a great thing for thee, a thing I would do for thee only, and not again even for thee. When I have placed the lovely Leila in thy hands Imust go to my own place"

He paused. The soft light of pity was in his eyes as he looked at Banoum.

"Perhaps there may be no afterwards," he said, and turned to where his boy waited with the camels.

The days dragged wearily for Banoum, filled with luxuriant but impatient dreams. One week, two weeks, three weeks, passed away, and still Shaibah came not. Then came Shaibah's boy with three camel loads of costly draperies and many men, so that this vaulted chamber was transformed into a lovely harem wherein

Scheherazade herself might have delighted to amuse her lord. Then again was Banoum alone in the oasis, but the thought of Leila was always with him.

Banoum saw Shaibah coming from afar, and saw the palanquin which accompanied him. Then he ran to hide in the palm grove until Leila was housed.

"Where art thou, my brother?" called Shaibah.

Overcome with joy Banoum ran to him and kissed the hem of his robe. Shaibah snatched it from him angrily.

"Before night thou wilt be alone with Leila," he said. "During the promised month thou wilt appear beautiful to her, and her love will be wholly thine."

"Hast thou seen her?" asked Banoum eagerly.

"She is beautiful as the dawn in the desert," his brother replied, and his eyes grew wistful and tender.

Banoum stared wrathfully, and then the memory of his brother's kindness overcame him.

"Take her to thyself, Shaibah," he said.

Shaibah's wonderful eyes softened still more.

"Love is not for me," he said, "she is thine, my brother. But go not to the well when she is beside thee."

He moved to the camp of his men, and in the early afternoon departed with them. Long after the camels had disappeared Banoum remained staring after them, haunted by the look in his brother's eyes. Had he asked too much? Had Shaibah not only imperilled his soul but lost his heart in the service of his brother?

"I am here, my lord!" the sound of her voice brought forgetfulness. His eyes met hers. He saw in them modesty, love, admiration! Admiration of him And this was Leila who had mocked him, but who now saw in him the very incarnation of love. What miracle had Shaibah wrought? He clasped her warm hand and kissed it. Then his lips sought hers and she abandoned herself to him with a sign of passionate ecstasy. His heart glowed with mingled shame and love. She did not see him as he was, perhaps, but at least she loved him. Shaibah had promised him a month of happiness. Leila was his!

"Thou hast never kissed me before, my lord,' she said, raising her deep black eyes to his and nestling contentedly in his arms.

Banoum started. Did she then believe him to be somebody else? He pushed the thought from him. At least she loved him and was his.

"Come, my beloved," he said, and together they went to the vaulted chamber.

For fourteen days Banoum lived in the supreme happiness of the moment and suppressed all thought of the future. Never was such a wonderful love as that of Leila for her lord. Sometimes Banoum's heart grew weary as she spoke of things which had happened in Koweit and then of their journey together across the desert. Once she spoke of her previous visit to the oasis, and of the ugly beggar she had seen. He knew then that when she looked at him she did not see Banoum but another.

No travellers disturbed their solitude, and only the sun and the moon varied the even tenor of their days On the fifteenth day came the first shadow on his happiness, a mere uneasiness but a veritable serpent in his Garden of Eden. Several times she called him Shaibah, and each time as she did so she looked at him in a puzzled manner. He did not speak of it, for too surely he divined that the clouds of her illusion were wearing thin. And yet this was but a shadow hovering over their happiness. Together they wandered about the oasis and the wilderness of rocks near at hand, and his soul bathed in the intoxicating bliss of the knowledge that Leila loved him. Sometimes she would sing and dance to him, but more often they sat together in contented silence, or she would tell one of the tales our people love. His long freedom from the pangs of love made this ecstasy the more exquisite. He, who had thought that no woman could love him again, was blessed with the love of Leila, the most perfectly beautiful woman he had known. And he marvel, Shaibah's marvel, was that to her he seemed the handsomest man she had ever seen. She had no thought that was not of him, no dream that was not bathed in the idyllic happiness of their love.

So the time passed until the shadows began to withdraw from the face of the moon and night after night she approached nearer to the perfect circle. Shaibah had only promised a month, but perhaps the Fates would be kinder. On the thirtieth evening they sat together a little withdrawn from the well. Leila's head rested upon Banoum's shoulder and she lay happily watching for the rising of the moon above the palm-trees. Suddenly she started, and pointed to a moving speck upon the desert.

"Travellers!" she said. They are coming quickly.

Banoum grew sick at heart. It was strange that their solitude should only be interrupted on this, the thirtieth, day. Was it significant, the beginning of the end? He thought grimly that if ever Leila saw him as he really was she would hate him, and resolved that if ever he saw the light of *that* knowledge in her eyes those eyes should be closed forever. Involuntarily he scowled and his hand gripped his knife. Leila danced lightly away from him.

"My lord is angry!' she said, and in a moment she stood at the farther side of the well.

"Come, Leila," he said. "You must withdraw before they arrive."

Laughingly she teased him, and, forgetful for the first time of Shaibah's parting injunction, he began to run round the well towards her. The moon threw his reflection with fearful distinctness upon the water, exaggerating its real distortion. Leila stared from it to him, and into her eyes came *that* knowledge. He drew his knife and had nearly reached her in his mad fury when . . . .

"I hate you!" she exclaimed with a vivid intensity of horror which stopped him like a blow.

She turned and began to run blindly towards the travellers. The foremost of them spurred his horse and flew like lightning towards them. Banoum could not run. He saw the traveller lift her to his saddle-bow without stopping, and still sweep onwards. Dully he looked at the knife, and as the horse came bounding towards him plunged it into his own breast. The traveller drew up and laid the fainting Leila upon the ground. Banoum opened his eyes.

"Shaibah!" he gasped. "If I had known. . . ." The blood flowed from his lips as his brother bent over him.

"It is best!" said Shaibah.

Leila sat up.

"My lord!" she said, with a gasp of relief and surprise. "I have had a horrible dream. But what is that!" she added fearfully.

"It is nothing," he said, motioning to his men to cover the body. "And what was your dream, my Leila?"

"I dreamed that it was not thou who hast been with me this past month," she said, blushing, "but a horribly ugly man" she shuddered convulsively.

"Don't speak of it," he said, caressing her tenderly. "Of course I have been with you all the time."

Heer of the Punjab.

By Puran Singh.

RISE my Sun! again on my Cottage Door,
Shine once again, O Star of Heaven!
And fill all space with the sunshine of Thy Face,
Come to me Thy half-insane village maid,
And let me lie in Thy Warm Embrace!
Thou Who did'st pour love into me,
The life in me I hold as a trust from Thee,
No more I or me is mine,
But a desire to be Thine!!
O! The days rolling pass by and Thou comest not,
O Friend of my Eternity!
From the day I ever met Thee,
My soul is a Spark of Fire restless in space,
Forever flying towards Thy Burning Bosom of Beauty,
Surely I from the ages all forgotten, I have been thine
My only Rest in Eternity, when willst Thou come to me!
What is *Heer*? A cry in the sands of *Māyā* for a glimpse of Thine!
Rise my Sun! On Thy *Heer's* Cottage Door,
Adorn once again the fields with Flower that spring at Thy Presence
And come to me, my Love!
In me and with me waits the whole Universe for Thee!
When I met Thee first,

EAST & WEST.

I hardly knew Thou art ever so precious,
That for ages my soul will yearn for Thee in an unending Separation.
O How different was the promise of Thy Eyes,
It was an Eternal Meeting!
O Beloved! Why didst Thou not proclaim Thyself?
O King of Heaven! O the Beloved of the Creator
I might have been wiser and kept away,
O why did I believe the Meeting of Our Eyes?
Come to me, my Love! to me thy illiterate village maid,
My *Ránjhá*! Fearless step into the Temple of my heart.
There is no one else, I alone burn like a solitary lamp waiting for Thee!
And come and see the auspicious bangle of our Eternal Wedding which circles round my Wrist,
My *Ránjhá*! Come to me to-day,
And let thy merest Slave-Maid lie in Thy Sweetest Embrace,
And for once let The Divine purpose be fulfilled,
For which the Greatest Allah made god, man, bird and beast.

Current Views in England in Indian Affairs.

By Bharti.

THE writer is no politician but the work on which he has been engaged while on leave has brought him into contact with a variety of persons interested in Indian affairs. An account of such opinion in England as not represented by the newspapers may be of value to the Indian reader.

Naturally the Dyer case was keenly discussed. "We cannot trust the newspapers," said a prominent juournalist, "either their political bent makes them whitewash the affair, or they are out to criticise the Government and they seize any handle for the purpose. As a result it is impossible to get at the truth or form any opinion."

A literary man expressed a view at once illuminating and interesting. "It is not," he said, "what Dyer did; but what he *said.*" No one that was not actually present in the square can express an opinion as to what action was necessary or justifiable. No one can attack what he did at the time. No one can defend what he said afterwards—and that probably never entered his head at the time. Personally if I had been called upon to defend my actions—supposing that I had considered his course of action necessary and taking it—I should have said: "I know it was a horrible responsibility for a man to have to meet; I know that whatever I might have done I should have been called to account. I have therefore nothing to say save that I shall be glad to be quit of India and my post. . . ." In other words I should have said: "It was all in the day's work; whatever I had done would have been wrong: I am content to find it so and glad to be quit of the place."

Another literary man discussed the Montague-Chelmsford act in the light of the Amritsar disturbances. " Party politics," he said, " are a substitute for civil war. We had civil wars in England until we developed party politics ; but you cannot fight over things you are postering the walls about. Posters bring the suppressed emotions to the surface—Fiend's idea of suppressed complexes. Personally I believe the effect of the new régime will be to do away with ill-feeling generally between the races and religions of India by bringing those feelings to the surface."

Of social relations between the European and the Indian. " I do not know whether I blame the *memsahib* or not ; but there is one argument which I should like to urge in her defence--an argument that is often overlooked. Her house is a little castle of English home-life in the midst of an alien civilisation. She fears to open the gates of her castle lest it be overwhelmed. I do not say whether she be right or wrong nor do I think it is a conscious process of thought in her. It is instinctive and it may be wrong or right. I do not know. It is an aspect of the case often forgotten in the frequent condemnation of her."

" Non-co-operation," said a retired Anglo-Indian, " was futile from the first. It was based on wrong feelings—it would effect nothing positive even if it succeeded. From the practical point of view it was futile. It would harm no one but the non-co-operators. No Indian father would ruin his son's prospects by withdrawing him from school in the middle of a session."

" We do not know enough about India," said a barrister politician, " but we are taking an interest. I admit it is a new thing for us to do so. There was a time when Indian affairs were regarded with complete indifference and satisfied ignorance. But now the papers are full of India and the affairs of India are of absorbing interest to the public. The reason is, I think, that so many people have gone to India during the war—the territorials alone amount to a fair number. They all have relatives to whom they talk and of course there are thousands of others who went. I think that is the reason. Perhaps also the war has deepened our sense of responsibility. . . ."

One wishes now, when it is too late—that one had recorded more such scraps.

Sonnet.

By V. V. Chintamani.

Oh let not life mean death and death mean life
And let not hope mean fear and fear mean hope,
So things in life may have their fullest scope
And grow from small to great without a strife;
Or once when dead shall not to life return
To spin round hope and gloomy fear again,
And linger on the margin of the main
Of death till death itself and life too spurn
Things born to live. Oh Lord of life and death,
On life or death eternity endow;
And hope be hope and fear be fear, but ne'er
Shall either chase the other out of breath.
Once let me die and let me die but now,
Or let me live and let me live for e'er.

East and West.

By Meredith Starr.

IN the West, men fear death and love life,
understanding neither

In the East, being wiser, men are resigned to
death but fear life.

Hence, among the masses, religion is more real in
the East—though possibly more corrupt.

In the West, the will to live is stronger than in
the East.

The West is a warrior who lives by his sword.

The East is a woman who lives in her dreams.

In the West, men are deceived by life and deceive
themselves about death, mistaking dreams for
reality.

The East has more insight than the West, but she
mistakes reality for dreams.

He must spiritualize knowledge.

She must realize her dreams.

Each possesses what the other lacks, but the Day
of their wedding has dawned.

At the Sound of the "Sannai."

By Mrs. Row.

It was a warm day in mid-summer and Salima lay on her luxurious diwan, looking far into the distance, at the opal skies, at the snow-clad peaks of Haramukh and Nanga Parwat. She was the beautiful wife of S—, a descendant of the mighty Akbar. The emperor and his Begum were just now spending the summer in a valley in the land of emerald, and it was now over a week since the former had been shooting wild animals in the interior of a forest, leaving his young bride to amuse herself with her maids.

This afternoon of the month of Chaitra, Salima seemed unusually pensive. Her maids who were devoted to their mistress, tried one after another to brighten her, but without result. "Call Saki, I want to hear her sing," said Salima languidly at last.

Saki was the new maid the empress had taken up since her arrival in the valley of——. Salima who had been fascinated from a distance by the sound of Saki's *sannai*, saw her for the first time sitting alone under a *chinar* in the Salimar garden. That was one evening in the spring festival. Saki who was a beggar maid sang and also played the *sannai* sweetly, and Salima was so smitten with her voice that she had brought the young girl straight to her palace and kept her there since then.

Saki was tall and slender almost too straight for a woman. She had a sad and somewhat pathetic expression in her large liquid eyes and she rarely uttered a word. "Sing me something, Saki," said the empress, as the new maid touched her gold embroidered slippers in obeisance.

Then sitting upon a rich Persian rug at the feet of the diwan, Saki sang a passionate *gazal* with such an intense outburst of feeling that Salima's eyes were moist with tears, and she cried in an ecstacy of joy, "Shabash, Saki, shabash," as the last note softly died away.

For a moment the lofty hall lapsed into complete silence; only a langourous *koyal* in the park now burst into a liquid melody, thus enriching the exquisiteness of that quivering summer day. From the east came the riotous sound of the Achchabal waterfalls, responded by an echo even greater than itself. After a while Saki took up her *vina* again and one *gazal* followed another. She sang about Laila and Majnun, their hapless love and their tragic end. When her last *gazal* had been sung, Salima went near her and removing the pearl necklace from her own delicate neck, she fastened it round that of the maid and after stroking her gently on the back, Salima walked to the window to watch the sunset.

"Saki," cried Salima turning round, "look at the sunset over those snowy mountains. Doesn't the sight fill your heart with rapture?"

But the girl stood silent and only smiled. "I don't know why I feel so restless to-day. Could it be the shadow of a coming disaster? The emperor too tarries. Has there been a mishap—" Salima murmured half to herself.

Yet the maid remained perfectly quiet. "Saki," the Begum continued after a few seconds, "Saki look at the departing grandeur of the lord of day; doesn't it remind one of the passing glory of a mighty despot or the fast vanishing youth of a beautiful woman?" But still Saki did not reply; while Salima still remained at the window in a meditative attitude, her little head tilted on one side until she heard the tinkling anklets of her maids bringing in golden *thalis*, laden with spiced delicacies and in bowls of jade and porphyry varied *sherbets* for the empress' evening repast.

AT THE SOUND OF THE "SANNAI."

"Take the *thalis* away, girls, I have no hunger to-night," said Salima to her maids, taking up a glass of pomegranate *sherbet* and daintily sipping it.

The twilight rapidly waned. The young moon which was only a day old, now lay on the extreme edge of the horizon, showing only the two ends of her crescent which the ancient poet would have said, looked like the two points of the horns of a cow submerged in the sea.

All the birds in the valley had now hushed their notes. Only a solitary bulbul, sang at long intervals a plaintive note or two.

"Saki, I feel sleepy," said the Begum presently, with a weary yawn, handing over to the maid her half-finished drink, "but wake me at midnight for to-morrow is the first day of Ramzan and I want to offer a long prayer before I begin my fast," she added, with sleep-laden eyes as she passed to her golden bedstead, covered with fragrant flowers of tulips, jasmines, mogra and roses; while standing behind Salima's silk brocade pillows, Saki fanned the empress with a peacock-feathered fan until she fell fast asleep.

It was now almost dark only the planet of Shukra twinkled through the clustering branches of an overhanging *chinar* as if too shy to show his full lustre.

Silence reigned supreme for even the bulbuls nocturnal serenade had now died away in the silent air.

Salima slept soundly. Her delicate breasts, draped in an opal coloured diaphanous veil heaved at regular intervals, like two dew-covered lotuses quivering in the soft summer breeze by the lonely banks of the rivulet.

The other maids had now retired to their own apartments and even the clanging of the outer and inner portals of the palace had ceased.

Saki stood still with bated breath to listen to the slightest sound but she heard none except the occasional jingle of the crystal pendants of the chandeliers when shaken by the slightest breeze or the echo of the distant waterfall.

Saki went quite close to the empress and stood watching her with a tender gaze.

Salima who seemed lost in the bewildering maze of dreamland just then softly murmured twice: "Saki, Saki."

The girl blushed to the roots of her hair and gently leaning forward she kissed the rose-red lips of the empress with an intense passion burning in her great black eyes, while her slim figure shook like a blossoming Malati creeper, kissed by the langorous breeze of spring.

Then with a swift turn of her neck, as Saki steadied herself, she recoiled with terror when she saw in a large mirror straight in front of her the stately figure of the emperor S—, clad in his hunting garments.

She quickly turned round and saw the emperor standing near the carved sandal door at the entrance, with a curious grin on his somewhat tired and sunburnt face.

The emperor silently beckoned to Saki to approach him she slowly stumbled towards him.

"Yes, she is very beautiful, isn't she?" said the Moslem monarch frowning slightly yet with an air of amusement looking at the trembling maid.

"But who are you?" he asked, at the same time as Saki stood with her eyes bent down.

"Who are you?" the emperor demanded again in a slightly raised tone as he received no response.

"Who are you?" he shouted but the girl remained perfectly silent.

A wave of suspicion now crossed the emperor's mind and as he whistled three times a fat hideous Abyssinian eunuch tumbled in with faltering steps.

" Mahum, have this woman stripped of all her garments and lash her until she bleeds to death, " the Mogul tyrant ordered peremptorily.

The eunuch moved towards Saki to drag her away, when the latter suddenly broke into words.

" Listen ? mighty emperor tó my tale. I am Kasim Khan, the only son of—, " Saki declared, removing her veil and wig and displaying a fine well set boyish figure.

" What ? you a man—, " the astounded sovereign thundered forth.

" Yes, I am a man and Salima's devoted slave—," Kasim Khan confessed fearlessly.

" What ? a man, daring to enter my sacred harem in a woman's disguise ? " the emperor interrupted in a terrible rage. There was a moment's complete silence.

Salima who had sat up in her bed looked on, hardly aware that she was awake.

"Go on, go no, with your wretched tale," the infuriated monarch shouted.

" Long before you wedded the beautiful Salima," Kasim began slowly, "she had been betrothed to me by the consent of our parents but her father who was an ambitious man betrayed me at the last minute and since then I have led the life of a wanderer in a state of despair ; and at last in a fit of desperation I came her a week ago in the disguise of a woman.

Kasim stopped here a second to take breath.

" Noble emperor ! " the youth resumed calmly," I am prepared for the deadliest punishment, but I swear by the sacred Koran that she is innocent as a babe and pure as the snow on those mountains.

" Mahum ? " the emperor ordered, " keep this wretched man in the darkest and the vilest cell of our palace and let him see neither the light of the sun nor of the moon until he dies the lingering death of a miserable outcast."

Mahum clumsily bowed and dragging Kasim roughly, left the chamber without a word.

The emperor too went away without saying a word to his terrified wife. All that night Salima lay wide awake, hoping the emperor would come to her on the morrow, but alas! she never saw him again and she languished for several years like a delicate lily fading away in the jungle.

* * * *

Twenty years lapsed.

The neglected Begum Salima had died ten years ago—in the full prime of her youth and was buried in an obscure little corner near the waterfalls of Achchabal.

One evening at dusk the emperor S—was shooting in the Lidder valley accidently happened to pass Salima's tomb, when lured by the exquisite sound of a *sannai,* led his steed towards the tomb and as he drew closer he saw an emaciated figure of a solitary Fakir, playing the *sannai* by the side of the tomb.

Alighting from his charger, the emperor entered the tomb but the Fakir just then put away the *sannai* and began counting his pearl rosary.

A few minutes later the emperor went away as silently as he had come in but neither he nor the Fakir recognised each other.

Faith.

By Meredith Starr.

FEAR, doubt and hurry
Lead to the grave.
No need to worry!—
The Soul will save.
If thy faith be pure
Thou art strong to endure,
And nought on earth can thy soul enslave

Go calmly on,
Like a loyal knight;
Lo, they are gone,
The phantoms of fright!
And instead their spears
Through the gloom appears
The angelic Form that will lead thee right.

As the first pure beam
Of the dawning Sun,
Is the bright soft gleam
Of that Holy One!
When the Light expands
Thou shalt see those Lands
Which a man may gain when the heights are won.

Psychology of Affairs.

By Sheo Prashada Mathur.

Introductory.

YOUNG India's interest in affairs is deepening. My purpose here is to stimulate that interest by suggesting certain features of the problem culled from personal observation or experience. In our daily traffic with our fellows we meet all manner of men, and my ambition is to write something about the relation of the great constructive spirit in affairs and its relation to individual character and weakness. Machiavelli it was who seriously attempted to show how the ending of the muddle and confusions that waste human possibilities can be effected. *The Prince* is the great classic on the subject. But Machiavelli had his indecent side, his animal humour and his frequent lapses into shocking unscrupulousness. Sir T. Madho Rao's "Minor Hints" is a more dignified book. We have valuable hints in Bismarck's life written by his Secretary Busch. We have stray material scattered all over in Greek and Latin and also with great profusion in Persian and Sanskrit. In more immediate relation with us in India is the illustrious tradition of the Indian Civil Service, which is a fine record of the taming down of genius and brilliance into balance and sanity and of remarkble work achieved quietly and unobtrusively. Here is all this material of the movements and intricacies of human initiative and reaction ; and the subject of this paper is in effect that appeal to universal considerations--for viewing a material like this from a momentarily detached standpoint—which is called Philosophy. My purpose is not to attempt anything in the way of a technical academic text-book on Psychology. What I want is to suggest features of the problem which any man in the street with a sympathetic understanding may realise. By race we are an imaginative people and even the material side of modernisation has not killed all imagination out of us. My point is that imagination can teach us how to escape from our experience and to realise the experience of those who n affairs are greater than we are.

This is a time of change, of readjustment and of reconstruction in India. The desire to work out a richer synthesis is struggling to find expression. It is under the stress of an excitement and exaltation like this that some of the finest work—both in the domain of fancy and of affairs—has been produced. In the same way the psychology of genius is not yet quite understood, but the rend of current thought points to its being allied in some ways to insanity and one of the favourite current descriptions of genius is that it is a form of psycho-neurosis. This age of exhilaration is rich in great movements of the mind of man, which carry with them the zest of unlimited experiment. If this temper of exultant discovery is informed with an instinct of sobriety, it promises the greatest possibilities for young India in the domain of affairs. In fact, if one were to survey available experience in affairs, it would not be without its suggestions of the possible for us. Thus the war has brought prominently to notice the German way of doing things. The German type is distinctive and can be easily recognised—with its associations of iron discipline, strong organisation, gifted leadership confined to just a few individuals at the top, absence of personal initiative in the ranks, and so on. Young India is alive with novelty and excitement. It has the whole history of the world before it. What type shall its own distinctive genius create out of these models?

Administrative Work.

As a member of the administration my pre-occupation with affairs is intelligible enough; specially as I am new to the work and hence am perhaps a little fortunate in the matter of a ready response to new impressions—for it may be that in course of time I may gain experience and grow wise, but the magic of freshness will be gone beyond recall. Besides, being an official I enjoy opportunities for observation which are probably denied to people in other departments of work. For I am concerned with the work of administration generally under the ægis of that body of remarkable distinction and power, I mean the Indian Civil Service, and it is the brilliant tradition of that service that, generally speaking, it does not touch any thing which it does not adorn. What it touches in India is almost co-extensive with life. The Civil Service in India has a record of versatility the equal of which it is difficult to find elsewhere. There is hardly any branch of affairs—excepting perhaps for the very technical work of an Engineer or a doctor—with which a Civilian has not been associated at one time or other.

A Convenient Handle for Study.

Thus a study of the philosophy of administrative talent is perhaps the most hopeful way of getting to the heart of the problem. Correct judgment, knowledge of men and insight in affairs are practically the alpha and omega of administrative work. The administrator has to give thought to the question of the foundations of power to an extent that is denied to people connected with other departments of work. Administrative work gives endless opportunities for observing the primeval springs of action and of human behaviour—modified, influenced and widened though these may be by the exigencies of modern conditions. There is a description in Johnson's account of his friend Savage which might in a sense be applied to the workings of administrative genius: "His mind," says Johnson, "was in an uncommon degree vigorous and active. His judgment was accurate, his apprehension quick, and his memory so tenacious, that he was frequently observed to know what he had learnt from others, in a short time, better than those by whom he was informed; and could frequently recollect incidents, with all their combination of circumstances, which few would have regarded at the present time, but which the quickness of his apprehension impressed upon him. He had the art of escaping from his own reflections, and accommodating himself to every new scene. To this quality is to be imputed the extent of his knowledge, compared with the small time which he spent in visible endeavours to acquire it. He mingled in cursory conversation with the same steadiness of attention as others apply to a lecture; and amidst the appearance of thoughtless gaiety lost no new idea that was started, nor any hint that could be improved." I do not mean to suggest that an administrator is a walking encyclopædia. As Sir Walter Raleigh puts it, "there is a story of Canning, which John Hookham Frere told one day to his nephew. 'I remember, he said, 'going to consult Canning on a matter of great importance to me, when he was staying down near Enfield. We walked into the woods to have a quiet talk, and as we passed some ponds I was surprised to find it was a new light to him that tadpoles turned into frogs. Now, said the teller of the tale, don't you go and repeat that story of Canning to the next fool you meet. Canning could rule, and did rule, a great and civilised nation; but in these days people are apt to fancy that any one who does not know the natural history of frogs must be an imbecile in the treatment of men.'"

Difficulties in the Way.

The work of the Civil Service being almost co-extensive with life in India, the brilliant tradition of the service is a convenient peg on which to hang one's conclusions. But there is an objection--and a very grave one too--to this procedure. Tradition is generally far too fleeting a substance to be caught. What is more, the tradition of the Indian Civil Service is about as complex as life itself. We in India are, it is true, in almost hourly contact with it. But it must in its very nature remain a shadow in a song: a thing of mist and mountain. In the case of a writer or an artist you have his works which give you an indication of his growth. With an administrator, the case is entirely different. For no account, however minute and well-informed, can lay bare the processes of his initiation in his craft, which are in their nature far more obscure than the history of his life and opinions. To have, therefore, an unerringly sure touch in the characterisation of administrative genius--the unwritten code of delicate honour, the rapidity and confidence of decision, the quickness of sympathy and the absolute trust in instinct—is only a gift of the gods. These things can neither be learnt by method nor taught in words. My cultivated chief, Mr. Willoughby of the Indian Civil Service, to whose inspiration I owe in no small a measure my progress in these studies, told me that "the things that really make the English administrator are the things he never mentions." They are far too subtle to lend themselves to analysis. If we want to tread on more certain ground, we can only take stock of those extraneous collateral circumstances which constitute the nursery of the English administrative classes. As my chief told me, "any attempt to analyse the psychology of English administrative types would have to take large account of the training and environment in youth of the administrative classes —family, the public school preceded by the private school, our early severance from family life, early pushing out from the nest into a nasty hard world, the public school tradition, dislike of book learning, for good or ill." This "pushing out of the nest" which began with a sense of adventure, excess and enterprise in the sixteenth century—in the days of the Renaissance—has gone on with ever increasing sobriety, acting and re-acting on world problems, enriching national life by the experience of a world-wide empire, never noisy or dramatic for a "place in the sun" (so unlike the German *parvenu* and his nauseating rant!) no postures, no epigrams, no attitudes -till in the sphere of action Englishmen have become the very standard and measure of our own day

Tragedy of Personality.

I cannot insist too often on the fact that capacity for affairs is essentially congenital; and interest always centres in the action and suffering of a man of a great but incomplete or ill-balanced personality, under the stress of a situation which at once betrays his weakness, reveals his greatness and thrusts him to his doom. The tyranny of the imagination is an eternal theme, in life and literature, and has exercised some of the greatest minds. To none perhaps is the theme more familiar than to readers of Shakespeare—the theme of the men of imperious imagination and open and free nature liable to superb confidence and to tragic disillusion. Hamlet utters the mortal agony of disillusion with a poignancy unsurpassed in literature. As one of the cleverest living writers on Shakespeare has it, "his pictures of the men in whom imagination is predominant—Richard II, Hamlet, Macbeth—are among the most wonderful in his gallery, the most closely studied, and intimately realized. But not even the veil of drama can hide from us the admiration and devotion that he feels for those other men to whom action is easy—Hotspur, the bastard Falconbridge, or, chief of all, Othello. These are the natural lords of human kind . . . . He was a lover of clear decisive action, and of the deed done. He knew and condemned the sentiment which fondly nurses itself and is without issue. Yet, on the other hand, the gift of imagination with which he was so richly dowered, the wide, restless, curious searchings of the intelligence and the sympathies—these faculties, strong in him by nature, and strengthened every day by the exercise of his profession, bade fair at times to take sole possession, and to paralyse the will. Then he revolted against himself, and was almost inclined to bless that dark, misfeatured messenger called the angel of this life, 'Whose care is lest men see too much at once.' If for the outlook of a God the seer must neglect the opportunities and duties of a man, may not the price paid be too high? It is a dilemma known to all poets,—to all men, indeed, who live the exhausting life of the imagination, and grapple hour by hour, in solitude and silence, with the creatures of their mind, while the passing invitations of humanity, which never recur, are ignored or repelled . . . . Keats also recognised, as well as Shakespeare, that man cannot escape the call to action, and it was he who said: 'I am convinced more and more, every day, that fine writing is, next to fine doing, the top thing in the world.' But what if this highest call come suddenly, as it always does, and find the man unnerved and unready, given over to 'sensations and day-nightmares,' absorbed in speculation, out of himself, and unable to respond?"

The same writer's observations on how men compare with women in the matter of practical sagacity are also perhaps interesting in this connection. He says; "Shakespeare's men cannot, as a class, compare with his women for practical genius. They can think and imagine, as only Shakespeare's men can, but their imagination often masters and disables them. Self-deception, it would seem, is a male weakness. The whole controversy is summarised in the difference between Macbeth and his wife. She knows him well, and has no patience with his scruples and dallyings :

'What thou wouldst highly,

That wouldst thou holily : wouldst not play false,

And yet wouldst wrongly win.'

For her, all the details and consequences of the crime are accepted with the crime itself. Her mind refuses to go behind the first crucial decision, or to waste precious time by speculating on the strangeness of things. But he, though he bends up each corporal agent to the terrible feat, cannot thus control the activities of his mind, or subdue them to a single practical end. His imagination will not be denied its ghastly play ; he sees the murder as a single incident in the moving history of human woe, or forgets the need of the moment in the intellectual interest of his own sensations. When he acts, he acts in a frenzy which procures his oblivion. Because they do not ask questions of life, and do not doubt or deliberate concerning the fundamental grounds for action. Shakespeare's women are, in the main, either good or bad. The middle region of character, where mixed motives predominate, belongs chiefly to the men. The women act not on thought, but on instinct, which, once it is accepted, admits of no argument."

Modus Operandi.

The gift of a strong imagination, then, is will-paralysing and is often found in connection with an abnormal psychology. Into special branches of the subject like this—or like the psychology of leadership or of genius generally—I do not propose to enter. All I want is to suggest general features of the problem—so well exemplified in administrative work and Indian Civil Service traditions—which are of a more or less universal application and with which every body—to whatever sphere of life he belongs—has more or less to do. In what follows, I shall be drawing freely on the traditions of the Indian Civil Service—I mean in so far as they lend themselves to be captured at all. For, as I say, they are illuminative of most of the central problems of the psychology of affairs.

Organisation.

It would perhaps be as well to begin by considering the question of organisation. After the experience of the great war, we have acquired a clearer understanding of what organisation stands for and what are its possibilities. The Germans have almost a genius for it. Organisation implies a machinery, the leader or leaders at the top to control and direct it and the rank and file to fill their appointed place in the scheme of that machine. It presupposes a sense of discipline; for the individuals must subordinate their will to the will of those at the top—or the machinery would break down. The more docile the individuals, the more smoothly will the machinery work. The great point about organisation is that by co-ordinating corporate effort waste is reduced to a minimum and you get the greatest value out of what you spend. This comes of the scientific adjustment of means to public ends, of the entrusting of the direction of affairs to trained and carefully chosen men and to the sense of discipline among the masses.

But mundane affairs cannot all be reduced to conditions whereby close organisation can be secured. In the vast region of our daily affairs—so well typified in administrative work—the unaided sense and judgment of the individual has an important part; and one of the weakest point about Germanism is that it crushes personal initiative. On the other hand, nowhere are the claims of personality so liberally recognised as in England where, in fact, they seem to have been over-emphasized.

Personal Initiative.

To my mind, the eternally elusive question of personality, in effect, is the central problem of the psychology of affairs. The individual Englishman when he goes out to colonise carries England with him, as a part of his personality. The German method is for the State to win territory and then to set the people to work there, on lines laid down from above. As Sir Walter Raleigh puts it, "another thing that the Germans will have to learn for the welfare of their much-talked of Empire is the value of the lone man. The architects and builders of the British Empire were all lone men . . . . When a young Englishman is set down at an outpost of Empire to govern a warlike tribe, he has to do a good deal of hard thinking on the problem of political power and its foundations. He has to trust to himself, to form his own conclusions, and to chose his own line of action. He has to try to find out what is in the mind of others. A young German, inured to skilled slavery, does not shine in such a position. Man for man, in all that asks for initiative and self-dependence, Englishmen are the better men, and some Germans know it. There is an old jest that if you settle an Englishman and a German together in a new country, at the end of a year you will find the Englisman Governor and the German his head-clerk. A German must know the rules before he can get to work."* Nowhere is the quality of individual initiative more actually in evidence than in the Indian Civilian whose achievement in this matter is probably without parallel.

The thing which gives individual initiative this mysterious elusive quality is that it is essentially a negation of all merely mechanical calculation. It is something absolutely beyond mere humdrum obligations ot business—punctuality, method, preciseness, economy of time and speech, perseverance, attention to detail, and so on. These may only form the outlines for the successful man of easy, vague, diffusive sagacity, but he must fill the pattern himself. These precise qualities sometimes even operate as a drag. For in all human relationship there is always that volatile essence, the human behaviour. It is in the individual absolutely indeterminate. It is never a fixed reaction that any given set of conditions may call forth but always appears as what the mathematicians call an "independent variable" amongst the fixed data of the case—our motives, character, etc. To find a concrete formula for this "independent variable" is an audacious venture.

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*"Might is Right," by Sir Walter Raleigh—"Oxford Pamphlets" (Macmillan). Published during the War.

Nor is it easy—least of all for one like myself who labours not only under the disadvantage of lack of experience and insight but with whom the language difficulty is so great as to be almost insuperable—to give adequate verbal expression to the subtlest turns of consciousness, the flitting shadows and half-conceived ideas and purposes which count for so much in the life of the mind—which determine action, indeed, although they could not be rationally formulated by a lawyer as a plea for action. To give a voice and body to those elusive movements of thought and feeling which are the life of humanity is absolutely beyond my reach. What I aspire to is only to suggest something of the framework which occasions creative activity in affairs.

Sense of Perspective.

Absolutely the most vital point in the business of life—in every conceivable phase—is the sense of proportion. The master faculty of always perceiving the dominant fact in whatever is before one and of separating it from what is subordinate is the supreme alchemy in study no less than in affairs. For he who can win success in the matter of a many-facetted study has in him—generally speaking—the making of a successful man of affairs. It is a matter of first rate importance for all quick and intelligent study to be able to lay one's finger on the central idea and to place the subordinate ideas in their appropriate relation. It is a great point to acquire the sense of organic connection, in study as in life. I may be allowed to mention in this connection an interesting incident from personal experience. It refers to the time when I first started studying Bacteriology. I was on the subject of immunity from disease. On that subject I read pages after pages from a number of text-books. All this mass of reading served only to bewilder me. I was as far away from the central problems of that subject as when I started the study. The enervating influence of a splashy study like this cannot be over-emphasized and when this desultory process of study is extended to a number or different subjects, it induces blurred intelligence and flabbiness of mind—versatility and imagination without ability, acuteness or clarity.

All this is especially true of affaris, for it is the keen sense of the generation and affinity of events which conditions all large and firm grasp of men and things. In our administrative work, *e.g.*, the sense of perspective is an asset not merely in the secretariat or in connection with the judicial work of a judge or a magistrate so that the elements of a note or a judgment are most pertinently marshalled or the heart of a fat office file torn out merely by turning the pages over, but also in affairs generally—in acquiring that shrewd insight and knowledge of the world which enable us to view the stages of a complicated action most perspicuously bound into one. What degree of importance should be attached to the points that come up before one? On a proper appreciation of this might hinge large questions of public moment—whether a riot shall be averted or the pinch of agrarian distress in times of scarcity or famine shall be mitigated or the vagaries of irresponsible subordinates controlled and so on.

But this sense of organic connection—popularly called common-sense—cannot alone be effectual. For common-sense must play handmaid to experience. What is it which gives one that easy sagacity whereby one perceives, *e.g.*, where the matter hinges and throws oneself on the precise point of resistance, neglects all other considerations and in each moment and emergency knows what to do next? It involves intellectual and imaginative prerequisites.

Clarity of Vision.

We speak of clear-headed men—of men who can get down to essentials at once. Clear vision is ultimately a matter of natural endowment. Disciplined modes of thought might, however, be fostered by a schooling of a severely intellectual kind—in study and affairs. But a course, however long and thorough, in any "gymnastics of the intellect" is not enough. For one thing it is productive of the one-sided intensity and the essentially mechanical and sterile ways of thought which, Prince Bulow complains, have crept into German life. He says in his Imperial Germany—"our passsion for logic amounts to fanaticism and whenever an intellectual formula or a system has been found for anything, we insist with obstinate perseverance on fitting realities into the system." A coldly intellectual discipline alone is anæmic. It tends to make one academic and mechanical. It makes one unduly partial to the intellectual delight of new ideas. It tends to unhinge and to upset one's balance. It is not very conducive to the acquiring of the point of view of others, to compromise and to the give and take of life. Its asperities have to be rounded off, as it were, by more human qualities before one can expect to understand human initiative and reaction with any degree of success. For to know your men and understand your fellows is almost half the race of life.

"Mardum Shanasi."

The art of what we call *Mardum Shanasi*—of knowing and understanding the men you have to deal with—is an exceedingly important factor in the concerns of life and has been in high esteem with us. It almost forms the essence of the work of executive administration. One has, *e.g.*, to bow before the vulgar rule of "payment by results"; and for a man who wants to make two blades of grass grow where only one grew before, the effective tapping of resources—which is only another name for *Mardum Shanasi*—is a cardinal point. *Mardum Shanasi* is no less necessary for that intuitive perception of the occasion of things—for understanding what has been called the proprieties of rank and occasion—which is the very key-note of all civilised intercourse. Walter Bagehot in his essay on Shakespeare has said almost the last word on the matter. He says: "A man to be able to know various people *in life* must be able at sight to comprehend their essential features, to know how they shade one into another, to see how they diversify the common uniformity of civilized life. Nor does this involve simply intellectual or even imaginative prerequisites. Still less would it be facilitated by exquisite senses or subtle fancy. What is wanted is to be able to appreciate mere clay—which mere mind never will." Bagehot has the following trenchant criticism of Goethe—as compared with Shakespeare: "Perhaps this is the defect of the works of the greatest dramatic genius of recent times.-Goethe. His works are too much in the nature of literary studies; the mind is often deeply impressed by them, but one doubts if the author was. He saw them as he saw the houses of Weimar and the plants in the act of metamorphosis. He had a clear perception of their fixed condition and their successive transitions, but he did not really (if we may so speak) comprehend their motive power. So to say, he appreciated their life but not their liveliness. Niebuhr, as is well known, compared the most elaborate of Goethe's work--the novel *Wilhelm Meister*—to a managerie of tame animals, meaning thereby, as we believe, to express much the same distinction. He felt there was a deficiency in mere vigour and rude energy. We have a long train and no engine--a great accumulation of excellent matter, arranged and ordered with masterly skill, but not animated with over-buoyant and unbounded play."

To be able to appreciate mere clay, one must have a certain amount of mere animal zest in life--or else one cannot, *e.g.*, stand successfully an atmosphere of intrigue. This is what I mean when I say that there is a certain amount of antithesis between culture and capacity. It is true that mere scholarship and learning and the knowledge of books do not dissolve all natural impulses. But one somehow feels that the intellectuals are not always firmly set on our coarse world of common clay and that in the matter of intense animal spirits the philistine has sometimes the advantage. Mediævalism is gradually disappearing and liberal young Indians above the narrowing rules of caste perhaps find it difficult to appreciate what a frightful amount of intrigue there used to be. This intrigue is gradually getting a thing of the past, but its muddy precipitate of communal rivalry is still strongly in evidence. Caste factions are the despair of the administrator and it is a tribute to the genius of the Indian Civil Service that it has kept intrigue under proper control. Town-bred non-officials cannot readily realise how subtly is intrigue sometimes organized. Tom comes to us and mentions quite incidentally something to create a particular impression. His friend Dick comes and mentions -casually and in quite another context-—something that would deepen the impression. Other friends come and follow suit. It needs no ordinary degree of alertness to escape being victimised by insidious suggestions like these. The essence of this and so many other forms of intrigue generally lies in a subconscious deepening of impressions by persons who want to make it appear that they are unbiassed and independent. The work of administration -in so far as it refers to *Mardum Shanasi* is in fact getting more tangled and difficult every day. For an antidote to the sectarian intriguer genus has now appeared in the person of the liberal young Indian of to-day. He is an idealist -unpractical and uncalculating; or even if he is a man of the world, he can hardly cope with the schemer and his kind. He feels that sort of thing does not quite pay. He is ambitious and modern and says it reduces waste to take less devious and more open ways. The intriguer's chess-board has -at the very outside--only an academic interest for him. How the scheming humbug moves his pawns or how he keeps the ball rolling are matters only of curiosity to our young liberal. The latter is at one end of the scale and at the other is the old Machiavellian intriguer whose race is not yet extinct. In between the two you get people of all shades of modernisation.* Here is a motley crowd and it would not do to judge all by one common standard.

To try to understand idealists is a matter of no small difficulty. Idealists are an impossible people; they are so inconsequential. You cannot judge them by the canons of sober, worldly-wise, calculating men. And idealists are people who have certainly not a keen sense of government, its utility and necessity. Theirs is not the sanity which puts a high value on the stability of government from a real and ever-present fear of the bursting of the flood gates.

There are also the difficulties arising from what has been called the undulatory nature of human mind. Not unfrequently people vary from what others come to regard as their fixed and stable character—sometimes in a direction where it could be least expected. As Le Bon observes, "it is only in fiction that individuals are found to traverse their whole life with any unvarying character."

Resourcefulness.

Imagination, disciplined modes of thought and a sense of the perspective carry you through almost half the business of life. But these are not all. These might be sufficient if it were possible to administer from the seclusion of your arm chair. But life sometimes makes sudden calls on you. One has sometimes to make a quick decision or one is undone. One must be equal to the importunacy of action. That is the great touch stone: It is the opportunity of the hero and the despair of the weakling. The latter bends all the powers of his mind to the crisis but fails to acquire a grasp of the situation. It makes no difference how large are those powers. For in life—as in art and literature—conscience must be merged into instinct before one becomes fine.

How is it that in moments of crisis, the weakling, though endowed with considerable intellectual agility, cudgels his brains to no purpose? He cannot think collectedly. He gets "nervous." "He loses his head." It is of course to some extent a matter of constitution or some untraceable composition of heredity. He is what is called neurotic. But there is also a psychological factor of supreme importance.

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* I do not say intrigue and modernisation are mutually exclusive. What I do say is that in practice they generally do not go well together.

The Will.

That factor is the eternally mysterious power of the will. The weakling might, after some experience, get to arrive at a sound and even a quick judgment from the seclusion of his desk. But in the forum--in the heat of the thing and in presence of others--his mind refuses to work. The drama of life is in its essence a drama of the will. One talks of a masterful personality. Such is the personality of a man who has an iron will which can dominate the will of others. As Abdul Majid Sahib in his book on the *Psychology of Leadership* observes, "it is not intellect, much less feeling, that imparts force and strength to human character. It is will that prevails. It is will that rules the world and governs the destinies of individuals as well as of nations. A man may be of the most refined taste and the most vigorous intellect and yet may be a weakling withal, carrying little weight with those around him. He feels intuitively that a certain course of action suggested to him is wrong; he has reasons to be convinced of its unwholesomeness: and yet he cannot resist the suggestion -- he must yield--he must give way to a stronger will. The power of will, though amenable to improvement by dint of exercise, is essentially congenital. Leaders are born, not made." Some one has wittily remarked that a man who can dominate a London dinner-table can rule the world. The great figures of history -whether of the world-shaking type like Cæsars and Napoleons or those more hedged in by the limitations of time and circumstance like Pitts and Kitcheners--have always been masterful personalities.

William James has carefully studied the question of will-habits and the practical understanding. He presents us an intimately realised study of the chief types of decision and will. The chief point of his teaching is that when the heart rises in rebellion against the intelligence, it must be suppressed and that not only should the vision be right but that action should obey its lead.

Inspiration.

Those, however, who are helpless and unstable at a crisis are not necessarily all of weak wills. Resourcefulness is not always a matter of will power. Even in the quite of one's study and unhampered by the presence of others, it not infrequently happens that one cannot find an outlet from perplexed and baffling situations. Mediocre incompetent men have been known to see things through and through at a glance where men remarkable for a judgment of intuitive shrewdness have been at their wits' end. These divinations—flashes of insight—constitute the act of inspiration and are an irreducible ultimate. Like the will, the act of inspiration is inexplicable. You cannot go behind it. All one can say about it is that it is sometimes brought into being in times of crisis and stress—in a state of exhilaration or exaltation.

The Time Factor.

These sudden divinations, however, usually refer to occasional situations. But what about feats of genius of a more or less sustained character? The case of Darwin working out his theory of Natural Selection is, perhaps, an instance in point. It is not quite a good example, for Darwin's work was not complicated by the element of the independent variable. Darwin worked out his theory quietly, untrammelled by the vagaries of human behaviour. For those who cannot be content without a definition of an undefinable ultimate, the genius of Darwin may, at the most sparing estimate, be defined as a first-rate imagination working on a first-rate experience. But, as I say, Darwin's is not quite a good example. A better illustration would perhaps be that of Bismarck's synthesis of the now defunct German Empire. In any case, there is the inevitable time factor.

The interaction of the imagination and experience of a genius sets working what in psychology are called the subconscious processes and some day the man wakes to find a theory of decent or an idea of imperial synthesis taking life and form within him.

Time is a great healer of distempers in affairs. Not infrequently you find that the tangle which defied grip and solution straightens out—of itself—and with an ease and grace you could never suspect. We in the East have a great faith in this doctrine of the fulness of time. *Samai maha bakvan*—time is supremely powerful—is the terse expression of a faith which has embedded itself in the phrases of popular speech. The wise man is he who knows when to step back and let the time processes work and when to seize the situation by the horns and act.

Confidence.

In speaking above of resourcefulness and the will I have referred to the fact that sometimes—particularly in moments of stress—one gets nervous. The mind refuses to work and one cannot grasp the situation. On the other hand there are people who are never flurried—they are always self-possessed and indifferent, scorning opinion and following their own ends. In a word, they are people who have self-confidence. They generally enjoy a certain amount of immunity from outbursts of sudden irascibility outbursts of a somewhat petty temper against the obvious limitations of life. But 'placidity alone is not all, for mere placidity is indicative only of dulness and torpor. This sense of calm is leavened by that mysterious inward prompting which is crudely described by expressions like "taste," "inclination," "aptitude" but which is really an undefinable ultimate. This interaction begets audacity and success. Success begets confidence and brings more success. To those, however, who are not favoured with this inner call, long striving only blurs their intelligence and brings bleakness and despair into life. On the other hand, those favoured with the energising gift buoyantly undergo long years of patient striving which at length lift them to an eminence whence they can climb on and on, scarcely encumbered by the jostling crowd. Their lot may be to fight long and strenuously against circumstances so adverse as to be almost overwhelming. But they know in their hearts that they are born to lead and not to follow. With no friendly hand to help and no friendly voice to guide, they at last succeed in bursting a road through the difficulties which hemmed them in and suddenly find themselves above the battle.

All this struggle is vitalised by a sense of fate. In the more daring spirits, this sense is profound. Napoleon called himself a child of destiny. But even lesser and saner people appreciate--a little vaguely perhaps--the tides that bear man with them and the uncertainty whether he will swim this way or that. In any case, it gives people a sense of detachment--of disregard for consequences—which makes for the calm and placidity of which I have spoken above. They quietly accept the blows of fate by which they are welded to endurance. They never get fidgety and nervous. In the plenitude of resources they have the good nature of strength and conscious superiority. But a weakling when assailed by threats or confronted by bluff is either cowed or takes refuge in bombast. On the other hand, the strong man—of freedom, spontaneity and resource--does not allow himself to be pestered with insolence. Even if he is so worried, he treats impudence with sure, though dignified, contempt.

Foundations of Power.

A fairly enormous literature exists on this question. This has been produced in various ages and in various countries. In India Chanik's *Niti* is the popular work on the subject. The question has formed the subject of a definite school of thought, known as the *Raja Niti*. We also get wise saws in Persian, *e.g.*, scattered in Sadi's *Gulistan* or in the letters of Aurangzeb. Machiavelli's *Prince* is, however, the great classic on the subject—though written in a vein of shocking unscrupulousness.

I shall content myself by referring here to a very illuminating book recommended to me by my chief Mr. Willoughby, Ian Hay's *The Lighter Side of School Life* (T. N. Foulis). The book is very amusing also and it suggests quite effectively the English Public School ethos. Some of the writer's observations are so acute that the book comes very near to being a text for the subject of the foundations of power.

The sketch of the headmaster is fine and seems to be an intimately-realized study. As the writer observes: " A headmaster no longer regards his office as a stepping-stone to a Bishopric. In the near future, as ecclesiastical and classical traditions fade, that office is more likely to be regarded as a qualification for a place at the head of a Department of State, or a seat in the Cabinet. A man who can run a great public school can run an Empire."

From this sketch of the headmaster I quote freely below: "To supervise the instruction of modern youth a man requires something more than profound learning: he must possess *savoir faire*. If you set a great scholar—and a great scholar has an unfortunate habit of being nothing but a great scholar—in charge of the multifarious interests of a public school, you are setting a razor to cut grindstones. As well appoint an Astronomer Royal to command an Atlantic liner. He may be on terms of easy familiarity with the movements of the heavenly bodies, yet fail to understand the right way of dealing with refractory stokers." . . . . "He must be a majestic figurehead. This is not so difficult as it sounds. The dignity which doth hedge a headmaster is so tremendous that the dullest and fussiest of the race can hardly fail to be impressive and awe-inspiring to the plastic mind of youth. More than one King Log has left a name behind him, through standing still in the limelight and keeping his mouth shut. But then he was probably lucky in his lieutenants.

" Next, he must have a sense of humour. If he cannot see the entertaining side of youthful depravity.

magisterial jealousy, and parental fussiness, he will undoubtedly go mad. A sense of humour, too, will prevent him from making a fool of himself, and a headmaster must never do that. It also engenders Tact, and Tact is the essence of life to a man who has to deal every day with the ignorant, and the bigoted, and the sentimental. (These adjectives are applicable to boys, masters, and parents, and may be applied collectively or individually with equal truth.) Not that all humorous people are tactful: bitter experience of the practical joker has taught us that. But no person can be tactful who cannot see the ludicrous side of things" . . . . "He must also, of course, be a ruler. Now you may rule men in two ways—either with a rapier or a bludgeon: but a man who can gain his ends with the latter will seldom have recourse to the former. The headmaster who possesses on the top of other essential qualities the power of being uncompromisingly and divinely rude, is to be envied above all men. For him life is full of short cuts. He never argues. *L'école, c'est moi,* he growls, and no one contradicts him. Boys idolise him. In his presence they are paralysed with fear, but away from it they glory in his ferocity of mien and strength of arm. Masters have impotently at his *brusquerie* and absolutism, but A says secretly to himself: 'Well, it's a treat to see the way the old man keeps B and C up to the collar.' As for parents, they simply refuse to face him, which is the head and summit of that which a master desires of a parent.

"Such a man is Olympian, having none of the foibles or soft moments of a human being. He dwells apart, in an atmosphere too rarefied for those who intrude into it. His subjects never regard him as a man of like passions with themselves: they would be quite shocked if such an idea were suggested to them." . . . . . "The other kind has to prevail by another method the Machiavellian. As a successful headmaster of my acquaintance once brutally but truthfully expressed it: 'You simply have to employ a certain amount of low cunning if you are going to keep a school going at all.' And he was right. A man unendowed with the divine gift of rudeness would, if he spend his time answering the criticisms or meeting the objections of colleagues or parents or even boys, have no time for anything else. So he seeks refuge either in finesse or flight. If a parent rings him up on the telephone, he murmurs something courteous about a wrong number and then leaves the receiver off the hook. If a housemaster, swelling with some grievance or scheme or reform, bears down upon him upon the cricket field on a summer afternoon, he adroitly lures him under a tree where another housemaster is standing, and leaves them there together. If an enthusiastic junior discharges at his head some glorious but quite impracticable project, such as the performance of a pastoral play in the school grounds, or the enforcement of a vegetarian diet upon the school for experimental purposes, he replies: 'My dear fellow, the Governing Body will never hear of it.' What he means is: 'The Governing Body shall never hear of it'" . . . . "One more quality is essential to the great headmaster. He must possess the Sixth Sense. He must see nothing, yet know everything that goes on in the school. Etiquette forbids that he should enter one of his colleagues' houses except as an invited guest; yet he must be acquainted with all that happens inside that house. He is debarred by the same rigid law from entering the form-room or studying the methods and capability of any but the most junior form-masters; and yet he must know whether Mr. A. in the Senior Science Set is expounding theories of inorganic chemistry which have been obsolete for ten years or whether Mr. B. in the Junior Remove is accustomed meekly to remove a pool of ink from the seat of his chair before beginning his daily labours. He must not mingle with the boys, for that would be undignified; yet he must, and usually does, know every boy in the school by sight, and something about him. He must never attempt to acquire information by obvious cross-examination either of boy or master, or he will be accused of prying and interference; and he can never, or should never, discuss one of his colleagues with another. And yet he must have his hand upon the pulse of the school in such wise as to be able to tell which master is incompetent, which prefect is untrustworthy, which boy is a bully, and which house is rotten. In other words, he must possess a Red Indian's powers of observation and a woman's powers of intuition. He must be able to suck in school atmosphere through his pores. He must be able to judge of a man's keenness or his fitness for duty by his general attitude and conversation when off duty. He must be able to read volumes from the demeanour of a group in the corner of the quadrangle, from a small boy's furtive expression, or even from the *timbre* of the singing in chapel. He must notice which boy has too many friends, and which none at all." . . . . "He possesses the art of managing men to an extent sufficient to maintain his housemasters in some sort of line, and to keep his junior staff punctual and enthusiastic without fussing or herding them." . . . . "And above all, he has sympathy and insight. When a master or boy comes to him with a grievance he knows whether he is dealing with a chronic grumbler or a wronged man. The grumbler can be pacified by a word or chastened by a rebuke; but a man burning under a sense of real injustice and wrong will never be efficient again until his injuries are redressed. If a colleague, again, comes to him with a scheme of work, or organisation, or even play, he is quick to see how far the scheme is valuable and practicable, and how far it is mere fuss and officiousness. He is enormously patient over this sort of thing, for he knows that an untimely snub may kill the enthusiasm of a real worker, and that a little encouragement may do wonders for a diffident beginner. He knows how to stimulate the slacker, be he boy or master; and he keeps a sharp look-out to see that the willing horse does not overwork himself. (This latter, strange as it may seem, is the harder task of the two.) And he can read the soul of that most illegible of books--save to the understanding eye—the boy, through and through. He can tell if a boy is lying brazenly, or lying because he is frightened, or lying to screen a friend, or speaking the truth. He knows when to be terrible in anger, and when to be indescribably gentle."

(To be concluded in the March issue.)

Two God-intoxicated Immortals.

By Phiroz P. Khandalawala.

THE year 1649 is memorable in the annals of English history for two reasons. It witnessed the execution of King Charles I of unhappy memory and it was the harbinger of a new era, a new form of Government known as the Commonwealth or the Protectorate. Whether the decapitation of the hapless and headstrong monarch by a freedom-loving nation was an act of wisdom or an egregious blunder, does not fall within the purview of this essay either to defend or to denounce but the final verdict of it may well be left for the historian and the statesman to pronounce. England was just then passing through a critical phase of her history and two mighty men arose who—the one by the power of his sword, the other by the mastery of his pen—were able to save her at this juncture. The names of Oliver Cromwell, the soldier-statesman, and the majestic Milton, the "God-gifted organ voice of England," the singer of things invisible to mortal sight, resounded through all Europe for they alone were the mainstay of their country's glory and able to ride the whirlwind and direct the storm. Their lives and labours are inextricably intertwined and a review of them would prove of interest. Who has not heard of Milton? From the beardless boy to hoary frost of age let us go over the successive phases of his life. First then, we see him a student in his teens burning the midnight oil and conning over the classical authors of antiquity. He next appears at Cambridge and is nicknamed the Lady of Christs because of his physical charm and moral grandeur. Having left Cambridge a full-fledged graduate, he "scorns, delights and lives laborious days" at his paternal home. Then follow his continental tour and hurried return to England which was passing through troublous times and sore needed a man to weather the storm. Who does not know how unmercifully he lashed the learned Salmasius, his formidable opponent, and gave him his quietus? It was about this time too that he plunged headlong into his career of brilliant pamphleteer and patriotic writer in his country's cause. He was made Latin Secretary to Cromwell and their lives now merge into one.

Prior to this period he had contracted an ill-assorted union and his wife deserted him. How picturesque and pathetic is the scene of reconciliation. On bended knees and with tears in her eyes Eve implores forgiveness. Her attitude in Adam wrought commiseration and they were lovers again. The dream of his life to leave behind him some memorial of his genius which the English nation will not willingly let die was near to being fulfilled. Blind, proud with a consciousness of his soaring talents, austere, dignified almost regal in appearance, his face sicklied over with the pale cast of thought, he began composing his immortal epic singing of themes sublime such as God and the Archangel, Sin and Satan, Man's Temptation and Fall. Truly he too was a seraph like one of his own creations—Gabriel or Michael call him what we will. The life of action and the life of contemplation were blended in this sublime soul, so serene in semblance, so pure in morals, so lofty in ideas, so upright though somewhat harsh in the affairs of life.

Now let us turn to the Protector, a man of a far different mould, the saviour of his country and the defects of his character notwithstanding—a man of transcendent ability. His life is characteristic of the man. The English ship of state was buffeted about by the rage of turbulent human passions fanned into a conflagration by the stubborn resistance of demagogues like Pym and Hampden to the unjust demands of an arbitrary sovereign inflated with the perverted notion of the Right Divine of kings to govern wrong, and Nature just at the crucial period raised up a helmsman with a soldier's heart, a statesman's insight and a hero's courage to steer her clear through the ruffled waters. For long the strife between the Royalists and the Parliamentarians waged dubious. Eventually Cromwell's Ironsides were more than a match for the Royalists:

"Thrice is he armed from head to heel,
That hath his quarrels just."

Right was slowly but surely prevailing over Might. The Royal cause waned, tottered, fell. The king was made a prisoner, tried, condemned and executed. A mournful chapter indeed. Gone is reverence for the sceptre and the diadem: The Commonwealth was proclaimed and this rugged soldier, this formidable fighter for the rights of the commonalty was made Protector. He was chiefly instrumental in bringing about the king's downfall. His was the clamorous voice, his the fell hand that wrought the monarch's ruin. One great blemish this which tarnished the lustre of a great name encircled in glory. Far and wide through Europe rang his name respected and revered by potentates. We have said enough of him as a citizen; let us turn to him as a man. Beneath his rough and uncouth exterior like that of Dr. Johnson, was the kindly human heart of the father and husband. His was an intensely spiritual nature. All his utterances after his victorious battles and crowning career offer glory to God in the Highest. They breathe a fervent air of piety and reveal to us that like Joan of Arc he was inspired from on High. What verdict have history and posterity passed on him? A great historian and an eminent man of letters, like Carlyle and John Morley, names to conjure with in the realm of politics and letters, both eulogize him highly and are loud in his panegyric. Though not a universal genius like the Dictator of Europe and the victor of Austerlitz, he was a great man and England needs to be proud of him as of Nelson and Wellington. He reminds us of the ancient Roman generals who left their native simplicity and homely hearths and mingled in the fray of politics and the clash of arms when the honour of their country was at stake.

So we now take leave of these two great souls—Cromwell of the strong hand and heart and massive practical wisdom and Milton the English Homer or more befittingly, Dante, the "mighty-mouthed inventor of harmonies, and a name to resound for ages" a name so dear to the student and the sage that like his monumental epic we would not willingly let it die even though æons on æons may roll away.

The Yogi's Aspiration.

By Meredith Starr.

SELF-RESPLENDENT, Universal
Shadow-shaper of my dreams!
One-without-a-second! Master
Of the world that only seems!
Lift the veil that shrouds thy glory,
Let me see thee as thou art;
Let me know thee and adore thee,
Soul to soul and heart to heart!

I would lose myself for ever
In the vastness of thy Love,
All-pervading, as thy Spirit
Realms below and worlds above.
Thou art boundless Bliss of being:
I myself would feel that Bliss!
Thou who didst create my longing,
Thou wilt surely grant me this!

Far to spread thy mystic glory
Is the sum of human worth.
All the saints who love thee wholly
Do thy will upon the earth.
Grant fruition to my longing,
O Thou Self-resplendent Sun,
Thus proclaiming through the ages
That the man and God are One!

The Greatest of These?

By Stafford Haven.

CHAPTER I.

DICK HAMILTON was sitting opposite his uncle, John Warden, in the latter's comfortable study; a back room on the ground floor of a typical house in Grosvenor Square, overlooking a small back garden and furnished in a good if simple style, suggestive of a well-to-do man of business.

They had finished dinner and were both smoking, and Dick was now waiting for his uncle to commence the "little quiet talk" which had been the reason given for his having been asked to dine by himself and without his wife Evelyn.

Dick Hamilton was a man just on forty but looking five or six years younger; tall, slight and dark with a sensitive face and eyes, denoting the artist more than the man of affairs.

His parents had died when he was quite young and his uncle had been responsible for his education, Harrow and Cambridge, and finally for his present post in a large Motor Manufacturing Company.

He had married his wife Evelyn when he was twenty-four years old her senior by two years and they had one child, a boy Francis, or Frank as he was always called, now fifteen years old.

He and his uncle had always got on well together and he was gratefully sensible for all that the old man had done for him but they were of entirely opposite natures and dispositions and unable to really understand one another.

EAST & WEST.

"Now Dick," commenced John Warden, carefully picking out a fresh cigar and sliding the box across the table to Dick, "as I told you over the 'phone I want to have a quiet talk with you and perhaps what I am going to say may hurt and offend you but I can't help that. For the sake of Evelyn, Frank, yourself and our own good name the time has come when I've got to speak out."

Dick nodded and quietly lit a cigarette but his heart gave that sudden leap which warns us of danger and bids us get ready for the fight; he knew now what was coming.

"I have heard rumours off and on for some time past," continued his uncle, "but yesterday your godfather, old Bransome, tackled me in the club and told me the whole story--that is the story which the world, our world, accepts as the truth."

"And what did Sir James actually tell you?" asked Dick.

"Why that for the last two years you have got tangled up with some woman or other whom you are keeping and with whom you spend all your week ends and holidays."

"The story as you have it is, in the main, true," replied Dick. "Except that it is nearly five years since I met Madge--Miss Lascelles--and also that I don't, as you put it "keep her," her father, an unsuccessful lawyer, having left her just enough to live on."

"But you know it's all damn well nonsense and its got to stop—got to stop" blustered the old man, and as Dick sat silent, he continued "What does it all mean? What went wrong with you? I always thought you and Evelyn got on allright together."

"You're quite right, uncle, in fact looking round my married friends I think I can safely say that Evelyn and I get on better than the majority. We never quarrel and are quite good friends, but our love—why it died years ago."

"But why," demanded his uncle. "It only lasted a year or two," said Dick, "and from what I can gather mine was no uncommon experience. Passion in the modern married woman of our class soon dies out and therefore quickly and naturally she loathes the signs of it and despises the man. Soon she comes to think that he cares for her in that way only and in many cases prefers even that he should take his passion elsewhere."

His uncle waived the explanation aside. "Absurd," he said. "Preposterous." Do you mean to tell me that you offer this as an excuse for driving you to another woman?

"No, I do not, but I do maintain that it was the undermining of our married life—it meant the ceasing of living together as man and wife and it was the cross road from where we each started our own and separate ways. And I believe in modern marriage such a reason as this, is, in a great many cases, the sign-post where husband and wife turn apart and each go their own way."

"Now, look here, Dick," broke in his uncle, "I have no use for any of these new-fangled theories and notions but what I say is this: I am not going to have a nephew of mine keeping and living with some immoral woman."

Dick got up from his chair and with a shake, as if he were clearing for action, stood looking down on his uncle.

"Uncle," he said quickly, but with a tightening of his lips, "I quite admit your right to question my action and I will do my best to see your point of view, but if this matter is to be discussed between us you must try and see my side of the matter. First of all, please understand that Miss Lascelles is a lady and secondly try to understand that we love each other—oh don't sneer uncle—I am quite willing to admit that real love comes only to the few; that in most cases what is claimed as love is but base imitations, but the pure metal, real love is the biggest and strongest force in this world of ours."

"I can't understand you, Dick, I really can't. I always thought you a decent living man; a few wild oats perhaps when you were young." "Yes," interrupted Dick, "you were right and my wild oats were a very small crop. Indeed I could indulge in a few to-day, as many a married man does and nothing would be said. Probably they wouldn't come to light and if they did, they would be winked at and you certainly would not consider it necessary to take up the serious attitude you are doing now. But I have kept free from all that sort of thing and now because I have found one woman who means everything to me and because real love has come into my life you and your world take me to task and condemn me."

"I don't care a damn for your arguments, Dick. All I say is, you have got to give up this girl if only for Evelyn's sake. You promised to love, honour and —" "Surely, surely, uncle, you are not going to trot out that argument. You must know, as does everyone else, that to try and bind down love by vows and promises is, and always has been, an impossibility, and how do I help Evelyn if I do give up Madge? Once love dies you can't bring it to life again."

"Well for the sake of the boy, for the sake of your relations and friends you have got to cut loose and live a respectable married life."

"As for Frank," said Dick thoughtfully, "I rather think when he is old enough to understand things that he will sympathise with me. But, he added almost aggresively, now we are coming to the real issue. Relations—friends—respectability—that is what touches you on the raw. You don't, as you said, care a damn for my theories, you can't argue that the giving up of this love and thereby causing untold suffering and pain to two people in going to help Evelyn or myself but for the sake of convention and respectability you would willingly, if you could, separate Madge and myself."

"Words, Dick, mere words. Understand me once and for all. I am not going to have a nephew of mine living an openly immoral life."

"I understand, uncle, that its the openly and not the immoral part of it that you object to. Don't think that I haven't thought and thought all round this problem. I am no youngster infatuated with some light of love. But the most beautiful thing in the world has come into my life and the strongest and I am going to seize it with both hands and live in the fullest sense of the word, as I was meant to live, and neither you nor anyone else can take this from me."

"Dick sat down with an air of finality and there was silence for a few minutes, while old John Warden slowly finished his cigar, watching his nephew the while through half-closed eyes. Then throwing his cigar end away he bent towards Dick, arms on his knees with hands tightly clasped."

"You may be right," he said slowly almost heavily, "it may be for the sake of convention, for the sake of our good name, that I am going to stop this thing." "Oh, Yes," as Dick moved impatiently, "I am going to stop it for I have a bigger power in this world—far bigger and stronger than the love you have been preaching of. I have the power of money and that power used through the medium of your boy Frank is going to break—do you understand? Going to break this love of yours."

For the first time fear showed itself in Dick's eyes "How; what do you mean?" he asked.

"You know my arrangements about Frank," continued his uncle. "I pay for his education—Harrow and

Cambridge—like your own. After that I have promised to give him a good start in life and finally, as you know, I have made him my heir. I like you, Dick, and I can see many of your good points but the making of money is not one of them and left to yourself you couldn't afford even Harrow and Cambridge for Frank, and no man desired a public school and varsity education for his son so much as the man who has himself experienced them."

"That's all quite true," said Dick, "and I have always been grateful for what you have done for me and are doing for Frank."

"Well, then, here is the opportunity to show your gratitude. Once again, will you give up this girl?"

"Love is stronger than gratitude—I can't."

"Then, by God, I'll make you," almost shouted the old man, his views standing out on his forehead, "before you leave this room you will give me your promise never to see this girl again. If you don't then not another school fee will I spend on your boy, I will give nothing to help towards his varsity education, I will give him no start in life and I will alter my will to-morrow. You said just now that you would be doing nobody any good if you did give up this girl. Here, then, is the case of your son whom you will be handicapping and cruelly wronging if you do not give her up."

Before he was finished Dick was on his feet: "Its cruel, its all unfair, its damnable," the words rushed out but his uncle standing now, held up his hand and checked the torrent of words. "Yes, it may be all that but its going to go and you know me well enough to realize when I mean a thing."

Then with a rush it came to Dick that he was beaten; he turned his back sharply on his uncle. Yes, it was the end he could see it all now. The end of all these wonderful days and nights. Her face came before him and he saw her sweet brown eyes—her lips—he could almost see and hear her saying: "Good-bye," God, why had such love, such happiness and beauty come into his life only to be torn from him. After a time he turned and his uncle even, hard and stern man that he was, was shocked at the pain and suffering in his face.

"I can but submit," said Dick in a low voice, "and ask only two favours" pathetically he stretched out his hands: "Let me go to her to-morrow to say good-bye and let us write to each other once a year."

"Yes," said John Warden.

"Then," said Dick, looking straight before him with unseeing eyes, "I promise after to-morrow, never again" and then in firmer accents "to see Madge Lascelles." He sat down heavily and his uncle put out his hand and then withdrew it. Muttering something about soon getting over these kind of things, he went to a side table and brought back whiskey, soda and glasses which he set on the table between them.

"Have a drink, Dick, my boy?" he said with forced cheeriness, and without a word Dick mixed one and drank it off. Then he got up and went slowly towards the door. With one hand on the knob he turned towards his uncle who had risen and was standing facing him.

"Yes," he said slowly, "your money has won but do you realize at what cost I wonder. You have sacrificed on the altar of convention and respectability, the greatest gift that comes to mortals—Love—and," as he opened the door, he flung the words fiercely at the old man "God help you, but I think you have made me hate my son."

It was a beautiful spring afternoon when Dick arrived at the little station next to Woking, guarded and sheltered by the friendly Box Hill and walked down the narrow road leading towards Burford Bridge. About half-way down he turned up a lane which led to an old-fashioned cottage smothered in creepers with a small garden in front filled with old-fashioned flowers.

Knocking at the door, it was quickly opened by old Lisbeth, a smiling welcome spreading over her face and increasing a hundredfold all her humourous wrinkles: "Why, Sir, this be a surprise and a rare treat for Miss Madge. You'll find her in the garden, Sir."

"Thanks, Lisbeth, I'll find her allright," replied Dick, as he turned away and took a path leading round the side of the cottage, under a little rustic arch of climbing roses and so out to the garden.

He saw her at once, sitting on a low deck chair, her book open on her lap, her hands loosely clasped over it and her face half-turned towards him with eyes closed.

Again that sorrow gripped Dick at the throat: such love as this is, such beauty and happiness to come into their lives only to be trodden under and stamped out by the power of money.

Softly he approached, but her eyes opened and with a glad cry she sprang up and came towards him with hands outstretched.

He took her in his arms and bent his head till lips met lips. Slowly her head sunk back, slowly her eyes closed as though she was drawing into herself his very being, then her eyes slowly opened and gazed up into his brimming over with such intense love that shook Dick to his very depth.

But with womanlike quickness she sensed danger and trouble; she drew herself up, resting her hands on his shoulders and looked into his eyes: "My dear one—I can read pain and trouble in these eyes of yours—tell me, what is it?" and as Dick hesitated she drew him nearer to her. "Has the end come, my love," she asked and before he could reply she put her arms around his neck drawing his face down to hers and he could feel her whole body quivering. "I knew the end would come my dear, dear love," she breathed brokenly, "all through these wonderful days of our love I knew it; at first it used to frighten me; frighten me horribly when I used to wake at nights thinking the end had come. But lately it has been different somehow; it seems as if I had almost got used to it. But oh, my love, my love, nothing can ever take away these days from us, nothing can ever take away your love from me, and my love, dear heart, you know you have for all time."

For a few minutes he stood holding her fast, both unable to speak, both drawing comfort and strength from each other. Then he placed her quietly in the chair and kneeling beside her, holding her hands he told her quietly of what had passed between his uncle and himself and of his promise never to see her again.

Hardly a word did she say, she so thoroughly understood his attitude but gradually all the light and happiness faded from her fair young face and Dick could see the saddest sight a man can see: the sight of death conquering not the body but the soul and spirit of a mortal being.

It was all over now, all the explanations and arrangements and now only the actual parting lay before them.

"Dick dear, take me down to the bridge and let me say good-bye to you there," and so slowly they went down the road, the night air full of spring whispering of life and happiness.

"Look, dear," she said, as they came to the bridge, pointing to the hotel which lay in the moonlight, "there is our room when we spent our first honeymoon, as we called it. And after dinner you brought me out here—do you remember?—and told me all that I was to you. It was then that I began to understand what real love meant. I have been thinking Dick," she went on, "let us each write a few pages every month and then send our letters at the end of the year and Dick dear I should like to know where you are when you are reading my letter. Could it be some place I know ?"

"Yes, darling. I had thought of something like that myself. I will go a day or two before Christmas to these rooms at East Dover where we spent our only Christmas together and after I have had my solitary Christmas dinner I will sit in front of the fire and read your letter."

A whistle cut the still evening air and Madge clutched at him. "Dick," she whispered in frightened accents, "that's your train ; its leaving the town station and you've got to go—oh ! my love, my love."

His arms were round her now, holding her fiercely, straining her to him—his lips pressed against her—his pulses in his throat rising up as if to choke him her face like a white veiled mask seen through tears. "Oh ! my God" he half-sobbed and when almost roughly tore himself free and was gone.

But a cry followed him through the night a cry like as of an animal trapped and in mortal agony.

CHAPTER II.

Three Christmases had passed and Dick looking back sometimes wondered how he had endured such silent agony—for it was an agony that could find no relief in confession, no outlet in laying bare his sufferings to some friend but it had to be borne within himself. Without work and music it is doubtful if he could have stood the strain and would probably have been dragged down by drugs or drink.

He astonished himself and others by his capacity for work, finding that by incessant labour his mind had not the time to dwell on its sorrow. Music was his one and only relaxation though more often it was a cruel pleasure. Hearing an orchestra play some favourite number of theirs he could close his eyes and feel Madge beside him, her hand touching his in silent sympathy at the sound of some exquisite harmony or modulation—then indeed he would nearly cry aloud in his pain.

And ever between her and himself stood his son Frank.

How he fought against that unreasonable hatred, how he endeavoured to force these evil thoughts from his mind, but what man is there who can control those secret thoughts which come to us suddenly and flashing through our mind's sear themselves into our very being?

It was so inhumanly cruel for he could not go to the boy and lay all the circumstances before him and ask him if he was willing to sacrifice his father's happiness for his own material welfare—the boy was too young and besides there would always be the influence of the father over the son.

He tried honestly to be all he should towards his son but the boy, like most young things, quickly sensed some vague kind of trouble and lack of sympathy between his father and himself.

And then suddenly came the war. He was sitting after dinner in his study reading the latest news when the servant brought in the letters by the last post. There was one from Frank; just such a letter as hundreds of fathers were receiving these days in August 1914 full of high hopes and enthusiasm.

He was away with his mother and wrote to tell his father that he couldn't go up to Cambridge next term and that he was certain of a commission through his O. T. C. and that he was sure his father would approve and how he was writing in the same way to uncle John.

Dick smiled as he read it. It was so boyish and yet so manly—so simply expressed and yet meaning so much and then—suddenly came the thoughts in lightning like succession—commission—France—fighting—wounded—killed!

He rose quickly, hands pressed over his eyes as if to shut out the mental visions, but the thoughts had come and never again would his mind be entirely free from them.

Next morning he was up and out early and spent a weary day going from one recruiting station to another with the feeling that he must join up and so take an equal risk with his son. He would not enter the race between them, as he had now come to look upon it, with an unfair start.

It was the same story at every station—defective eyesight brought on no doubt by his excessive work; and long before the days when the standard was lowered his services with those of his firm had been claimed by the Government and so Frank sailed for France alone and Dick knew that he himself always have to stay behind.

Then came his fourth lonely Christmas and he read Madge's letter which was shorter than her previous ones and complained of a cold, difficult to throw off.

Spring turned to summer and then one day towards the end of June came the news which all along he knew would come. The War Office Telegram. "Regret . . . your son 2nd-Lieut . . . . . killed in action . . . . . June 21st at . . . . . " Then Dick knew that he was free.

Ten days later he was in his study feverishly throwing the last few odds and ends into his suit case for he had obtained a week's leave with great difficulty and was catching the afternoon train; he handn't written to Madge but with almost schoolboy excitement was planning to take her by surprise.

He was locking his case when the servant opened the door and announced: "Mr. Warden; and the taxi is here, Sir," and old John Warden came in looking old and ill. There was a constrained silence for a moment or two and the old man was evidently ill at ease "I came to see Evelyn in her trouble," he said, "but your maid says she has gone away."

"Yes, she left a week ago—to her mother's replied Dick shortly.

"I didn't know, I have been ill the last few weeks and this is the first time I have been allowed out. I wrote to tell her how I sympathised with you both—perhaps she showed you my letter?"

"Yes, I believe I saw it, but it didn't interest me," replied the younger man almost brutally."

"Dick, my boy, I am sincerely sorry for you both in this trouble. You'll believe that for you know I was fond of the youngster?"

The tension in Dick broke, he could hold himself in hand no longer: with a sweep of his hand as if brushing aside his uncle's remarks and sympathy he took two strides towards him. "Have done, have done," he cried, "with your sympathy for me for I required none. I have won the race, I have beaten you, uncle John. For it was a race between my son and myself with you the starter and handicapper, but you didn't expect Death to enter, did you? I ran the race fair, for God knows how often I tried to join up and so take the same chances as Frank but it wasn't to be. Now look back and see and consider what your money has done. Four years of misery and suffering for two human souls—such suffering which you with your money as your God cannot attempt to realize. Enemity between a father and son and a wider gulf between husband and wife. Convention? Respectability? why, yes, perhaps you can claim a small satisfaction there but even that is going to be taken from you now. Oh, you need not look pained and surprised. Surely you must have known what the result of Frank's death would be. "Yes," Dick cried, picking up his suit case as the old man made a vain attempt to be stern. "Yes, I am leaving this house for good. The old poet was right when he sang *Amor omnia vincit* for love has conquered all; Love has beaten your money and triumphed over death." The door swang behind him and he was gone.

It was a perfect day in July with the beautiful Surrey country-side dressed all in her rich and scented garments, as the train slowed down at the little wayside station.

Down the road Dick swung his whole being singing with the joy of life, picturing to himself the look in his loved one's eyes as he told her how, they were never to part again. Lisbeth must have seen him coming up the lane for there she was waiting at the door. "Then you got my telegram, Sir?" she said in a quivering voice and Dick noticed that her face was white and her lips trembling.

"Telegram? Lisbeth. "What telegram, what about?" and a vague shadowy fear laid hold of Dick.

"Oh, Sir, she wouldn't let me write to you—said she musn't make you break your promise; but last night after what the doctor said I just had to let you know and so I telegraphed to your office first thing this morning."

"I haven't been to the office to-day but what's wrong Lisbeth, is she ill?" and as the old woman mutely nodded: "Is she very ill" and now the tears were coursing down her poor old face. "My God," cried Dick, "do you mean that—that she is dead?" "No, no, Sir, but she can't last much longer the poor love. The doctor is here now and he—"

"Fetch him," said Dick shortly. "Tell him he's got to come to me at once—go quickly" and he turned into the sitting room.

He made a superhuman effort to get hold of himself. His brain and thoughts were racing, blindly, madly and he must get cool before this doctor came. It must be a huge mistake. Lisbeth was exaggerating—that class of woman always did. His Madge dying? Oh! impossible—impossible—and the doctor, a youngish man with an open sympathetic face entered the room.

"Good afternoon, Mr. Hamilton—the servant told me you wanted to see me," he said holding out his hand.

"Yes, doctor—Lisbeth tells me that Miss Lascelles is ill—in fact she hinted at something very serious." "Miss Lascelles is very dangerously ill, Mr. Hamilton," replies the doctor with a grave face.

"Do you mean—oh tell me the truth—let me know—do you mean that she is dying?"

"Yes," said the doctor. With a long drawn out shuddering moan of helpless agony Dick dropped into a chair, covering his face with his hands.

There was silence for a minute or two and then the doctor spoke very quietly, evidently giving Dick the chance to pull himself together.

"It was a case of pleurisy last winter, followed by complications and when I first examined her I realised what an extremely weak state she was in. I urged her to go away for a change but she wouldn't leave this cottage. As time went on and she got weaker and weaker. Lisbeth told me of you and your love for each other. I did my best to persuade her to send for you but she steadfastly refused. Mr. Hamilton, it is a case of hours only now, if that; can you take hold of yourself sufficiently to see her?" Slowly Dick raised himself up. "Yes," he said, "but can nothing more be done—second opinion—a specialist?"

"Absolutely nothing more can be done," replied the other. As in a dream Dick left the room and went upstairs and as he entered the bedroom old Lisbeth slipped out and he was alone with Madge.

The bed had been moved close up to the window and she lay facing him with her eyes welcoming him.

Quietly he crossed the room and knelt beside her, tenderly placing his arm round her. "I have come to be with you for all time, dear heart," he whispered and pressed his lips gently to hers.

The old habit came back to her slowly; her head bent back and slowly her eyes closed and then slowly opening looked up into his brimming over with love. She closed them again and half turning nestled closer up against his shoulder.

He heard her give a little, contented sigh like some child and then felt a shudder pass through her; then she lay still strangely still.

A Sonnet.

By Ugra Sen.

THE world is such a noise, a frenzied roar,
That swells to hideous pitch, and shakes the stars
In lofty placid silence hung ; it mars
The magic of their ancient silver lore ;
Of music fraught with perfect peace, perchance,
With hope, sweet hope for some prostrated heart
And shattered ; peace that soothes the angry dart
Of a world infuriated ; doth entrance
The mystic vision of a mighty soul.
Alas ! when " tempests yell and billows roll "
And all the earth is drenched in doleful brine,
Distilled from sadness of a weeping world,
I gaze upon the heavens starry-pearled,
And find no human hope nor peace divine.

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EAST & WEST.

Edited by Sardar Jogendra Singh.

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EAST & WEST.

March, 1921.

From Cloudland.

The Inauguration of Legislative Chambers.

THE historian of the future will, we hope and believe, single out the speech made by His Royal Highness the Duke of Connaught at the inauguration of the Legislative Chambers as one of the great landmarks in Indian history. Quite apart from the occasion which led to the speech, apart too from the touching personal appeal with which it ended, there was a peculiar fitness in the personality of the speaker at that great function. In the Duke of Connaught is the link between the old order and the new. The son of the Great Queen-Empress who assumed the direct Government of this Continent and guaranteed liberty to the teeming millions of India was the right person to speak words of advice and encouragement to those on whom rests the responsibility for the success or failure of the new venture. He who remembered Disraeli, the Imperial Statesman, who drafted Queen Victoria's Proclamation could well appreciate the distance India has travelled in order to obtain her own Houses of Parliament and the opportunities for earning full *Swaraj*. On two points in the address given by the Viceroy and the Duke we wish to lay special stress.

The Two Points.

THE first is the definite abandonment of autocracy. The second is the recognition in His Majesty the King-Emperior's Gracious Message of "*Swaraj* within the Empire." While both ideals are well known and have been the theme of many speeches and many political essays, the steps now taken towards realization are only as yet faintly appreciated. The actual transfer of power will inevitably proceed from the Government to the people but the process will be so gradual as to escape notice. The change of course in a river, though in the end productive of wonderful results is, often imperceptible. It will take some time for the members of both Houses to recognise the change, to appreciate both their power and their responsibility. Daily precedents are being created, gradually yet surely, to regulate the relations between those who, as servants of the Government, exercise authority, and those in whose hands rests ultimately the decisions which the Executive translates into action. In the memorable words of the Duke of Connaught: "Let us join hands and work together to realise the hopes that arise from to-day."

H. E. The Viceroy and H. R. H. The Duke.

As His Excellency Lord Chelmsford surveyed the House with a look of the man who would fain discern the future. He seemed to say: "I have brought this House into being. What will its future be?" Lady Chelmsford's eyes were fastened on him with pride. He had given India a new constitution and his work was her pride. The Viceroy spoke with conviction. He traced the history of the Reforms from the day he assumed his high office: his arduous work in a great cause; and now that he was about to leave the helm he was content that he had worked with all his heart and all his powers for India and England. His Royal Highness the Duke of Connaught seemed overweighed with his heavy mantle, but he spoke in moving words. His mother gave India its Magna Charta and he came with the promise of *Swaraj*. What more did India want? Trouble and unrest for the sake of trouble and unrest? Both Indians and Englishmen were moved and could with effort keep back their tears.

The Task Before Us.

H. R. H. THE DUKE OF CONNAUGHT has set the new Councils working and democratic institutions have been called into being. Men of power and influence who wish to serve their country have been given an opportunity to serve and help in the growth of that wider sense of responsibility which must precede responsible government. What shall we make of the institutions and what they shall make of us? Future alone can tell. But this is certain and Mahatma Gandhi, I am sure, will agree with me (for he can have no other object but to promote human happiness), that if the partnership between India and England becomes real, the peaceful progress of humanity is assured. Mahatma Gandhi has lost his faith in British Government but there are British people behind this Government. He is right in his desire that his own people should be in a position to protect their rights and liberties, but this does not require an active breach with England. As soon as his faith revives, I am sure, there will be no stronger advocate of Indo-Anglian unity than Mahatma Gandhi himself. Any day he may ask himself: Am I promoting love? Am I practising harmlessness? Are the Western ideals of conflict the only ideals to be followed? To what have they brought Russia, Hungary and other countries? Does he not wish his own country to be a centre of peace, a centre of spirituality, proclaiming the triumph of mind over matter and thus helping to restore the world to sanity. He has already attained his objects.

His Royal Highness has admitted the wrong done in the Punjab and the Government of India has made amends. It would be churlish to refuse the hand of friendship now offered. High Gods are deciding the Khilafat question and *Swaraj* has been promised by His Majesty's Government. Three objects that Mahatma Gandhi set out to achieve are already in process of achievement. He has attained success where others failed. Will he not set himself to secure the peace and prosperity of the people? May Gods guide him to happy action. There is too much unhappiness and unrest in India that he loves. What is more, the forces he is setting in motion are likely to destory old Indian ideals which sustained the country through its centuries of trials and suffering. Countries that win by the sword, perish by the sword. Let us here try a new experiment and win by the soul force of love and make partnership with England a reality for the peace and prosperity of the world.

New Light.

When Cloudland Notes which appeared in the January Number were composed in the last week of December 1920 the flashlight from Mr. H. G. Wells' Russia in the shadows and Mr. Brailsford's "Picture of the ruin of Central Europe after the peace" had not penetrated Cloudland whose denizens cannot stand deep draughts of inspiration. Therefore, perhaps, too much was built on Anatole France's hope that the light to save mankind was coming from the East, was coming from Russia. There is nothing in what Mr. Wells writes to modify this view. Mr. Wells considers that Bolshevist Russia is not a living and active community, but a congeries of groups most of whom are incapable of a living union for any purpose, and that, therefore, it is ruled and protected from barbarism by 150,000 communists led by Lenin. Mr. Brailsford thinks that the organization of a civilized Government has ceased to exist in Russia; yet he too detects in the educational system of Russia a dawn of new hope based on the coming generation trained in the realities of life as the children of no other community in the world are trained. Therefore, after all, the new light changes; the colour of the picture does not alter its essence. There was an exaggerated emphasis at points and the lights and shades are somewhat different, but the picture is real. Nor is it affected by the fact of which Cloudland has been made aware only recently, namely, that the enthusiasm of Cambridge for the theory of relativity is waning, the gush about it is gradually dying out, and fading into the light of common day; people are more ready to listen to the criticisms of Astronomer Royal Samson and of Mr. J. H. Whitehead; yet even here the Newtonian mechanics cannot be set up again. Cambridge has submitted to a new control; a glamour has gone forth which nothing can restore.

The Vanishing Absolutes.

It may still be said, in spite of the New Knowledge, that a new mind is exhibiting itself and colouring the thoughts of the world, and that this new mind may be seen in Lenin's questioning of the fundamentals of Law, Government and Society, or in Einstein's questioning of all the absolutes of Physic—time, space, force, absolute rotation. The futurist in art contests the absoluteness of the Visible, and the agnostic in ethics questions the absoluteness of right and wrong on just the same grounds and with just the same frame of mind. Indeed, it may be questioned whether the bewilderment of the world and its woes would not be less if the theory of Einstein be translated from the sphere of physics into the region of politics and sociology. After all, relativity is not a new idea in society; and the effectiveness of the translation of a theory from biology into sociology and psychology has been demonstrated by the history of the doctrine of evolution. The relativity of right and wrong to circumstance and period; the relativity of political maxims to the state of society and its environments are familiar themes to students. The relativity of sensations and perceptions to the state of perceiving minds is a commonplace of psychology, just as the relativity of motion and even of mass, as it has recently turned out, were familiar features of pre-Einstein mechanics, but just as before Einstein, in spite of the arbitrariness of the axes of reference, one could still speak of at least a possible absolute in reference to which everything was relative; so, there were absolutes, hidden if not visible, in all the pre-war systems of psychology and sociology. It is suggested here that the world has to break lose from the domination of absolutes in all human spheres,and have the equivalent of the relativity of Einstein's transcending old partial relativities transformed in the language of mind and man. The Fitzgerald contraction, the relativity of all rotations and all axes of reference, the relativity of space itself should have their counterparts and interpretations in the science of society. Some progress has been made towards it in the League of Nations. The absoluteness of Sovereign States is now at a discount; and all the existing States would chronicle subordination to a super-communal organ, if the League of Nations had been conceived as an Association of Citizens of all Nations instead of as an Association of Governments. Symbiosis ought to have been the ruling idea—the idea of a life together of all the people of the world—the life together of all the faculties in individual minds, the unity of the life of various communities within single communities, the citizenship being primarily the citizenship of the world. It is the same idea which we express when we say that a community is greater than a State, the State being only one organ and that a petrified organ and that probably the least important organ of living societies—family, church, club, producing associations, consumers, associations, membership of insurance companies, common enjoyment of commons, picture galleries, transport systems as well as of air and sunlight.

United by Adversity and Common Needs.

As remarked in January issue mankind has been unified by economics and by adversity. The need for common remedies against infections like typhus; the need for common navigation of the high water-ways of the world like the Bosphorus or the Danube; the need for a common world currency and a common world credit; the need to set up Germany and Russia and keep every man employed to the best of his power in Central Europe to avert unemployment and starvation in Great Britain or America; the need to support the Railway system of India with English credit to help in the fight against the depression of industries in Great Britain; the need to rehabilitate the good name of England and Ireland in order to make incredible the suggestions of the Congress Sub-Committee's Report; the need to fight equitably against labour strikes in Europe and America to help the Indian striker to believe in the equity of his Indian employer, that is the vantage point of Cloudland from which one observes the unity of man from all angles and as growing from strange roots. The conscious part of mankind has striven for self-interest and for the glorification of self. It is the unconscious craving and hankering for unity which has created the unity we observe and for which we give credit to political crooks; language among insurance companies, railway systems, water-ways, these perhaps are more responsible for the idea enshrined in the institution of a League of Nations than all the contrivances of a statesman; language expressed the hankering for inter-communication; the overflow of heart to heart; through language deep spoke to deep. Money as a circulating medium and as a standard of values recognized the unity of commercial interests of men to-day and to-morrow. What does it matter that insurance companies and railway systems and water-ways were started by men primarily to make a profit? The profit would not have been made, had not the users of these conveniences not seen the common interest of men served by these institutions. An insurance company breaks the force of natural disasters, like fires and floods, by separating the disaster over the shoulders of as large a number of men as possible, and what is this but a desire for Symbiosis? What is this but human sympathy going out from people who have escaped suffering to shoulder the burdens of those on whom Fate has cruelly and undeservedly fallen. Symbiosis is common life. The unity is there, but life should there be also. A producer is also a consumer; an employer is also one of the employed; a ruler is also a citizen; a teacher is also a learner; a priest of one congregation is a layman of another congregation. Life is a Whole. The Whole is the only point of reference. All individuals and parts are relative to the Whole—no part, no individual, no State can be a centre of reference; there is no hegemony grounded on nature except of the Whole on the parts; instead of Euclid, the Whole is greater than the sum of its parts; the Whole is a net-work of relations, all parts to each other and to the Whole. The relations are so much the infinite that the parts cut no figure. This is one idea of life.

Infinity of Living.

Another idea of life is that the Whole functions infinitely and in infinite variety and indefinitely, has no definite aim as machine has. There are no dominant causes in living organisms to which dominant effects respond; there is an infinity of living, effect arising from an infinity of living cause. Therefore, the territorial and vainglorious aims of political swelled-heads, seen not only from the vantage point of Cloudland but from the observatory of history appear like play-things of children. They serve a purpose of exercising faculties, and to that extent help in slow growth, but the play vanishes with the play-things and new toys take place of the old. From this point of view everything means intensely and it means well. Things are not what they seem; things are not only in themselves and for themselves but beyond themselves. Mysticism is the attitude of mind which sees in the visible Universe an infinite invisible. Mysticism discerns in the visible a mere simulacrum of the invisible but that the Mysticism should be genuine, it is necessary that it should not be artificial; that it should be alive, and that it should have the attribute of life, namely, that it should give a Universe of invisible meanings to the *Universe* of visible nature. Without this universality and unity the invisible may be a series of guesses at the Truth, but is not the Truth. Symbolism is the inversion of Mysticism. The mind seeths with perceptions of the invisible, a whole universe of them, and wishes to create a visible world, giving expression to these seething perceptions. Æsop created fables; Ibsen created symbolic drama; here again the test of genuineness of symbolism is that there is a Universe embracing consistency in the symbolism, that there is a *Universe* of thought and passion and feeling in the mind which wells out for expression; without such Universe in the mind with its counterpart in the Universe of art symbolism is only shot at Truth without its life.

Intermediate Scheme.

An intermediate scheme is when a highly strung mind charged with perceptions and thought and emotion discerns in the creation of art a world of meaning undreamt of by the artist; a story or a picture or a poem which can yield this fruit is of the very best, particularly if it give different meanings to different minds, or to the same mind under different circumstances; then, indeed, the work of art is living. It is a microcosm leaving out the macrocosm. It is charged with the fulness of life itself. Such a work of art might be "Moby Dick," a sea story by Melville (published in New York in 1851; Melville, the author, died in a mad house), summarised by a loving brain in the *London Mercury* for December. The readers saw in it the drama of Non-Co-operation, of the leaders and the followers, of the relations between leaders, of the doom to which sincere fanatics might lead hypnotised followers. The penetrating character of the presentation of mystic Truth in "Moby Dick" is best exemplified in the statement which interprets the fact that a combination of the spectrum colours gives white which is at once the most concrete of colours and also absolutely colourless. This fact is interpreted as an illustration of the identity of Concrete Being with Nothing. It may be remembered that the Dialectic of Hegel starts with the assertion of the identity of Being and Nothing, both of which pass into Becoming; but Moby Dick's identity is the identity of Nothing with concrete being—the crown not the base of the dialectic, the Idea, the whole edifice of being inclusive of all the preceding theses and antitheses of the Dialectic. The observatory of Cloudland has noted even a better illustration of this mystery in the identification of Nothing with the combination of equal charges of positive and negative electricities. A neutral charge or no charge of electricity is more concrete than mere positive and negative charges. The combination is not Nothing; it is rather the more concrete thing less palpable to our human senses than its abstracts constituents, namely, the positive and negative charges which in their unnatural separation exhibit tensions which our sensibility registers. Just so, "All points of view" are not a negative result implying absence of any views. They are rather in their combination, that justice of Truth which is at once recognized, the whole truth, and therefore presents no disturbing ferment to our partisan mind. Some readers may here see reference to a controversy raised in the columns of the *Times of India* by our colleague "X. Y. Z." under the title "All points of view" in which controversy the Editor of this journal participated. The Editor's contribution very happily summarised the situation; partisan groups each with a modicum of truth and with large patches of error have wasted time in mutual recriminations, neither of the groups self-condemning, casting out the mote from their eyes, and the concluding lines of the Ninth Book of the Paradise Lost to characterise these partial and, therefore, unfruitful attitudes of the partisan groups:

> "Thus they in mutual accusation spent
>
> The fruitless hours but neither self-condemning
>
> And of their vain contest appeared no end."

The Roots and the Fruits.

To ascend from the general to the particular. The world is now engaged on finding remedies for a world-wide unemployment and discovers that the unemployment is world-wide because the world is a *world.* Central Europe cannot be starved of food and fuel and enterprise cannot be starved of capital and of hope and through impossible indemnities without the pest of unemployment spreading over the whole place. If English coal-miners bank on swindling foreign consumers of coal with impossible prices, ultimately coal becomes unsaleable, coal wagons become unusable, railway employers receive dismissal, the purchasing power of railwaymen is unavailable to growers of food, and manufacturers of clothing. The need of German and Russian markets is so felt that the British Government presses on English merchants to trade with Germany and the *Journal Officiel* of Paris announces surprise that any Frenchman should have thought trade with Russia had not been all along open to him. Financial hostility on the Central Powers comes back on the aggressors in the shape of a drop in the value of the mark so colossal that German tenders of machinery are at a third of the cost of the British. Political hostility on old enemies and military adventures get averaged by budgets so intolerable that the French Minister of War who talks militarism falls without sympathy from his own colleagues and the French Premier who disowns the militarist comrade does not save himself or the Cabinet. British militarism is even at a yet greater discount; it cannot find men to save Armenia, which accepts Sovietisation for salvation and Persia and probably Mesopotamia are to be evacuated because there is not money to absorb them. Indian finances are at a low ebb, also the Indian army is to be diminished, Indian railway service has been allowed to run done far below the requirements of Indian industry. The strike fever is not exactly abating; but the results of the postal, tramway and gas works strikes induce the perception that when unemployment threatens, employers may welcome strikes to close down unprofitable works. They, the employers, have garnered all the harvest of roaring trade; when the reaction comes they are glad to throw the risk of unemployment on workmen if they choose to shoulder the risks. No question can be solved at any one point; all the industries in all the countries are co-partners; all the functions in all the countries are interdependent. Division of labour and specialisation of function may seem to be the fission which severs life into independent entities; but their interdependence emerges the moment the world is confronted with any long step. Because an industry concentrates on oil manufacture, it is not released from symbiosis with the industries growing nuts and the industries supplying power and industries concerned with transport, and those others concerned with Finance and Insurance. All Industries and Functions within an Industry concentrate the aspects, but they are aspects of an Infinite Life of an Infinite Whole. The origin, the centre of reference, is the Whole; it cannot be overlooked for long with impunity—as the Kaiser found, as Mr. Shaukat Ali will find, as the Get-Rich-Quick have discovered. The world is finding itself as a world, the Subconscious Mind of the World is advancing that way, even if the pre-occupied minds of statesmen cannot discern it,—even if Mr. Balfour put the wet-blanket on the hopes of men at Geneva, even if all the old stagers vociferate all the old follies. As detailed accounts of the doings of the Assembly of the League of Nations come to hand, one discovers that the achievement was more solid than one had hoped, that Unitarianism could no longer be submerged by the Big Three, that Symbiosis was the pervading air. *Symbiosis ki jai*! as we shout our aspirations in India.

"One Far Off Divine Event."

"The one far off divine event to which the whole creation moves" is now seen to be, not Cosmic Love nor Resurrection nor the Trump of Doom, but just Symbiosis as conceived in Cloudland. The true interpretation of History is neither natural nor economic, not even a movement towards a confusion of races, nationalities and languages, but only the projection on the world-canvas of this symbiotic element of the Subconscious. The Dialectic Process is not a world-process, but a mind-process. Hegel's Nature-Philosophy, as an application of the Dialectic, was a failure and full of howlers; his Philosophy of History was a comparative success, just for this reason that History is a projection of the Subconscious Mind of Man and is capable of being arranged in dialectic steps leading to the crown, the edifice of the Idea, inclusive of all the dialectic steps logically prior to it. The dialectic process is the time-process only when it is the mind-process. Creation can move to no purpose less than the Life of the Whole. The purpose of the life of individuals and races can be nothing less comprehensive than the ultimate Symbiosis of the Whole. It is the unique merit of the Outlines of History, published by Mr. H. G. Wells, that his narrative seeks the significance of the elements of the

World and of History in the Whole, which is the only origin of any arbitrary as of reference round which world-history may be taken to evolve. Symbiosis, more or less of it, becomes the only standard of good, individual and social; every other standard, unless derivable from Symbiosis, is to be discarded as a plaything, as intelligent History exhibits as playthings and discards the squabbles of Sovereigns and States. Once again rises the cry "From Cloudland"—*Symbiosis ki jai!*

Tentacles to Encircle the Planet.

Si queris, circumspice. Let the sceptic look round. How interpret the inventions of man which bridge distances in space, and the histories and forecasts which span vistas of Time? Language, Money, Education, Communications; the Newspaper Press, Nation-building, Family, Churches, Clubs, Congresses; vast ethnic movements like Panhellenism, Panslavism, Pangermanism, and now Panethiopianism (as in the Negro movement of Mr. Garvey set on foot this year), demanding a place in the Sun for the Negro races of three continents; vast religious world-movements like Panislamism and the world's Interchurch Congress; vocational movements embracing the earth, such as Federations of Employers and Labour, Trades Unions, Professional Associations, Congress of Sciences and the Arts, all these testify to the activity of the hankering for Symbiosis. Some like the Family, Churches, Clubs, are obvious testimony; others are simply bye-products of other activities; others again are primarily associations with self-interest for inspirer, the purpose being aggressiveness against, and protection from the aggression of, other interest. But even so, self-interest has chosen the machinery of association, and it cannot fasten on such machinery for achieving its object, unless the mechanism exists in some organic variation of the human race in that direction. What was unconscious is fast becoming conscious; cynicism itself which never wearied of harping on the limitations of human nature, now acknowledges that were there no League of Nations, it would be necessary to invent one. The excellent sermons of Mr. Smiles on Self-help and Concentration have become obsolete, because they have been transcended; self-help quickly reaches a limit, unless mutual help fill it out; concentration on one's own success narrows success itself unless one's interest embraces the success of one's neighbourhood which has come to be a world. In a specialising world, one cannot live on one's own products; one gets increasingly dependent on other people's output and other peoples' faculties no thought worth thinking, no passion worth being consumed by, comes into being except from a blend of minds and hearts. While independence is superior to dependence, it is being more and more felt that mutual dependence is far superior to mutual independence. As the scale of industry grows colossal, specialisation becomes minute; and there grows up world industries—banks, insurance companies, machine-makers, food-canners, consulting engineers, whose customers have to be in all continents and islands, and who save all industries generally. Other industries have to be officially undertaken by the richest communities in trust for the world and for posterity—like the Panama Canal and Conservation of Scenery in the United States. Every human activity throws out tentacles to encircle the planet until only the tentacles become visible, the separate activities get lost to view.

"Unity of Life."

FROM the days of Plato, Cosmopolis has been an attracting magnet, citizenship of the world has been an idea whose spell has never ceased to fascinate. No wonder that professional thinkers should closely scrutinise the idea; and it is noteworthy that the criticisms of idealisms that hit are criticisms which emphasize the living unity of mankind. Twenty years ago an American humourist pointed out that the Reformer was the one objection to Reforms, to-day Mrs. Snowden warns Socialists that they will end by putting a King at the head of every Republic in Europe, if they persist in the pedantries of their idealism and do not try to understand the real living thought of the people. D'Annunzio has discovered that Italy is not worth dying for, once again illustrating the futility of adventures in isolation from the general sentiment. As Don Quixote might make chivalry ridiculous by a belated exhibition of it, Idealism and the Future might be compromised by a premature exhibition of them. South America, and particularly Mexico never seem to learn this lesson. After Diaz, Madeiro, Huerta, Carraiza, Villa—all have spent themselves in imposing on Mexico crude régimes unsuitable not only to Mexico, but to Mexico's place in Pan-Americanism; it is worth while recording the hope of improvement from General Obregon's election to the Presidency of Mexico. But however the event justify the hope, the mere fact of such criticism as in this section is eloquent of the living unity of men. In England, independent Liberals are striving to give expression to this same world-unity, a Unity in Difference. Mr. Asquith has already signalised himself with the phrase of St. Paul—the world is one, we are members, one of another; and both Mr. Asquith and Lord Grey are applying the same principle to Ireland as a part of the British Empire. Manchester Liberals under the lead of Mr. Ramsay Muir, London Liberals guided by Mr. Masterman, Lord Robert Cecil and Lord Henry Bentinck among Conservatives are finding expression for what they call the New Liberalism or the New Outlook, which consists in discovering bonds of unity between the classes at home and with Dominions and Nations abroad. And if we turn from opinions to acts, we see the same results of the projection of the unconscious hankering for a living unity. The Principle of Property which is the sanctification of the isolation of human units is being so largely modified that it will soon be difficult to distinguish between owners and custodians. This modification has been an incident of the ownership of land, circumscribed with obligations in the interest of land itself, of the food of the people of getting out of land its highest utility. Roads and bridges and seas and rivers are not only public but free. Railway property, under the Esch-Cummings Act of last year, is in the United States so little free to do what it will with its own that wages are settled, railway rates are fixed, distribution of dividends is limited for the benefit of the Treasury, amalgamations and zones are prescribed for Railways by outside authorities over the heads of Railway Shareholders and Directors. Private ownership of transport coal and electric power are making their last stand in England against public opinion which is hardening in favour of nationalization without bureaucratisation, and that on the express ground that industry for *profit* is an unsuitable formula; industry for *use*, for the benefit of wage earner and consumer primarily must be the aim. In India, the Railway system appears to have got maladjusted to developing demands of industry and neither State Management nor Company Management will probably be recommended by the Indian Railways Committee—but a *tertium quid*, a management by a network of stationary and travelling boards in a harmonious system, primarily to discharge the function of the Railway system as a vast artery. The constitution of such Boards will exercise the highest intelligence of the Committee; they will perceive that as it takes all sorts to make a world, it takes all sorts to make a Board, and that the choice of members of a Board as of members of a Staff cannot be left to any single simple principle like election or nomination. We may thus conclude that in the dissociate tangle of unconscious and subconscious hankerings, Symbiosis is one, if only one of several powerful impulses; that this impulse is increasingly forging to the threshold; that self-regarding devises invoke its powerful contribution; that the more conscious it becomes, the more necessary it becomes to constitute it the all-pervading Atmosphere openly recognised, and that when this recognition is open and inculcated in the education of youth many of the perplexities of present-day civilization must automatically vanish.

The British Power and the League of Nations.

By Austen Verney.

THE calamities following on a world war, continuing their effects after hostilities had ceased in the main field of operations, have aroused the desire in centres of civilisation for some sure means of preventing the recurrence of such a catastrophe. Similar feelings have been stirred before, only to end as the result proved in partial and ineffective adjustments. But the unparalleled sweep of this struggle and its consequences has had a corresponding reaction. Certain steps have therefore been taken and certain proposals provisionally adopted to ensure definite guarantees for peace in the future and security from armed aggression. These proposals take the character of a League of Nations pledged to support them, embodied in a convention and formal articles of association which have received the adhesion of most of the Nations and States outside the German powers, their late allies, and Russia. The signatory parties agree to submit any dispute arising between them to an impartial tribunal for examination and arbitration: to find every means of coming to an accommodation before resorting to physical force—a contingency which it is believed, under these conditions could scarcely arise. Then there is the provision of way and means for giving effect to this purpose.

It is unnecessary here to enter into a detailed exposition of these proposals as they are sufficiently well-known to the public. But as they now stand they present considerable modifications of the suggestions first advanced in this connection and some of the aims that apparently lay behind them. It is a little difficult to say exactly from what quarter first came the idea of a League of Nations to enforce peace. Something of the kind was advocated by Lord Grey after his retirement from the

Foreign Office during the War. It was taken up in an extravagant fashion by some enthusiasts, as is usual with a new nation, and extended to include a society of nations that should supersede national egoisms and subordinate national sovereignty to an external authority controlling armaments, policy and the like. Then in the form the idea assumed under the initiative of President Wilson certain implications appeared to be directed against British sea power under the formula of "freedom of the seas." Strict reservations were made by English and French representatives at the Peace Conference under this and other heads, acting on defined public opinion, before considering the basis of the covenant of the League of Nations. As it eventually left the Conference these things were modified or omitted. The covenant restricts itself to the task of reconciling and adjusting international differences and disputes without presuming to enforce these decisions on the disputants themselves. It leaves national sovereignty unimpaired — an entity still jealously regarded and not without reason in a world so curiously compounded of disparate elements and antagonistic communities and systems. Tentative measures have been adopted by the interested parties towards an organisation for conducting international relations in accordance with its constitution.

The whole thing, of course, has yet to be worked out. Little exception can be taken to its existing rôle, and it may hope to establish itself among other beneficent institutions as part of the new order that must arise out of the ruins of the old, ended by the War. One valuable thing accomplished in connection with the League is a series of regulations aimed at the creation of standard conditions of Labour throughout civilised society; though even here modifications were found necessary for Eastern Communities. For at the very foundations of a new order we are met by difficulties and inimical factors. It has seemed good to the wisdom of the Peace Makers, acting on an abstract principle of "self determination," to create a number of independent republics out of the large empires that formerly divided Central and Eastern Europe between them. These republics, hard to define on strict ethnical lines owing to the mixture of European peoples in their midst, organise separate nationalities with long traditions of tribal hostility behind them. Questions of boundaries again in the new States are qualified by claims to control areas of economic value like mines and coal fields, as in the case of Silisia, previously part of the Austrian Empire, now proposed to be divided between Poland and Czecho-Slovakia, with a bitter quarrel over the business. Economic values and resources in Europe do not correspond to the accidents of tribal settlement, accidents upon which these new States are to be set up, and as the free and full exploitation of European resources for the general good is a prime need of the present situation, this may require great modifications in these political arrangements with their fresh sources of friction and conflict. The recognition of full national rights and idiosyncracies, repressed under the broken autocracies, is a good and fruitful thing in itself: but it may quite well co-exist with a regrouping of these special States into large federations where each would have free and equal access to the common economic store of Europe which, in conjunction with complete religious liberty, is a necessity of harmonious co-operation.

A further menace to the establishment of States on a national or ethnical basis is the sudden appearance in its most aggressive character of the doctrine of international Communism. This doctrine, which had made some headway during the last three or four decades, has found open to it a field of experiment in the chaos superseding the War especially in the distracted provinces of Russia after the fall of the Autocracy. From this centre its fanatical protagonists aim to impose its tenets and practice by violence on the rest of Europe, sweeping away all national boundaries and differentiations, and with them the "capitalistic system" by the way and setting up in its place a régime of one class, that of the "international proletariat"—whoever these so artificially designated may happen to be. They even make bold to indoctrinate Asia at large with similar ideas. Though one may wonder in passing what great agricultural communities like China, where capitalist and proletariat in the

European sense cannot be said to exist, one wonders what these independent peasants who have to say to such alien and incompatible fantasies. In Europe itself the mass of peasant proprietors presents a solid body of interests antagonistic to these crude theories. An enlarged control of "capitalism" by the State in the public interest may come to be a recognised feature in future European polity, as it is coming to be in England. But this is far removed from revolutionary nostrums and the experiments to which they have given rise where their exponents have managed to seize upon power. These experiments, which must be passed over here, have stirred a range of appreciation who passes from hailing them as a short cut to the millenium by their admirers to a regard by their opponents as a sure precipitation into a social hell!

Such are some of the factors and forces that beset an endeavour towards ordered liberty and betterment in place of the system destroyed by the war, beyond the passions and resentments bequeathed by four years of bloody strife and outrage.

The British power as it stands to-day occupies a peculiar and distinctive position as regards the League of Nations and the forces indicated above. Its interest in European re-settlement is largely platonic outside matters immediately connected with the late enemy countries. Britain has no further concern with the Continent than to assist the best elements of reconstruction therein, for what touches her most nearly begins at the Bosphorus. The greatest disturbing factor now that the German menaces, as one may fairly trust, is settled for good comes perhaps from the machinations of Russian Bolshevism. The Republic of the Soviets is avowedly aggressive in its foreign policy whose aim is the overthrow of all "capitalisms" and "imperialisms," including the British exemplar. In all relations therewith, so long as it endures, it can only be accounted as an hostile entity to the British system and treated accordingly. Otherwise normal relations as far as these are possible may be preserved, repugnant as its methods are to most British subjects; though among our own people—among its cranks, discontented extremists, and a few so-called "intellectuals"—it seems to have some singular admirers or sympathisers. Especially in Asia and in the Near East, still greatly disturbed, must its intrigues be watched and countered. Here, too, we may rest assured that Britain has forces in reserve of a character to meet successfully this sinister foe, of which more in the sequel.

Then the influence of the British Empire on the League is strengthened from its having six representatives on the Council, one for each of its great component divisions, including India. This is a matter which has excited much hostile feeling in the United States among those who for reasons that pertain to American opinion are opposed to President Wilson's attitude to the Peace Conference and the League. These opponents claim that this position gives to the British power a paramount position in the world. Be this as it may the status accorded the Empire in this connection is a recognition of the status of these component divisions as a result of the war, and has a deep signification for all British subjects, for all who to-day come under British protection. Each of these divisions stands forth not simply as an entity in the British system but as a distinct power internationally, meeting all other principalities and powers on terms of independence and equality. They possess at once a protective bond and claim under the British connection and a measure of freedom, of sovereignty, in their dealings with the outside world only limited by mutual obligations arising naturally out of their British relationship, a matter of special interest to India under the new Councils. If this does not apply to the same extent to various "protected" communities that lie within the sphere of British influence, either before or since the war, this is due to certain special causes—to their existing stage of political development. Yet there remains no obstacle to their advancing to a higher status, as in the case of Egypt, according to this proved capacity, or experiment, to assure higher responsibilities, and also to their honourable recognition of the supreme interests which destiny has laid upon Britain to safeguard to the full extent of her resources.

When all is said the relative position and value of any State, federation or empire in the world depend upon the character and trend of its internal *power*. And different phases of power are in continual, often hostile, action and re-action on each other apart that is from resort to physical violence and war. The Bolshevik theory, for instance, arms to set the power of the "international proletariat" against that of nationalism and capitalism, to subemerge the one and the other in some peculiar system of international communism, and is frankly aggressive to that end. The British power, in quite another mode, stands for freedom, individuality, respect for nationality as such, for ordered progress towards human betterment under various forms of experiment according to the nature of the people and their institutions affected by these principles. Above all in its modern guise it stands for intellectual and religious freedom, for liberty of thought and expression in religious affairs, for complete freedom of worship and practice only limited by barbarian customs opposed to universal dictates of humanity. It moves steadily at home towards the separation of the spiritual and temporal powers in the State, basing allegiance and citizenship on loyalty and patriotism and not on belief as is the case in the surviving theocracies of the world, as was the case in the past history of England under mediævalism from which the whole of modern development is one continuous emancipation. These English ideals have arisen through a prolonged struggle with anterior ideas *pari passu* with great changes and advances in opinion and knowledge expressed and preserved in a classic literature. Together with related institutions they constitute the inherent and vital contribution of English or perhaps British genius to the general heritage of humanist culture, and the expansion of British power through the world carries with it as a natural consequence the extension of these principles wherever its influence exists and gives to it an imperial mission in the best and noblest sense of this word. Such a power rests primarily on moral rather than material force though it must always command a sufficiency of material force at need. The manner in which this moral force is exerted is the measure of justification of a temporary dominion over alien peoples as circumstances may dictate.

A temporary extension of this dominion has resulted from the war and the break up of the Ottoman Empire in consequence of its hostile action in relation to British interests. Britain thus finds herself with the added responsibility of re-settling the future of great provinces in Syria and Mesopotomia wrested by force of arms from Turkish rule, beyond the "mandates" of the Peace Conference for other powers in this concern. These provinces are largely non-Turkish as regards their populations and have known little but abitrary Government under the Turkish theocracy of Islam which fails to permit of equality between its Moslem and non-Moslem subjects. Similarly with Persia. There the surviving representatives of the old Iranian faith, that sustained the virile Persian Empire before the advent of Islam, now live in a degraded subjection, under the broad neutrality of the Indian Empire they enjoy as Parsees complete religious and social freedom and form, one of the most flourishing and enterprising communities of that great aggregate of different peoples. Considerable latent fanaticism exists among the various populations themselves of these former Turkish provinces. And one of the first things that falls to British authority to enforce as a condition of the establishment of local autonomy in these countries is the primal principle of that higher civilisation indicated above—free thought, non-interference on any side whatever with any person or sect on account of belief or practice, with the single reservation already stated. The same law should be an essential condition of any political or economic assistance given to independent States, like Persia, that fall within the sphere of British influence.

One of the most serious obstacles to the renewal of harmonious relations between the peoples of these troubled regions, wherein racial antagonisms also have got to be reconciled, would thus be removed. What would appear most desirable is that they shall evolve into self-governed States providing for their own internal police and protection from refractory barbarian elements on their borders, in association with the British power. This may haply extend to the Turkish nation itself, freed from the domination of sinister cliques which have led it to partial ruin, set once more on the upward path under some more enlightened régime than has hitherto directed its affairs. Thus might arise a series of communities extending from the Mediterranean to the China Seas, linked together for mutual security yet enjoying the fullest opportunity of internal development and the widest measure of commercial and political intercourse with each other.

Mention of commercial intercourse raises a further question of deep moment to the future of civilisation on its economic side, that is the manner in which the main requirements of our physical industrial life are to be met. We have seen how this concern troubles the European settlement. Among modern industrial nations using machine production, enterprise under capitalistic direction tends towards a widening scale of operations virtually ending in its extreme phase in a monopoly under a syndicate or trust of some trade, or supply of some material of manufacture or necessity of commerce. The causes behind this movement are complex and must here be passed over, but it is a movement that promises to be a permanent feature in the near future of our economic life. Another related matter is that many of the products required for Western industry are found in remote quarters of the world or in tropical and subtropical regions remote from the scene of industrial fabrication itself, products like rubber, oil, oil-seeds, cotton, not to mention articles of luxury or necessity in food-stuffs like tea, coffee and condiments. Modern enterprise therefore makes demands on the fullest exploitation of these natural resources for its varied purpose. In some cases large combines own estates in tropical lands for the supply of their own special industrial or trading requirements. Now while these movements are a normal part of industrial action as at present carried on they tend to become powerful monopolies, to form dangerous interests and powers within the body politic and need a corresponding control from a supreme political authority for the public good security.

They have shown themselves a feature of increasing strength in recent years within the British domains, in some cases with a centre of control outside and as was seen in the War, in what became enemy countries. It is against this general movement that some of the fiercest socialistic propaganda is directed, especially of the "international" type. Rational opinion on the subject in England favours the control of these enterprises in the public interest without interfering with their legitimate sphere of action. A signal instance is provided by oil. Through the progress of invention oil as a motor fuel is rapidly becoming of vital importance practically to every industry. It is largely replacing coal in sea navigation. Its supply and distribution is now mainly in the hands of two great combines who are seeking to exploit whatever fresh sources can be opened up to meet ever increasing demands. Some of these sources are to be found in lands adjoining the Persian Gulf and the Euphrates Valley. It is stated that to make them fully available for use some millions of money must first be sunk in various initial undertakings. This is one of the natural services of "capital" for which in return it is entitled to a just remuneration. It is where this service passes into monopoly control that the direction of some higher authority enters in. The British Government already possess a controlling interest in the Anglo-Persian Company working the Persian oil-fields, and it is important that this should extend to all fresh sources opened up in British territories or lands that lie in British spheres of influence as means to safeguarding such world wide necessities in the way above indicated, or in conjunction with the native Governments that may arise in these districts. Interpreted in this sense, British "imperialism" is a trustee of grave human interests.

A similar attitude applies to the administration of regions like those of Africa, peopled by black races at various stages of culture, a wide area of which has now been added to Colonial responsibilities. Here the work of Government must assume a still larger aspect of protective guardianship. Whilst allowing scope for the play of productive enterprise and enhanced cultivation of natural resources demanded by modern requirements, the just rights and legitimate usages of the subject peoples must be firmly conserved against commercial capacity. Any attempt at the reintroduction under subtle forms of that slavery from whch it is the proud title of Britain to be the shield and emancipator—a slavery often flourishing under native institutions—must be repressed. And any native modes that lend themselves to association with the Government by simple representative Councils must be encouraged.

Along these lines the liberal spiritual forces of the Empire may fitly rally themselves around its central authority to inspire its policy in the gigantic task that fate has imposed on the British power to fulfil. Its detailed examination would exceed our present limits but its nature may be gathered from the indications already given. Within our own borders intricate problems of reconciliation of diverse interests, claims and systems remain to be worked out. By their successful solution the Empire really presents a vast experiment in association of different peoples and nationalities, embracing a considerable proportion of the human family, living in ordered security, surmounting in itself many of the difficulties that beset a League of Nations in the outside world. Its imperial sovereignty stands forth as a high, protective, civilising agency which amid the general disturbance of world catastrophe maintains throughout its four quarters the sure foundation for a renewed Life of Liberty—political, religious and social and Life which it has helped to save from the formidable menace of a rival power based on ruthless militarist dominations; for which it remains the steadfast citadel against any fresh menace whatever as it rises to the true fulfilment of its mission it cannot but win the loyal adhesion of all brought under its sway, despite sporadic outbreaks of sectional fanatics and reactionaries of varied guise. So shall be justified to coming generations the sacrifice of a million lives of every race in the Empire, of thousands of millions of treasure, not alone in defence of their own patrimony but in vindication of a principle that is the hope of a fine civilisation for the future, of a society of nations worthy of the name.

The Late War.

(Some Lessons to be Learnt by Indian Nationalists.)

By Kashi Ram.

LET me first clear my own position. I belong to a religious body, called the Brahmo Samaj. I am not a politician pure and simple. Why then should I drag myself into the vortex of politics, one might ask?

Believe me, our politics is no whirlpool, but plain sailing. If any body entertains the idea that religion has no concern with politics, let me tell him, in plain words, that I have nothing to do with such a religion. Politics, as I understand it, constitutes one of the most practical sides of a true religion. Of course, we Brahmos most studiously avoid all extremes of national life, be they of a political or religious nature. Our religion is the spirit of moderation, and in that spirit, many of our great leaders have worked for the political advancement of India. I have yet to know, if there is another community whose members have taken greater interest in moderate Indian politics than those of the Brahmo Samaj. They know absolutely nothing of the history of our Church, who fancy that she is indifferent to the political aspirations of India for a larger, and eventually, a full share of Self-Government in the British Commonwealth. Who does not know the great service rendered by Lord Sinha in the passing of the Reform Act of India through the British House of Peers? And is not Lord Sinha a most distinguished representative of the Brahmo community? But the Brahmo Samaj, as a body, never dabbles in politics. It has certainly nothing to do with any kind of politics cut off from the religious spirit which is its very mainspring. To us the British Rule in India is a divine dispensation of Providence. Hence loyalty to Great Britain's Sovereign, the living symbol of that rule, is the first article of our political creed.

THE LATE WAR.

The dreadful war, the direst calamity that even befell humanity, has many lessons to teach. We Indians have to learn one or two lessons of the utmost importance, which I will specially mention here.

It is highly gratifying to see a marked increase of public spirit in our country. There was a time when people in different provinces of India thought only of their own affairs. Thank God, there is no more of that narrow provincial clannishness. It has given way to a love for all India, a love that has risen to the height of National Brotherhood, as evidenced by the active sympathy shown by some of the most patriotism in different parts of the land, in sharing our great sorrows after the recent bureaucratic excesses in our province, and taking timely action to bring the gravest injustice done to us to the notice of higher authorities in England.

But, in my humble opinion, barring a limited number of such self-sacrificing souls, the bulk of our educated countrymen who have begun to take great interest in political matters, do not appear to have as yet realized the full significance of words such as Satyagraha and Home Rule.

If Satyagraha, found so often on the lips of numerous Indian politicians, means self-sacrifice, one can undergo any amount of hardship of which he is capable, short of committing suicide or buying cheap martyrdom. Let any one take the most sacred vow to suffer in the cause of truth, but certainly not by offering any kind of resistance, passive or active, to an established law. Because no one can say, or give any guarantee, how soon such resistance may develop from one form into the other more dangerous one, in a moment of great excitement, particularly in the case of people of extremely inflammable and impulsive temperament—a fact which the great leader of the Satyagraha movement himself acknowledged with feelings of bitterest disappointment after hearing all the painful events that occurred in the disturbances in India last year. Leave alone the violation of the divine law, I am against the resistance of any human law laid down by a fully competent authority. Agitate to the best of your power, move heaven and earth, to oppose its enactment, and failing in your efforts, try to get it repeated after its introduction, as our public-spirited countrymen of Bengal did, when their province was cut into two parts in an unjustifiable manner, not very long ago. But by no means, and under no circumstances other than thoroughly constitutional, so that no agitation of any kind may give rise to a disturbance in the peace of the country, one of the greatest gifts of the British Government in India.

The meaning of Home Rule is still more difficult to comprehend. It is nothing less than this, that to those amongst us, who passionately long for it; and to possess it in the shotest time, their home is, in reality, the whole of India. Or, in other words, that their interests are not confined to their own little households, or even to the wider sections of India's vast population, but are completely absorbed in those of the larger life of the nation. And I will leave it to them to weigh and judge for themselves, in their calmer moments, whether the amount of genuine patriotic sacrifice for Mother India taking into account its spirit, and not the tall talk about it on political platforms or in the Press--is really adequate, sufficient and encouraging, in every respect, which is, after all, the most crucial test of our fitness for self-rule and its future maintenance by us.

But this self-rule, let us not forget for one moment, must be within the Empire, that is, in perfect union with the Imperial Government. It is the one indispensable condition on which we can be permitted to govern ourselves—a *condition* which, in the exuberance of our national love, we are sometimes liable to ignore, there is another stern fact which we must always keep in view, I mean our entire dependence on the ruling power of Great Britain, which must be at the back of our Home Rule, to defend it against any foreign aggression, if, unfortunately, any occasion arises for it. Indeed, I am lost in wonder, how long we have to sit at her feet and how much to learn from her the secrets of those forces of which she has got a complete mastery in most distant parts of the earth, over the great seas all round the world, and in the skies overhead. But our rapid progress in this direction must depend, not only on our willingness to learn, but on her own readiness to teach us, in a disinterested spirit, those arts of self-government that have made her so great among the ruling powers of the world.

And even when we have reached the highest pinnacle of glory, and are as great as any self-governing people, we have to soar higher still to world-supremacy, but, in a quite different way. We are pre-eminently a deeply religious nation, and our true weapon must be the all-conquering force of divine love, against which no earthly power can stand. Let us not, therefore, make a fetish of nationalism. For, remember, that the natural tendency of true natural love, like the rolling waters of a mighty river, is to merge itself into the vast ocean of humanitarian or philanthropic love, try to arrest its onward progress, confine it exclusively to a limited area or to a praticular class of people, and it will turn into a veritable demon of hatred, and must commit havoc as it has done among the great Powers of Europe in the recent war, in proportion to the extent of their attachment their own selfish national interests. We must, therefore, learn to be worshippers of true charity—not the charity though it be as wide as India—but the charity which means universal love, and whose real home is the whole world.. By all means, let us promote our national interests to the best of our power, but always keeping our eyes wide open to the two-fold high ideal of the Fatherhood of God and the Brotherhood of all His children, the need of which is keenly felt more than ever before, as the basis of international unity and of permanent peace on earth.

How Books Humanise.

By Eric Hammond.

TELL me, said a wise person of wide experience and observant mind, "Tell me a people's songs, and I will tell you what the people are like." This sagacious speaker had found a fine point on which to hang his thought. There is, however, another and a stronger peg whereon may be suspended an opinion of considerably wider embrace. We can remark, without hesitancy and with certainty of justice, "Give us an acquaintance with the general literature of a nation and, through that acquaintance, we shall arrive at least some degree of intimacy with the temperament of the nationality that produced it; the nationality that it discloses and expresses."

An author, setting forth in black and white, a picture of persons with whom he is familiar, amidst their own surroundings and circumstances, gives that picture to the world of readers. His "characters" are real, in the sense that he paints, in appropriate words, what he, himself, has seen and known. Incidentally, perhaps without immediate intention, he displays not only the appearance and clothing of these "characters," but presents also much of their bearing, manner, mental attitude and conversation. His work furnishes details describing the way of life of the men and women to whom he introduces us. These people, thus introduced, carry with them, to our perception, their natural atmosphere. Through the author's agency, we become versed in their, to us, peculiarities. We compare them with ourselves. We espy differences of insight and of outlook. We notice that their bodily carriage, their vesture, their trend of thinking, their modes of speech, very dishes on their tables, wince distinctive tastes, even distinctive meanings. We find, too, a fascination in the fact of differentiation. "Like loves like," it is true. It is truer still that, for most of us, there is allurement in contrast; that, in our ordinary every-day existence, we undergo attraction towards a man or a woman simply because that man or that woman is distinguished by the possession of certain manners or mannerisms which are entirely outside the make-up of our own personality, or which, at all events, appear to be so. The "fair" man may be drawn irresistibly by a "dark" woman, and *vice versâ*; just as a passionate soul may seek solace in the companionship of a quiescent and steady one. In each case, however, some knowledge of one by the other is necessary; knowledge, acquired by enquiry and by observation. Meetings, conducive to intimacy; the discovery of racial or individual traits; the illuminating sense of trust and confidence that "belong" to one or the other;—these things go far towards bringing about security of friendliness between persons of apparently antagonistic but really of supplementary disposition. Ignorance is frequently fatal to the finding and keeping of a friend. Knowledge is indeed the one essential thing, even between individuals who live and move and have their being in the same vicinity and are bound by the same influences and the same ordinary ties. A poet assures us that: "The proper study of mankind is man." Man, in order to know something of himself must know something of other men. This acquirement is not always easily possible by a person of a person. Veils of conventionality or of hesitation, or of timidity, conceal, sometimes, rather than reveal. Then, too, a wider outlook is essential than that which is limited by village, town or country. Birth and breeding form boundaries as well as sentimental, and laudable, inheritances. Lack of opportunity will often prevent acquaintance. A "way out," a system of barrier-breaking, is luminously traced by the author of "T. Timbarom." The hero of that delightful story, "was of a type more unique and distinctive than any other,—a fellow who, with the blood of Saxon Kings and Norman Nobles in his veins, had known nothing but the street life of the crudest city in the world, who spoke a sort of slang, who knew no parallels of things which now surrounded him in the ancient home he had inherited, and in which he stood apart, a sort of semi-sophisticated savage."

His originator explains how, through the applied agency of books, of literature, this same T. Timbarom, taught himself about the men and the manners of the men among whom he was fated to dwell when, by a turn of the wheel of fortune, he was transplanted from a newspaper-office in New York to a magnificent ancestral mansion in an English country. Books became his educational medium in this regard. "I did not," he remarked to the Duke of Stone, "talk about the books, because I wanted to get used to them before I began to talk. I'd never read a book through in my life before. Never had one, never had time. When night came I was dog-tired and dog-ready to drop down and sleep. Here, I began to read. I've been reading ever since. I tell you, for a fellow that knows nothing, its an easy way of finding out a lot of things. You find out what different kinds of people there are, and what different kinds of ways. If you've lived in one place, and been up against nothing but earning your living, you think that's all there is of it—that its the whole thing. But it isn't by Gee! I've begun to kind of get on to what all this means (the aristocratic establishment and its appurtenances), to you people, and how a fellow like me must look to you. I've always sort of guessed, but reading a few dozen novels has helped me to see *why* its that way. That fellow called Thackeray—I can't read his things straight through—but he's an eye-opener. I'm sort of hungry for these things about people. Its the way they're different gets me going." "He had," says Mrs. Francis Hodgson Burnett, his creator, "gathered a curious collection of ideas by the way, and, with characteristic every-day reasoning, had linked them to his own experiences."

Herein one clearly discerns a direct assurance relative to the power of books as inspiring and directing mental and spiritual progression. Great Britain, and India also, owes more and more to this power and its utilisation year by year. The free Public Libraries of the former furnish testimony to their popularity and to their increasing service to the spread of education. At the Annual Congress of Librarians held in Norwich (1920) various speakers accentuated this fact, endorsed by the results of careful observation and experience. That fiction constitued the main reading of most borrowers was freely admitted, yet it is alleged on accurate authority that fiction frequently becomes a stepping-stone to science and even to philosophy. Many novels of to-day embody in their pages not only philosophical principles but the deepest spiritual conceptions. Their primary work, perhaps, lies in their portraiture of people as they exist, since they describe in detail the manners and customs of these people. The novel, when true to the pursuance of its purpose, presents life as it is actually lived by the inhabitants of the country and the locality concerning whom the book is composed. We see, in the chapters of the book, men and women as they really move. We are initiated into intimacy with folk near home and far afield. Russian romances, for example, reveal the denizens of that land, their profound religious instincts, their superstition, their amiability and hospitality, the underlying sombreness and sadness which touches them throughout most of the phases of their being. Persian stories supply the very essence of scented flowers, of exquisite courtesy, of the racial "sweet tooth," of ancient and modern tendency toward political intrigue and opportunism whether of place or purse. France, through her literature, bids the world admire her straightly logical faculty, her sprightliness, her charm of approach, the keen businees like attitude of her women in domestice affairs allied closely to their equally keen appreciation and application of "fashion" and its dictates. American authors resemble their climate in clarity. They write for the most part under brilliant light and amid air that sparkles and effervesces. They make great show of motion. The buoyancy of boyhood urges them up and on. Their impulses are impetuous and generous, their outlook expansive and progressive. They adore what seems to them "the best of everything." They will not acknowledge failure. They inculcate the cult of pressing forward. They bestow much insistency on "hustle"; too little, may be, on that quiet persistent perseverance which marks, as of birth-right, the average Briton. Japanese writers have other phases to present;

the still prevailing spirit of chivalrous etiquette beneath the veneer of modernity ; a determination to hoist their flag on high among those of other powers ; an admirable adaptability in adaptation ; a capacity for acquiring mercantile methods, for mechanical invention and construction. Her poetry is as paceful as it is direct and concise. It compresses volumes into verses. China, filled through century after century with the love of literature, subtly saturates her works with the fascination of old-world lengendary love, and adheres, despite revolutionary upheavals, to many means which have approved themselves to her through many generations.

Books have taught us all this and very much more. India's marvellous epic the Mahabharata is being discussed and analysed again and again, each discussion, each analysis bestowing a forceful impression. The Upanishads become better known, and being known, revered. The Bhagavad Gita is a favourite text book and an honoured councillor under many British homesteads.

Indian poets, with singular skill and possessed of penetrating powers of psychological discernment, offer to Western students a presentment of philosophy which at once attracts and informs. The West, on the other hand, conveys to India multitudinous printed productions which carry there, between their covers, accurate accounts of the doings and conversation common to the occident generally, and particularising sentiments and situations that pertain to one quarter and another. An Indian o intelligence, may, by this means, acquire more than a superficial acquaintance with the subjects of which these productions treat. Possibly the novel, because of its elasticity and its frankness, is of more immediate and direct value than works of statedly serious character. The novelist aims at attaining and exhibiting a correct delineation of persons, known or imagined, just as they work and play, just as they walk and talk. Personalities are pictured as they appear in their homes, their warehouses, their recreation grounds, their churches and assemblies. We meet them in the pages of these narratives. We dwell with them and among them until they form part of our own life. Many a "character," created by one writer or another, takes his or her place in our gallery of living folk. Novels dealing with the historic past endow heroes of that past with revivified and intensified interest. The story-teller carries us back; brings the king, the commander, the strategist, the politician, to us again, together with the schemer, masculine or feminine, the saint of either sex, the mean and the magnificent. So, also, the story-teller of to-day exposes our era as it is, a review of our own time, our normal experiences, and, too, that element of romance which, appertaining to our forefathers survives in ourselves.

Western scripture advises us to "taste all things" so that we may "prove that which is good," nevertheless, the reader who is desirous, through perusal of parables or novels, gains much by giving great heed to the opinions of expert critics, since "taste," to be reliable, must be educated and informed.

There are alas! in most catalogues, the titles of many books put together sensationally, instigated by desire for money-making or notoriety. There are some whose chapters bear the impress of evil thinking, even of evil design. These, harmful and infectious, are best avoided by enquiry as to publisher and author alike. Small difficulty stands in the way of discovering what is well-written, well in conception, well in expression, well in presentation. One unassailable criterion floats over all artistic endeavour and, since this is supported by a present-day novelist whose books find welcome and honoured place in many households, we venture to quote. An old man is—in "Fortitude"—giving kindly advice to a younger one who, like himself, has literary tendencies and aspiration; "I would urge you, I would implore you, to keep nothing before you but the one thing that can bring life into art.... Against all temptations, against the voices of the World and the Flesh, against the glory of power and the swinging hammer of success, you, sitting quietly in your own room, must remember that a great charge has been given you, that you are here for one thing and one thing only . . . . to listen. The whole duty of art is listening for the voice of God. You are here to listen. Never mind if they tell you that story-telling is a cheap thing, a popular thing, a mean thing. It is the instrument that is given to you and if, when you come to die, you know that for a few brief moments you have heard, and that what you have heard you have written, Life has been justified."

Hope.

By C. Maud Brown.

In the night look up and sing,
Knowing that the dawn will break.
Some new blessing Day may bring
To the heart that lies awake
Through the night of suffering.

Some new blessing God prepares
Though we see not what it be
It shall come on Angel's wing
It shall soothe thy pains and cares
Hope says softly : "Rest with me
Through the night of suffering."

A Great Anglo-Indian Worthy.

By N. R. Subba Ayyar, M.A.

As one passes alone the Mount Road, the main thoroughfare of Madras, one's eyes are arrested by the sight of a noble equestrian statue standing half-way between the Fort and the Government House bridge across the Cooum. It is a great memorial to a truly great man. It is the bronze statute of Sir Thomas Munro whose appointment as the Governor of Madras came as a fitting crown to a long and honourable official career in different parts of the Madras Presidency. Munro's name was a household word in the districts in which he served: and by his great sympathy for the people's cause he had earned the well-merited sobriquets: "Father Munro" and "People's Friend." And it was most fitting that an imposing statue should have been erected in the heart of Madras to keep alive the memory of the great Governor.

Born in Glasgow in the year 1761 Munro spent his early years in attending the Grammar School and then the University of his native city. Though his scholastic career was not a brilliant one, he managed to hold a high place in his classes; while his affable manners and proficiency in athletics gained for him several intimate friends among whom were the two Moores, Sir John and Sir Graham. At school and in the university he cultivated a catholic taste for reading which proved a great solace to him when, in after life, he had to rough it out on the dreary uplands of Canara and Baramahal. Military History had a rare fascination for him. He was also keen on poetry and romance. Some of his letters home show that he was no mean critic of the current literature of the day. That he retained this zest for literature even late in life is proved by the following remarks of Sir Mountstuart Elphinstone recorded in his diary of May 28, 1820: "Sir Thomas

Munro discovered an acquaintance with literature, a taste and relish for poetry and an ardent and romantic turn of mind which counteracted the effect of his age and sternness and gave the highest possible finish to his character."

After leaving college in 1777 Munro was for a short time apprenticed to a firm of West Indian merchants. But an ill turn in the tide of his father's fortune forced the young man to give up the idea of adopting commerce as a profession. He succeeded in getting a midshipman's berth which he shortly after exchanged for a cadetship of Infantry in the Presidency of Madras in 1780. Thus Munro began his life very humbly as several other Anglo-Indian worthies, notably Clive, had done before him.

The arrival of Munro in Madras synchronised with the military operations undertaken by the East India Company against the rulers of Mysore, Haidar, and Tippu. Munro was for a long time engaged in them in a subordinate capacity and had naturally little opportunity of distinguishing himself. But his keen eye noted many a defect in the policy and strategy of his chiefs and he made no secret of it in his letters to his friends at home. Gradually he came to be looked upon as a sound military critic; and much store was set by his judgment in matters military. Even such a great General as Sir Arthur Wellesley (afterwards the famous Duke of Wellington) was anxious to have on his side Munro's opinion about his operations in the Battle of Assaye and so gave him a full account of the battle and requested his views.

But it was as a civil administrator that Munro made his mark and left behind him an abiding impression. Two such statesmen as the Duke of Wellington and Canning who differed much both in character and political opinions were yet agreed in their high estimate of Munro's administrative capacity. At a banquet given by the Court of Directors in honour of Munro's appointment as Governor of Madras, Canning paid a glowing tribute to his character and ability. Lord Ellenborough and Elphinstone, two most discerning critics of Indian administration held Munro in very high regard. Munro was the beau ideal of the Civil Servants, who served under him, while the people actually deified him. What was the cause of this unique success and the universal high esteem in which Munro was held?

Sir Thomas had an extraordinary capacity for work and never spared himself in the discharge of his duty. Every detail of administration he looked into. Nothing escaped his notice. He undertook long and arduous tours through the Presidency in order to make himself thoroughly acquainted with the needs and condition of the masses. He made it a point in all his tours to come into close contact with the poor people and speak to them as friend to friend. All this meant hard and incessant work in the most trying climate. Writing to a friend, Munro said: "I am like an overworked horse and require a little rest. Ever since I came to this Government almost every paper of any importance has been written by myself." Again: "For more than three years I have not had a single holiday and have very rarely risen from business before sunset." Thus Munro sacrificed everything at the altar of duty. His acceptance of the appointment of Governor itself was a proof of this. For he was already pretty advanced in age and had served for 32 years under the Indian sun and badly needed rest. But yet when the call of duty came, he cheerfully responded and shouldered his responsibilities with a ready heart.

Munro was imbued with deep real sympathy for the people over whom he had been set to rule. Their hopes and fears, their achievements and failures touched him quickly. He had no patience with those Civil Servants who took an easy view of their responsibilities and who did not take any trouble to learn the language of the people and try to speak to them in their mother-tongue. He set his face against oppression of any kind. The Ryotwari System of land-tenure with which his name is closely associated was introduced with a view to safeguard the interests of the cultivators of the soil. True it was not his creation: Reade was the originator of it. Yet it was under Munro that it was systematized and spread rapidly. According to this form of land-tenure, the ryots paid their rent directly to the Government and were free from the exactions of the middlemen, the zemindars and their agents. Whatever might have been the force of objections raised against Munro's system, there is no doubt that the ryots welcomed the reform and entertained on that account feelings of deepest loyalty and attachment to the "Sirkar."

Sir Thomas Munro pleaded most earnestly for the spread of education among the Indians. He realised that ignorance was the greatest curse of India and strove hard to dispel it as far as it lay in his power. He emphasised the fact that any outlay of money by Government on the education of the people was amply repaid by the improvement of the country. For "the diffusion of knowledge is inseparably followed by more orderly habits, by increasing industry, by a taste for the comforts of life, by exertion to acquire them and by the growing prosperity of the people." He himself gave a fillip to education by establishing over 300 schools and by a large grant to existing ones. This was a mere drop in the ocean and Munro did not perhaps realise the magnitude of the problem he had set himself to solve.

But Munro's greatest claim to the gratitude of the Indians was his great sympathy with their political aspirations and his powerful advocacy of their cause in the matter of public appointments. He wanted to give the Indians a share in the Government of their country. A jealous policy of exclusion was the most shortsighted one, he said, which the Company could pursue. British rule must be rooted in the affection of the people. Opportunity for service must be given to qualified Indians. They must be employed in positions of trust and responsibility. Good laws and pious school-books alone could not elevate the mind of the people. "The improvement of the character of a people and the keeping them at the same time in the lowest state of dependence on foreign rulers to which they can be reduced by conquest are matters quite incompatible with each other . . . . This work of improvement, in whatever way it may be attempted, must be very slow, but it will be in proportion to the degree of confidence which we repose in them and to the share which we give them in the administration of public affairs." These broad views soon came to be recognised as those of a real statesman, and though they were in advance of the times they found their fulfilment in the East India Company's Charter of 1833. One of the provisions of this memorable Charter ran thus: "No native of the said territory (India), nor any natural born subject of His Majesty, shall, by reason of his religion, place of birth, descent, colour or any of them be disqualified from holding any place, office, or employment under the said Company."

"With almost prophetic vision" Munro saw in the Indian Press a potent instrument of mischief. It was his sincere opinion that conditions were quite different in India and that the responsibilities of public criticism and the duties of a free press were not adequately recognised in this country. An unfettered press might sow seeds of discontent among native troops. His views on this question were very strong indeed. "We are trying," he said, "an experiment never yet tried in the world—maintaining a foreign dominion by means of a native army and teaching that army, through a free press that they ought to expel us and deliver their country." In his day these apprehensions were shared by a large body of Europeans and when the Indian Mutiny broke out in 1857, every one recalled to mind the ominous forecast of Sir Thomas Munro and considered his prophecy fulfilled. Even such a shrewd observer as Elphinstone took this view, for he wrote, "the last accounts from India are doubtless very gloomy . . . . and to one who has just read Munro's admirable minute it appears that the full accomplishment of his prophecy is at hand." But as time passed and more light was let in, it became clear that the writings of the press, Indian and European, had nothing to do with the outbreak.

Sir Thomas Munro was always unaffected and simple in his manners. Though he struck one at first as grave and reserved he certainly improved on acquaintance and every one who had occasion to move with him rather closely found in him a warm friend. Lady Munro was even more popular. Her manners were most charming and her hospitality splendid. There was universal regret at her departure from Madras, when she was forced to sail for England before her husband, because of the receipt of the news of ill-health of their second son.

Munro had served in India for nearly half a century and his heavy work as head of the province, no less the climate, told on his health. He sent in his resignation in 1826 and was looking forward to a happy return to his native land in the spring of 1827 when death surprised him. Cholera, that direst of Indian epidemics, claimed him as its victim and the great Munro passed away on the 6th of July 1827 at Pattikonda in the district of Anantapur. Lapse of time has not dimmed the glory of his work and the grateful Indian still treasures up the memory of the great Anglo-Indian who "scorned delights and lived laborious days" for the people.

Longings.

By Ugra Sen.

When daylight fades, and twilight shades
Come gathering o'er my spirits sore.
With heart unfurled to heavens, pearled
With diadems of starry gems,
I dream of thee.

When, light and free, thou pourest glee,
Like Summer song, the breeze along ;
Or when a star looks from afar,
And burneth clear within a tear
I long for thee.

O let me die to catch thy eye,
Or languish in a jassamine!
Or let me be, suffusing thee,
The joy that sheds and overspreads
A carol free !

Or like the gleams of lovely dreams,
Caught from the eye of sapphire sky,
To slumber on thy lips, anon,
And fill thy hush with secret flush,
O let me be !

Or like the wave, O let me rave
A ceaseless tune to glass the moon !
Or let me lie deep, as a sigh
The joys among ! O let me long
Eternally !

Two Famous Persian Gazals.

("Taza ba taza" and "Lala Rukha" by Khawja Hafiz and Khakani.)

By C. M. Cursetji.

THE fame of Khawja Hafiz is universal, Khakani is not so generally known. Both poets have left *divans* which have been and are still celebrated all over the East and acclaimed, the work of the former especially, as the finest of the class of Persian verse or poetry. The *divan*, as it is called, is peculiar in that it forms a sort of poetical album, which every poet of Persia of any celebrity has composed consisting of a succession of odes or *gazals* ordinarily of ten or twelve couplets each seldom exceeding eighteen; each ode has a rhyming couplet to begin with, the rest having alternate rhymes and the last gives in some graceful turn of fancy or moral aphorism the *takhallus* or distinctive surname or pen-name, assumed by the poet or bestowed on him by the king or other appreciative patron or by the public. This practice of the *takhallus* finding its place in the concluding couplet came to be strictly observed since the time of Sheik Saadi; before whose time it used to be inserted in any part of the *gazal*. This custom became the fashion without Urdu poet also. Another peculiarity of the *divan* is that the rhymes of the odes must end in regular order in the letters of the Persian alphabets; as, for instance, the first set of odes, without limit or to number, end in *alif*; the second set in *be* and so on, successively to the last letter *ye*. The *divan* of Hafiz is not quite perfect in this respect, as it has no rhymes, ending in *pe*, *chim*, *zal*, *zhe* and *gaf*.

This collection of the odes of Hafiz was formed after his death by Sayyed Kasim-i-anwar, a devoted admirer and follower of his. It contained 569 odes and a few qua trains. Another authority gives the name of Mahomed Gulandam as the collector and editor. The number of odes vary in different editions, and very probably some are interpolations by inferior hands. The *divan* of Khawja Hafiz is so highly esteemed in all Persian-speaking countries as well as in Turkish provinces and in Arabia, as to be looked upon as a work of divine intelligence. It may well be called the Gospel of Suffism, the mystic cult more or less peculiar to Persia and not unobserved in other land to which this creed has penetrated.

The word *divan* applied to this form of Persian poetry has an interesting derivation. If comes from *div* (pl. *divan*) meaning a powerful spirit, capable of great works. Nowsherwan the Just bestowed it on his nobles, who had accomplished a great work or enterprise in three days and so were called giant workers. If this came to designate oriental notables or ministers of state engaged in high employ and again by extension to a collection of poems of extraordinary beauty, excellence of value.

The *divan* of Khawja Hafiz, described "the treasure of truths and mysteries," has often been used for casting omens, just as was the case formerly, with the Bible, the Hliad, the Odessey and the Ænied, when consulted in a pious frame of mind, its verses, lighted on at haphazard, have accorded responses that have proved oracular. The conqueror Nadirsha, as is related in his History, translated into French by Sir William Jones, visiting the tomb of Khawja Hafiz, consulted the *divan* for an omen as to the course he should pursue. The response received was the last couplet of ode 59, which is as follows:—

"By means of Hafiz joyous verse
Hast taken Irak and Fars:
Come! now is the time Baghdad to seize,
And this the moment to take Tabriz."

Nadirsha following the oracle, turned aside and taking these last named two great cities, became master of

Persia. Another instance of this *fal* of omen-taking is given by Sir William Jones in his commentaries on the poets of Persia. On the death of Khawja Hafiz, much contention arose, instigated by the ultra-puritans of Shiraz, who doubted the propriety of following the funeral of the poet. They questioned his orthodoxy because though profoundly versed in the true teachings of the Quoran he had expressed views which did not tally quite with all the punctilious ceremonial actions and puerilities practised by the ordinary Mussalman bigots still so steeped in ignorance. The disputants agreed to consult the *divan* and the enquiring eyes of the doubting diviners fell on the concluding couplete of ode 107, which resolved all hesitating. In the following unmistakable terms it aptly admonished these Persian Pharisees:—

"From the funeral of Hafiz your foot restrain not;
For immersed tho' in sins, he has made his way
to Heaven."

Khawja Shams-ool-din Mahomed, surnamed Hafiz, meaning one who could recite the Quoran by heart, was born in Shiraz and flourished in the fourteenth century A. C. during the period when Timurlang was devastating the Asiatic world. He died in A. C. 1388 or 1394 and is buried at Mussalla, a beautiful suburb of Shiraz, which he has celebrated in some of his poems, and where his tomb is still venerated and visited as a *Mazâr-i-sherif* or place of pious pilgrimage, by the Sufi adept, the devout mystic and the lover of Persian poetry.

The Persian as well as the Hindustani *gazals* are lyric love-songs in amatory verse; but as distinguished from those of most other poets, the *divan* of Khawja Hafiz is a treasure house of the esoteric doctrine and creed of the Sufis, open only to the intellectual penetration of the profound adept and the devout *darwish* or Moslem ascetic. The ode of which I wish to treat here and of which I venture to give an English version, is the famous *Tāzā ba tāzā, nô ba nô* is so well known and still so commonly sung in all parts of India. To the uninitiated, the heedless and the uninstructed it deals of love and wine and amatory dalliance. Like the yellow primrose to Peter Bell, a love song "'tis whom it is nothing more." But to the Sufi, the outward amorous garb really covers and clothes profound thought and meaning, which convert this beautiful poem into a pious hymn to be recited and reflected on in some retired spot sacred to solitude and silence.

To turn into English verse from a foreign original is reckoned a very difficult task and the accepted opinion of modern scholars is that prose is the better and more effective medium for rendering the thought, beauty and construction of foreign or alien poetry into one's vernacular or into another language. I quite admit this and recognise that I am perhaps unduly venturesome in attempting verse versions of both these famous odes; but my impression is that metre and rhyme if handled with a fair amount of attention and skill would make the translation more attractive and agreeable to the ordinary or general reader, who does not pretend to be a grammatical purist or a profound critic and commentator of foreign measures and diction. I have therefore tried to imitate the form and metre of these odes, closely following their meaning and I leave it to my readers to judge if I have not been at least in some small measure successful in giving a close view of a fair idea of the originals.

"TAZA BA TAZA, NO BA NO."

By Khawja Hafiz.

Minstrel! some sweet melody sing:
  Fresh and fresh and new and new!
The heart-expanding wine go bring:
  Fresh and fresh and new and new!

II.

Like joyful doll, with your idol sit:
  Fling away time in love's retreat;
Snatching kisses at will both warm and sweet
  Fresh and fresh and new and new!

III.

T' enjoy life's fruits how can ye think,
If from the grape-vines child ye shrink?
In ruby wine to your true love drink:—
Fresh and fresh and new and new!

IV.

O, Saki mine of silver limb!
Fill up my flagon to the brim;
That quick the flowing bowl I brew!
Fresh and fresh and new and new!

V.

That heart-enthralling sweetheart mine
Bedecks herself for me so fine,
With gems and scents and rose-like hue:—
Fresh and fresh and new and new!

VI.

O Zephyr's gale! so fresh and free,
Passing o'er the home of that Peri,
Tell her the tale of Hafiz true:—
Fresh and fresh and new and new!

This beautiful ode, the perfection and elegance of which in the Persian is as hard to render in another tongue even as it is to translate a living smile to a representation in stone or on canvas, is capable throughout of a double meaning of a profoundly spiritual character, to be interpreted and appreciated rightly by only the followers and students of Hafiz and of the Sufi sect. It is not my purpose to go into this extremely interesting and intricate subject of Sufistic *double-entendre* in this place. It would require too much space to do so. I must be content with this passing *apérçu* of the same and confine myself to a description of the poems which give title to this article.

On the other hand the almost equally beautiful poem of *Lālā Rukhā* by Khakani appears to me to be a love-song pure and simple, addressed to his earthly mistress and conveys no hidden meaning whatever.

The *divan* of Khakani, of an earlier date, though widely read and admired, is generally inferior in grace and elegance of expression and in fulness and direction of philosophic throught to that of Khawja Hafiz. Afzal-ul-din Ebrahim bin Ali, surnamed "Khakani," was a native of Shirvan and flourished in the reign of the Khakan Minocher, prince of that country, who conferred on him the title of "Khakani" or the lordly. He has the reputation of having been the most learned or scholarly of the lyric poets of Persia and was also somewhat hyperbolically styled *Sultan-ush-Shuara* or king of poets.

His *Lālā Rukhā* makes a very interesting turn or pendant with the Hafizian *Tāzā ba tāzā* and it is still a prime favourite with Indian musicians who do not affect to interprept or expound music of too high-class a character. This ode might almost vie with the other poem for beauty of style and melodious sweetness. Both these odes are sung to the same very taking and pretty but simple tune, which most Indian people have heard once or often and once heard still haunts the musical ear. I venture with great diffidence to give here my attempt at versifying Khakani's ode in English, a version which I hope, in spite of obvious defects, my benevolent readers may find is a fairly effective rendering of the original, both as to rhythm, expression and meaning.

LALA RUKHA, SAMAN-BARKA.

By Khakani.

I.

O tulip-cheeks and jasmin brow,
Prancing cypress whose art thou?
  Heart of stone and tyrant sprite!—
Misery of whose life art thou?

II.

Thy cypress-form delights mine eyes;
Consumed am I with heart-ache sighs:
  O! Narsisse of my vision's light!
Say, whose living soul art thou?

III.

In what fairy garden grown,
Narcissus bouquet full-blown,
Hast sugar's sweetness vanquished quite :
Rosebuds for whose lips art thou ?

IV.

Thy raven-locks have spread a snare ;
In grape-juice trance dost onward fare ;
From cord full strung thy bolt takes flight:
O say, whose cruel bow art thou ?

V.

Thy eye-brows own the new moon's charm,
From new moon borne away the palm :
Woe of my life! come tell aright---
The tumult of whose life art thou ?

VI.

Khakan thy life-long slave is still,
From thy love's cup hath drained his fill,
To thy dear name his life doth plight :—
Say, whose entrancing soul art thou ?

This fine song with its questioning refrain could of course be given an esoteric point and purpose by importing the Sufi interpretation to such words as 'tulip,' 'sugar sweet,' 'raven locks,' 'grape-juice,' 'wine cup' and others all which are taken and understood in a highly spiritual sense by the adepts and initiates of Suffism : but I think *Lālā Rukhā* is really what it purports to be a very charming love-inspired roundelay and is without a beautiful specimen of Khakani's verse, in fine contrast with that of the divine Hafiz. Reading Khakani one naturally takes him literally, as of the earth, earthy; but any reader of Khawja Hafiz, duly imbued in the doctrine of the Sufis, unconsciously falls into the feeling, thought and spirit that is beyond the literal meaning of the language used and inspires him something transcendental and prophetic.

The House of Dreams.

By Edith Dart.

WHAT if the outer world be grey
And drab the course of every day?
The house of dream is rich and rare
In many-coloured splendour fair.
The secret kingdom of my dreams
For ever glows, and in its gleams
There hides a glamour none else knows,
Whiteness of swan's neck and of snows,
Scarlet of poppy, green of sea,
The cloudless blue chalcedony
Unshadowèd of summer sky,
Sword blade of sunlight ever nigh,
Purples supreme, and ruddy gold—
Colours no canvas e'er might hold.
Deep in that place remote is found
Such peace as makes it holy ground.
Not builded of material clay
But wrought in subtle spirit way
My house of dreams stands all secure
Through time and tempest to endure.
Only in life who holds the key
Of dreams may dwell therein with me.

Edward Carpenter's Latest Work.

By Walter Baylis, M.A.

No doubt there is always a certain gap between the knowledge attained by our experts in any branch of science and the exposition of that knowledge in the way of instruction to the young. The information given in schools, probably is seldom quite up to date, and in some cases may even be quite erroneous. This, of course, is partly excusable on account of the limited capacity of the juvenile mind and also through the intellectual calibre of the teachers, which we cannot expect to be always of the highest order. It would not be reasonable to look for the powers of a Huxley or a Tyndall in every teacher of science.

Thus there is an unavoidable gap between the state of science at any epoch, as measured by the achievements of our scientific men and the state of education as measured by the instruction conveyed to those seeking it. In no branch of knowledge, however, is this gap so enormous and almost unbridgeable as in religion.

There are many reasons for this. In the first place, in the ordinary sciences, the discrepancy between what is known and what is taught is mainly involuntary. If the teachers were better informed they would gladly impart more knowledge to their pupils, or if the pupils' capacity was greater an able teacher would advance them further, but in religion this is not the case. It is not considered desirable that the populace or the young should know too much of divine mysteries. Reverence and awe are oftener the result of ignorance than of knowledge. Besides, the results of changes in religious beliefs are so momentous that conservatives minds in every generation dread them. The moral order of a state is largely founded upon belief in some religion and men fear to disturb these foundations. Even the progress of science has thus been hampered, because scientific conclusions cannot be prevented from re-acting upon religion.

It thus comes about that, while in the minds of all serious students of the subject, ideas of religion have been completely revolutionised during the last few decades, through the acquisition of new light, the instruction given to our children and young people on the subject is not so very different from what our grandfathers might have imparted.

These reflections have occurred to me in perusing Edward Carpenter's latest work, "Pagan and Christian Creeds." There is nothing new to scholars in the facts which he brings forward, although he weaves them into an argument and uses them to support a theory which are his own original contribution.

Carpenter's first main proposition is that the unique position which Christians claim for their religion cannot be sustained. Christian theology can be closely paralleled with several Pagan creeds. The life history of Jesus Christ is but a copy, with variations, of the life history of several Pagan gods. It is indeed, one might say, the *usual* history of a Mediterranean corn-god. As examples of these Pagan deities we may cite the names of Apollo, Dionysus, Hercules, Mithra, Adonis, Attis, Osiris, Baal, Krishna. Carpenter gives a list of ten circumstances in which their alleged lives resembled that of Christ as recorded in the gospels. They are as follows :—

(1) They were born on or very near our Christmas Day.

(2) They were born of a Virgin-Mother.

(3) And in a Cave or Underground Chamber.

(4) They led a life of toil for Mankind.

(5) And they were called by the names of Light-Bringer, Healer, Mediator, Saviour, Deliverer.

(6) They were however vanquished by the Powers of Darkness.

(7) And descended into Hell or the Underworld.

(8) They rose again from the dead, and became the pioneers of mankind to the Heavenly world.

(9) They founded Communions of Saints, and Churches into which disciples were received by Baptism.

(10) And they were commemorated by Eucharistic meals.

This is one great fact, the parallelism of Christian and Pagan creeds, which is so obvious that the early Christian Fathers could not help perceiving it, and in their vexation referred it to the devices of the Devil.

A second great fact is the all these creeds, Pagan as well as Christian, are founded upon Astronomy or upon the facts of vegetal and animal life or earth. All the great gods named are either Sun-gods or vegetation-deities.

All the festivals of the Church, such as Christmas, Easter, Midsummer Day, etc., correspond to Pagan feasts, and those rest upon the facts of Astronomy. Naturally the Sun-god is born about Christmas, when the Sun begins his return journey in our northern skies. The crossing of the Equinox in Spring naturally gave rise to such feasts as the Passover and Easter. In a chapter on "The Symbolism of the Zodiac," Carpenter points to a great number of interesting coincidences. Among others, he points out that the Church dedicates the very day of the Winter solstice, 21st December, when a primitive man might have naturally doubted the rebirth of the Sun, to St. Thomas, who doubted the truth of the Resurrection.

But Edward Carpenter's design in writing all this is not quite the same as that of the older Free-thinkers, the Voltaires or Tom Paines. He would draw the conclusion that after all there is but one religion, although it has assumed many forms, and that although in a crude literal form we cannot call it true, yet it is true in a symbollic and spiritual sense. Its universality proves that it corresponded to urgent needs in human nature, and that it was a mode of Man's expressing to himself his relationship to the universe. It was a glorification of the circumstances of his production (and that is why Sex plays a large and important part in all ancient religions), and on the means of his support, the beneficent heat of the Sun, the crops of corn and wine, and the fecundity of cattle. All these were serious topics to primitive man, struggling for existence; and out of them was born Religion. His very gratitude to the animals for supplying him with food led to the worship of animals (for we find that many of the gods were originally animal forms) and also to the system of totems.

No doubt Christianity is a refinement, purification and spiritualisation of Paganism, but it is just as undoubted that it *sprang* from Paganism.

There is no reason why these views should not become better known. Ultimately truth can do no harm. One good result of their acceptance would be an increase of the spirit of tolerance, and a decline of the spirit of self-righteousness and superiority over others. There is one religion and we all grasp what we can of it. Too many mistake the symbols for the truth itself. Jesus taught in parables, and often seems to have been annoyed because his symbolic speech was taken literally.

Gibbon, in his sneering manner, remarked that in the ancient world, "to the populace all religions were equally true, to the philosopher all equally false, and to the magistrate all equally useful." But the sneer conceals a real truth. To the very same man, all religions might be equally true, equally false, and equally useful. Taken literally, all creeds are certainly false, just as a parable of Christ might be false if taken literally. They must be taken symbolically and interpreted according to our spiritual power. On the other hand, all religions are equally true, for they are all forms of one religion which stands for a central truth, which can only be set forth in symbols, Lastly, all religions are equally useful, for the aid and support which Religion lends to right living can hardly be seriously disputed even by unbelievers. If Religion did nothing else, it has, as its name implies a binding force. It binds men together, and the most important element in it is perhaps the Congregation itself in worship assembled. He who holds the crudest form of faith is probably nearer the truth than the dogmatic atheist. Any book, which, like Edward Carpender's tends to unify Religion, cannot have an evil tendency, and there is no reason why it should be scouted by pious Christians.

Certainly, Carpenter himself does not seem to be favourably impressed by present-day Christianity. He looks forward to the development of a loftier religion which may as much surpass as Christianity surpasses Paganism.

The Call.

By R. Lucifer.

(University of Benares.)

HEARKEN, hearken!
There is sung
A soft song—
Mark it clear.
Do ye hear?
The bell's rung,
And ere long
There will be
A call
For ye—
A sweet call—
And ye'll see
The master then.

The Prince's Garden.

By Baroness Violet de Malortie.

To this enchanted spot I had been brought
  To see its queen, and while 'the one' delay'd
I marvell'd at the changes skill had wrought,—
  For Art and Nature lavishly display'd
The beauty,—grudging Time erstwhile betray'd.

What bravery of leaves the waters mock—
  Girding like emeralds the lovely lake;
Whose restless waves their shining armour rock
  With endless undulations,—till they make
The stately Lotus bend—and almost break.

Bright hued Hibiscus—whom the Night can bind
  In an unwilling sleep—greatest to least—
Their crimson blossom furl against the wind;
  No longer swaying lamps lit for a feast—
They dream,—ere Tanit's radiance floods the east.

What Feast ? though Hesperus gleams through the veil
  Of that pale sky—fading to azure grey;
Within whose folds enshrin'd—the 'Holy Grail'
  Might offer sacrifice upon the way,—
A Benediction give to those who pray.

Where waxen Champax blooms and Asphodel.
  Flowers of the dead, How beautiful ? How fair ?
Datura—Alba loosely hangs her bell
  From heavy greenery—but who would dare
Inhale the opiates enfolded there ?

While Sambac seeps upon the dry, clear air,
  Unearthly fragrance, seeps beneath the trees,
With that Arabian rose sweet maidens wear;

But—who can paint perfume? sculpture the breeze?
The magic of the hour is more than these!

In such an atmosphere, now subtly still,
Legioned by unseen forces, Love and Hate,
The evil powers that fence with good--to kill!
Absorbing, transient, lovely, desolate,
An afflatus so simple--yet so great.

How soft the silver'd space—barred with black shade
From a forbidding wall, where something sighs,
Although unseeable, I feel afraid
Of fear unknown, for Silence wakes and cries
With whisper'ng emptiness—then is not—dies.

In the swift rustle of Ayesha's gown,
A rich, deep yellow shimmer'ng round her feet;
Two eunuchs follow'd,-- then--as we sat down
So they retired from hearing, quite discreet,--
My being veiled, the picture seem'd complete. . .

Ayesha met the dawn in Kurdistan,
A name that fills the timid with alarm,
Her father stood the chief of a known clan,—
Bold fighters, riders,--ready then to arm;
His youthful daughter had been kept from harm,—

Then given in marriage the said bride they sent
From mountain liberty, to palace life
Far from her home,—there watch'd where're she went,
My lord the Prince was not a man of strife,
And sometimes wonder'd at his Kurdish wife.

Who, as a wind swept o'er the stagnant pool
Of his intelligence,—a poison'd whole—
From weird depravity to hareem rule.
Freedom! *Thou* canst not live without a soul
Sublime in sacrifice, and self-control?

THE PRINCE'S GARDEN.

A hand touch'd mine—not large—but strong
and cold.
'Belovéd friend!' 'tis sweet to meet again,
This artificial life make *Spring* seem old!
A raid on throats is visionary pain,—
And leaves its victim's honor without stain?

Her voice had chang'd! and what a change! O vice
Thou canst not break a spirit pure and proud,
Evil may wound—perchance persuade—entice—
But with its cords no lofty soul is bound
It lives! though muffled in a scented shroud.

A sudden light leapt in Ayesha's eyes,
Dark, sombre, still,—as a caged eaglets when,
It scans through prison bars the morning skies,—
Whose highest clouds are not beyond its ken
And naught obstructs the way to them—but men!

I did not speak—for often speech may mar
The fruit of sympathy; Tears were no balm
To such a heart—Poor platitudes would bar
The road to peace: Justice alone could charm
Her outraged senses—with judicial calm.

Justice! for those whose law is their caprice,
Justice on earth!—t'were Paradise begun.
Justice! how soon would sin and sorrow cease,
Justice throughout the world—beneath the sun!—
And yet how bare! when all is said and done.

Stern is her form, noble and true her face—
As thine Ayesha, but *thou* art not blind,
Nay, bringest smiles and sunshine—every grace—
Hold! Hold thy speech! it tortures my
poor mind;
Did'st thou not tell me—and I thought thee
kind—

'When days grew dark and dissonant—a flame
Of purest essence glow'd within the soul
Of those who called upon the Holy Name,

Lied not, had faith, and gave the poor their dole,'
Thy precepts have I kept,—yet miss'd the goal.

I have not seen, nor felt the little flame.
My spirit is as dust—its way is cast—
Far from the springs and snow from whence it came—
Amid defiling sins too weak to blast,
But like the leprosy, destroy at last. . .

That 'last' is not quite near! why should our fears
People the hours with ghosts?—Phantoms who fly
When we approach, O let the lapsing years
Bring their own burden.! Ah beloved! Try.
Thou would'st not bear a drunken lord—but die!

I, that possess so much unwanted youth,—
The sad heart of an exile—the mild scorn
Of different customs, pleasures—all forsooth
That hallows every step since life was born,—
These, and the broken vows of love forsworn.

This little phrase that hides the perjur'd thief
Of my poor happiness; The debtors fine
I pay—who have no debt—nor hold a brief
Against him—for his enemies—and mine. . .
To-night for the first time I looked on wine!

Glowing within his glass a ruby flood
That jewell'd its fluted stem, stors, wreaths, and threw
A colored radiance on the cloth like blood,—
Still clinging to the crystal, till it drew
His thirsty mouth, and, as I gazed I knew

The strange allurement of the god of wine*
That thrills the world; my lord was on his feet

---

* The Mahomedan Kurds drink the wine taken in a raid; and as champagne was unknown in the time of their prophet the less orthodox do sometimes indulge in 'Christian sherbet.'

And with red lips the goblet press'd to mine,
The elder handmaids gather'd near my seat
Saying the prophet never drank *nabeet*. . . .

Hark! what was that? no slave-girls faint click-clack,
The eunuchs listen'd—suddenly they rose
Scatter'ng to earth their simple game tric-trac,
Both rush'd toward the lake, a splash! then blows!
Though we could neither see our friends nor foes.

Come! while they fight we flee! Ayesha fled—
As though to Kurdistan—I followed her
Among tall shrubs, for thitherward she led,
Our habbara's* were white, without demur
We crouch'd upon the ground and did not stir.

While musing there on themes my soul abhorr'd—
Ayesha moved, to! then away she ran.
A martial tread that could not be ignored
Blended with hers, I saw a Yataghan—
There stood! there stood! the Beg from Kurdistan.

---

* The habbara is a large enveloping mantle. In Damascus I observed it was always black—in Egypt—for driving—it is of all colors and of very rich material.

The Spirit of Pure Joy.

By Miss Margarita Yates.

It was Summer in the high Alps; overhead, the sky was a clear light blue, bordered with soft, downy, pearl-white clouds that touched the mountain tops lovingly, and betokened heat and fine weather for the morrow. All around slumbered majestic, and seemingly unchanging mountains; to the left the awesome pinnacles of the Dents du Midi, steel blue and orange, hard in their outline; behind, the long flattened form of the Tour Salieres, and further west the rounded ice-clad summits of The Grand and Petit Ruan, veiling the Queen of Europe the Mont Blanc. On a grassy bank 8,000 feet above the level of the sea, and looking down directly upon the chaos of sliding slates, bare rocks, and snow patches that form the Northern end of the lower Valley of Susanfe, sat a small group of people of different nationalities, come thither after an infinitude of pains and fatigue to gather Edelweiss. Two of them had moved a little apart from the rest; one a small man of some fifty years sat alone upon a pile of slates looking straight before him towards a half-melted snow patch; the other, a young girl, was in the snow patch amusing herself by snow-balling a small boy, busy arranging his little bunch of Edelweiss. The man, a Roman by birth, with clear cut eagle features, dark curling hair, and whose usual expression was one of complete boredom, was looking at the girl with an expression of absorption so complete that it seemed as if his very existence depended upon his having her there before him. The girl, on the contrary, was oblivious of all things save her snow-balling. She was a radiant creature, golden haired, blue-eyed, alert, vigorous—but what attracted more than her outward appearance was a curious atmosphere of intense and overwhelming joy that always seemed to radiate from her, and to influence those around; a joy so great, so surprising, that it acted as a healer upon all who needed healing, and it was the knowledge of this that made the small man say aloud from time to time as he watched her, as if to emphasise the impression that everyone felt: "She is the Spirit of Pure Joy, and one lives again and renews one's life in her presence."

I sat down by the border of the snow patch and watched too. I agreed, but only in half, with what my friend the Roman said, for I knew within me that the girl was not the Radiant Spirit himself but only one of his many mediums in this sad world: and then, I shut my eyes to things external, and opened them to the land where exist only the real and the eternal, and soon there came and stood before me, as so often he had done before, the most glorious of all the Celestial Hierarchy, the Spirit of Pure Joy. In the beginning, when the Lord God spake, and by the vibrations of his perfect voice, created the Visible Universe, this Spirit worked to accomplish the Divine Will: he it was who attuned the Morning Stars so that they "sang together" their pæon to their Creator. He wandered ceaselessly over every portion of the New Creation, awaking delight in every sentient creature, harmonizing, perfecting, according to the Desire of his Divine Master. He pervaded Eden: all day and all night his wings of golden transparency carried him hither and thither in that enchanted garden. His influence called forth song from the lily-throated Eve, and made the plumage of the lordly peacock to glow and quiver with a thousand hues. He it was who taught the nightingale his love-song, and the turtle dove her soft cooing, he awakened the pure delicacy of the lily, and the blushes of the roses, to each perfect sunrise. In the early days he had another name that men have now well-nigh forgotten. He was called Harmony, for he attuned everything to the Divine Laws that govern the Universe and made them seem just and good to all.

Lucifer hated him from the beginning, because there was no pride in him. How can pride dwell in one who had his birth in the Heart of God, and who saw only His Glory? for Joy is the Spirit that rises nearest of all to his Heavenly Creator. Lucifer, his enemy, chased him from Eden, and replaced him by the Monster, Chaos, and, since that time, he has wandered ceaselessly among the children of men, mostly unknown and unheeded, manifesting himself only to those souls capable of understanding him, and of trying to spread his influence among the sad and sorrowful around them, for he never visits those who would try to keep his benefits for themselves alone.

I looked again and again at Joy, fearful lest this Radiant Spirit should leave me before again I should have time to take in to the fullest limit of my poor capacity the vision of his Celestial Glory. He is a very tall Spirit, wrapped from head to foot in a quivering garment of transparent gold. His wings, which fan the atmosphere around into a tingling, penetrating force of delight, are of ruddy gold, mingled with pearl; and his face, like that of the Blessed Virgin, who by the rocks of Massabielle gladdened the eyes of humble Bernadetta, is eternally young, perfectly beautiful, and yet, having the knowledge of the ages engraved on its immaculate beauty. Beyond that, I cannot describe him, because I have not, alas! the pen of the angels, and words fail me.

Even as I looked, he vanished, and I sat still wondering and meditating on all he had ever told me of himself and the qualities he looks for in those humble ones of the earth to whom from time to time he manifests his presence.

They must be entirely without pride, because pride is the sin that alienates the most from God, and Joy lives in the heart of God. They must never hurt by word, thought or deed any living creature because then only can their conscience be clear, and Joy comes only to those of a pure conscience. They must and this is the hardest of all have suffered so greatly that they count all earthly things as nought, and have all their minds fixed on things Eternal, because Joy himself is Eternal, and will exist when all things worldly shall have faded. They must not seek to keep his blessed life-giving influence for themselves, but spread it out abundantly to all the needy, else Joy, mounting on his golden wings, will pass rapidly from them, and his return will be slow, and long awaited even by those who hitheto accounted themselves among his favourites.

And to all those who doubt, and believe not these words I will say again that I, though all unworthy, have seen him many times, and that he is waiting beside every living man ready to manifest himself when he can be understood; and to those elect who will give him the best and longest welcome, he will teach the reason of his coming -to put the whole World again into Harmony with the will of God, for which purpose alone it was created. Then, in that far future, Joy, chief of all the Spirits, will o'ershadow the whole Universe with his mighty wings, and carry to Heaven the songs of those who, even in this land of exile have been told to "Rejoice in the Lord always, and again . . . . rejoice!"

Waiting.

By R. Lucifer.

(University of Benares.)

Wait, wait!
In the bower:
Rest thy heart,
Soft as a flower.
The master's come—
With sweet dower
And handsome,
For thy part—
At the gate.

Mrs. Goodwin Hart.

By Ethel Rolt-Wheeler.

THE interview was at an end. Alaric Kennedy, author, had agreed to supply Goodwin Hart, publisher, with so much matter for publication in book-form,—with so many sketches of life out west at so much per thousand: indeed notes of a somewhat lengthy arrangement lay drawn up on the table. Kennedy rose, shook himself a little: he hated these transactions and the publisher had driven a hard bargain. Still, the Goodwin Hart firm was said to be the most enterprising in the business: and Kennedy had not lived for the greater part of his life in America without knowing how to look after his own interests. He was American in appearance, lean, tall, with pointed beard of fair hair turning grey. He had taken the imprint of his newspaper experiences rather than of his cowboy existence: he was pale, there was a criss-cross of lines about his eyes denoting wit, and his glance was keen if a trifle short-sighted. He was dressed with the greatest precision, indeed, his immaculate freshness had made Hart a little doubtful about the spotlessness of his own linen. Hart was an excellent business man, but Kennedy's perfect ease, his wealth of allusion, the pointed epigrams that seemed inevitable in his talk, made the publisher feel socially at a slight disadvantage.

"Very well, then," said Kennedy briskly. "I think all the points have been discussed. You'll send me the agreement to sign?"

"Certainly—to-day," said Hart. He was a well-built man with high colour and black hair and moustache.

"By the way," said Kennedy with a slight change of manner, "I see you publish Nina Davenport's books?"

"Yes," answered Hart.

"Can you give me any tidings of her? I ask as an old friend. She and my sister were school-fellows. But I have'nt heard of her since I left England twenty years ago."

"I can certainly give you tidings of her. She is Mrs. Goodwin Hart."

"Your wife?"

The publisher bowed.

Kennedy did not show the astonishment he felt. He gave Hart a penetrating glance. The man was certainly handsome of the showy type,—good hair, good teeth, good skin, good eyes,—Kennedy apprized them as he would have apprized the points of an animal. Had that been enough to take the fancy of Nina? Perhaps: for the Nina of twenty years ago had not been quite a lady. But this fact which Kennedy had used continuously to keep down old regrets and old memories suddenly lost its importance when confronted with Nina's husband. The man was common, coarse in grain, clumsy in perception, made blind and deaf by commercialism. Beside these real defects Nina's harmless lapses of taste, her high-spirited tactlessness, her craving for admiration, for sympathy, faded into their true insignificance. She had been bewilderingly pretty in those old days with her fluffy fair hair and her wide blue eyes and her willowy figure. Some quality of strangeness, an unexpected freshness in her views gave her personality a delicate distinction, and redeemed her writings from their fault of over-sentimentality. She and Kennedy had been real friends, drawn together by live interests and intellectual enthusiasms: until at the last he became aware of a dangerous emotion that began to thrill through their intercourse. Quietly, courteously, almost instinctively he withdrew: something a little cloying in her femininity hurt his fastidious taste: some pressure of subtle demands upon him seemed to threaten his independence. He saw her wane a little in radiance: he guessed at the pathetic courage with which she supported their meetings: but he held himself blameless and believed the unwilling hurt he had done was rather to romance than to passion. Nina was a hopeless idealist, he knew, and Kennedy shrank from bringing the disillusion that must come with reality. He left England soon after this incident, but to his astonishment Nina's image persisted, recurred, shone exquisite in comparison with every other woman he met, developed with the years revealing latent traits of loyalty and sincerity, fine edges of character, fragrances of nature, that wounded him and dazed him with his loss. So that a weapon of defence became necessary against these old memories: and none had so much salutary sting as the thought that she was not quite a lady. Kennedy was no snob: he had mixed freely with all sorts and conditions of men: but he had taken to proclaim somewhat loudly that every class like every nation, has its own peculiar standards, its own unalterable instinctive codes: and it only now occurred to him that he had insensibly adopted this opinion solely in justification of his abandonment of Nina. But surely she herself had been unwise to ignore so completely the subtleties of class distinction.

"Your wife? This is very interesting news to me," said Kennedy, returning a little way into the room. "I did not know my old friend was married."

"We have been married ten years," Hart replied, a trifle flattered by the curiosity of the dandified American. "I may say that the firm owes its initial success to Mrs. Goodwin Hart's novels. They have been growing in popularity by leaps and bounds, and my wife is very prolific. We turn out two or three long books of hers in the year."

"Indeed? In the old days, if I remember right, Nina Davenport used to be rather a slow worker. The music and rhythm, even the simplicity of her prose were the result of excessive labour. But of course the practised hand . . . ."

Hart shook his head. "My wife thought it advisable to abandon her early style. There was no money in it. She would get occasional first-class notices in the literary press which nobody reads, but the big dailies ignored her. I think I may say that Nina Davenport only found herself as Mrs. Goodwin Hart. The super-cultured pretend to despise her recent books, but they reach the throbbing heart of the people: and that I hold is the true test of greatness."

Kennedy pursed his lips. He was inclined to the opinion that the greatness of a book is in inverse ratio to the amount of its circulation. Why had Nina deserted her old ideals? how had she been induced to forego the fastidious beauty of her style--that unique and individual beauty that had set her work in a shrine apart? With what motive had she entered into the race for popularity? Had she grown worldly? or--and at the thought Kennedy's face flushed faintly was this man exploiting her for his own benefit?

"I am very glad to hear of your wife's success," said Kennedy.

"Perhaps," said Hart, "perhaps you would care to come to one of our Monday evenings. We generally have rather an interesting crowd. Mrs. Hart has a wonderful gift of getting really first-rate talent in her entertainers,—all gratuitous of course,—and nowadays people that count have to be lured to At Homes by special attractions."

"Thank you," said Kennedy. "Yes, I should like to come. Your wife must be a busy woman indeed, if in addition to her writing she leads an active social life."

"Its necessary to her circulation--to the circulation of her books, I mean," Hart replied, "there's nothing like keeping your name before the public. A par: here, a par: there does wonders. Indeed nowadays no business is thoroughly successful that has not its flourishing social side."

"Mrs. Hart enjoys it?"

"Well—Mrs. Hart is very domestic,—very home-loving: I find it increasingly difficult to move her from her own hearth. Then she is not quite as active as she was—did you say twenty years ago? She has grown a trifle—just a trifle—stout. I am—a great many years younger than my wife, and of course I do all I can to save her unnecessary fatigue."

Kennedy's face remained a mask, but he grew hot with indignation. Why had Nina married this cad? Could she care for him? Hart was good-looking, he reminded himself again, good-looking of a coarse type highly antipathetic to Kennedy. Such men, however, he understood were often attractive to women, and Nina, idealist that she was, might have mistaken his self assertion for strength, his bumptiousness for will-power If he were to meet her again, to divine her unhappiness, it would reopen the old wound perhaps past cure. If on the other hand he were to find her no longer the Nina of his dreams, but stout, comfortable, commonplace, a little worldly, a little shallow, it would remove a scarce acknowledged but lifelong regret. And this after all was the more likely alternative. She had chosen Hart and the world he lived in with fairly mature eyes: she had adapted herself with apparent ease to the mode of existence he prescribed: and Kennedy began to suppose that his sense of her inalienable personality sprang merely from his desire to keep intact the one romance of his life.

"I must not take up your time any longer," Kennedy remarked.

"Here is my private address," said Hart—it was a good address in Mayfair. "I will tell my wife to expect you next Monday."

Hart shook himself with a sense of satisfaction after the door had closed. In the latter part of the interview he had recovered the ground lost during the business transaction. Kennedy had evidently been smitten by Nina in the old days,—obviously envied her present happy possessor. It was curious what a lot some people thought of Nina. She had been unusually quiet and pale for the last few weeks, and Hart hesitated for a moment as to whether he should give up his intention of taking some girls to a music-hall and spend an evening at home. But Nina's sweetness was rather boring: besides he could get a critique in somewhere of the new dancer. . . .

The telephone bell rang.

" Mr. Goodwin Hart—can I speak to him at once?"

"I am Mr. Goodwin Hart."

"I have got very bad news—an accident—

Hart leaped to the certainty that the news concerned his wife. "Go on."

" I am the Station Master, Abbey Station. A lady run over by the up-train."

"Killed?" Hart knew it.

"Killed."

Hart held the handle of the instrument for a minute, trembling in every limb.

"I will come at once," he said hoarsely. "my wife,—you said my wife didn't you,—was subject to fits of dizziness." The lie was purely instinctive.

He dropped the handle. Numbly, half-consciously he felt there would be a great deal to do. Witnesses would have to give evidence that she swayed on the platform, friends, servants, would have to say that she had been ill, unlike herself. . . .

Then he turned quite grey. How did he know so absolutely, so certainly, that his wife had committed suicide? Why was he already planning elaborate barriers to keep suspicion off himself? He had never been unkind to Nina, that is, brutally unkind: in all those years she had never complained. Nevertheless he felt beyond a doubt that his wife had killed herself. . . . If once the idea of suicide got abroad! He would be pointed at, avoided:

people would conclude that he must have been cruel, tyrannical and worse: his career, the firm, would be wrecked. He must summon all his faculties, must go cautiously. Her death was a real shock to him, but the necessity for immediately settling on a course of action lessened its horror. Nina had always been so considerate so loving, that surely she would never spoil his life by leaving behind her any incriminating letter . . . . he had been neglectful, inconsiderate, but to stamp him as an indirect murderer would be outrageous . . . . Perhaps she had been searched already . . . . He seized his hat . . . . Then slowly he collected himself. He would go first to the station. see the Station Master, the doctor, the porters, if possible the witnesses,—then he would go to the Press Association . . . . . no unauthorized account must leak out. Already the order of events shaped themselves in his mind, the nerve-strain of writing her last book,— an attack of hysteria, accompanied by a giddy seizure: already the obituary paragraphs took shape, with himself and the firm looming large behind them. All could be explained, satisfactorily explained,—if there were no letter. The thought of a letter made him white with fear and only the feeling that delay might be fatal to his purpose drove him at last on his errand. She had left no letter.

"Tragic End of a Famous Novelist": "Fatal Accident to Mrs. Goodwin Hart": "Dizziness Leads to Death": on every hand such head-lines in various phraseology assailed Kennedy's eyes. In the evening papers accounts appeared that to Kennedy's mind contained a suspicious fulness of detail, an indelicate obtrusion of the husband's grief. In the papers of the following morning, the vulgarity of advertisement had gained full swing. There were eulogistic biographies and numberless photographs of the authoress and her husband in their town house, in their country house, in motoring, yachting, fancy costume: over all the accounts the firm stood solid, and Mrs. Goodwin Hart's personality was built on a framework of circulations and prices.

The ugliness of it all, the sordid materialism which made the cruel death of a woman an excuse for strident trumpeting, brought before Kennedy as nothing else could have done, the conditions of Nina's life. Nina, the idealist, the purist, fastidious in imagination, delicate in taste, prodigal only in affection : surely her existence set in these blatant surroundings which pursued her even to death, must have been an hourly torment. Her image shone before him with a vigour it had never possessed before,—a thousand and one significant traits of her flashed to memory. With her husband's repulsive personality still obsessing him, Kennedy could not but know that she had chosen the quickest way of escape from an intolerable burden : nor could he refuse to acknowledge his own responsibility in this last tragedy. For in the beginning it was he who had loosened her ship from its moorings and left it to drift at the mercy of wind and wave, easy to the capture of the first marauder; and in its wreck his own treasure had gone irretrievably down,—all the joy and the peace that in the old days a strong and unselfish love would have brought to him.

Radhka.

By Miss A. deMello.

I HAD seen Radhka on several occasions after a morning's shoot among the Simla hills and had even exchanged greetings with her once or twice, and whether it was because of something in the way she carried herself or something in the way she looked keenly into my face as I spoke to her, I one day felt impelled to ask her to tell me her name and all about herself.

We were standing among the fields at the edge of the forest when she began:

My name is Radhka.

Sahib, my home lies over those hills to the south there. I have never known father nor mother. My earliest recollections are of four brothers all very much older than myself, and one of about the same age for whom I had an inordinate affection.

Sahib, it is not good to give all one's love to one. One always suffers for it some time and the greater the love, the greater will be the suffering.

My favourite brother Nunthia and I spent most of our time looking after the house, a few cattle and a little vegetable garden. My older brothers only come home for their meals and sometimes stayed out for days at a time, hunting the wild animals of the forest for their furs which they took into the town once in a month to sell.

One day when we were fairly grown up as Nunthia and I tended the cattle in the meadow, an old man in a bright yellow robe with beads around his neck suddenly came upon us.

He showed us his empty begging bowl and we gave him milk and bread and let him rest awhile in our house.

The food having revived him the old man looked keenly into my brother's face and began to speak. We had never heard much of religion in those days, so when the old man eloquently expounded to us the great theories of his religion it struck us with all the force of novelty and my brother was soon after convinced that he should become a *chela* of the great man, leave his home and wander forth wherever it pleased Providence and his servant—the *jogi*—to lead him.

Until that moment I had been quite interested in the *jogi's* exposition, but when it struck me that in gaining these new ideas I might lose my brother, I completely changed my point of view, argued with the old man, tried to find fault with his theories and ridicule his conception of our duty in life.

My brother sat quiet for a little, surprised and annoyed with me, then he stood before me and spoke :

" My sister, I have decided to follow this holy man and shall leave here with him an hour's time else I know that my brothers if they return home will detain me. If thou wilt prepare for both of us some few *chuppatties* to take with us on our journey, thou wilt earn both our gratitude and the blessing of this great, almighty Being of Whom we have hitherto heard so little, but in Whom I am sure we shall in the future find a most powerful friend."

I wept and stormed and implored Nunthia not to go, or to take me with him if he did but he was immovable.

" We are men, sister, and thou art but a child-woman, thou cannot come with us. Thou wouldst be but a hindrance and a burden." This from one to whom I had given all, and for whom I was willing to leave all and go to the ends of the earth asking for no return but to be allowed to serve him and his new found friend.

With my eyes swimming in tears and my heart breaking I, however, set to work to bake the bread for him and while I baked my brain began to work.

Stay behind without him! Stay behind and slave for my selfish elder brothers, to be left alone all day and often at night and for days at a time! Ah no! I must go too—but how? . . . . Plan after plan arose in my mind and by the time the bread was ready, my scheme was also fully formed.

The *jogi* and his *chela* left in the hour's time and some hundred yards behind them, clad in a poor hillman's old garments with hair hastily and untidily out-short and a tiny bundle on her shoulder strutted the *child* they believed they had left behind them!

At this point Radhka threw up her head and her bright eyes flashed as she sent a ringing yet somewhat ironical laugh echoing up the hillside. Then her eyes grew dark and clouded and her laugh died out quite suddenly as she glanced round her towards the slate-covered hut which was now her home. I understood that look. Her old mother-in-law lived within and much would be made of her laughing and talking with a stranger—even though an English Sahib. I walked further away under the trees and she followed slowly, stooping once or twice as if engaged in her work of weeding the fields. Under the shadow of the friendly pines she straightened herself and looking me full in the face continued her story.

Sahib, night found us in the midst of the deep forest with no protection from the wild beasts but the small fire the *jogi* and his *chela* lit to scare them away but as I did not dare to approach, I had to hide in the shadows quite a distance away, my teeth chattering with cold, and an agony of fear for the first-time in my life clutching my heart.

During that hideous night, starless and formless as it was under the trees; stirred and shaken as I was in my new sorrow, and roused as I was by my first experience of fear, the impression half-unconsciously made on me by the *jogi's* talk of a Divine Protector was deepened and strengthened enabling me in the end to gain almost complete calmness while I drew stealthily nearer the light cast by the flickering fire beside which the two others ate and prayed and rested.

Dawn glancing swiftly and silently through the slumbering forest found me very tired and almost frozen but quite as determined to continue my journey as soon as the two men should.

Sahib, a woman is born to suffering. I shall not complain of all the troubles and difficulties and manifold dangers which beset me on that fateful journey across the hills. I can recall every trifling detail of it after all these years as if it were part of a lesson learnt by heart, but I should take up too much of the Sahib's time if I attempted to describe it. I shall pass on to the more important events that followed, since the Sahib is kind enough to be interested in my story.

Sahib, I have travelled half over India, alone and unprotected except for my disguise, which as soon as possible I perfected so that my own brother should not know me.

Sometimes I obtained my daily food from the charity of others, at other times I obtained it as payment of my own hard labour. But always, my one thought was to follow my faithless brother, to see him daily, to feel him constantly near me, and to live in the unwearied hope that some day soon he should miss me or need my loving care and then—Ah then'!—I should forget all the misery I had gone through, as we journeyed gaily back to the dear old home of my childhood where we had been all in all to one another.

Sahib, is it not strange that Love should always have its root in Hope and that Hope should be so hard to kill? Cut down Love's branches even before they have time to bud or flower; cut them again and again with neglect, cruelty, misfortune, abject misery or entire separation: as long as Hope lives it will continue to send forth new shoots into the sunshine of existence.

"Go forth"! it never ceases to say—"seek Joy. Life will not always be thus. Take courage and rise and some time some where you must attain perfection. You shall have both flowers and fruit in abundance. You shall for ever reign supreme- for you are Love and Love is the mightiest power in Heaven or on Earth, in the present or in all the ages to come!"

"You are right, Radhka," I interrupted, "I also have known Love and Hope. They are my constant companions. I also have taken them all over India with me, striving vainly to kill both with endless distraction. I have been defeated. I cannot close my eyes at night but I can see the face of my Beloved; can hear her voice; can long to take her in my arms and crush her lips to mine; can hope and hope again that some time where we shall meet again and know a perfect union.

"Radhka, why have you wasted so much of your young life and love on a mere brother? You might have bestowed half that on a handsome lover and perhaps been less unhappy!"

Her eyes filled with tears. She raised her hands in graceful abandonment above her head.

"God," she cried "why do we love at all—we women? We get nothing in return for it—nothing! We love our brothers—and they desert us for their men friends; we love our sons—and they neglect us for their sweethearts; we love our husbands—and they care not, so long as they are fed well and properly looked after!"

Sahib, I had a lover, but alas! he became my husband, and his mother takes care that he has very little chance to waste any affection on me! However, let me continue my story."

We arrived at last at a great city on the eve of a popular religious festival, I managed to be employed as a helper in the grand preparations. The *jogi* and his *chela* were hospitably welcomed by every body and I saw very little of them till the next day amid the general rejoicings.

In the evening a torch procession was held, and as seems usual in these cases there was a great deal of excitement especially as it proceeded. I followed among the crowd at the rear and so missed seeing what suddenly happened in front.

Sahib, there were angry words, blows and before long bloodshed and the young *chela* who interfered was killed---is it necessary to tell you he was my brother? . . . .

Order was restored, the crowd had almost dispersed when I was able to approach and then as I gazed down at the bloodstained face before me, I uttered a loud shriek and fell senseless to the ground . . . .

Radhka's eyes were full of horror as she related the circumstances that led to her brother's death, and even after all these years she fell to weeping bitterly when she came to this part of her story. I let her weep. To me sorrow is always sacred. The story could wait. She did not keep me waiting long. Suddenly she startled me with the question spoken unfalteringly even through her tears:

"Sahib, did I tell you that I was very beautiful in those days?"

I replied instantly:

"Radhka, you did not, but you are beautiful still. Do you not know that?"

Her eyes lighted at that for a moment then she said sadly:

"What does it matter? There is no one to see it, no one to care, while every day's worry and torment but tend to destroy it. Let me tell you, Sahib, what my beauty did for me in those days."

As I lay senseless there in that public place, having raised intense curiosity not only by my woman's scream and woman's weakness, I was stripped of my disguise and then arose a heated argument as to what should be done with me, ending in a deadly contest between two of the wildest and wickedest spirits of the city. In the mêlee, however, the police intervened and I was carried to the police-station where I was attended to and afterwards questioned as to my identity and the reasons for my disguise in male attire.

I answered these questions truthfully to an Indian Inspector of Police who, however, treated the matter as a huge joke and asked me what profession I intended to follow in the future. I replied that I would earn my living working with both my hands till I should earn enough to take me back to my own home. He laughed and said I should find it rather difficult but was kind enough to order my release.

O Sahib, I need not tell you what was then my pitiful fate! Friendless and penniless in a great, unfamiliar city, my beauty robbed of its disguise made me the prey of every unruly passion of man imaginable. I made my temporary home with one woman after another all the lowest of the low--because no respectable woman would take pity on me--and I was desperately contemplating taking my own life when I at last found a friend and a protector.

He was the God I had heard the *jogi* but once speak of, but the impression once made on me remained indelible.

In the midst of a terrible struggle with a despicable ruffian, panting and frightened and ashamed, I gave utterance to my first real prayer.

"God"—I cried gazing into the hideous face of His rebellious creature—"save me from this fiend—save me for Thy mercy's sake!"

No cry for human aid could have brought a swifter answer.

At that moment a great sturdy English lad bore down upon us. With stout kicks and blows he sent my persecutor flying into the gutter, than turned and spoke to me.

Sahib, I told him in a few words my pitiful tale and with his eyes burning with indignation and his heart full of pity for me in my misery, he told me to follow him. Remounting his horse which he had left close by, he rode out of the city into the European quarter of the town.

Weary and sore from my encounter, yet full of hope and gratitude I struggled on till we came at last to the gates of a large white house.

Here we entered and proceeded up a shady drive till we both stood under the porch and bidding me to wait he dismounted and strode up the steps into the house.

I waited patiently yet fearful lest my protector fail to obtain shelter for me and I be driven back to the dreadful city—but no! God had befriended me. He had heard my cry. He would not forsake me!

It was even so.

I was taken to the servants' quarters, an outhouse was given to me and I was installed as an under-servant to the ayah to help, wash, dress and look after three children, take them for walks and be of use generally in the house, particularly to the big Miss Sahib. Her brother, who had been my saviour I seldom saw but I remembered him, and for his sake tried to do my best for the others.

For the first time since I left home I knew a little comfort and peace but my heart still ached for the loss of my brother and I often yearned for the beautiful hills and forest of my childhood's home.

Sahib, beauty is truly a terrible thing. Before long, even here I learnt it was to be my curse.

Jealous of the influence I began to obtain among the other servants, the head-ayah carried all sorts of false complaints of me to the mistress, till I was dismissed. The big Miss Sahib, however, who had taken a fancy to me gave me what she called a certificate with which I secured another appointment.

It was the same story however wherever I went, either I was dismissed through someone's jealousy or I obtained dismissal to avoid molestation. Then, Sahib, at last I had a stroke of good fortune. One of the great ladies by whom I was employed took me up to the hills with her, to look after her two children.

O the joy of it! They were not my hills, but the very sight of the familiar heights and depths, lights and shades, silver streams and spreading forests was refreshing to me, while the far-off rushing sound of a stream or the scent of the pine thrilled me as much with their sweetness as with the never-to-be-forgotten memories they awakened.

Radhka's voice grew still for some moments while her eyes wandered slowly from the narrow silver ribbon of the stream rushing away down the valley, from the vivid brightness of the fields at her feet, from the dark shadow of the rich pine forest above her way to the misty lines of the green and purple hills beyond.

Was it the soul of a poet or artist who gazed at these with such tense rapture in the face of this mountain-born maiden? Could I doubt that she loved all this as much as—nay, more than the cultivated dames who came up here to get away from the heat of the plains and enjoy a round of gaieties in the cool of a perfect climate? I looked around me; the sun was speeding away to the west, though it was not yet the glorious sunset hour. Then I looked back at her face—Yes, she was ready to continue and finish her story, she said, it was getting late.

Sahib, it was here at these very hills I met the lover who was soon to be my husband. Although I would have loved to see my own old home again, I knew that I should never be able to go there, that it would be impossible to live there without my brother Nunthia, even suppose my elder brothers were willing to have me back for their own selfish purposes. So I contented myself with the many familiar beauties of the hill-sides and longed to have a home of my own.

Thus, Sahib, it should have been quite easy for any simple hillman to have won me for his wife—yet somehow mine was always a wayward heart. It refused to take notice of many a sturdy form and many a willing hand.

Then one eventful day when the sun shone brighter than ever after being hidden for weeks behind the clouds and mists of the rainy season, I was brought with the children down into this valley for what you English call a picnic. The ladies and children paddled down that stream up there while I strolled slowly away from them under these trees and here almost in this very spot—to me still sacred—I met my fate!

Again Radhka paused, her dark eyes glowed. Ah! she could love—this woman! In spite of all her troubles and disillusionment, even now as a married woman she could still feel the thrill and glory of a romantic passion.

I wondered how a man could be unmoved by such vivid personality, such womanly charms, such beauty—for Radhka is still beautiful, not with the rather insipid beauty of girlhood but the mature and dignified beauty of well-defined feature and warm colouring that seldom persists in the ordinary hill-woman, while the graceful lines of her supple form resembled nothing so much as the tall young pine she stood beside and learned her rounded arm against.

"O Radhka, Radhka why were you not born an English maiden, or why was I not born a mountain-man?

I would carry you away to a little house on that hill and forget in your charms that I had ever given my heart to the cold, cruel creature who now reigned therein! With your strong warm arms round me and your eager passionate kisses on my lips, I would have no time to waste my thoughts in fruitless longing for the sight of a young fair face!

"Yes, Radhka, if any could make me forget my Beloved, you could. We should console each other .... Nay, I know that is not true—You and I Radhka can love like this but once. Through joy and sorrow, through storm and sunshine, through life, through death we shall each keep one ideal. None other could bring any but temporary consolation, none other leave any but eternal regret."

Radhka had been watching me closely for some minutes and her eyes expressed a shy wonder. Could she have guessed my thoughts? She glanced away a moment to where the sun was almost setting and then spoke abruptly:

"Sahib, the hour is late. I must go but I can tell you the end of my story in a few words."

My lover spoke to me. His voice and face and looks were different from any others I had yet seen but—wondrous miracle! they were as much like Nunthia's as if the two had been brothers. It did not take him long to tell me he would love me always. It did not take me long to return his love with love. In a short time we met again to part no more. He is married to me, and, Sahib, if I know no other joy, at least I have my memories. No one can take them from me—not even *she* that cat of woman who calls herself his mother! Some day soon perhaps she will die and then .... Radhka broke off abruptly. A stalwart figure swung down the hillside. A strong voice rose in strange weird singing. The sun had set. Great masses of gold and purple clouds hung above the horizon. Radhka's retreating form hastened towards her slate-covered dwelling, Her husband's followed hers. I remained for a moment or two among the shadows, thinking and wondering. How strange life is! How little we know of the inner lives of others! How little we realize the hidden romance that often lies behind even a commonplace-looking face! I saw a light shine out from Radhka's hut.

Then I shouldered my gun and slowly mounted up the hill.

Psychology of Affairs.

By Sheo Prashada Mathur.

(Continued from the February issue, page 74.)

Tragedy of Power.

Power in the hands of weaklings who are denied a spacious practical vision—even though they are well-meaning and have the best of intentions—brings anguish both to them and to those who have to do with them They cannot see at what point precisely the matter hinges and, in trying to provide for all possible eventualities, end by making a muddle. The most unfortunate aspect of the affair, however, refers to the way they deal with men and to the fact that the art of *Mardum Shanasi* is a sealed-book to them. In their anxiety to keep well informed about men and things in their jurisdiction, they encourage designing story tellers and tale bearers and pave the way for intrigue. Not that a strong man is not in touch with affairs. If anything he has a greater grasp of these than the weakling. But he keeps the busy no-bodies at an arm's length. The weakling is also unfortunate in dealing with his subordinates. To inspire fear, he tries to keep the screw tight on all — without much discrimination. This tends to operate harshly. For the confirmed evil doer is too wary to be caught and he plies his nefarious trade with impunity. His weaker brethren are caught and go to the wall. As to these latter, the strong administrator would generally let them alone or take only mild action against them. But if he ever happens to catch any one of the hardened tribe, he would show them absolutely no quarter and make an example of them. A weak administrator's indiscriminate severity has the effect of cooling the enthusiasm of quiet unostentatious workers, while blatant individuals of the talk-much-and-do-little variety have an easy time of it.

Vagaries of Power.

It is true that administrative requirements sometimes demand that even a steady worker should at times be snubbed. But such occasions are few and far between. On the other hand, those refractorily inclined need sometimes to be treated with what has been called a show of authority. I refer to the sort of thing that is, *e.g.*, in Shakespeare's *The Taming of the Shrew*—*minus* of course the touches of delightful absurdity that are in the play. Sometimes the administrator is impatient of fools and underlings. Whatever be their occasion, the vagaries of power have become proverbial. In the *Gulistan* of Sadi, the kings are said to be a cranky lot. *Gáhey basalámey biranjand va gáhey ba dushnámey khilat dehand.* Sometimes they get angry if you pay them homage and sometimes they grant you robes of honour if you call them names. In Hindi also we have *Raja jogi agin jal inki ulti reet.* Raja, Yogi, Fire and Water, strange are their ways. The response and behaviour of a ruler has generally been regarded as a matter of uncertainty.

The Administrator as Artist.

For sometimes he stands like a schoolmaster in the playground, without sport and without pleasure, firm and sullen, slow and awful. Sometimes he is all bark and no bite. At one moment he is generous and sumptuous, at another sordid. Now he is animated and is again all repose. At times he is cynic, his playful cynicism irradiating all his work. The one rule with him is to be infinitely various; to interest, to disappoint, to surprise and yet still to gratify; to be ever changing, as it were, the sticth, and yet still to give the effect of an ingenious neatness. For the neatness of the fabric must not suffer or the artist has been proved unequal to his design. He is of course hedged in by rules and regulations. But it is in working within limits that the master reveals himself. Limitation is the very condition of any art. It is the administrator's opportunity: to observe the convention, as the artist observes the formality of the sonnet, yet to make its very restraints a means of greater triumph. As Sir Walter Raleigh observes, "the frame, which to the uninstructed gazer is a mere limitation and obstacle, hindering his wider view of reality, is to the painter the beginning and foundation and condition of all that appears within it."

Romance of Power.

The consciousness of power is a force of remarkable dynamic efficacy. The man in power understands that he is the pivot of the administration. That colors his whole outlook on life. It induces a state of hyper-exaltation and he cheerfully burdens himself with endless responsibility. He is perfectly unmindful of personal danger. He must hold the balance even and he knows no personal discomfort. From of old "divinity doth hedge a kind" and in our present administration, the official hierarchy suggests to us visions of romance and awe, reverence and power—of men of great and dominant personality, of rare gifts of practical efficiency and sleepless energy—cheerfully toiling for a great common purpose. To young India they are only "sunburnt bureaucrats"—these "tin gods of Simla"—a race of unimaginative people jealously exclusive in the matter of official caste. But ast he young Indian's experience of affairs broadens and deepens and the intensity of his political idealism is sobered, he will appreciate how fundamental and inalienable is the part of the Indian Civilian in the making of modern India.

Conclusion.

In fact, it is my belief that as young India grows wise and sober, she will be drawn more and more to the Indian Civilian for inspiration in affairs. He comes of a stock the tradition of which is saturated with concentrated race-experience. His is a type of well-knit perfection in affairs. He and his ken have worked to build up an Empire which has in it the potentiality of highest synthesis as well as the germs of world liberation. What is more, the Empire promises to have steadiness and stability. The guarantee for these lies in the character of

Englishmen; brown with health, full of animation and country colour, and with an entire absense of that overpowering sense of the mere business of life (found in such abundance among the Germans) which induces a tension too great to endure and which is the direct antithesis of the sporting English race, its flexibility, its lightness and its grace. Speaking of the English public schoolboy, Ian Hay says, "like most things British, he is essentially a compromise. He is a type, not an individual; and when the daily, hourly business of a nation is to govern hundreds of other nations, perhaps it is as well to do so through the medium of men who, by merging their own individuality in a common stock, have evolved a standard of Character and Manners which, while never meteoric, seldom brilliant, too often hopelessly dull, is always conscientious, generally efficient, and never, never tyrannical or corrupt. If this be mediocrity, who would soar?"

As to the administrator's code of honour to which I referred in an earlier part of this essay, Ian Hay's account of its genesis and growth in the English public schoolboy is interesting. He says: "Among the higher English castes it is not good form to appear deeply interested in anything, or to hold any serious views about anything, or to possess any special knowledge about anything, In fact, the more you know the less you say, and the more passionately you are interested in a matter, the less you 'enthuse' about it. That is the Public School Attitude in a nutshell. It is a pose which entirely misleads foreigners, and causes them to regard the English as an incredibly stupid and indifferent nation.

"An American gentleman, we will say, with all an American's insatiable desire to 'see the wheels go round' and get to the root of the matter, finds himself sitting beside a pleasant English stranger at a public dinner. They will converse, possibly about sport, or politics, or wireless telegraphy. The pleasant Englishman may be one of the best game shots in the country, or a Privy Councillor, or a scientist of European reputation, but the chances are that the American will never discover from the conversation that he is anything more than a rather superficial or diffident amateur. Again, supposing the identity of the stranger is known: the American will endeavour to draw him out. But the expert will decline to enter deeply into his own subject, for that would be talking 'shop' ; and under no circumstances will he consent to discuss his own achievements therein, for that would be 'side.'" . . . . "He is so frightened of being thought to take a pleasure in his work—he likes it to be understood that he only does it because he has to—and so terrified of being considered egotistical, that he prefers upon the whole to be regarded as lazy or dunderheaded. In most cases the brains are there, and the cleverness is there, and above all the passion for and pride in his work are there; but he perfers to keep these things to himself and present a careless or flippant front to the world." . . . . "What a boy admires most of all is ability—ability to do things, naturally and spontaneously. He worships bodily strength, bodily grace, swiftness of foot, straightness of eye, dashing courage, and ability to handle a bat or gun, or control the movements of a ball, with dexterity and ease. Great emphasis must be placed on the ease." . . . . . "This contempt for the plodder extends also to the scholastic sphere. A boy has no great love or admiration for learning in itself, but he appreciates brilliance in scholarship as opposed to hard work. If you come out top of your form, or gain an entrance scholarship at the University, your friends will applaud you vigorously, but only if they are perfectly certain that you have done no work whatever. If you are suspected of midnight oil or systematic labour, the virtue is gone out of your performance. You are merely a 'swot.' The general attitude appears to be that unless you can take or appear to take an obstacle in your stride, that obstacle is not worth surmounting. This leads to a good deal of hypocrisy." . . . . . "They are not really deceitful or pretentious, but they are members of a society in which revealed ambition is not good form. That is all.

"As already noted, these characteristics puzzle the foreigner. The Scotsman, for instance, though even more reserved than the Englishman, is not nearly so self-conscious; and to him 'ma career'—to quote John Shand—is the most important business in life. Success is far too momentous a thing to be jeopardised by false modesty; so why waste time and spoil one's chances by pretending that it is a mere accident in life—the gift of chance or circumstance? The American, too, cannot understand the pose. His motto is 'Thorough.' American oarsmen get their crew together a year before the race, and train continuously—even in winter they row in a stationary tub under cover—until by diligent practice they evolve a perfect combination. Englishmen would never dream of taking such pains. They have a vague feeling that such action is 'unsportsmanlike.' In their eyes it is rather improper to appear so anxious to win. Once more we find ourselves up against the shame of revealed ambition. The public school spirit again!" . . . . "And even when the first years are past and a position of comparative prominence attained, the danger of Presumption is not outdistanced. A boy obtains his House colours, we will say. His friends congratulate him warmly, and then sit down to wait for symptoms of 'side.' The newly-born celebrity must walk warily. Too often he trips. Our first success in life is very, very sweet, and it is hard to swallow our exultation and preserve a modest or unconscious demeanour when our heart is singing. But the lesson must be learned, and ultimately is learned; but too often only after a cruel and utterly disproportionate banishment to the wilderness. Can we wonder that the Englishman who has achieved greatness in the world—the statesman, the soldier, the athlete—always exhibits an artificial indifference of manner when his deeds are mentioned in his presence? In nine cases out of ten this is not due to proverbial heroic modesty: it is caused by painful and lasting memories of the results which followed his first essays in self-esteem." . . . . "A Briton has a great capacity for minding his own business. He dislikes undertaking a responsibility which is not his by right. But persuade him that a task is indubitably and *officially* his, and he will devote his life to it, however unthankful or exacting it may be." . . . . "He is very averse to putting himself forward until he has achieved a certain *locus standi*. A newly-elected Member of Parliament, if he happens to be an old public school boy, rarely if ever addresses the House during his first session. He leaves that to Radical thrusters and Scotsmen on the make. He does this because he remembers the day upon which he was rash enough to rise to his feet and offer a few halting observations on the occasion of his first attendance at a meeting of the Middle School Debating Society. ('Who are you,' inquired his friends afterwards, 'to get up and jaw? Have you got your House colours?') Thirdly he declines upon all occasions, be he scholor, or soldier, or lawyer, to discuss matters of interest relating to his profession; for this is 'shop'". . . . "If he rises to a position of eminence in life or performs great deeds for the State, he laughs his achievements to scorn, and attributes them to 'a rotten fluke,' remembering that that was what one of the greatest heroes of his youth, one Slogsby, used to do when he had made a hundred in a school match.

"If he is created a Judge or a Magistrate or a District Commissioner he is especially severe upon sneaks and bullies, for he knows what sneaking and bullying can be. For the open law-breaker he has a much kindlier feeling, for he was once one himself. He is intensely loyal to any institution with which he happens to be connected, such as the British Empire or the M. C. C., because loyalty to School and House is one of the fundamental virtues of the public school boy." . . . "Finally, all public school boys are intensely reserved about their private ambitions and private feelings. So is the public school man. Consequently soulful and communicative persons who do not understand him regard him as stodgy and unsociable."

Here I must stop. I have tried to co-ordinate and synthetise some of the important factors of the business of life into a philosophy of affairs. My purpose, as I say, is only to stimulate young India's interest in affairs and also to indicate how India can serve to enrich Imperial Synthesis. For it is my belief that Imperialism will be the future creed of India. Just as nationalism is replacing mere sectarian patriotism and our young men like to call themselves Indians first and Hindus, Mahomedans or Christians afterwards, so I look forward to a time when they will call themselves Imperialists first and Indians afterwards. To my mind it is only a question of time. The romance of the Empire is bound to fire the supple imagination of our young men. For the British Empire is absolutely the most unique institution in the history of the world for the enrichment of life and experience. The British Statesman of the modern type is feeling his way through practical experience and in deference to claims which he feels to have moral weight to the conclusion that it is possible for members of different nationalities, varying in language and still more in temperament and in social tradition, to live side by side under one Flag, proud of their common citizenship, eager in its defence, mutually respectful each of other's convictions, and working out by discussion and experiment a fuller and freer conception of national and imperial well-being. "The combination of different nations in one State is as necessary a condition of civilized life as the combination of men and society . . . . It is in the cauldron of the State that the fusion takes place by which the vigour, the knowledge, and the capacity of one portion of mankind may be communicated to another . . . . If we take the establishment of liberty for the realization of moral duties to be the end of civil society, we must conclude that those States are substantially the most perfect which include various distinct nationalities without oppressing them." So wrote Lord Acton, the great Catholic historian, more than 50 years ago when the watchwords of nationalism (and not of inter-nationalism or imperialism) were on all men's lips. He added, "the co-existence of several nations under the same State is a test as well as the best security of its freedom. It is also one of the chief instruments of civilisation; and, as such, it is in the natural and providential order, and indicates a state of greater advancement than the national unity which is the ideal of modern liberalism." * If the State

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* Essay on Nationality in the "History of Freedom and other Essays."

is a body whose perfection consists in the very variety of the functions of its several members, a political organism like the British Empire has never existed on the earth. "Its 433 millions inhabitants, from Great Britain to Polynesia, from India and Egypt to Central Africa, are drawn from every division of the human race. Cut a section through mankind, and in every layer there will be British citizens living under the jurisdiction of British Law."*

When that day comes—when Indians learn to shoulder the burden of the Empire—all race jealousy and heartburning will of itself disappear. For love, service and sacrifice is immeasurably more powerful than agitation for rights or insistence on duty. I also believe that as her experience ripens, young India will be drawn closer to the Indian Civil Service for inspiration in affairs. What is the nature of the offering which India can make for that enrichment of life and experience which is to be the triumph and symbol of Imperial Synthesis? Let us have no illusions about this.. As a race we are perhaps not very much favoured in the matter of a ready acquiring of concrete details. But we are more fortunate in the matter of the imagination—in seeing things ahead or in building up that philosophical theory of things of which concrete details are the basis. Thus young Indians might very well aspire—in order to conserve the imperial purpose—to help in moulding the *foreign policy* of the Empire. For the place of imagination in all fine and difficult work is now getting wide recognition.

But a dexterous training of capacity is not the essence of our genius, and it is also something far other than the service of the country of the Empire. It lies in our supreme duty to ourselves—in the process of self-realization. How India will influence the spiritual culture of the Empire or the world is beyond me to prophesy. We have to wait and see.

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*A. E. Zimmern in "The War and Democracy" (Macmillan).

Journal of Indian Industries and Labour.

(Vol. I, Part 1, 111 pages + 7 pages of illustrations.)

ALL who are interested in Indian industrial questions will welcome the appearance of the new *Journal of Indian Industries and Labour*, the first issue of which has just been published by the Government of India. There is a distinct need for more publications of this kind and it is stated that the journal is to be supplemented by a series of bulletins dealing with special subjects. The journal, as Sir Thomas Holland explains in a foreword, has been started on the unanimous request of Directors of Industries and " in addition to its functions as a bond of union between those who are working towards similar ends in different provinces, it is intended as a medium for communicating to a wider public, within and outside India, information that will assist private enterprise." The first issue gives every reason to believe that it will fulfil the purposes for which it is intended.

Sir Ernest Low who has had a long acquaintance with industry and with the Central Provinces, contributes an article on " The Possibilities of Industrial Development in the Central Provinces and Berar " in which after a survey of the industrial assets of the province and a suggestive discussion of the labour problem he deals with such questions as Government assistance to industries and banking facilities.

Mr. N. M. Joshi contributes a frank and independent article on " Welfare Work in Bombay Cotton-mills," a subject he has made peculiarly his own. We are glad to observe that the journal does not identify itself too closely with the official point of view and that contributions from non-officials are invited.

The article on "Researches in Tanning and the Calcutta Research Tannery" by the Superintendent of the Tannery, Mr. B. M. Dass, gives a full account of the valuable work that the tannery is performing. It is interesting to note that there is a vigorous competition for admission into the tannery, and a keen demand for the services of the men it trains. In pure research too, the results attained fully justify the enterprise. The article is illustrated by plans and photographs, and should stimulate interest in the leather trade, which has boundless possibilities in India.

A research of a different type, but no less practical in its conclusion, is illustrated by Mr. Gadre's article on "Clove Oil" from clove stems. Mr. Gadre is Industrial Chemist to the Government of the United Provinces. His experiments go to show that the extraction of clove oil from clove stems can be profitably undertaken in this country and it is to be hoped that some enterprising firm will make the attempt.

Captain Frankau in a short article on "The Gilt Wire and Tinsel Industry at Burhanpur, Central Provinces," deals with one of the oldest of the smaller skilled industries of India.

Minerals are represented by "Trade Notes on Bauxite" by Dr. J. Coggin Brown of the Geological Survey, who is at present attached to the office of the Indian Trade Commissioner in London. This article—which is one of a series on Indian minerals about to be published in bulletin form—should prove most useful. After a description of the appearance, distribution and uses of bauxite the author turns to trade particulars and deals with grades and specifications, the organization of the markets, prices and the sources of competing supply. There are some useful statistical tables and in conclusion a short discussion of the outlook for bauxite in India.

An interesting discussion of the industrial unrest in Bengal during 1920 is given in "Trade Disputes in

Bengal" by the Director of Industries. The article is supplemented by useful statistics giving particulars of the different disputes with the numbers of men involved and of day's work lost.

Mr. Fyfe in the concluding article on "Industrial Education in Madras Presidency" gives a thoughtful discussion of the reasons for failure in the past, and the conditions necessary for success in this line in the future. It is satisfactory to note that the question is receiving attention, not merely from Government, but from local bodies and private firms, and Mr. Fyfe makes a number of suggestions which should not be ignored by those who are interested in this very vital question.

In addition to the articles, the journal contains Summaries of Industrial Intelligence for the different provinces, and some miscellaneous notes. The provincial summaries are, unfortunately, not complete, but most of the leading provinces are represented. These summaries give a review of industrial activity throughout India, and of the part that Government is playing in industrial development.

The journal is in a handy form, the print is clean, and the paper good. The price for a single issue is Rs. 1-8-0, the yearly subscription (for four issues) is Rs. 4-3-0. Applications for copies should be made to the Superintendent, Government Printing, India, Calcutta, or to agents for Government publications.

EAST & WEST.

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EAST & WEST

April, 1921.

From Cloudland.

The First Session of the New Councils.

As the time for departure draws near, one's mind casts back over this period of the First Session of the New Councils. Doubtless the Press will be full of valedictory remarks on the excellent work of the first sitting -with which we shall agree (especially if our own eloquence has been honoured with special reference!) But we ourselves shall carry away many a mental picture of the personalities among whom we have lived during the past two months, and touches both picturesque and humorous will rise before our minds' eye as we look back to the early days of February when we all arrived from our various provinces, and all dispersed to our various lodgings.

I am afraid that those who were accommodated in Raisina look back with mixed feelings. Their reception was not of the warmest. Cold comfort was provided in those chilly days of the early part of the year, in rooms yet unready, smelling strongly of damp new wood and hardly dry concrete; catering arrangements yet unfinished. Truly the motto of the Government of India, especially the P. W. D., should be short and simple : *Kal* put it in any language you care to always to-morrow never to-day. Let us see to it that this is rectified by the promptitude and diligence of the New Councils. Nevertheless, all very soon settled down into their various quarters, and one has heard very few complaints since the first week or two.

The Growing Unity.

THEN came the Duke's visit and his wonderful speech at the opening of the Councils. There can be no shadow of doubt that this has greatly influenced the tone of the Councils throughout the Session and one hopes that the lesson it taught may long remain the lode-star of all deliberations within the Chambers.

At a very early stage this point was made evident in the discussion on the Amritsar trouble of 1919 and, almost without a dissentient voice, the Assembly decided once and for all to let the dead past bury its dead; and to bury it deep too, so that on no future occasion may any be tempted to resume it, to disinter unhappy memories, or to make live again the dry bones of unprofitable controversy. Thus was the way made clear for further work; and day after day (with a few restful intervals!) the Assembly has met and we have marked the growing oneness and co-operation among the varied races and characters gathered in that dignified room. One has witnessed the development of "the sense of the House." The discussion on the advisability of meeting in Simla gave a vision of a line of possible future cleavage in the House. Shall we call it the Punjab *versus* The Others? or North *versus* South? (The Punjab stands, let us say, for strength and might, Madras and Bombay for wit and wisdom. The two latter have many able legal gentlemen among their representatives. Gentlemen able and accustomed to use their tongues nimbly to express their opinions and wishes. The Northerner knows what he wants, and by Jove! he means to get it—if it means coming down on to the floor of the House and wresting it from his more argumentative confrères!

Strength in Co-operation.

THUS excellently have we all parties and peoples represented. Due to the influence of Non-Co-operation, we have, of course, a large percentage of Moderates in the Chamber this Session. One could almost wish to see a few Extremist representatives, for one cannot but feel that they would soon realise the strength for India in Co-operation. *Union is strength* and it is the union of Right and Might seen in the able representatives of this country, that is going to make these Councils the power in the land one wishes to see them. If the good of their country be really the heartfelt wish of every Member of these Assemblies the minority of Extremists would soon learn the strength of working with other Members, and see the weakness of trying to ride the hobby of a few men with exaggerated views leading only to dissensions and difficulties. A city divided against itself cannot stand. Let us await the day when a united India shall stand firmly and undauntedly on her own feet.

The Lighter Side.

A not unpleasing occupation has been the study of the head-gears of the different representatives in the House. Almost every type prevalent in India are to be seen, only excepting the Gandhi cap, which we begin to suspect is becoming so much of a *rara avis*, that its wearers will be still fewer and more far between in the very near future! But let us consider those we have before us rightly beginning with the Honourable the President himself, who has obviously lately found it extremely difficult to keep his brain as cool as he could wish under his flowing wig of grey. On his left sit the Madras Members in their becoming white muslin turbans. How any Madrassi can ever bring himself to give up his national head-dress surpasses one's comprehension. Nothing short of a halo could suit him so well and wise are those that stick to it until such time as the good God calls him to the Land of Haloes. There they sit with their keen legal faces always endeavouring to catch the speaker's eye, always ready to offer an opinion on any subject under the sun, whether their knowledge on the matter be great or small! On their left we have the Bombay representatives, their front row ornamented by several shining Parsee ceremonial hats; and they in their turn are flanked by the small black caps of Bengal *not* the most becoming of head-gear, although very learned-looking withal. Let us pay a visit to "another place" where we see the huge turbans and dignified head-dresses of the Punjab; the butterfly muslins adorning the heads of the representatives from Central India, and then the silk handkerchief bound round the head of one whose voice resembles the deep booming of the sweet and true tones of a Burmese gong. Finally, we come to the Government benches and here there are no head-dresses. Indians seem to think that on becoming a Member of the Government it is necessary to cast off their national head-gear —a vast mistake to my thinking. Moreover, I think that excess of brain must have a deleterious effect on the growth of hair, for we find the majority of Members on these benches very scantily supplied with this commodity. What a chance for Mrs. Allen or some other quack hair restorer! Cannot anything be done by Ayurvedic medicines for this weakness?

The Upper House.

So far we have mainly considered the occupants of one House. Now let us turn for few moments to the *Other*. (Let us on no account breathe the word *Upper*) in the familiar words of our Honourable Home Member "Rightly or Wrongly" they have not this Session worked so hard as their brethren of the aforementioned Assembly. Nevertheless we have listened to many impassioned addresses from their lips and be they in English, Hindi, Urdu or even Scotch, let us cast no aspersion on the assurance of our Honoured President that each is equally intelligible to all. No discussions in this House have been more interesting than those that marked the close of the Session. Eloquence reached high water-mark in these important discussions and not even the gloom of six *nights* in the House could cloud the brilliance of a debate which emanated from the *dais* and included such thrilling subjects as needles, and crowbars, pierced pearls and the differences or similitude between ladies and traders.

Phonetics.

INDEED, all day it was difficult to follow the phonetic differences. One whom we may call a "Father of Councils" or a "Daddy in the House" created some difference of opinon: Honourable Members seemed doubtful of his status uncertain whether he were a *Mammibay* or a *Daddijee* and he was addressed as either, as the speaker felt disposed!

The Commercial Members were also rather confusing—*is* our leading Commercial Member a Scotsman? One can hardly tell when he gets really interested in the Jutey on dute, and the fate of freights and as for the size of excise on size – it is as far beyond my mentality as the call on all oils.

One got on to simpler ground when the Honourable Member for Government stood up to *cook* his accounts. He stands, he tells us, on high ground; no under-ground basement kitchins for him. But alas! even his exalted position is attacked, we are assured by one who knows that—

In his sleeves which are long
There are 44 lakhs.
Which is coming it strong—
But I state but the facts.

Of course we *set-na* faith in these assurances and Mr. Lalubhai rises, we hope for more soothing statements. But his name bewrays him. He sings no soperific lullabies. He is not one to stick to a postage stamp. He waves the "poor man's flag" and once more returns to the unremunerative task of trying to milk that poor old cow—long since run dry—*Army Reserve Funds*! But Mr. Editor I am taking your time and space. I shall say goodbye and follow the example of one of our Members who left us very early in the Session, the one who went-for-a-gherry—and has never returned.

LOOKER ON.

His Excellency Lord Chelmsford.

By Sardar Jogendra Singh.

It was at Delhi at a dinner given by His Excellency Lord Hardinge that Sir James DuBoulay pointed out to me Lord Chelmsford as an example of patriotic self-effacement. He who had been a Governor had come out as a Captain in a Territorial Force. A man's face is the mirror of his mind and I was struck by the honesty of purpose writ clear in every line of Lord Chelmsford's features. The announcement a few months later of his appointment was received with agreeable surprise or one side and apprehension on the other. Indian opinion was extremely apprehensive that Lord Chelmsford would be a reactionary Viceroy, that he had come in too close a touch with Anglo-Indian opinion to have any faith in new and large policies.

Lord Chelmsford came to the helm at a critical period of India's History. The times were out of joint. The World War had awakened class consciousness and the demand for full self-government was growing. British statesmen realising that men in the mass were moved more by promises of a larger happiness and fuller freedom than by the practical working of the institutions which produced only a faked fruit were loud in their talk of making the world safe for democracy. The war produced many catchwords, ephemeral truisms designed to emphasize a passing phase, to meet immediate political necessity. These in many cases aroused false hopes. Men spoke of national self-determination of a home for heroes of league of nations with an enthusiasm which inspired trust and hope. The task before the Viceroy, therefore, called for clear vision and the highest statesmanship. He was called upon in the name of His Majesty the King-Emperor to make these promises good. Not many months after the appointment of Lord Chelmsford Mr. DeWitt Mackenzie, the representative of the Associated Press in America, interviewed me and what I told him then I have found no reason to change after the five long years of Lord Chelmsford's regime.

Whatever opinions Lord Chelmsford may have entertained before assuming his high office, he immediately set himself to define clearly the goal of British Rule in India. In one of his earliest dispatches he set the problem before the Secretary of State. He has a natural horror of self-advertisement. He does not indulge in using winged words which move hearts but his steady and honest work will some day gain for him the credit which he deserves. He had the satisfaction of securing from His Majesty's Government the definition of the goal as he desired. This great announcement was made in the simplest possible language which so far as I can remember appeared in the *Gazette of India*. I asked Mr. Maffey to surround the announcement with requisite splendour. He agreed with me but when he consulted the Viceroy that natural inclination of His Excellency to court no applause carried the day and the idea was dropped.

Lord Chelmsford continued his work silently and steadfastly undisturbed by praise or blame. He rarely told the people what his hopes and aspirations were. He did nothing to disarm the prejudice under which he had started. That is why all the good work that he has done remains unadvertised, while his mistakes or that of his lieutenants rise in an exaggerated form against him. If all the instances in which he interfered and used his personal influence and authority in favour of popular causes and popular leaders were known a revulsion of feeling would be inevitable. Disappointment would turn to wonder at his achievement. In the matter of the Punjab he was certainly misled and if he had taken immediate action he could have at once restored confidence. I submitted to him how people waited for him at Lahore. I demurred at the reasons which guided him and restrained him from visiting the Punjab. But there can be no question of his anxiety to do justice when the full extent of the happening in the Punjab was known. The Indian personnel of the Hunter Committee is the clearest evidence of his desire to do justice, even though the reputation of his own Government was at stake. And now that he is about to lay down the reigns of his high office he had the courage to speak himself and request H. R. H. the Duke to close the incident by acknowledgment for the past and assurance for the future in such matters. The freedom of speech and action allowed during his reign indicate clearly that his ideals of justice and freedom suffered no eclipse. He is content to be judged by his acts. In the long interview that he gave me over the Punjab affair which I asked his permission to publish. I was deeply touched by his solicitude for the people of the Punjab and his desire to do justice. He would have escaped a great deal of cruel criticism if he had acceded to my request.

The Viceroy of India is autocratic only in name. He can use his authority in negativing fresh proposals more easily than in initiating any direct policy. He is greatly fettered so far as the doing of things is concerned. I had this confession from the lips of Lord Hardinge himself. The Viceroy can very often influence but he can rarely take action himself.

It is easy to ask the Viceroy to interfere in Provincial affairs but it is not easy and even right for him to do so. Lord Sydenham who has become such a strong supporter of the established order was one of the strongest supporters of Provincial autonomy. He resented control from Simla. Autonomy for him, perhaps, meant personal rule. And the Provincial Governors resent strongly any interference from the headquarters. The Viceroy of India has to serve three masters (*i*) the British Parliament; (*ii*) the Indian Services; and (*iii*) the public opinion. The three very often run counter to each other and lack unity of purpose and goodwill. To reconcile all the three and to create a new dynamic force need almost superhuman capacity which rarely gather in a single individual; that is why no Viceroy of India has ever been known to please all parties. But if we look clearly at the achievement of a Viceroy and judge it by its concrete results we shall be compelled to admit that Lord Chelmsford is leaving behind him seedlings which will some day bear rich fruit. At the present moment when the public mind is wholly occupied with the immediate realisation of *Swaraj* and Non-Co-operation has been accepted as the surest method for its attainment, the slow and steady growth of representative institutions which Lord Chelmsford has brought into being do not loom large before the people. They want immediate *Swaraj* and Lord Chelmsford has only given them Councils. But if we look back a few years and take up the Congress Programme we will find that it has been practically carried out by the present Viceroy. The goal of British Rule has been defined as *Swaraj*. Provincial Councillors enjoy popular control. Transferred subjects are administered by Ministers entirely responsible to these Councils. The Legislative Assembly and the Council of State dominate the decision of the Government of India. The entire atmosphere is changed. The responsible Ministers can no longer ignore the expressed opinion of the Council. They have to convince and conciliate and justify their action in open forum. The Councils can refuse supplies and create difficult situations. For the first time elected Members form the majority of the Councils. All the Imperial Services, except the higher ranks in the Army, are being recruited in India and in a few years Indian influence will be predominant in the services. New and residential Universities have sprung up. Indian Ministers sit in the Imperial Cabinet and fiscal autonomy for the first time allows India to raise revenue from Customs and Tariff duties. If the late Mr. Gokhale were to come to Delhi or Simla to-day he would be proud to see his dreams realised. I am not one of those who can be content with the present. I believe that things might be better and ought to be better but I feel that the Viceroy must be given credit for the things he has done.

Lord Chelmsford is not a magnetic personality as a friend the other day remarked, he would rather go to his dentist than stop to explain the motives of his policy. He is a high-minded English gentleman whose work will be judged in the coming years. He has fulfilled his promises and made his word good. The Great Queen's Proclamation has been translated into reality in his régime.

Lord and Lady Chelmsford both are inspired by noble ideals of service. The Viceroy was engaged in working out a scheme of Reform and shouldering the burden of defending India and the Empire from foreign aggression and internal trouble. In the meanwhile Lady Chelmsford devoted herself to the cause of child welfare. The light side of life never appealed to her. Life to her was too serious and the precious hours were not to be allowed to slip by in idle amusement. She knew her mind and found satisfaction in doing good only. She will be long remembered for her child welfare and her interest in many charities. Lord Chelmsford is leaving India without the popular applause and yet no retiring Viceroy has deserved better of India, his labours in the Indian vineyard will bear fruit and bring him the reward of having done his work as a servant of God. The final verdict on his work will rest with history when lapse of time provides the true perspective. History will do justice to his achievement and recognise his earnestness of purpose and the integrity of his political régime. Later generations, we have no doubt, will applaud his prescience and acclaim his triumph over dangers we do not clearly see.

These are the Houses that Jack Built.

By "L."

THESE are the men both muddy and fair
Whom Chelmsford chose to sit in the chairs
Of both the Houses that Jack built.

These are the members who argue before,
And even dare to cross the floor.
While some ask questions by the score,
Of the Parliament man both white and fair
Whom Chelmsford chose to sit in the chair
Of One of the Houses that Jack built.

This is the lot who *were* paid more
And were grudged the title they rightly bore
By those other men who argue before
And even dare to cross the floor
And keep asking questions by the score—
Of the Parliament man—both white and fair
Whom Chelmsford chose to sit in the chair
Of the *Other* House that Jack built.

This is the work—and these are the bills
Proposed to relieve poor India's ills
That have to be passed 'ere we go to the hills
By both the lot that *were* paid more
And also the Members who argue before
And even dare to cross the floor
And keep asking questions by the score
Of the Parliament man—both white and fair

Whom Chelmsford chose to sit in the chair
Of the *Other* House that Jack built.

So let us accept and never amend
Or surely this Session will never end
And we shall be left here—passing bills
When all our friends have gone to the hills
And (in spite of cus-cus over the door)
A pile of cinders and nothing more
Will remain—a memorial to the bore
Of both the lot that *were* paid more.
And also the Members who argue before
And even dare to cross the floor,
And keep asking questions by the score
Of the Parliament man—all white and fair
Whom Chelmsford chose to sit in the chair
Of the *Both* the Houses that Jack built.

The Training in Citizenship.

By F. H. Skrine.

"That, viewing the universal ignorance of the principles which ought to govern the relations between the State and the Citizen and between Capital and Labour, it is essential that instruction in the A B C of Civics and Political Economy should commence in Elementary Schools."

I will preface the remarks I am about to offer by stating the sense in which the words "Civics" and "Political Economy" are commonly used. Each denotes a Science which is still in its infancy. The first concerns itself with the individual's status and duties as a member of organized Society; the second with methods of producing and distributing wealth. History is the bed-rock on which Civics should be built. Rightly regarded, it is the biography of a growing organism. It traces the phases through which a nation's life has passed, emphasizes the glory of an Empire which until recent years gave peace and order to a fifth of the world's population; points a warning finger at the blindness and self-seeking which have often brought this country to the verge of ruin. Very different is the standpoint taken up by most compilers of School Histories. Their work bristles with dates of Kings and Queens, and catalogues the horrors inflicted on mankind by senseless ambition. I do not hesitate to affirm that fifty years of free and compulsory education have failed to give the masses a just idea of the relations which should prevail between the State and the citizen. Many millions of our fellow subjects ignore the patent fact that every right for which they clamour implies a corresponding duty to the land of their birth. It is reckoned a trivial offence to smuggle and evade taxation. Universal ignorance of history's lessons serves to explain the amazing spread of anarchism, which brands the State as an enemy to be fought tooth and nail. Thus it has come to pass that a land where once on a time "freedom slowly broadened down from precedent to precedent" is threatened with a cataclysm which will destroy the precious heritage of an ancient civilization.

Citizenship implies a due regard for the rights and interests of our fellow-creatures; so ethical teaching, which aims at placing custom on a rational basis, should pave the way for a comprehension of the wider sphere occupied by Civics. It is still to seek in the curriculum of our Elementary Schools. The masses have a very vague notion of human solidarity. They do not realise that exorbitant demands inflict widespread injury on others, that a worker who obtains more remuneration than his labour is worth deprives his fellows of opportunity: in plain language he robs them. Anti-social crimes have increased enormously of late. The columns of every newspaper teem with stories of shameless profiteering, robbery, mean pilfering and criminal breach of trust. The Anglican Church Catechism is a sealed book for the majority of children attending Council Schools, but there is sound ethical teaching in the reply it gives to the query: "What is thy duty towards thy Neighbour?" I fully admit that the Catechism reeks of the feudal era, which ranged society in horizontal strata. In our democratic age children should not be taught to "order themselves lowly and reverently towards all their betters, and do their duty in that state of life into which it shall please God to call them." But a manual of ethics brought up to date would be infinitely more useful in after life than text-books imparting knowledge of the Second Crusade, or the century of dynastic warfare with France.

An attempt which I am making, in concert with others, to found a branch of the Workers' Educational Association in Westminster, has revealed an appalling amount of ignorance in the electorate on economic subjects. The hoariest fallacies are circulated by the Labour Press, and taught by the Proletarian School

Movement which began on the Clyde, has spread to South Wales, and is now infecting the London district. I will specify some of the grotesque travesties of economic doctrine which millions accept as gospel truth.

1. Human society is ranged in hostile camps. On the one side stands a parasitic minority styled "Capitalism" or the "Bourgeoisie," who monopolise the instruments of production; on the other an overwhelming majority known as the "Proletariat" who, being served from the instruments of production, are reduced to the status of "wage slaves."

2. The resulting divergence of interest has generated Class War, whose embers must be fanned into a devouring flame.

3. Labour, by which is meant the exercise of the manual worker's thews and sinews, being the sole source of wealth, it follows that the Proletariat should combine against their oppressors, seize the instruments of production, and step into the enjoyment of the wealth which owes its origin to themselves alone.

4. The strike is a legitimate weapon in Class Warfare. Workers have only to "down tools" and the certainty of financial ruin will compel the Bourgeoisie to concede any conceivable demand.

5. Meantime the Proletariat must give the smallest possible return for the wages which they have exacted by threatening to strike. "Ca' canny," *i.e.*, the deliberate limitation of output, is another weapon in Class Warfare, although it is generally camouflaged as flowing from a wish to reduce the volume of unemployment by lowering the standard of production to the level attained by the least efficient worker.

6. Apprenticeship tends to bring Proletarian children into competition with their parents; it is banned by organized labour as a capitalistic device for lowering wages.

7. The ever-growing momentum acquired by existing methods of production must bring about a cataclysm involving the whole structure in ruin. From the general chaos the Proletariat will evolve a régime securing for everyone subsistence according to his needs.

An old Greek philosopher divided mankind into three classes—those who think for themselves, who think as others, and who never think at all. Progress is generated by a handful who stand in the first category, and their number will be swelled by recruits from below when puericulture shall have been placed on a sound basis. Since my hearers have long since learnt to think for themselves I will not insult them by enlarging on economic heresies which are spread far and wide by noisy extremists. But a few words on each may not be out of place. The first thing that strikes one is the exotic character of these dogma, as evidenced by the nomenclature in which they are clothed. As a matter of fact they were first formulated as a body of economic doctrine fifty-three years ago by a German Jewish Bourgeois named Karl Marx, with the object of destroying Gentile dominion.

1. The conception of society ranged in watertight compartments fascinates untutored minds which are incapable of penetrating to the core of things. Class organization is an inevitable result of human nature, and remains in a state of continual flux. Capitalism is fed by recruits from the Proletariat, while its ranks are thinned by the disappearance of wastrels. Eighty years ago Disraeli dubbed the Peerage "Plebeian"; and the process of absorption which began under the Tudor sovereigns has democratized an institution which we owe to feudalism. No European country approaches the Napoleonic ideal of affording a *carrière ouverte aux talents* more nearly than ours. One of the great Captain's maxims was that every private soldier had a Field Marshall's bâton in his knapsack; and it may be said with equal truth that every school child is a potential peer or millionaire. The highest positions

may be reached by anyone who possesses character, initiative, energy and education.

2. Class War spells racial suicide, and he who raises its standard wishes to prolong the nightmare from which civilization emerged two years ago in a more terrible form.

3. Labour, in the narrow sense of the word employed by Karl Marx, is not the only nor yet the chief factor in producing wealth. There is another which he conveniently ignored, namely Direction, which makes manual labour fruitful. The inventive genius, business acumen and organizing power of an élite have quadrupled wages in a century. It is the educator's function to convert as large a proportion as possible of the human raw material with which he deals, into men and women capable of Direction.

4. There are always three parties to a Strike—employers, labourers and consumers, two of whom at least are foredoomed to failure. In the form contemplated by extremists it paralyzes the country's economic life in order to solve some paltry trade dispute. What would be thought of an engineer called in to remedy a trifling defect in machinery, who insisted on stopping the whole outfit for months while he tinkered with his cranks and cogwheels? The Strike is a belated survival from the bad old days when Government forgot that its main function is to protect the weak from ruthless exploitation. It is a peculiarly odious form of blackmail, affecting the very life of millions who have neither art nor part in the quarrel. Why should so clumsy, costly and barbarous a device be brought into play at a time when everyone capable of thinking for himself has realised that Capital and Labour are twin and mutually indispensable forces? Methods of lessening friction between them have long since passed the experimental stage. Of such are the Whitley Works Committees, on which representatives of the supervising staff meet manual workers in order to discuss questions affecting their respective interests.

Such gatherings foster the judicial spirit, serve to explain away the difficulties which must be overcome before a grievance can be redressed, and pave the way for the universal adoption of Co-partnership, which ought, indeed, to be imposed by law on all companies with limited liability. Its bed-rock principles are that—

(*a*) every worker shall receive, *plus* the standard wages of his Union, a share in the net profits of the business in which he is engaged;

(*b*) this additional remuneration shall be invested in the concern, raising the employee to the status of shareholder;

(*c*) as such he shall be entitled to take part in the management, thereby securing a knowledge of business methods and a sense of responsibility which are absent from the wage system.

5. A good deal of water must flow under Westminster Bridge ere the relations between Capital and Labour undergo root-and-branch reform. In the meantime we are faced in the world's markets by the competition of countries with far greater natural resources than we possess. Only by the strenuous labour of all can we repair the fearful wastage of war, and maintain our predominance as the world's bankers and carriers. To lower the standard of efficiency on any pretext whatever is an act of suicidal folly; and most people will agree with Mr. Clynes, who said recently that, if the deliberate limitation of output tended to solve the problem of unemployment, all selvage in the machinery of production would have long since disappeared.

6. Apprenticeship was universal during the age which produced our incomparable cathedrals. After learning the secrets of his craft by hourly contact

with skilled artificers, the apprentice became a journeyman, and might aspire to be Master of his Guild. Full scope was given to the young man's creative genius, and emulation spurred him to excel his fellows in producing things of beauty. His were the "Congenial occupation and sense of progress" which John Bright considered essential to a happy life. In such an environment labour became a joy, and specimens of its fruit which have survived are the envy of our highly mechanized age. Without disparaging the excellent technical schools maintained by the London County Council, I venture to think that apprenticeship under proper regulation would offer a surer foundation for the great industrial commonwealth imagined by Mr. John Burt, in which "the worker shall not be regarded as a beast of burden, in which he shall not be merely a 'hand,' but a heart, a soul, an intellect."

7. It behoves us, however, to make the best possible use of the existing machinery for production and distribution by substituting a spirit of give and take for the heat and fury of battle. With all its defects it is incomparably stronger than in Karl Marx's day. In 1866 just a year before his Communal Gospel appeared British credit was shaken to its foundations by the failure of a single discount company. Perfected methods of transit and communication have made the whole business world "a little more than kin and less than kind." So this country has survived the strain of war on an unprecedented scale, and the approaching conquest of the air will decuple her power of resisting external pressure. Reform is called for, not revolution. The cataclysm of which soap-box orators so glibly prate would be as harmful as an earthquake; and that enormous class which spends its wages without a thought of the future would be the first to suffer. Equally Utopian is the Dictatorship of the Proletariat of which we hear so much. The people will rule when they are fit to hold the sceptre; and the millennium so ardently awaited by idealists will dawn only when every child in this

realm has been taught to appraise things at their true value and to draw practical deductions from the lessons of history.

It may be urged against my thesis that Civics and Political Economy are beyond the comprehension of pupils attending Elementary Schools. I cannot but think that we under-rate the capacity possessed by minds in the plastic stage of assimilating abstruse ideas. A great Jesuit said: "Give me a boy up to ten and I care not what happens to him in after life." Our Elementary Schools deal with children four years older and in seven more those who have reached the highest standard will become electors. I do not pretend that the mysteries of credit and bills of exchange can be drilled into young heads; but I affirm that sound instruction as to the duties of citizenship and the real nature of wealth can be absorbed by the average child of twelve to fourteen. And no one can doubt the permanency of impressions given during the school-going age. Ere my teens were reached I asked an old family friend what he thought of John Bright? My Mentor was a Tory of the Tories; remembering, doubtless, the Quaker statesman's opposition to that insane Crimean War (which is the fount and origin of nearly all our political ills), he replied: "My child, John Bright is a very wicked man!" The prejudice created by this casual remark continued for many years.

By teaching things that really matter in our Elementary Schools we shall dispel the pall of ignorance which hangs over countless minds, and render the rising generation proof against the poison of Communist and Bolshevik propaganda.

A Song of Jamhauri Hermit.

By Ikbal Ali Shah, M.R.A.S., F.R.G.S.

As I sat beneath the amrita tree,
And sung the setting sun to rest,
And thought on the lands that he would see
Ere mortal eyes again he blest;
And how the deep would boil beneath
The fiery glories of his breath.
And the starless sky would weep and mourn
Through her dismal vault till his return.

As I looked to the moon—behind a cloud,
Hanging over Bhagirat's foaming stream,
And trying to send through her dusky shroud,
On the waves below one gladdening beam;
I raised up my harp in a glow of delight
To salute with a welcome the Queen of the Night,
But the chords all unstrung refused to swell,
And I knew they were bound by the power of a spell.

Then from the shadowed lands of the East
Where the curtain of the eve was earliest hung,
Where the golden beams have soonest ceas'd
To shine upon—a bulbul sung
"Oh beautiful thy dominions here,
But there is a land more lovely still
In the flowery lap of Jamhauri's hill."

And I raised my stubborn harp once more
To hail the bulbul's lovely strain,
But the strings were silent as before,

While thus, the invisible sung again:
"Thy harp is subdued by the power of a spell.
From its quivering chords no murmur may swell
Until they are touch'd in a land more divine
With the spirit of love and of music than thine,
And there is a land more beautiful still
In the flowery lap of Jamhauri's hill."

So I called for a zephyr to carry me up
In its fragrant embrace through the kingdom of light,
And sitting alone in its ambient cup,
Through the regions of space we took our flight
To the vale of Jamhauri, where I beheld
A land which all regions on earth excell'd.
A climate whose bower was a bright diadem.
And the virgin within, its most beautiful gem.

Then I rais'd up in rapture my harp again,
And as if the fingers of Israfil,
Were laid upon its strings the strain
Flew wildly over Jamhauri's hill:
And made all the beams to dance with mirth,
A thousand perfumes to start into birth,
And a thousand visions unfold from above –
(Such is the power of the music of love).

Then I thought on the words that so sweetly hung
Upon the invisible bulbul's tongue –
"That my harp was subdued by the power of a spell
From its quivering chords no murmur might swell,
Until they were touch'd in a land more divine
With the spirit of love and of music than mine,
And there was a land more beautiful still
In the flowery lap of Jamhauri's hill."

The Universal Problem of the Present Age.

By Professor Karl Brockhausen.

I.—The Problem Itself.

EVERY Human generation has a new puzzle to solve, and this is a matter of life or death. The problem, which is proposed at the present time, is more complicated and important than any previous one. Few people see it at all: the majority imagines, that the task of our age is accomplished by succeeding to heal the wounds of the war, to secure sufficient food for everybody, to smooth the social movement, to establish universal peace and umpires and to dispatch a number of equally urgent questions.

But all this is only part of a far deeper lying problem, the great universal problem of our time. It is a very novel one, and I shall put it on purpose into a paradox, easily open to criticism: "Only now, in this century, before our very eyes, does the earth we live in, take the shape of a globe, previously it was—though of course not geologically—but regarding the co-existence of mankind only orbicular." For the first time since men live in this world, the geographical globosity of the earth corresponds to the political conditions of her inhabitants. This is the greatest event of our century. It is a greater one than even the late war, greater than the Bolshevistic movement and the rising of the labour-party all over the world—for all these are details compared to the greater event, which we are witnesses of.

In consequence there does not exist in the history of the world any more imminent contrast than the one between the present and past time. Our generation has to conceive the change and to regulate our entire way of thinking, our political and social actions accordingly. This the riddle which the sphinx proposes to us. We shall solve or die of it. To demonstrate this is the purpose of this essay.

II - The Earth as Disk.

In men's early days they lived on the earth like on a large disk; not only was this their religious conviction, but their entire life responded to this intuition. The sun rose daily on one side of the globe and set on the other—no human being had ever gone a certain distance any more than a dead person had risen from his grave. On all sides the earth seemed fenced and nailed. Religious faith, scientific theory and daily practical experiences made them imagine an *orbis terrarum* - a sphere similar to a limited circular disk.

The political result of this co-existence of people was, to make it short, the respective neighbours constantly being at war. Every tribe had neighbours on his right and left and these might attack the tribe in the middle from both sides, and divide and subjugate their victim. This happened regularly and always the unfortunate midmost country was assaulted from two sides, until it would be divided. The former allies having now become neighbours, each of them tried to make a new ally in the back of his present neighbour, who would stab him from behind. Only who, had no neighbours to fear, might live in peace and security.

This is no fantastic imagination but fatal truth; it is the history of mankind: the neighbour was by nature the enemy, the so-called hereditary enemy; the nearest relative and kinsman was made war upon and slaughtered, and allies were sought far off, who were neither relatives nor friends. Every page of history tells of fraticide and parricide, which yet seemed an absolute necessity. Every nation's aim had to be the weakness of their neighbour: his prosperity meant vital danger to themselves; to be able to live, each tribe had to conquer and destroy so much of the surrounding country, that they might be safe of the stab in the back. On one side at least, they had to seek covering,—either the sea, or an insurmountable chain of mountains or endless heaths and desert, or the misty undefined distance of an ultima Thule.

In this fashion the earth as disk was a battlefield of neighbours. But it may be asked: has not this situation been changed years ago? Had not dauntless navigators practically proved, what clever mathematicians, astronomers and geologues had known long ago— that the earth was in reality a globe? My great news are 400 years late they are an old story! And yet such is the slowness of the world's progress, only 400 years after Christopher Colombus death his discovery produces its full effect.

There are maps which represent the globe as a level this is the familiar projection by Mercator. Europe, Africa and Central Asia appear flanked on the left by America, the newly discovered country, and on the right by Eastern Asia. It is a makeshift, instead of the actual globe but it is amazing, how near this representation comes to the recent political conditions.

In spite of the discovery of America and Australia and the investigation of Southern and Eastern Asia, there existed even during the last 400 years only one active part of the world: Europe. To be sure, traffic and trade, and mutual intercourse commenced all over the earth, but neither the Western nor the Eastern neighbours of Europe took any important part in the political events of the world. They were influenced by Europe, but they remained passive participants on the stage; rather spectators than actors. They might compare to lifeless adherents of an engine at full work.

III—The Earth as Globe.

Only now, before our very eyes, the aspect changes. First Japan left her reserve, then America followed, and their interference suddenly altered the face of the world. It is like the extreme edges of the map—that level represented by Mercator—rolling up and meeting. The disk becomes a globe also politically. Unlimited are the results of this change. The earth was originally created a globe, and this globe is a symbol of perfection, but men were too small and narrow-minded to grasp the perfection of this rounded orb without beginning or end. Now that the unnatural oppositions are removed, it is like a bandage taken from our eyes, a fetter from our feet. The movement originating in Japan and America will gain all countries and zones of the universe. There are no more extreme, no remote parts of the earth, they all are at an equal distance from the centre and every country lies at the centre of the surface of the globe. A new religion new intuitions, a new existence take the place of all ancient traditions, which still were connected to the now thoroughly abolished representation of the earth as disk.

These are the great tidings of our generation; they are at the same time the great universal problem which we have to solve. But it rather appears, that the time itself is greater than the men who live in it and that the grand light falls on blindfold eyes. People complain: "We live in a great time, but for our own comfort it would be far more profitable, if Time was somewhat smaller!"

Of all the resulting social and political events, which will rush upon us I shall intimate only one example of either kind. Every social movement will hurry like electricity all over the globe; it is out of the question, that it should stop at any of the extreme points of the ancient disk, ending like an electric current which is led off into the earth or the sea. This used to happen before but now the motion of every social idea will accomplish the rotation all over the globe; there are no dead regions any longer, where it might expire. The social fate of the world will be universal; up or down, development, progress or ruin, solution or suffocation of the social problems will be the common fate of the whole world; boundaries of States will no longer stop universal human ideas.

The second example is easily conceived and refers to the political relations of States and nations. While men lived next to each other like on a disk, the neighbour was the hereditary enemy, the man behind him the natural ally. Conquest until it were securely backed was a vital necessity of every State. Imperialism endeavoured or even infallible. There had to be dominion of the world, the only question was, who should succeed to gain it. So the constant wars were unavoidable: every peace-movement an Utopia or a cunning pretext for new wars.

But now, with the globo[illegible] the earth, all [illegible]graphical suppositions exist to alter the situation. Extreme East and extreme West [illegible]eting and joi[illegible] together, there is no more backin[illegible]d covering. If now two nations enter into a confederacy, to attack the unfortunate midmost country, every one of them has another enemy in the back, the latter a third one, he a fourth one, and so on, until the chain is closed.

What should be the natural consequence of this the earth's new condition? That the policy of the hostile neighbours, this malicious policy of attacks from the back should change into a policy of friendly neighbours, that we should actually recognize the neighbour, whom we should "love as ourselves."

I can hear you say: "What Utopia!" In the very minute, that the globosity of the earth first becomes perceptible, the raving war begins, which brings about the very contrary of my doctrine. And yet the explanation of this seeming contradiction lies only too near. The war began before the globe was politically formed, it was the last offspring of the earth's ancient shape, and the final incitement to the activity of the entire world. The war itself has created the new situation, and has started the ball rolling. But the belligerent men, were still led by the former doctrine.

They acted according to the policy of hositility against their neighbours. And so the treaty of peace, which followed the war, was drawn up entirely in accordance to the obsolete, now surpassed ideas. It represents a clever system of that policy of never-ending hostility which is planting the apple of contention between the nearest neighbours, to keep them everlastingly enemies.

This is the universal problem of our generation: shall we grasp the lately gained harmony of the political globe, the conformity of geography and policy of the natural shape of the earth and the necessities of her inhabitants and turn this new knowledge into a peaceful bond, the redemption of humanity? or shall we for ever under the influence of a wrong, obsolete the [illegible] live on wild beasts, who have to be separated by the iron bars of their cages, should they not, following their brutal instincts, tear each other to pieces? Here rests the opening of a new area; but we are yet waiting for the men, ready and willing to step in.

To Rabindranath Tagore.

By Marsyas.

NAMO Narayanaya! Hail to Thee,
    O Prophet of God's Loveliness! Strong, sweet,
Thy Songs borne hither o'er the charmèd Sea—
Strong with Love's strength, sweet with Love's witchery—
    Ev'n now have led us nearer to His feet;
For true and tender help upon the way
Take Thou our homage and our thanks this day!

Namo Narayanaya! Murmurs through
    Thy Song a mightier Song that upland Souls
Loving like Thee the Dawn-scents, and the dew,
Catch, joy-in lose, only to catch anew
    Till to their ears around, below it roll,
Or soft or loud yet ever without cease
In Thy least word; and all Their life is peace.

Namo Narayanaya! Some by bare
    Lone paths of the Unmanifest needs must rise.
Brave Souls! God speed them! Softer breathes our air,
Less steep, less rough our road lies, whom His fair
    And radiant births enrapture; whose glad eyes
In every mirroring the Mirrored see,
As now, O Brother Beautiful, in Thee.

The Pulse of Oxford.

By Jean Roberts.

"How good it is to see Oxford itself again." This was the current exclamation in Oxford when normality replaced khaki. Felicitations still abound, but there is an undertone in the exultant remark, a pedal-note of not sadness but subduedness. "It is not the same Oxford," says the pedal. Almost a sombre inflection marks the response: "It never will be the same as it was before."

Of course it will not. Oxford would cease to be Oxford if it did not

> "Rejoice that we are hurled
> From change to change unceasingly
> The soul's wings never furled."

We do not need a Mr. G. K. Chesterton to tell us life is full of paradox. So full that we may call life a paradox itself. Strip human life of the paradoxes with which it bristles and only the essential principle of life remains. A considerable relic! Without it the paradoxes collapse into nothingness. Yet it is they that bulk in the eyes of the multitude who see only the accidents of living and do not take life itself into consideration.

Oxford has been called the home of lost causes. Some of us would define it as a Storehouse of the Past in the possession of seekers for treasure to enrich the Future. Oxford, cherished by the conservative-hearted as the fortress of their principles, is derided by the fanatics of imaginary progress as a putter of stumbling blocks in the way of development. Oxford always at bay to defy the iconoclast and unreasoning innovator would not be true to itself if it were not also always ready to follow new phases of thought and adventure into new fields of opinion and philosophy, leading in the pursuit many who, but for the compelling guidance of enthusiasm, would be aimless wanderers in barren lands. During the great war we sometimes fancied ourselves back in the great Civil War of the seventeenth century. We almost caught sight of *Mr. John Inglesant* among the "innumerable throng of every rank, disposition and taste under circumstances the most extraordinary and romantic."[*] But had we accosted him, and he could have spoken, he would have said with his melancholy smile that "*this* was not the Oxford he knew." And he would have been as right as he was apt to be in the days of his flesh.

Why and how does this paradox exist of the continual sloughing that goes on of all that makes Oxford, Oxford, while at the same time it retains the distinctive immutable personality that gives stability to our loyalty? "Were I lingering still," says one of her sons:[†]

> "I a withering Tithon, you with Time at will
> Would you yet reward me for my truth to you?
> Long ago I left you, now at last you speak
> O'er the wine-dark furrows of the estranging main
> Mortal feet that flee you, turning not again,
> Lo your feet immortal to the world's end seek."

Perhaps some of the philosophers who come to discuss hard questions and untie knotty points can answer the question. Perhaps we may catch a suggestion from Mr. Masefield's poem "Passing Strange." Because we cannot help feeling in Oxford that, while we thankfully recognise our distance from the traffic and roar of the City, the exacting claims of Society and the slaughterous business of politics, we are continually being stirred and energised by the pulse of the great heart of Thought, the primary and ultimate impulse of human action.

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[*] John Inglesant by J. H. Shorthouse. Chapter IX.

[†] Arthur Shearly Cripps.

"For all things change," says Mr. Masefield, the darkness changes
The wandering spirits change their ranges
The corn is gathered to the granges.
The corn is sown again, it grows
The stars burst out, the darkness goes;
The rhythms change, they do not close.
They change, and we, who pass like foam
Like dust blown through the streets of Rome
Change ever too: we have no home."

The vision of life as foam is present again with him in his poem *England*. In the closing lines of it he sees the foam irradiated by light beyond the sun:

"Oh beautiful is this living that passes like the foam
It is to go with sorrow, yet come with beauty home.

This expresses the feeling we have in Oxford of incessant movement while at rest as in a boat waiting to put out to sea. Irregularly regular, it is the pulse of the waves. The Right Rev. Sir David Blair, O.S.B. in his "Medley of Memories" says it must be melancholy to make Oxford your permanent dwelling-place, the continual coming and passing of youth must accentuate the fact of growing old. Some of us dissent from his opinion and find the continual contact with youth quickens our pulse to beat in rhythmic harmony. If we may no longer encounter the shock and clash of life's battle, we can feel the impulse and the tendency of modern struggle and movement. And, though it may be a fixed residence--in more senses than one--for a few tarriers at home, it is possible to be paradoxical enough to find our fixture a means of flying hither and thither over various parts of the world! In the current Term we feel the inflow of a tide that will have far-reaching influence and history-making results. If Tennyson could have been present at the first ceremony of degree-conferring on women and could he meet the maiden caps and gowns in and out of doors, would he be moved to write a pendant poem to the *Princess*? Among the observers of the Maids of Arts flitting about in contrast with the more leisurely manly stride that devours equal ground in less time there may be some haloed by hoar hair who learned Greek by stealth in their youth and blushed to find their knowledge known! They blushed in the days when "blushing up" was as frequent as Miss Thackeray's novels show it to have been. but, though they won their wealth of learning secretly, they raised a cry and made open tussles for acknowledgment of woman's powers of intellect and rights of equality with men in the schools. But for their unseen victory over difficulties, their clamour and influence, the capped and gowned princesses of to-day would not have reached this goal of their ambition. The Georgian dynasty of feminine Dons must not forget the Victorian ladies whose passion for knowledge was strong as their own and whose spirit of enterprise was equally keen. We must be grateful to those inconspicuous forerunners whose persistent efforts, baffled though they were, channelled a way for success to flow in, and whose beatings of the air—futile in Victorian days—made an opening for effectual currents to pass through in this Georgian era. We must not ignore attempts that failed to win personal achievement of aim, but did not miss the mark of a true idealism. To despise the form taken by the intellectuality of a previous generation is to ignore true progress. The conservative mind that holds the past in respect is the mind of the true professionist. To keep all that is worth preserving because it is capable of development into something better is to build for edification. To keep the paths in good repair made by former generations is to make a way for the chariot of progress. To kick away materials gathered together by hands, now folded in their long sleep, because they are old-fashioned, is to delay the building of the temple of Education or any other temple or palace of art. To dig up the road laid down by our forefathers is to block the way for ideals.

A vivid proof of the continuity of progress was given last June by the Keble Jubilee synchronous with larger conferences and ecclesiastical meetings in London. The strong muster of "Old Kebles" belied the statement made by progressionists of a sort that the Oxford Movement, of which Keble College is a memorial, has ceased to vibrate with any influence. Even an outsider could feel the throb of vibrant life and was made more aware of it through contact with the warm quick pulse of to-day. For the present generation of undergraduates stayed up to clasp hands with the men of the decades that have cycled their course since Keble College was founded.

Even an outsider listening to the graphic description of the Gaudy's details was thrilled by the chanting of the *Te Deum* by old Keble men. The ground shook as under the rhythmic tread of an army on the threshold of victory; the air thrilled with the mingling of petition and praise.

Then, to prevent reaction from the strong spiritual emotion, and to sweeten austerity without lowering Ideality, To-day swept Yesterday into the quadrangle and formed an inner circle to it. Hand in hand the veterans and the young warriors of to-day stood in double circle and sang *Auld Lang Syne*. The Movement still lives, moves, breathes and retains an impulsive power over the future, as assuredly it has given an impetus to the movement of the present.

The stability of Truth is proved by the ceaselessness of quest, the changelessness of it by the incessant change of movement:

"But when the fields are still
And the tired men and dogs all gone to rest
And only the white sheep are sometimes seen
Cross and recross the strips of moon-blanched grass
Come, Shepherd, and again renew the quest."

Mathew Arnold's Scholar Gipsy.

The Psychology of Unrest.

By Viator.

Among all the observers of India, those who hail from the United States have perhaps the strongest claim upon the attention of thoughtful men. For, on the one hand they are able to approach the consideration of the problems now confronting India with a detachment that no Englishman can hope to emulate ; and on the other hand they have themselves, partly through immigration and partly through recent experiments in Imperialism, no small experience of the difficulties inseparable from the contiguity, voluntary or enforced, of different races. Their inherent ideas of democracy, no less than their national accessibility to emotional appeals on behalf of freedom and self-determination, fit them to assess at the highest possible value the new found spirit of national self-assertion that now dominates the intelligentsia in this country ; while their experience of the two formidable problems of the indigenous Negro and the immigrant Japanese tends to make them tolerant of the difficulties with which the present administration of India is now faced. Above all things, perhaps, their non-militarist appreciation of the importance of peaceful progress ; their hatred of disorder and their strong sense of citizenship ; combine to give them a just appreciation of the function of government together with a lively realisation of the rights of the individual.

It was therefore with peculiar pleasure that the writer of this article found himself, not long ago, thrown into the company of an American professor, who was on the point of completing a laborious investigation of the conditions of modern India. The professor was peculiarly qualified for his difficult task by years of careful preparation in the unique library resources of his own and other universities. He had served through the War with the American Red Cross in Eastern Europe and the Middle East; in his younger days he had been attached to the Embassy of his country in a great European capital. His impressions of the India of to-day may therefore be considered of special interest, as being those not merely of a trained observer, but also of a much-travelled man of affairs. I give in his own words the gist of his impressions. I may add that his speciality is psychology.

He began by remarking that the present unrest in India presented a problem of no ordinary fascination to the student of psychology. Indeed, he went on to say he had never observed so curious an example of the dominance of the herd-instinct. There was to be seen to-day that omnipotence of catchwords and failure to correlate words and things which is the never-absent symptom of high emotional excitement. He was particularly struck with the personality of certain well known leaders, whom in their present emotional condition he characterised as subjects for psychopathic study of no common kind. "At least two of the well-advertised national leaders," he said, "are not politicians at all; they are medical cases." I remonstrated with him upon a judgment that seemed to me harsh and narrow and he then proceeded to explain himself:

"What strikes me about the whole situation in India to-day," he said, "is the singular failure of those in the forefront of the nationalist movement to realise the exact foundations of their own position. In their present condition of mind they neither analyse nor reason, but are content to exploit their emotions. This lends a curious air of unreality to all their speeches and actions. I feel that they are not in touch with the world as it lives and moves to-day, but are utterly obsessed by the fascinations of a Utopia of their own creation. I do not refer to their political aspirations, which seem to me entirely intelligible; but to the grounds upon which these aspirations are based and the methods by which it is proposed that they shall be realised. You who have spent some years in India cannot realise the profundity of the impression that the condition of this country, either from the moral or from the material standpoint, makes upon an observer who is fresh from the West. India has never felt the war in any degree approximating to that of any other country I have studied. Even my own. It is true that in comparison with the desolation of parts of Europe, America may be considered to have escaped very lightly. But even we lost many thousands of men, and suffered a highly concentrated emotional experience which, as soon as the inevitable reaction shall have passed, will seriously affect our national outlook on world problems. But India has not only been completely protected; she has in addition made fabulous profit from the war. The terrible struggle has passed her by with less stir than that caused by a petty domestic riot. It is true that the masses here are suffering from the rise of world-prices; but that rise is not proportionate to the rise anywhere else; nor are the sufferings comparable to those endured to-day over the major portion of the continent of Europe. India is the freest country in the world to-day, in its complete absence of over-government. The press and the platform, for example, are incomparably less fettered here than in America. Speeches and articles make their appearance unchallenged, of a kind that with us would land the authors in a stiff term of imprisonment. Popular leaders address meetings which no State Government of ours would permit for a moment. There is less disorder, less interference by the administration with the comfort of the individual, than in any other country at the present time."

"Granted that what you say is correct," I replied, "and I admit that you are probably more qualified than most other men to formulate a judgment of this kind, how do you account for the present unrest? Do people who are living in Paradise generally make such strenuous efforts to get out, unless there is something seriously wrong? Have you not omitted some essential factor in your analysis of the conditions of India to-day?"

The professor smiled. "That, I suppose, is the obvious deduction; and I must confess that for some time it was my own impression. I was at first entirely unable to account for the completeness, as it seemed to me, of the contrast between the picture of India as painted by your Nationalist leaders and the actual India as it presented itself before my own eyes. But before long, a careful study of the opinions of these leaders as expressed in their speeches and public pronouncements convinced me that my analysis is not at fault. The trouble is not of the body but of the mind. Just as in the Western world the communities whose material resources are weakened unto death still possess a healthy spirit with which they face the cyclopean necessity to recreate, to repair, to rebuild, so in India these peoples of unimaginable and unimpaired material resources are confronted with a contagion of spiritual unrest which demands a cure as radical as the material desolation of the West. To paraphrase the much abused epigram of one of your own Viceroys, discipline has seemed to me a predominantly Western virtue. Certainly the spiritual recreation of the East is being pursued far less sanely than the material recreation of the West. For one thing, the mainsprings of its necessity are not recognised, which is what I meant when I said that the nationalist leaders fail to recognise the foundations of their own position. They persist in believing that they are conducting a movement of protest against a peculiarly iniquitous form of government—or misgovernment; whereas in point of fact they are directing a spiritual storm of a remarkable kind. The prevalent world-unrest, which in the West is conditioned by material considerations, is in the East expressing itself in mental phenomena. Doubtless this is partly due to the fact that India at least has entirely escaped the material desolation, as it has escaped the more poignant emotional experiences of the War. But in general the same thing is true of the East at large. Those mysterious thought currents which, from time to time, sweep contagiously through humanity at large and are generally dignified by the name of world tendencies, are equally active in the East and the West to-day. Mankind is stirring and will shortly awake. The dreams which disturb his agelong slumbers differ in East and West. This is my reading of the situation. But of one thing I am sure; and it is this. The so-called Nationalist movement in India is something far more profound than a mere protest against the administration. Frankly, the mistakes—blunders—whatever you like to call them—of your British Government are far too paltry to account for the wave of spiritual sickness that is at present sweeping, not merely over India, but over the whole East. Look at China; look at Japan—that Japan that your Indian Nationalist leaders in their profound ignorance of the world would hold up as a model to their own country! Everywhere men are restless and uneasy, with a spiritual uneasiness to which the West can provide no parallel. Everywhere governments are being called in question by those who until yesterday regarded them as enwrapped in a dignity almost divine. And of this spiritual sickness, so it seems to me, India provides the most perfect illustration; for unlike China and Japan she has not the material problems which in their case serve to accentuate the unvoiced craving for a new Heaven and a new Earth."

"But granted that the present Nationalist movement has its roots in something far more deep-seated than a mere anti-Government movement," I interposed, "do you attach no significance to the grievances that appear in the forefront of its programme?"

"Certainly," the professor retorted. "While they are beneath notice as causes, they are very interesting as symptoms. The spiritual restlessness which, as I maintain, lies at the root of the present situation in India needs something, however slender, round which to crystallise. These grievances, which, it will be observed, are invariably stated in such fashion as to emphasise racial feeling and to exploit the herd-instinct, are at present of incalculable value to the Nationalist leaders, for they enable them to frame an appeal to the other regarding emotions which supplies the directing force to the whole movement. The steps which have recently been taken to mobilise the student population in order to bring pressure to bear upon those who are too sane or too cautious to commit themselves whole-heartedly to the Nationalist programme, are only what might have been expected. It was by appealing to the emotions, and above all to the generous instincts, of those members of the community who were at an impressionable age, that the masters of Germany were able, in the course of a single generation, to mould the people to their unscrupulous plans of world domination. The leaders of the Nationalist movement in India are embarking upon the same perilous course. And just as in the one case it was found necessary to inoculate the embryo German citizen with ideas which were at variance with the real position occupied by Germany in the Western world, so the Nationalists are being driven to represent their movement as the vindication of a high-spirited people driven to extreme measures by an intolerable oppression, which, in point of fact, exists merely in their own imagination."

"You do not, then," I enquired, "attach much importance to the accusations of misgovernment of which our press is full?"

"In my judgment," he replied, "your government is no better and no worse than other governments. You make mistakes; so do they. The whole Punjab incident, of which I have heard so much, seems to me of infinitely less significance than our own racial riots in Chicago last year. Certainly there was mismanagement; but men in difficult situations do not behave as they would in the calm of their office chairs. Personally I am amazed that the trouble passed over with so little loss of life. From the little I know—although I have carefully studied both sides of the case—I do not think there was a rebellion in any ordinary sense of the word. But that is really a question of terminology. There were certainly riots upon a dangerous scale which were accompanied by incidents which could not fail to provoke reprisals while order was being restored. The Turkish peace terms were not a matter in which the Government of India had the final word; and in this connection I cannot help thinking that Indian Muslim sentiment is counting much more in the final reckoning than would have been conceivable had India not been a part of the British Empire. So far as the other questions emasculation, starvation of education, repression of industrial development---are concerned, I can only say that after careful examination I can find no more solid foundation for them than hitherto---unsatisfied racial ambition. But to my mind the final answer to those who regard the misdeeds of your Government as being responsible for the unrest in India is supplied by the fact that this Government is at present being profoundly modified in character with no diminution of the criticisms levelled against it. Indeed one of the most disquieting features of the present unrest in India is the prevalence of this spiritual disease which would make men condemn impartially any Government, no matter of what character, that governed at all. It is a curious symptom," he concluded thoughtfully," "that destruction, leading to anarchy, should be regarded as the first step to better administration."

"What of the future," I asked, "as was inevitable."

"I am no prophet," he said, "it seems to me that before long your democracy will tire of the position. You and we alike are now seriously thinking of drawing in our horns. India is a very doubtful asset to the British Empire; and one which the self-governing Dominions would prefer to see shouldering the defence obligations that her presence imposes upon the whole Commonwealth. Your trade with India is less than that with South America, if it came to losing it. Strategic requirements could be met by holding Colombo. A customs service like that imposed on China would safeguard capital sunk in the country. To my mind, you could retire very easily from India, by some arrangement with the Indian Princes. That is what you will probably do sooner than anyone expects. The Dominions need all the blood and gold which you have been pouring into India so long."

He left me, with apologies for detaining me so long.

The Rose Tree.

By W. B. Yeats.

"O words are lightly spoken,"
Said Pearse to Connolly,
"Maybe a breath of politic words
Has withered our Rose tree;
Or maybe but a wind that blows
Across the bitter sea."

"It needs to be but watered,"
James Connolly replied.
"To make the green come out again
And spread on every side,
And shake the blossom from the bud
To be the garden's pride."

"But where can we arow water,"
Said Pearse to Connolly,
"When all the wells are parched away
O plain as plain can be
There's nothing but our own red blood
Can make a right Rose tree."

The Ancient Mariners.

By Rolf Bennett.

"No," remarked the sailorman meditatively as he rubbed up some tobacco between the palms of his hands, "no, there's a lot more things knocking around than we can see or knock down with a belaying-pin—to my way of thinking, anyhow.

"I don't say I believe in ghosts or ghost-ships but then, mind you, I don't say I don't. Ghosts are like family quarrels, the less you say about 'em the better. All the same, I came pretty near meeting a ghost-ship once. Not that she was a ghost-ship, but she might have been. She wasn't far removed as you may say. A little more and she would have been a ghost-ship, if you take my meaning.

"It happened this way. We were bound for Portland, Maine, with a mixed cargo and an actor. Actors are unlucky aboard ship, nearly as unlucky as parsons, which are the worst Jonah men you can find. Not that he was a bad sort. He wasn't. He had a bald head and a kind smile. I daresay on dry land he was quite a harmless sort of guy. But he oughtn't to have gone to see, he ought to have known he'd be unlucky.

"It wasn't long before his unluckiness began to get busy. It was handsome weather when we sailed, but we'd not been many days out when a hurricane hit us. A real booster. I'd never sailed with our skipper before, but I'll say this for him, he could handle a boat. Yes, I'll allow that, though a bigger tough never trod a deck. I was for making shelter, but the skipper wouldn't hear of it. He swore at me and said he'd be damned if he'd run for shelter because of a bit of a breeze. A breeze, he called it. I wouldn't care for many of them breezes, and I've seen some tidy weather in my time: I have that.

"Anyway, we stuck to our course, the weather getting worse and worse every hour. The seas were fairly sweeping over us, and the old craft was acting as if she was on gimbals; 'twasn't a swing nor a toss nor a roll, but all the lot in one. And it shook the innards out of the toughest of us. All except the skipper and he seemed to be enjoying it. Oh, but he was a proper hard case and don't you forget it.

"And the actor! Oh Lord, how he groaned. It was pretty bad all round, I tell you. The engineer and his mate were clinging to the handrails, and profaning that hard it's a wonder the metal didn't melt. And the things they said about the skipper!

"We tried to comfort ourselves by saying such a sneezer couldn't last long, but we were dead out. It got worse. Seas! I don't remember having seen such seas before. One minute we'd be down in the trough with what looked like a mile of black water towering over us, and the next moment we'd go up like a blinkin' balloon; then down again into the boiling pit of water, the deck aslant like the roof of a house, and the propeller racing fit to wrench the engines off their plates.

"Well, that storm lasted a matter of ten days. There were short spells of calm, but they didn't last long, and we were soon on the racket again. But it did end at last. It died down pretty near as sudden as it sprung up. And then came the job of finding out where we were. The skipper figgered it out roughly that we'd been blown in a north-easterly direction, and decided to make Halifax for repairs. As for the actor, he didn't care where we went and said so.

"Those that haven't been on the sea in ships mightn't believe it, but less'n twenty-four hours after that blistering hurricane had gone, the sea was as calm as a garden pond. And the sun came out as cheerful as if nothing had happened. As if we hadn't lost nigh all our deck gear and nearly killed the actor.

"Well, one morning I was on the fo'c'sle head along with the look-out. There was a tidy lot of driftice about, not to mention bergs as big as a church. And I was as happy as a monkey scratching for fleas. You see, the change from what we'd gone through to what we were having now was enough to make the sourest man smile. So I was happy, and whistling away to myself like a prize canary bird. All along the coast-line--for we were close inshore--there were bays and creeks and inlets, some small and some large enough to hold a fleet. But not a house, nor a hut, nor anything mortal to be seen. No, sir, saving the wild birds, there wasn't a living thing in sight, nor the sign of a living thing.

"And then, all of a sudden, I caught sight of a ship's topmasts standing out above a steep cliff that jutted out into the water.

"'Ship on the port bow!' sings out the watch.

"The mate, who was on the bridge, laid his glass on the ship's masts, and then sent for the skipper. By that time we'd passed the cliff and were abreast of the bay, so's we could see the ship herself. And I tell you, she was a pretty sight. Square-rigged she was, with frost on her rigging and yards, and icicles a-dangling from 'em in the sunlight. It made her look sort of unnatural, like one of those card-board ships with powdered glass on 'em. Oh, she was a sight to look at, and sparkling like as if she had been sprinkled with diamonds.

"So the skipper stamped on to the bridge, rubbing the dreams out of his eyes and cussing at being woke up. He took the glass from the mate, glued his eye to it, and looked at the ship for a good five minutes. Then he unshipped the glass from his eye and rang down 'Slow' to the engine-room. Then he took another look at that there frost-bitten packet in the creek, and steered towards her. It was not till we got close in that it struck me there was something devilish rummy about that ship; something queer. As I've said, she was square-rigged, with three masts and a funnel, just like one of them old corvettes. And corvettes, mind you, have been out of date these twenty years or more.

"Then suddenly the skipper gives a hail:

"'Ship ahoy, ship ahoy there'!

"Then a voice answers back, 'Ship ahoy!' Lord, it was a queer voice to be sure, old and thin and cracked. It almost gave me the creeps, though the sun was shining and I could smell the breakfast cooking in the galley.

"'Ahoy there! What ship are you?' yells our skipper.

"And the same creaky voice comes back, 'Frigate *Griffin*.'

"I tell you, it gave me a turn. Yes, it made me feel as if I'd got an icicle down the back of my neck. Why? Because I happened to know that the *Griffin* had been struck off the Navy List fifteen years ago. There wasn't no *Griffins* at all on the naval muster-roll. It was like coming face to face with a corpse.

"Some of our crew were a bit scared, and no wonder. It was as bad as meeting the *Flying Dutchman*. For all we knew it *was* the *Flying Dutchman*. But the skipper wasn't scared worth a cent. No, sir, he was a proper salted one. He was that. So he ordered a boat to be lowered and I was one of the ones that went in it. Well, we came alongside the old craft and I made fast the painter to the accommodation ladder which had been lowered for us. Then the skipper went up the ladder and I went after him.

"Lord, when I reached the deck and stood in the gangway, you could have knocked me down with a whisp of spun-yarn. Yes, sir, you could have blowed on me and I'd have gone clean overboard. In front of us, as upright as a spar, was a very old man—nigh on ninety, I should think—dressed in old-fashioned naval uniform like what you see in pictures. And he had his sword buckled on, and a cocked hat and epaulettes, and there was a telescope under his arm.

" 'You are come with dispatches?' he asked in a short, clippy voice, though terrible wheesy. You see, he was a very ancient man, and it seemed wonderful he could speak at all.

" 'No, sir,' answers the skipper, looking a bit surprised.

" 'Then to what do I owe the honour of your visit?' asks the old chap in a tone which seemed to say: 'For two pins I'd have you thrown overboard.' He didn't seem a bit pleased to see us. Oh, he was a queer old guy, and a hard 'un at that.

"So the skipper explained how we'd been carried out of our course by the hurricane, and how, seeing the *Griffin*, he thought he'd like to pay a call.

"And then the ancient man asked him to step into his cabin. So they left me standing there, sort of rubbing my eyes and wondering if it wasn't all a dream. Yes, sir, it was that unreal I wouldn't have sworn I was awake. But that isn't all. You see I'd been so interested in the talk, that I hadn't looked around me much. Now they'd left me to myself I sort of cast an eye around. The ship was old, older than the ancient relic who commanded her. And her decks were that worm-eaten it's a wonder they didn't give way. And on each side were guns; old-fashioned breech-loaders and some muzzle-loaders, but that clean, you could have shaved in them. Everything else was just the same; clean as a new pin, but that old I wondered how it held together.

"And the crew! I saw some of 'em, but me being on the quarter-deck they dursen't come nigh. And they were as old as the Captain himself, and some of 'em older still. Some must have been great-great-grandfathers. They were a bit tottery on their pins, and didn't seem to see none too clear where they were going. And some had hair that was white, and some had no hair at all, and some walked with two sticks, being that old and feeble.

"Presently the old ancient man and the skipper came out of the cabin. They bowed to each other as polite as princes, and then me and the skipper went back to the boat and pushed off.

"And then the skipper told me all about it. He said the *Griffin* had sailed for a North American Station in 1830 and she'd cruised about and cruised about for maybe three years and maybe four. Then she was caught in a buster off Sandwich Bay, and drove ashore in the very creek where we found her. It took a long time to get her off, and then she wasn't properly seaworthy. But they patched her up, and started cruising again; just short trips because they were afraid she would founder. And then came another buster, and the *Griffin* made for the same old creek, and was drove up it like a wedge in front of a maul. And there she stopped, though they managed to float her again. She stopped there for all those years—nigh on fifty, I should reckon.

"Yes, sir, for fifty years she was glued to that creek same as we found her. It was all ice in the winter, but in the summer the crew cultivated a patch of garden they'd made on top of the cliff. Likewise they fished. The only people they ever saw were fishermen who put in there sometimes and sold 'em flour and such-like. No ships came near them, because, d'you see, it's right out of the shipping track. Even the boats which go to Fort Churchill through Hudson Strait at certain times of the year couldn't be spoke, their track being too far north. And the fishermen only talked a kind of bastard French, and didn't understand anything except the sight of money. And there was the *Griffin* and her crew getting older and older and feebler and feebler, and nothing came; not even a search vessel, let alone a relief.

"And why not? I'll tell you. The government went and forgot all about her. One day a clerk looks over the books and says: 'Hullo, where's the *Griffin*?' And no one knew. There was no record of her. It had been lost, maybe. And everybody had forgot where she was. So they gave her up and struck her off the list. And they paid pensions to the widows.

"Well, the next day we got a hawser aboard the *Griffin* and started to tow her out. It was risky work, and we were afraid she'd drop to pieces any moment. It took a week to get her out of the creek. We sailed for St. John's one very dark night with the Noah's Ark in tow. I was on watch, and it was that dark and foggy you couldn't see an inch in front of your nose. We were going very slow, because our engines weren't strong. About eight bells I noticed that we suddenly put on speed, and I reckoned the engineer was going to take a chance. But I was wrong. And when daylight came and the fog cleared, I knew why we'd gone faster. The *Griffin* had disappeared clean gone. There was nothing left but the tow-rope and a rotten plank nothing more. She'd just crumbled to pieces and gone down sank. So that was the end of her.

"Yes, those who have to go down into the sea on ships, see some queer things."

In Remembrance.

(From the Bengalee of Dr. Rabindranath Tagore.)

By Dhiren K. Sen, M.A.

You come through death's dark veil in raiments fine,
And once more enter heart's sweet nuptial-shrine
With silent steps. Life's stains and turmoils base
Are gone in death's sooth stream. This lovely grace
World's Queen in ruth immortal granted you:
Enchanted, mute and gay you stand in view
Within my secret heart. You left this sphere
And through death's portals reached my cloister, dear.
No trumpet greets you now, no feastings gay,
No wreath of lamps; this glorious feast to-day
Is voiceless, silent, deep—a feast of tears;
Your advent's news have reached none other ears.
Alone my heart now trims one lamp for you;
Alone my muse now weaves her songs anew.

Aristotle's Theory of Education.

By Golamashar.

THE problem of education was as vividly present to the mind of the ancient as it has been to that of the modern. The educational question has never failed to attract the attention of the ruler and the ruled at any time. We Indians in those ancient, or rather, prehistoric times, were not ignorant of its importance. Our ancient love that exists to this day bears testimony to it, and the system of education obtaining here in those times is a living illustration of it. The Westerners too in their own "ancient" times have paid due respect to the problem. The History of the Greeks and Romans abounds with many examples to that effect, and even the ordinary reader is not unaware of the fact. Of all who paid attention to the problem, Aristotle has, since he wrote his famous work on "Politics," attracted the attention of one and all. This philosopher wrote on subjects of practical life in a most practical way. Sir Frederick Polack, in his valuable small book on "The History of the Science of Politics," has paid fitting tribute to him. I therefore think it would be not improper here to discuss his theory of education. We shall be able to see that he has yet to tell us much though he wrote more than two thousand years ago.

In his pamphlet on Education Milton incidentally defined education as follows:—

"A complete and generous Education is that which fits a man to perform justly, skilfully, and magnanimously, all the offices, both private and public, of peace and war." Pattison says, none has made improvement upon this definition. In a certain sense, as we shall see hereafter, the Greek idea of what education should be is wider than this. But by way of explanation and completion, not by way of contradiction or criticism I may add the following from MacVicar:— "As a process, a true and complete education means the course of training, instruction, and discipline through which a human being must pass to acquire the full and legitimate exercise of all the organs of the body, the full and legitimate exercise of all the powers of the mind, and so much systematised knowledge as will fit him to use in an intelligent and efficient manner the organs of his body and powers of his mind, in performing physical intellectual, moral and spiritual work. As a result or product, a true and complete education means a symmetrically developed body and mind, possessed of power right habits, pure and elevated tastes and systematised knowledge." It is the distinctive character of MacVicar's definition that he does not lose sight of the spiritual end of man's life. Herein lies the characteristic of our own Hindu System as we shall see later. The Hindu cannot, after all, neglect the spiritual side of his life. The following from the same author will justify the necessity of spiritual development: "The law of reflex action extends much further than is usually supposed. It takes in the entire man. Not only does the body affect the mind and the mind the body, in a general sense, but each organ of the body has a reflex influence over every other organ, and each faculty of the mind over every other faculty. There is a perfect interdependence running through the entire being. It is literally true, whether we refer to body or mind or to the union of both, that "if one member suffers all the members suffer with it; or if one member be honoured all the members rejoice with it. In view, then, of the power and ever operative nature of the Law of Reflex Action, it is evident that physical and intellectual natures cannot be symmetrically developed independent of a corresponding and parallel development of the moral and spiritual natures."

It is the peculiarity of the Greeks that they subordinate all other problems to the all-embracing problem of the State. To them, the State is the end-all and be-all of all the problems. Having determined the best kind of polity, Aristotle must naturally come to the problem of education.

His education is such as will adapt his subject to a membership of a State. The young should be trained in a certain type of character which corresponds to the demands of the State upon the individual and is therefore calculated to preserve the integrity and stability of the State. In the ideal State and, indeed, in any proper State, the citizens make a moral life their ultimate aim; and hence, because education is political it is moral—it is a training of the moral faculties calculated to produce a moral type of character. This constitutes a second difference flowing from the first which treats education as political between the aims of Aristotle and those of the modern educationist. Not only does he regard the State rather than the individual as the primary object of consideration, but he also regards character, rather than knowledge, as the end to be sought, and will, rather than intelligence, as the subject to be trained and developed. This being the aim of Aristotelian education, there are certain differences between the means of education which he prefers to use and which we employ. Working on the intelligence, we use the means which influence the development of intelligence, as the subtleties of Grammar or the abstractions of Mathematics. Working on the will, Aristotle lays stress upon those influences which are calculated to mould the will such as the fascination of the noble music or the attraction of great literature. The artistic element has a large space in his scheme, not because he wants to develop an artistic taste, but because he hopes to reach the moral sense through that:

Firstly, education prepares the citizens for taking his place in the community to which he belongs: *secondly*, it does so by acting upon his will in such a way as to produce a moral tone in harmony with that of the community; and, *thirdly*, it uses by preference artistic agencies to attain that end. It is political, it is moral, it is artistic. The distinction between this education and ours is, of course, not widely great.

None the less, there is as decided difference between the two, if it is only a difference of emphasis. The adjustment of the individual to the community and the moral aim of instruction are much more simply and directly present to his mind; and the use of artistic means to produce a direct effect is peculiar to Greeks. Aristotle aims at producing by direct methods conscious effects, a result which we either leave to indirect methods (as when we put our trust in the moral effects of games or of steady intellectual work) or to quite insensible influences like the public opinion of a school. At the present day such influences are left to non-political bodies such as the family and the religious societies. He feels that morality must be made, because it is a matter of such vital importance that it cannot be left to chance. We feel that morality must grow and grow without the coercion of the State.

Now I come to the details of his theory. Education is the development of the soul- natural disposition, habitual-temperament and reason. The first is beyond the scope of our power. Aristotle does his best to secure an ideal disposition by regulating marriage with a view to develop its offspring. Habit which is the means by which the ambiguous tendencies of nature are directed to a higher or lower end is amenable peculiarly to education. It belongs to the age of desire, hence youth should be trained in reason by age whose reason is most nearly pure.

Here it is important to decide what sort of education is to be given to the citizens, whether they are to be made fit to be ruled or first to be ruled and then to rule. Aristotle holds the latter view as the same men are first to be ruled and then to be rulers. And, hence, education must be such as to produce good men and should aim at the supremacy of reason.

As I have said above, to Aristotle the regulation of marriage is the first important consideration. The mental, moral, physical, and spiritual natures of a child are to be first determined by a well-regulated matrimonial alliance. This is partly like and partly unlike our own system. We do preach as regards the theory, that the child's constitution depends upon that of his parents. We never deny this principle. But we never go as far as to bring to bear any influence of the State upon this most important regulation of life. Aristotle says: "It is the legislator's business to provide for the best physical condition of the persons he has to educate; he must at the outset devote his attention to the question of marriage. He must consider the right times for persons to contract the matrimonial alliance and the proper sort of persons to contract." No modern government would take upon itself this duty. But his views on this matter go further. He says: "He (*i.e.*, the legislator) should have in view not only the persons who are to marry but their time of life (just mark this), so that they may arrive simultaneously at corresponding periods in respect of age, and there may not be a discrepancy between their powers, whether it is that the husband is still able to beget children and the wife is not or *vice versâ*, as this is a state of things which is a source of mutual bickerings and dissensions." We cannot ask our governments to interfere in this matter. Our ancient Indian legislators paid great attention to this vital problem and they so ordered the system as to make a good provision for producing healthy children, but we have forgotten all the rules they laid. Aristotle goes still further: "They should not be too much younger than their parents, nor too nearly of the same age. In the former case the seniors lose the benefit of such services as their children might render them in old age," and, "the latter is one full of difficulty, as the children feeling themselves to be nearly of an age with their parents entertain less reverence towards them, and the proximity of years is a cause of dispute in domestic matters." In short, the age of matrimonial life should be regulated by Law—such is the opinion of Aristotle. Then the legislator should see "that the bodily condition of children should be such as he desires. By a single precaution, he wants to achieve all the results." He says "as a general rule, seventy among men and fifty among women is the extreme limit of age at which they are capable of begetting children, the beginning of marriage should be fixed at such a time that parents may reach these ages simultaneously. Marriage at a youthful age has a prejudicial effect upon the procreation of children. It is a law of the whole animal world that offsprings of youthful parents are imperfectly developed, are apt to procreate females and are small in body; and we must conclude the same to be the case among human beings. We infer it from the fact that in all States, in which the practice of youthful marriage is in vogue, the citizens are imperfectly developed and small in stature. Another objection to such marriages is that young women are greater sufferers in their travail and die oftener . . . . Again it is expedient in the interest of continence that women should not be given in marriage until they are older; as experience shows there is a greater danger of unchastity if they are young at the time of co-habitation. Further, it seems that the bodies of males are apt to be stunted in their growth, if they marry before the body has finished growing; for the body too has its fixed limit of time after which it ceases to grow." This lengthy quotation has its justification in the fact that we have yet to learn much from this wise advice of Aristotle. But I beg to submit that our Aryan limits of matrimonial ages are more practical and capable of doing good than those prescribed by Aristotle. He would have the male at about thirty-seven and the woman at about eighteen to enter a married life. Thirty-seven years limit for man seems to be much high.

Aristotle would have none of crippled children to grow up. He would even put a limit to the number of children one may have. "Abortion may be procured, before they acquire sensation or life, for the morality or immorality of such action depends upon whether the child has, or has not, obtained sensation and life." This sounds more than astounding to us. Aristotle, however, must be thorough. He would have his legislator "to settle also the time during which the parents are to beget children for the service of the State."

ARISTOTLE'S THEORY OF EDUCATION.

The recent announcements in England on this point show the necessity of "Back to Aristotle." The polity, the political conditions and other relations demand a particular type of character to be developed in the citizens. The legislator in order to assure the safety and stability of the State can not afford to neglect this. It is the duty of the State to provide a definite Educational System and to regulate the Education of the child. The question now arise is: what should be the nature of education? And that is a difficult problem to determine. Virtue being the end. all should tend to promote it. But Aristotle says: "There is a difference of opinion respecting the nature of the virtue that is held in honour and consequently. as might be expected. as to the method of training young people in it." Mechanical occupations or studies in his opinion "render the body or soul or intellect of free persons unfit for the exercise and practice of virtue."

In Aristotle's theory there are four branches of study. *viz.*, Reading and Writing. Gymnastics. Music and the Art of Design. Reading and Writing are taught for their serviceableness in the purpose of life and their various utility. Gymnastics as tending to the promotion of valour; but the purpose of Music is involved in great uncertainty. To us moderns. the object claimed for one and the uses of the other two for general public are uncertain. But we must again remember the Greek conditions. The Gymnastics of those city states differed radically from those of ours. They were really of such a nature. as tend to promote valour. As regards Music. he says. men must "spend their leisure nobly and the guidance of Nature deserves to be followed as Nature . . . . is the first principle of all things. The enjoyment of leisure is admitted to contain in itself. not only pleasure. but happiness and a life of pure bliss. Such a life is the prerogative. not of persons engaged in business. but of those who enjoy leisure. But there is no consensus of opinion as to the definition of this pleasure. Each individual is guided by his own personality and habit of mind, and it is the perfect man whose pleasure is perfect and derived from the noblest sources." Few educationist pay any attention to this. But our Indian life of ancient times did not fail to acknowledge and act up to the principles advocated by Aristotle. According to him the objects of Music are three: amusement and relaxation, its moral effects, and, lastly, a means of rational enjoyment of leisure. It is for the last two, rather than for the first one that he includes Music in his educational system. He further dilates at length upon who should perform it, upon the kinds of melodies to be used and upon many other details in this connection—all of which do not fail to obtain in our Indian Musical Science.

In short, education should not only be utilitarian, but should also be liberal. In this connection, Newman's Idea of a University seems to be only a great commentary on Aristotle. He says: "Even among such subjects as are practically useful we see there are some, *e.g.*, Reading and Writing, in which our children must be educated, not only for their utility, but because they are a means to the acquisition of various other kinds of learning. Similarly they must be taught the Art of Design, not only that they may avoid serious mistakes in their private purchases and may not be cheated in the purchase and sale of household goods, but rather because it renders them scientific observers of physical beauty. The universal spirit of utility on the other hand is far from becoming to magnanimous and free spirits."

Aristotle thus, as has been noted above, lays special stress upon the moral part of man. It has also been said that our modern system does not and cannot afford to neglect it. MacVicar says: "It is not what a man knows but what he is that determines his real course of life. In the past, far too much stress has been laid by parents and teachers upon the importance of a sound knowledge of moral truths... This surely is important and not to be neglected; but it is a fatal error to suppose that where such knowledge is acquired, a young person is prepared to enter life fully assured of pursuing a true and noble course. Such knowledge in order to secure this result must be more than fixed formally in the memory as to be readily recalled. It must be embodied in a well ordered course of life that will secure the formation of permanent moral habits. Such habits will abide and exercise a controlling influence upon the life when knowledge fails entirely to guide and determine the course of conduct that should be pursued. The acquisition of right moral habits is of first importance. Without such habits young persons will find it difficult, if not impossible, to maintain a blameless moral character, under the changed surroundings which they must usually encounter when they enter upon their life work. Such habits are also as essential, as a preparation for effective moral work, as physical and intellectual habits are as a preparation for effective physical and intellectual work." It must be confessed, that, in practice, only the acquisition of knowledge has acquired primary importance. For this, the provisions of education rules and their tests, I mean, the different examinations, are greatly responsible. Without any presumption on my part, I may say that our ancient Indian system included both the principles in a workable manner. The methods of acquiring knowledge may have been faulty but it certainly made provision for the actual formations of at least moral and physical habits and also of intellectual habits to a great extent.

Aristotle's morals are identical with virtue. But he is not clear on the point of virtue itself. He makes a life of virtue identical with a life of happiness, equipped with external advantages of wealth and health and the like, sufficient to make the virtuous action possible. The highest virtue will be the fullest play of such action, and, for its fullest play, there is needed complete freedom of action. So there shall be placed no limitations upon the actions of a good man; otherwise he will only attain the highest activity possible under those limitations. This seems to be somewhat like a principle of our Gita where it is held that the best man is ultimately the indicator of moral life.

Physical culture finds its place in every proper Educational System. For a proper physical growth, physical exercises are necessary, but that is not the only end among the Greeks. They would use them for valour. Aristotle, however, would not advocate the extremes pursued in Sparta. He says: "We may then contend that it is not the brutal element of nobleness which should hold the first place—for the power of encountering noble perils must belong not to a wolf or to any other brute, but only to a brave man—and that to give up our children over much to bodily exercises and leave them uninstructed in the true essentials, is, in effect, to degrade them to the level of mechanics by rendering them useless in a statesman's hands for any purpose except one and, as our argument shows, not so useful, as other people hold, even for this."

And again: "When our youths have devoted three years from the age of puberty to other studies, it is then proper that the succeeding period of life should be occupied with hard exercises and severities of diet. For the intellect and the body should not be subject to severe exertion simultaneously, as the two kinds of exertion naturally produce contrary effects: that of the body being an impediment to the intellect and that of the intellect to the body." Our modern theorists dare not contradict the principles involved in these wise words of the great Greek philosopher, but they are hardly put in practice, at least, in India.

The period of childhood commences from the seventh year and may last till the sixteenth year. "The longer the spirit and simplicity of childhood continues unimpaired by vigorous activity of body and mind, the greater the promise of a strong and vigorous manhood and womanhood. An increase of physical energy is a necessary product of the process of healthful growth. This energy during childhood increases more rapidly than it can be used in the ordinary activity of the body, hence the demand for an outlet. Work can in no way be made a substitute. In play the primary end sought is the pleasure or enjoyment present in the very acts performed, while in work the primary end sought is always a useful result outside of the acts performed. This necessitates an endless variety of activity, characteristic of the child. He runs, walks, jumps, rolls, tumbles, twists the body into all possible shapes, talks, laughs, shouts and makes all kinds of noises. This is a necessary accompaniment of a healthful physical growth. Hence any system of education which does not make proper provision for the natural discharge of physical energy can never build up strong and symmetrical men and women. The nature and character of sports change with the growth of the body and mind .... In this connection, it should be observed that as the mental powers of the child commence to control his action--as he commences to feel an ambition to excel his sports become more complex and continuous, less of the nature of pure spontaneous physical exercise and less productive of real good to the child .... No physical exercises are productive of such healthy results as those which are spontaneous and free from all constraint. 'Order in confusion' is the rule. During the period of youth, *i.e.*, beginning from the twelfth to the sixteenth year and ending in from the twentieth to the twenty-fifth year, the body is in a transitional state and demands special attention in order to prevent mistakes which may result in permanent injury." I regret to note that we in India during this very period put both our body and mind to a very severe strain and, therefore, it is no wonder that many a youth has a break down in this period. Should we not give our whole attention to this great problem? We have already seen that Aristotle agrees with the modern theorist upon all the points involved in the above passage.

Now I come to the other details of the education of the young. He would have "overseers of the youth to determine the character of the tales and legends which the children at this tender age are to hear. The overseers of the youth .... while superintending their general manner of life should take especial precautions against their associating more than is necessary with slaves; and there is a certain danger of their doing so, as children at this age and up to the age of seven are necessarily brought up at home." He would take the help of the legislator to prohibit the use of foul language in their presence. Any taint of ungentlemanliness should be seriously done away with. I think, we Indians, have much to learn on these points.

According to Aristotle "there are two periods into which their education in the proper sense of the word should be divided: one from the age of seven to puberty, the other from puberty to twenty-one." He says: "..... it is best to follow strictly the division of Nature herself as it is the purpose of all art and culture to supply the deficiencies of Nature." Our modern theorist has little to say against this. He, too, would say: "About the end of the seventh year the brain reaches nearly its full size .... The imperfect condition of the brain during this period, coupled with its rapid growth, unfits it for continuous work.... Hence to save the brain from overwork, the greatest care must be taken to guard the child against undue physical as well as mental activity.... The judgment, reason, and will or conscience play but a very small part in controlling the child's actions. The activity therefore of the senses and, consequently, of the mind is the product of a condition of the sensory organs which may properly be called hunger. Sense-food is demanded and must be had without much regard to kind or quantity." In this, our modern theorist differs from the Greek philosopher. The former would have it that "Inquisitiveness lies at the root of all mental activity.... Then he will show the same restlessness and uneasiness which accompany the talk of a proper supply of food for the stomach. The child literally complies with the precept 'Take no thought for the morrow,' hence the singleness and intensity of his activities." Again "simple credulity is a natural condition of infant life." The last precept of the modern theorist goes only against him and not against the Greek teacher, with whom I would like to associate myself with some qualifications.

We have therefore much to learn on educational matters from Aristotle. We have seen what Aristotle has to say on the problem of securing a good mental and physical constitution for the child. Marriage is to be well regulated to insure that. The majority of details given by him on this point have been only confirmed by later investigation. The recent educational campaign goes only to prove that a State should not, and cannot, afford to neglect the educational problem. It seems, hereafter, it will tend to be more and more the State problem and cease to be a private affair. In the last century, Newman led a serious movement for liberal education. In this he seems to be a disciple of the great Greek teacher. We will do well to digest some of his principles and act up to them. Good thoughts like gold grains are to be gleaned from every source.

The Eight Nayikas.*

By P. Seshadri.

ABHISARIKA.

THE forkèd lightning cleaves the night
And thunder rumbles deep;
The world is void of life and light
Serenely lapt in sleep;
But on and on she bounds along
For meeting at the tryst,
At amorous rites, sweet and long,
To sport as she may list.

SVADHINAPATIKA.

Her lover is her bounden thrall
And worships at her feet,
And ever at her beck and call,
He offers homage meet:
Her happiness is all his care,
From her his hopes take birth;
He deems her queen of all the fair,
His goddess on the earth.

VASAKASAJJA.

The evening light is falling low,
The twinkling lamps are lit;
And all lies quiet and hushed below
Where glow-worms dance and flit.

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* A verse-study of the conventional types, in Hindu Literature and Art of heroines in love, in relation to their lovers. See the *Sahitya Darpana*, *Bharatiya-Natya-Sastra* or the *Dasarupa*.

THE EIGHT NAYIKAS.

The festal board is richly spread
And fragrance fills the air ;
Beside the soft and downy bed,
She waits divinely fair.

UTKA.

Bereft of lover's dalliance
She languishes in pain ;
And all her youthful radiance
She deems but cold and vain.
Unsought, her tender beauteous form
And dishevelled her hair ;
No lover clasps her rounded arm
And sorrow is her share.

KHANDITA.

Why does the *soorma* stain your lip,
The vermeil dye your breast ?
Where did you stolen nectar sip
And clasp the fair with zest ?
At cruel break of mocking morn
Why turn your feet to me ?
A sighing, love-sick maid forlorn
I would much rather be.

KALAHANTARITA.

Repenting all his wayward ways,
He sought her forgiveness ;
She flared on him with angry face
And kept her loneliness.
But now she longs for love's embrace
And sighs for him in vain ;
For his return she ever prays
And pines in speechless pain.

PROSHITAPRIYA.

Sweet girl, withhold thy sigh and tear—
Thy absent love will come,
When Vasant brings up winter's rear
And bees begin to hum;
Once more to press thy heaving side
And whisper in thine ear:
For evermore with thee to bide,
All through the live-long year.

VIPRALABDHA.

At dusk she hurried from her home,
To trysting came she round;
But 'neath the silent star-lit dome,
No human soul was found.
Is it her lover has gone to woo
Some rival beauty fair,
And left her there to sigh and rue,
Lamenting to the air?

The Vedic Age.

By Sailendra Krishna Deb.

THE Brahmanda Puran, Chapter 1, 197 says: "The knowledge of the Vedas is acquired by means of the Itihas and Purans." They make up the fifth Vedas and are written in the Sanskrit language for the learned Pundits exclusively. I translate such passages as have direct bearing on the main subject to write this monograph.

The present Kaliyuga is an age of rationalism. The Brahmanda Puran, Chapter 64. 20, 21 says—substantially that "a man's word, mind and action give rise to mental sufferings and lay the foundation of want of faith. Doubts induce him to investigate the truth for mitigation of the difficulties and troubles of his life and to find fault with the popular meanings of the Shastras: later, he acquires knowledge. It is well-known adversity teaches wisdom in this world." Brahmabiabarta Puran. Krishna Janma Khandha, Chapter 21.

The Rig Veda 10. 90. 12 says:—

"The Brahman was his (Purusha's) mouth, of both his arms was Rajanya (Kshatrya) made."

"His thigh became the Vaisya and from his feet the Sudra was produced." (Griffith's translation.)

The hymn does not inform us as to how many of each caste and gender were produced, nor whether they were of the same or of different ages, nor whether the colour of their bodies was black or white, or a mixture of both. It is the outcome of the reluctance of the writers of the Vedic hymns to recognize the fact that nature is uniform in action.

In considering evidence, theological, civil or criminal, there are a few notions that usually guide the members of my branch of the profession, whose duty it is to get up the brief for counsel—in other words, to ascertain the facts of the case. Our idea is that you cannot by evidence prove an impossibility. The Agni Puran, Chapter 253, 49 says "in judicial procedure, if there happens to be a contradiction between logic and a code of Hindu Law, the logic must be taken to be more powerful."

To apply the dictum of the Agni Puran, the creation of the four castes narrated in the Rig Veda falls within a sexual propagation, unless an attempt is made to explain it by the theory of superhuman miracle, which contradicts in many ways the enlightened idea and experience of the Kaliyuga (twentieth century).

Lecky in his Rationalism in Europe, volume 1, page 74 writes :- "In a period, therefore, when theology is almost co-extensive with intellectual exertion, when the whole scope of literature, policy, and art is to subserve theological interests, and when the imaginations of men are habitually inflamed by the subject of their continual meditations, it is not to all surprising that belief in existing miracles should be universal. Such miracles are perfectly congenial with the mental tone and atmosphere that is general. The imagination is constantly directed towards miraculous events and readily forces its conceptions upon the reason."

But rest is impossible for the human mind. Valmiki author of the Ramayana, could not appreciate the theory of a sexual propagation of the four castes and tried to reconcile it with the law of nature. He saw he could not entirely go against the then popular notions; so, he set it down as a "hearsay evidence." In Aranya Kanda of the Ramayana, Chapter 14, he gives the following account of the descent of the four castes:—"Daksha Projapati married his daughter, Manu, to Kasyapa. Manu gave birth to the four castes—the Brahmans, the Kshatryas, Vaisyas and the Sudras. It is reported that the Brahmans from the mouth, the Kshatryas from the breast, the Vaisyas from the thigh and the Sudras were produced from the feet."

This is a miraculous production from different parts of a woman's body contrary to the natural law. Belief in the miraculous birth was held at the time when the Rig Veda, Ramayana, Mahabharata and Purans were composed.

The question, for determination is, whether the time of the entertainment of the different views can be ascertained from their pages?

In the Ayodhya Kanda of the Ramayana, Chapter 109, Buddha and his followers Tathagata are mentioned. Buddha was also called Tathagata and Jina (Amor-Kosh) and from Jina is derived the word Jaina (A Buddha). An orthodox Hindu may tell another story without extrinsic or internal proof that the name of Buddha *alias* Tathagata or Jina has been worked in. Buddha's name as also his designation Tathagata are used. in answer to Jabali's argument. by Ram Chandra; he assigns as cause, Jabali's agreeing with the theory of evidence of the senses supported by Charvak and blames his father for appointing Jabali to serve on the occasion of religious offerings; and that a follower of Buddha, who denies the authority of the Vedas and a future life, is deserving punishment. In the next chapter, Vasista tried to appease Ram Chandra by saying that Jabali is not an atheist. Again in Chapter 100 of the Ayodhya Kanda, Ram asked his brother, Varat, whether he employs Brahmans who are followers of Charvak. In the Kishkinda Kanda, Chapter 18, Ram tells Bali that in former times a follower of Jaina religion having committed sins like him was fearfully punished according to the desire of Arjya Mandhata.

The Soura Puran, Chapter 15, enjoins worship with oblations to the ten incarnations of the deities, namely:-- the Fish, the Tortoise, the Boar, the Lion-headed Man, the Dwarf, Ram, Krishna, Parasuram, Buddha and Kalki. Garurh Puran, Uttara Khanda, Chapter 30, 35 charges the Pundits (learned men) to bear always in mind the names of the said ten incarnations. At this time, the former enmity between the Hindus and the

Buddhists was put an end to by installing Buddha in the Hindu *sanctum sanctorum* and they began mutually to fraternize.

In the Mahabharata Drona Parva, Chapter 141, there is a reference to Valmiki's Ramayana and in its other chapters, the names of Valmiki, Ram, Lakshman are also mentioned. It follows that the Mahabharata was written after the Ramayana which contains no reference to the Mahabharata.

In the Mahabharata, Adiparva, Chapter 62, Vyasa says: it took him three years to write the book. In Chapter 64 he says he was son of Satyabati by Parasara. Brahmanda Puran, Chapter 67, 86 says that Narada was the son of Kasyapa who was, according to the Ramayana, Adi Kanda, Chapter 29, the son of Marichi. In the Linga Purana, Purva Vag, Chapter 63, it is said Narada married his daughter, Arundhati, to Vasista. In the Ramayana, Lanka Kanda, Chapter 30, he is called the "old Vasista." Arundhati gave birth to Saktri. Parasara is Saktri's son and father of Krishna Dwipayana (Vyasa). Suka and Upamanyu were sons of Vyasa.

In this chapter of the Linga Puran, Purva Vag, and in the next, a graphic account of Vasista is given. It sets the question at rest that he is no other Vasista but of the Rig Veda and that none but himself could be his parallel.

Vyasa is said to be the author of the Brahmanda Puran, Linga Puran, Garurh Puran, Brahmabaibartha Puran, Baman Puran and Soura Puran. His ancestry is derived from Daksha Projapati, it could not be overstepped.

Daksha is particularized in the Rig Veda VIII, 25, 5, as a lofty Power. The judicial decision is, that "the pedigree is a matter about which the members of a family are presumed to bel particularly interested to ascertain and declare the truth." Vyasa could not falsify the names of his ancestors. A misstatement from him regarding his ancestors would have been at once detected, their names being then in every mouth.

If the authorship of the Linga Puran, Brahmanda Puran and the Soura Puran is disputed, it will be reasoning in a circle. These Purans are given faith to by the orthodox Hindus for thousands of years. No other equally ancient Puran is in existence denying their authorship and the truth of the statement of the pedigree of Vyasa. They would be admissible in evidence in a Court of Law under Section 57, penultimate clause, and Section 87 of the Indian Evidence Act, 1872.

Parasara is mentioned with Vasista and Satayatu in the Rig Veda VII. 18, 21. They jointly celebrated Suda's victory over the ten kings. Consequently, Vasista was alive when Parasara was old enough to take part in the solemnization.

In Monier-Williams' Buddhism at page 21 it is written that Buddha was born about the year 500 B. C. at Kapila Vastu (now Bhulia), a town situated about half way between Basti and Ajudhya (Ayodhya) in the territory of Kosala (the modern Oudh).

Vatsyana *alias* Chanak, author of Kamasutram, was born 2599 years ago from 1919 A. D., that is, in 679 B. C., in a village in Takshasila (Greek Taxiles), an ancient city in the Punjab. In the Baman Puran, Chapter 91, 23, 24 he is said to have married his daughter, Dharmista, to Koskar, the celebrated son of the Maharshi Mudgala, a founder of a Gotra (race or clan), whose descendants are called Moudgalya all over India. He mentions in Kamasutram, Chapter 2, 36 the names of Sita, heroine of the Ramayana, and Draupadi, heroine of the Mahabharata. The writer of this essay is a Moudgalya Attorney-at-Law.

Monier-Williams makes a mistake of 179 years as to the time when Buddha was walking the earth. My conclusion from the passages quoted is that, Buddha, Valmiki, Vasista Parasara, Krishna Dwipayana *alias* Vyasa, and Vatsyana *alias* Chanak, were contemporaries and were residents of the North-Western parts of India, and the Rig Veda, the Ramayana, the Mahabharata and Kamasutram were composed at a short interval of each other in the order as one book is referred to in another.

Kp2The Ramayana, Mahabharata and the Puranas above referred to are the publications of Bangabashi Press, Calcutta. And the Kamasutram is edited and translated by Mohesh Chandra Paul, 141, Baranasi Ghose's Street, Calcutta.

On Beauty.

By "Anon."

O, WONDROUS forms of beauty have I seen
In all aspects:—chaste as a star on high
That shines alone; gorgeous as is the sky
At sunrise; frightful as hath ever been
The moonset of a midnight; meek as queen
Of flowers the lily is when growing by
The side of shrubs that hide it from our eyes:—
And much I marvelled what this all did mean.
Sensations sweet had I felt at their sight;
But not till when I felt my soul once went
Up fluttering like a caged bird that sees
Its native element the woods and trees,
O, not till then I knew that beauty meant
The Signet of His own Effulgence bright.

The Carnival of Love.

To P. N. K.

By Alangot Balakrishnan Nambiar.

Ah beloved, what a life it was
When with the Spring we took the vow,
And then decided
To laugh and dance like flowers and grass!
How then our joys did all surpass,
As down we glided
The Stream of Life in the barge of Love!
Life danced as lightly and sprightly
As in the breeze doth a feather,
When you and I were together;
Time passed as rightly and brightly
As do the days in Spring weather,
When you and I were together.

Creation's mighty wealth we plundered,
While all the gods above then wondered:
Nor stopped nor ended
Till Life and Death in twain we sundered;
The one with us we kept to be squandered,
The other bended
To our will we kept surrendered!
Life danced as lightly and sprightly
As in the breeze doth a feather,
When you and I were together;
Time passed as rightly and brightly
As do the days in Spring weather,
When you and I were together.

Rejoicing still, yet not content,
We tore the blue of the skies and bent
With colours seven
A mighty bow, from which we sent
Long sunbeam shafts that struck and rent
The clouds of heaven,
And plundered the gold that for us were meant!

EAST & WEST.

Life danced as lightly and brightly
As in the breeze doth a feather,
When you and I were together ;
Time passed as rightly and brightly
As do the days in Spring weather
When you and I were together.

And when the doors of heavens we battered,
The frightened Sun sank in his tattered
Yet beauteous garments ;
But we cared naught, for aught that mattered,
And so we caught him to be shattered
Into thousand fragments,
Which on the floor of heavens we scattered!
Life danced as lightly and sprightly
As in the breeze doth a feather,
When you and I were together ;
Time passed as rightly and brightly
As do the days in Spring weather,
When you and I were together.

And thus we played with the Stars and the Sun
The Game of Life that seemed but begun ;
And e'er rejoicing,
The festival of our Union,
We two proclaimed aloud in one
Ebullient voicing
Of sweetest sounds in unison!
Life danced as lightly and sprightly
As in the breeze doth a feather.
When you and I were together ;
Time passed as rightly and brightly
As do the days in Spring weather,
When you and I were together.

On Leave.

By Harry Bailey.

I.

I HAD only been home twenty-four hours when I ran against old Pitley in the Strand. Pitley's the kind of fellow I would sooner avoid than a five point nine: the kind of johnny who tells you all your faults by saying what some old Blighter you never heard of thinks about you. That's Pitley.

"Reggie Conway!" he cried seizing my right hand in a death grip. "Jove! I am pleased to see you. They tell me you've got another pip. My gad! you do look fit. But the face in just the same."

"What's the matter with my face?" I asked gloomily, for I had as little chance of shaking him off as an oyster has of getting out of its shell.

"Oh! I say nothing, my dear Reggie," he assured me with a characteristic wave of a podgy, right hand "but two of the fellows told me you called at the Club last night. 'Old' fish-face Conway is home on leave,' one cried——I wouldn't think such a thing, my dear boy, I'm merely repeating their senseless remarks: 'He's got the luck of Satan. I shouldn't be surprised if he marries that millionaire girl Dorothea Reynolds. From what I hear she's been moping about him ever since he went out. Fools for luck if you like!'"

I disengaged myself from Pitley gently but firmly walking off towards Piccadilly with my head in the clouds. Fancy dear old Dorothea moping about me! Why I had never dreamt of such a thing. True we had been good friends for a very long time, but she knew that I was incapable of permanent passion. If I loved a girl one week with all the devotion of an Orpheus, I forgot her the next. Human nature can't be explained. It's got to be faced.

Jove, though, it wouldn't do. Poor old Dorothea! She mustn't worry about me. I should have to settle down some time; why not at once? So I hailed a taxi.

"Miss Reynolds will see you, sir," said an anæmic looking maid.

Dorothea was reclining on a white-upholstered divan. Her raven hair looked beautiful in its slight disarray, and in her cheeks the colour came and went prettily as she caught sight of me. I opened my eyes a little for, really, old Dorothea was more stunning than I had thought, and there were dark rings beneath her violet eyes. She had been crying, crying about me! I felt very tender and very foolish as I stood there.

"Reggie," she cried, "it *is* good of you to look me up so soon."

She blushed a little as I shook hands with her, and I could feel my heart beating much faster than was good for it.

"Where the heart calls," I answered airily, thinking little of what I said, though Dorothea and her prettiness made me realise what I had missed. Somehow or other I couldn't help thinking how nice it would be to marry and feel quite settled.

"Reggie!" she cried, and there was more than a suspicion of laughter in her voice.

"Sit down here," she commanded, making room on the divan, "and tell me all your adventures."

I sat down racking my old brains to discover what had brought so much colour to her cheeks, and why her eyes were sparkling like those of a famished kitten I found in a cellar at Arras. Suddenly I remembered both what I had said and old Pitley's remarks.

There was only one way out, but for the life of me I couldn't restrain a little shiver which started from the crown of my head and crept to my feet.

"Tell me all you've been doing, Reggie," said Dorothea again. "How you must have suffered in those awful trenches last winter!"

I was saved. In my excitement I blurted out a lot of information that might have got me court-martialled had it ever become known, and even mentioned Dick Heyward, a big pal of mine whose name had been freely coupled with Dorothea's till she had given him his congé twelve months previously.

After I'd said it I felt a few qualms, but there was no uneasiness in Dorothea's face, so I continued: "Heyward's coming home next week Shall I bring him to see you?"

"Don't!" she cried in a curiously stifled voice. Then, as I looked at her in astonishment, "you mean Roger Heyward?"

"I never heard of a Roger," I said, wondering what she was getting at: "I said 'Dick,' commonly called 'Tip Heyward.'"

"I'm sorry,' smiling sweetly. "I remember Mr. Heyward quite well. Bring him by all means, Reggie."

After that there was a decided slump. Dorothea sat as mute as a Boche prisoner, while I thought and thought until it had to come out.

"Dorothea," I began, feebly I know, for it was an awful job, "I've thought of no one but you this last six months. Will you marry me if I come out all right?"

I could just see the dimple in her right cheek, and the noble column of her neck as I waited, breathlessly, for her answer.

"Is this a proposal, Reggie?" she asked. "No; I don't mean to be unkind but you and I know each other very well. I wonder how many girls you have proposed to in the last seven years."

It was good tactics, I admit.

"Seven or eight," I mumbled.

"And you forgot them all in a few days. Didn't you, Reggie?"

"Yes," I groaned.

"The difficulty is," she was talking like a teacher to a bally kid, "that one never knows whether to take you seriously or not."

"This is genuine," I pleaded.

"I'm going to test that. Your mother told me last week that she proposed giving a dinner party the evening before you return to France. I shall be there. After dinner, unless you change your mind, I shall announce our engagement. Will that suit, Reggie?"

"Lord, yes," I said, "I don't mind. I'm serious this time."

I felt pretty sick for the next few days. Piccadilly even lost its charms, and the Club was unbearable. What the deuce had made me propose to Dorothea I couldn't determine, unless it was the tittle-tattle of old Pitley, and a wonderful feeling of sympathy for her sorrow. The worst of it was, I couldn't escape this time. Dorothea wasn't the kind of girl a fellow can 'chuck' without warning. I sent her hosts of flowers and numerous boxes of chocolates, but I couldn't pluck up enough courage to see her.

Things got so bad that at last I wired to the Colonel—"Recall me at once. I'm in deuce of a mess. Conway."

Next day I had the answer, "Don't be a silly ass."

That put the lid on it. I had never suspected the grim, old Colonel of being a sport; but even through my misery, I could see that he thought he was doing me a good turn rather than a bad one. Still, as some johnny says, 'there's bound to be a silver lining somewhere,' and my lining turned up in the shape of Heyward.

"Hello, old top!" I remarked clutching him firmly, "whither away?"

"Anywhere," he said, in his "distrait" fashion.

"Cheer—o; I know the very thing to lighten that weary load of yours."

"What's the game?" he said when I had got him inside a taxi.

"I'm taking you to see the richest, prettiest girl in London," I said.

Heyward sat up. "Who's that?"

"Miss Reynolds."

He gave a great start. "Nothin' doin,' Reggie," he cried, "stop this car at once."

I played my ace. "What's the fuss?" I asked, "she told me she'd like to see you."

Heyward's cheeks burned dully. "She did?" he asked. "Let us go then to see this charming, rich lady." He laughed harshly.

It was a frightful bore getting them settled down, for Dorothea was as cold as an icicle, and Heyward as savage and disagreeable as a wild-cat.

I sustained the conversation until I was getting a bit tired. Dorothea interposed at last.

"Didn't you promise to play a round of golf with me to-morrow, Reggie?" she asked, and there was a whole world of entreaty in her eyes.

What the deuce was it all about? I'd never promised to play with her. But it was evident she had something at the back of her mind so I said "Yes" as brightly as I could.

"I thought we'd play at Ropestares, and my clubs are in the Golf-house at Whitelands."

I caught her point. Evidently she was fed up with Heyward, and could only think of this cumbrous method of getting rid of him.

"I'll run down to Whitelands," I said, "I sha'n't be above an hour."

"Thank you"—Dorothea's voice and smile were as sweet as honey.

"I'm coming, old chap," cried Heyward.

"I thought you'd stay and tell me about the fighting," pleaded Dorothea in a hurt tone.

Heyward tugged at his moustache.

"I'd rather go," he exclaimed savagely.

"Very well," said Dorothea meekly, but she looked so pitiful that, though I was completely befogged, I put in a word.

"Sit down, man," I cried, "I sha'n't be more than an hour. You needn't be frightened of Dorothea."

I was sorry for old Heyward as I sat in the taxi; but what Dorothea's game was, beat me. He was evidently as deeply in love with her as ever, and it seemed that she wanted him to burn his fingers a second time. It was rough on Heyward, and Dorothea had never struck me before as a girl of that type. I thought I'd hurry back and save the poor chap.

But the little gods ordained otherwise. The only person in the Club-house was a girl. She was so pretty that I stood and looked at her in astonishment. It was only when a faint flush overspread her oval face that I realised my indiscretion.

"I'm a-afraid," I began, stammering purposely, "t-that I've been rather rude."

"Most people are," she said calmly. "Have you come down to play?"

"No."

She was obviously disappointed.

"If you're short of an opponent," I said eagerly, "I'll play you with pleasure; but I've no clubs, and I'm lamentably short of practice."

"Here are Dad's," she said, "and your lack of practice will perhaps equalise matters."

I grasped the bag thankfully. Here was Romance. Dorothea and Heyward went clean out of my mind.

"I'll play you for a sovereign or a",— I paused.

"You can have the 'or' if you beat me," she whispered.

"Madam," I said gravely, "before we begin, may I introduce myself: 'Reginald Conway, of His Majesty's Thunderers' at your service."

"I shall call you Reggie," she bubbled, "and you may call me 'Barbara.' Isn't it an ugly name?"

"It is the name of Romance," I said. "It just suits you."

"Am I so ugly?" she demanded. "You'd be a poor courtier, sir."

"A poor courtier may prove a devoted saive," I answered, for she was so bewitching that I felt my pulses quiver at the beauty of her.

"You're improving. Am I to have the honour?" She drove off—a good length-ball. The game for that wonderful prize had begun.

For the first nine holes she led me comfortably; but, with the turn, I began to make up the lee-way. A neck and neck struggle ensued until, on the last green, Barbara was left with an easy putt to win.

"It's an easy shot, Reggie," she said. "If I hole out you're beaten, remember."

"By one," I sighed.

She missed it. I was so excited that I could have cut a caper.

"It will be so nice having a tie. I shall hole out this time," she said very decidedly.

"What happens now?" I asked after she had succeeded. "Am I to be left desolated?"

"Decidedly not. I've brought some sandwiches. You shall lay the cloth while I make the tea."

I've never known such luck. We had a sparkling tea, and never a soul put in an appearance. It was eight o'clock before I could tear myself away, but though I called at the Club, and even looked round at Dorothea's, I could find no trace of old Heyward.

"I don't know where he went," remarked Dorothea crossly.

"By Jove I clean forgot about those clubs," I apologised.

"It doesn't matter. I didn't want to play. I'm very tired, Reggie," she added, as if in excuse.

So I departed more mystified than ever, to dream dreams of straw-coloured tresses, flecked into occasional gold by a stray sunbeam, and eyes of a blue only to be equalled by the turquoise of Alpine lakes.

I took my own clubs down to Whitelands next morning, and found Barbara there alone.

"Dad's suffering from his old enemy, gout," she explained.

I found my heart jumping like a silly school-kids at each glance and, at luncheon, when my fingers accidentally touched hers, a thrill ran through me from head to foot.

In the following days I lived at Whitelands. London saw me no more. For me it did not exist. I was in love. I knew it almost at once, and recognised too, that, this time, it was no meretricious affair. For good or ill I was Barbara's.

At times the hopelessness of it all overwhelmed me. Dorothea and any question regarding her were temporarily forgotten. I was only concerned with Barbara. A softened glance, a tender speech, would transport me to Heaven: an unconcerned, or cutting remark would thrust me down to Hell.

And on my last morning I beat her. Again she had an easy putt—to tie this time—and again she missed. We wandered back to the Club-house in silence.

"I should like to see the woods," I said in a shaky voice, for my emotion was so strong that I could scarcely control myself. "Will you come, Barbara."

We paced through the leafy aisles and settled ourselves on a fallen oak.

"I go to-morrow, Barbara," I said huskily. "Will you be sorry?"

I searched her face hungrily, but the wondrous long lashes had veiled her eyes.

"Certainly," she said.

I could wait no longer.

"Oh, Barbara!" I pleaded, seizing one sun-browned, strong hand, "give me some hope. For God's sake don't send me back broken-hearted."

She merely turned her head away, and in that action I read her answer and became mad.

"Barbara," I cried, "I love you. Do you hear? I love you. Give me at least some consolation. I have been a rotter I know. I'm not fit to touch you; but dear, I worship you."

"Poor Reggie," she said.

My blood seemed to congeal.

"I will give you my answer to-night," she added.

"But how, how?" I protested. "Mater is giving a dinner party to-night."

"And wouldn't welcome a poor, unknown girl like me."

I winced at her irony. "To me you are the world," I protested. "If only I could be sure of knowing to-night?"

"You shall," she promised.

And with that I had to be content.

III.

If anyone ever plumbed the abyss of torment I did that evening. How to get out of the fix I didn't know! Figure it yourself. Dorothea Reynolds, whom I did not love, was going to announce our engagement at the conclusion of dinner: Barbara—I didn't know her other name, and never gave it a thought—the girl I did love to distraction, had promised to send me her answer. What if it were 'Yes.' What should I do? And suppose her answer came after Dorothea's announcement. Oh! I was between the devil and the deep sea with a vengeance, and no matter how I cudgelled my brains I couldn't find a way out.

I descended to dinner rather late. No sooner had I entered the drawing room than the gong sounded, and Mater ordered me to take in Dorothea. I was pretty down in the mouth for the first few minutes, though Dorothea, who had become more brilliant than ever since our last meeting, seemed to notice nothing amiss; but, all at once, as my eyes wandered carelessly down the long table, I saw the one face in the world. I gasped. It was Barbara without a doubt.

"What's the matter, Reggie?"—it was the Mater's voice.

"Nothing, dear," I stammered. "I get these little fits occasionally. The doctor says it's the after-effects of that touch of gas I had."

That lie worked—it was a white one only. But for the life of me I couldn't help shuddering. Barbara here and Dorothea due to speak in a few minutes. God! I couldn't sit still and watch that laughing, little face grow into a mask of cold disdain. If she loved me it would kill her. At one moment I thought of whispering to Dorothea to postpone the news: at another I determined to slide to the floor and sham a faint. But I couldn't. I'd got to play the game now. I caught Barbara's eyes just once—there must have been untold misery in my countenance for her's paled.

"She cares," I whispered, and my heart leaped; then became as lead when memory returned.

The meal ended. They toasted me, and I made some kind of footling reply.

"Dear Dorothea has an announcement to make," said the Mater.

Dorothea rose. I shut my eyes and gripped the chair tightly. "I'm going to do a very unusual thing," she said; "but as we are all old friends, I promised

Reggie," I groaned to myself—"that I would announce my engagement myself—" I heard a rustle as the folks sat up in expectation.

"He's been such a dear," she continued,—I groaned again "he brought me 'Dick.'"

I sat up with a jerk, but before I could speak, Heyward had risen, glass in hand, "To Reggie Conway," he cried, "a damned good pal!"

We toasted them, and congratulations were hurled about like snowballs. I was almost mad with joy. In fact I over-did it, for I caught Dorothea glancing at me curiously; but I didn't care. I was free, free!

"Dorothea," I said later, "you've treated me rottenly." "You don't mind, Reggie, I'm sure and—and I love Dick."

"I'll forgive you," I said, magnanimously, "but now you've chucked me, Dorothea, I'll have to start again. There's a girl in the corner seat beside the palm that strikes my idle fancy. Will you introduce me?"

"You're incorrigible, Reggie," she said; but she led me to where Barbara was seated.

"Captain Conway—Lady Barbara Elfoot," she said and I bowed deeply. After a few minutes desultory conversation Dorothea departed, and I turned to Barbara, pain in my eyes, a knife through my heart.

"You didn't tell me you were married," I protested dully.

She laughed rather shrilly: "Why should I?" she said. "Are married people to have no fun?"

I turned on her savagely. "Barbara," I cried, "I wish to Heaven I'd been killed out there. I should have been saved this torment."

Her face paled but she made no answer.

And then the dear, old Mater bustled up. "I'm glad you two know each other. How's the Earl, Barbara?"

"In a beast of a temper. He's got gout."

What a fool I'd been! What a fool! Barbara wasn't married at all. I sat glumly there until we were again alone.

"Forgive me, Barbara," I begged. "If you care even a little, give me your answer now."

"What is it the German prisoners say to you, Reggie."

"Kamerad!" I answered wonderingly.

"Kamerad!" she pleaded, and held up both arms in mock submission.

With Christmas and New Year Greeting.

By Margaret Heath.

"CALM soul of all things! make it mine
To feel, amid the city's jar,
That there abides a peace of thine,
Man did not make, and cannot mar."
—MATT. ARNOLD.

Thou, secret solace of the soul! again
Possess us, and, perchance this very morn,
In tender hearts ploughed up of so much pain,
Be, as within a manger, newly-born;
To set within our own and others' eyes,
The vision of Thine Earthly Paradise.

Blest Visitant! the tongue shall tell of Thee,
In hours that fail not of the budding speech
Of the pure Presence, yearning to be free
Of its own utterance in the soul of each;
A sound, escaped from out a soundless deep—
A wind, to woo us from our wintry sleep.

To-day, withal, beyond or time, or space,
And all the drawn-out tale of blood and tears,
We dream of Thee afresh, and re-embrace,
Impinged upon of all the shining spheres;
That know ourselves, by many a seal and sign,
Life of Thy Life, unfolding and divine.

"Thou art our Father, our Redeemer;
Thy name is from everlasting."—ISAIAH lxiii. 16.

The Ethics of Hunger-striking.

By H. Maharaj.

MANY are interested in the hunger-strike of Alderman MacSwiney from a political point of view: others view it from a medical aspect as it seems incredible that a man can exist for over two months without taking any sustenance: and yet others, and they are not few in number, are exercised in mind over the incident as it raises a question of much moral significance. We find Father Vaughan, the learned Jesuit, making a clear statement to the effect that those on hunger-strike—whatever be their religion or nationality—are would-be suicides and he would unhesitatingly treat them as such. But not many miles away there is a priest who holds a diametrically opposite opinion for he has allowed Alderman MacSwiney all the rites and sacraments permitted by the church of which he is a member. In Birmingham where there are several other hunger-strikers incarcerated the Roman Catholic chaplain subscribes to the views held by Father Bernard Vaughan and consequently the Irish prisoners in his ecclesiastical care have been deprived of the consolation of their church. These incidents suffice to demonstrate that the problem presented by hunger-striking is as intricate as it is interesting.

According to English Law—and to the tenets of the Christian religion—a person who has attained to years of discretion and who is in possession of his faculties is a suicide when he takes his own life. As is well known, the Christian religions do not allow their rites of burial to a person who has committed suicide. Now we must consider what motives have prompted the Cork Alderman to behave in the way he has done. It will surely be conceded by all that he is guilty of suicide if he has determined to take his life. No one, according to Christian teachings, has the right to take away the life that God has given him. Admittedly, if MacSwiney's idea was not to die but only to persist in his refusal to eat until such time as the Government were constrained to release him the state of affairs is different. By many it is assumed that this fact is known to the priest at Brixton Prison and thus the action taken by him can be satisfactorily explained. It must, of course, be borne in mind that the English authorities have on more than one occasion told MacSwiney and his friends that they did not intend to release him. There can have been no doubt in the Alderman's mind as to the intention of the Government.

There is than the vexed question as to whether or not a man has the right to risk his life by hunger striking in what he considers to be the interests of his native land. In MacSwiney's case I think the general opinion will be that the point does not arise. If he had been threatened with death unless, for instance, he divulged important secrets of the organisation to which he admittedly belongs and had in the end preferred death to what might be termed treachery most would agree that he had played the part to be expected from a patriot whether his beliefs be considered misguided or not. There are several other circumstances of a similar nature in which a patriot might choose death though he did not actually seek it and in which the factors, in the opinion of the majority, would not constitute suicide. In MacSwiney's case, however, those contingencies do not appear to occur. Whatever the future may bring forth Ireland is at present a part of the United Kingdom and those who hail from the much-troubled land of Sinn Fein are liable beyond all doubt to the laws of the British constitution. MacSwiney has been found guilty of certain serious offences by a competent court and he has been awarded a certain punishment. Let it be conceded for the sake of argument that there has been a miscarriage of justice and that the Alderman has been wrongly sent to jail. Does that translate him into a patriot and render it reasonable and proper for him to court death by suicide? Should he die and die of his own free-will what benefit will accrue to his native country? Even if one hundred men decide to refuse the food that is placed before them and die of their obstinacy how and why will Ireland be the better? Most reasonable men will maintain that if the Alderman and his confrères sincerely believe that they are fighting for a worthy cause it is strange that they prefer death to living and pursuing legitimately, even if forcibly, the goal they have in view.

In his work on Medical Jurisprudence Colonel Patrick Hehir, M.D., F.R.S., F.R.C.S.E., etc., gives the following as one of the moral causes of insanity:—"Wounded feelings, political and other excitement." It is thus not impossible, though by many it will be thought improbable, that the Irish hunger-strikers are so unbalanced in mind by their extreme political bias that they are not responsible entirely for their actions. Actuated by an almost indescribable hatred of the English they may have become irrational and thus be incapable of realising adequately the foolishness of their behaviour. If such be the case should death occur as the result of hunger-striking a verdict of temporary insanity would be appropriate for many persons perform seemingly incomprehensible acts while under the influence of abnormal excitement.

To the western mind *Suttee* is abhorrent and stringent legislation has been introduced to stop the practice. There are still many orthodox Hindus, however, who are not prepared to accept unreservedly the western view of women who make the great sacrifice. It certainly seems inconsistent that women in India are to be prevented from committing suicide in what they may consider to be religious fervour if men in England are to be allowed to court death in what they may hold to be their country's need.

Of course it has to be admitted that in the eyes of many Irishmen and others too Alderman MacSwiney was regarded, as one engaged in a spiritual contest with the worldly aspects of British Imperial Rule. Now that he is dead, he will surely be acclaimed a martyr, and martyrs are not only a spiritual force in ecclesiastism but a potent agency in mundane matters. The London *Daily News* has pointed out that the making of martyrs never injured any cause and that the defiant obstinacy of a weak Government (that is in their opinion) may be contrasted with the wise resolve of decade ago, that whatever happened to the women Suffragette law-breakers, none of them should die on Government hands.

In conclusion it is worthy of remark that according to the *Ain Akbari* suicide by starving is held to be one of the five meritorious methods of meeting with death. The policy of hunger-striking has been freely adopted by Indian political prisoners in recent years but fortunately before any of them were *in extremis* they have listened to reason and taken food. And it will generally be admitted that neither they nor their cause are in any way wise the worse for their return to sane and normal behaviour.

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EAST & WEST.

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EAST & WEST.

May, 1921.

From Cloudland.

Dyarchy at Work.

THE New Councils have met and dispersed and already created confidence that the large interests of the millions will be safe in their keeping. The discussions were dominated by a sense of sobriety and a sense of service, a consciousness of responsibility which the detractors of the New Constitution said will never be found in India. The new Ministers in charge of the Transferred Subjects have started work under very favourable conditions, and the difficulties of working the system which were apprehended, have not appeared. The members of permanent public services and representatives of the people have discovered that they can easily co-operate in the service of the country. The governing factors remain unaltered, and dominate decisions to-day as they did yesterday; and the practical working of the scheme is secure. It has yet to be proved whether the New Constitution will bring a larger prosperity and happiness to the people, distribute more even-handed justice, and establish a more efficient administration, and secure for the individual a larger sense of freedom and human dignity. The two Imperial Legislatures, the Council of State and the Legislative Assembly—it is wrong to call them the Upper and the Lower House, for they are both sister institutions—finished their labours in a business-like manner, but the fire and freedom of a higher idealism has been wanting in both. The radiance of new ideas never brightened the discussions, which were rarely raised above the commonplace practical considerations. There was a lack of organisation and co-ordination of work. Every member ploughed his lonely furrow. Perhaps business will be better organised at the next session, and the members will take up large questions with greater freedom and unity of purpose. Mr. Lionel Curtis may well be proud of the initial success of his scheme.

Stages of Swaraj.

Mahatma Gandhi declares that if the country follows his direction it will achieve Self-government before the end of the year. Mahatma Gandhi has a wonderful way of setting forth clear and simple issues, but there is an "if," and that "if" implies the mental and spiritual transformation of the whole country. *Bhagwat Gita* says that such a realisation of self-consciousness is the fruit of thousands of years of incessant effort. A false change may appear on the surface, but the inner change such as the Mahatmajee desires will not come in a year. He has already fully or partially achieved his points. No one can be more weary than he, of keeping up a struggle which is likely to raise national antagonisms. The world is crying for peace, and he of all men cannot turn to it a deaf ear for long. Perhaps Lord Reading will afford him an opportunity for discussion and settlement.

The Meaning of Responsibility.

It has been declared that India has been set on the path which leads to responsible Government, implying in plain English that Government in future is to be responsible to the people of India and that hitherto responsibility rested in other hands, which is now being gradually transferred to the people of this country. Non-co-operation movement is really co-operation for a common cause. In any case, it started as an attempt to bring the bureaucratic Government to submit to the will of the people. There can be no doubt that the relations between the officials, whether Indians or Englishmen must undergo a material change to make this responsibility real. Any movement that raises the self-respect of the people, teaches them to co-operate for a common cause must be welcomed, but the danger of Non-co-operation movement in a world afflicted with wars is emphasising race hatreds. Love, and not hate, is the sovereign remedy, and, perhaps, the Non-co-operation movement will glide into a co-operative movement, and unite the people for promoting common weal. India will have to win responsible Government for herself as Mr. Lionel Curtis observes :—" . . . . That England has granted responsible Government to India, in strictness should never be said and will never be true. The best she could do was to put India in the way of taking responsible Government for herself. That she has done" . . . . and the last remains for us to do

The Mission of India.

If England and India can work together, not only will India find a way to her own freedom, but what is infinitely more important, she will have traced the path which all the nations of Asia and Europe will have to follow. National patriotism has been always exploited to satisfy national ambitions greatness or greed. It subjects countries to conscript armies, ruinous armaments and worship of false gods: leading to devastations and sufferings. Elusive catchwords drive people blindly to wars ; the soldiers that kill, when they look into each other's eyes, fail to see the enemy they gave all their powers to destroy. It is therefore of greater moment that India should realise its mission of friendliness and international understanding and create a centre of peace. She must light up sacrificial fires, never to be put out till all the nations of Asia and Europe walk by its light.

The Danger.

There is a danger that, if India abandons the path of self-assertion, she may sink into subservience again. The danger is certainly great, for we are an apathetic people, and a spirit of dominance is the ruling characteristic of the British. The only remedy is to cultivate self-respect, freedom of thought and action. We must cultivate friendships, but cultivate them as equals. Non-co-operation movement when it changes into co-operative movement will lose none of its soul-force, and help us to reach the goal which would be no other but that of national prosperity and freedom; desiring at the same time, that other nations may also enjoy what we wish to enjoy ourselves. We must never again allow prestige and power to overwhelm individual freedom, or override national self-respect.

Spirit and Matter.

WHAT guided us in the past and what is guiding Europe in the present and influencing opinion out here also. Life is one, and truth remains unchanged for all times. Spirit and Matter! what are they? Love ye one another, is a spiritual truth; take all that ye can, is a material fiction. The one brings happiness, the other creates desire which can never be satisfied. Human society can find freedom only in the recognition of spiritual values which can stand the test of self-denial. What is wrong with Bolshevism but inherent selfishness. We in India have not had many things, but we have had one thing needful; and legions have come and thundered past without disturbing our peace. The peasant who ploughed and often went without bread was unconsciously aware that in right living, which is, respecting his neighbour, was his lasting reward. What will the new creed bring us?

The Meaning of the Budget.

THE Imperial Legislatures sat and deliberated and passed the new year's Budget. More than half our income goes to the Army and no juggling with facts can conceal the wrongness of it. The Finance Minister has been easily let off. He was new to the work, and finances of the world were out of joint. He will have to control expenditure, if he wishes to command public confidence. He must realise that he is in charge of the Finances of a poor country. The full significance of this poverty dawned on me yesterday. I was ready to go out for a ride when a woman in rags appeared, asking for a strip of cloth. I paused and heard her story. I can now visualise an unending procession of men and women, half-clad and starving, weary and without bread or clothes who make the millions of India. How have we framed their budget? What have we done to meet their needs? Where are the schemes which are going to produce more food and more clothes? Palaces and pleasure-houses; what relation do they bear to the income of these people? Millions have no lamp to light in their huts. What do the electric illuminations signify? All these questions will have to be answered—and soon; if our Legislatures are to justify the trust.

The Roots and Fruits.

THE roots of politics are in the home-life of a people. What is the position of woman in India? She is respected as mother and wife; but what about the physical factors of early marriage and immature child-birth? What are her preparations to be the mother of a valiant race? It is she who can preserve our spiritual tradition.

Milton observes—

My author and disposer, what thou biddest?
Unargued I obey, so God ordains.

God is thy law, thou mine; to know the same
Is woman's happiest knowledge and her place.

The Treaties and Indemnities.

THE statesmen of France and England met to discuss Turkish Treaty and German Indemnity. The discussion was more in the nature of dictating terms; for Marshall Foch and Mr. Wilson were ready immediately to enforce "sanctions." France forgot Turkey altogether in her desire to have a freehand in Europe, while Mr. Lloyd George supported French demands for an equally freehand in the East. In such an atmosphere, no peace could be made. The conference dispersed, France to enforce her will on Germany, and England to exploit the oil-fields of Persia and the markets of the East. In the meanwhile, Europe awaits peace and promises of reconstruction. Asia no more seeks protection of England or France. Persia has made an alliance with Russia, and Amir of Kabul has followed. Nationalist Turkey is not likely to lay down arms. Industrial revival and the resumption of international trade are infinitely delayed. That is how our statesmen have made peace in two and a half years—and made the world safe for democracy!

The Tale of Woe.

REUTER cables every day the story of Irish outrages and the English mail brings fuller news of the reign of terror which is trying to bend Irish people to submission. Things are happening on both sides, which it was thought, had vanished forever from the civilized world. The Mother of Parliaments, that at one time was ready to draw the sword in defence of defenceless people in any part of the world, sits and listens and allows many charges to pass unchallenged. British conscience has not yet been stung into action, but the logic of facts will be more compelling and Ireland will have the right to govern herself. But as long as the present conditions last, it is bringing no credit to British Government; and for India, the situation in Ireland is full of grave significance.

The New Viceroy and the Task before him.

HIS EXCELLENCY LORD READING has arrived. The eyes of the whole country are turned towards him. Will he bring about a reconciliation and establish trust? Will he infuse a new spirit of comradeship between the Englishmen and Indians and make it impossible for an officer, civil or military, to behave rudely to an Indian, and stop for all times incidents to which Mr. Curtis has drawn such a pointed attention in his book? He has wisely declined to define his policy, but declared his faith in justice, tinged with love, and in a policy of larger freedom and equality.

Much will depend on his making an early impression. It is very often the early impressions which make or unmake careers. A round-table conference will give him an opportunity to discuss the whole situation freely. It may be possible to arrange terms. In the matter of the Punjab much has been done. An early visit to the Punjab and a public assurance of sympathy, followed by the release of Martial Law prisoners, will create for him an atmosphere of goodwill. The Sikh feeling too will be greatly influenced, if he can speak of the solicitude of his Government, as well as that of the Punjab for their welfare. In the matter of Turkey, it will be as well to appoint a committee of Khilafat people to investigate the problem and recommend in what direction the Government of India can help, and how the views of the Goverment of India can be made more effective. The committee might as well visit some of the places and study the views of the people concerned, and the prevailing conditions at close quarters. In the matter of *Swaraj* the pronouncement already made can be emphasised. His Excellency can certainly assure the people, that he will do his best to work for the attainment of *Swaraj*. The masses will rejoice if he can say that Land Revenue and Rent questions will receive an early attention. And, as an earnest of his desire to help the agricultural classes, he can extend the term of settlement for ten years. He will have to take a strong position, if he is to take a new line in this matter. This can be done by asking the Revenue and Finance Departments to tell him what the loss in revenue will come to for such a postponement, and whether it can be recouped by an export duty on grain. He might also promise an enquiry into the economics of the villages, and development of agriculture and industries, and retrenchment of expenditure. Lord Curzon was able to accomplish a great deal of solid work, because he started with a programme, and Lord Reading, who has raised great hopes, will find a programme most useful. Five years, after all, are much too short to do things.

A Critique of India's First Parliament.

By "A Student of Indian Politics."

LOOKING back upon the history of the first session of the Legislative Assembly and the Council of State, it seems difficult to believe that so much work of a solid type was accomplished under conditions so unfavourable. No impartial observer can fail to see that the political atmosphere of the country is still such as to impose considerable obstacles in the way of calm and unbiassed deliberation upon almost any one of the numerous subjects concerning which public opinion is excited. And prior to the meeting of the Legislature, this was even more the case than at the present time. The party of Non-co-operation had done its best to prevent the elections being held at all; and when its failure became apparent, devoted all its energies towards prejudicing the new Councils as collections of flunkies and fools. This benevolent intention was somewhat assisted by the partial utterances of two well-known members of Parliament, whose influence throughout their hasty tour of India was not calculated to assist the country in taking a balanced view of the new Reforms. The public mind was deeply stirred by grievances: social, political, and economic. Racial feeling was exasperated to a pitch that threatened to make co-operation between the English and Indian members of the Legislature somewhat less easy than would otherwise have been the case. Leaving aside those whose professed intention it was to admit no good in the Reforms, there were many persons, both Indian and English, who were supremely pessimistic as to the ability of the new legislative organs to discharge their difficult—and in many quarters, thankless—task.

In this connection, particular alarm was excited among the few who knew the facts, by the character of the budget. That this would be of a disappointing character, was common property; but the extent of the estimated deficit rendered the outlook serious. Was it possible to imagine that the new members of the Assembly, inexperienced as they must be, if through no fault of their own, in the obligations and burdens of responsible Government, would consent to share the odium of voting fresh taxation at a time when they were already being denounced as traitors by the more impetuous and less rational of their own countrymen? The question was of far more than academic interest; for without the vote of the Assembly, upon which depended more than half the total budget, the machinery of Government could not be kept running for a single day. It is true that there still remained the last weapon of the Viceroy's power of restoration; but what mockery of responsible Government would its employment at this early stage entail? In any event, the result would be disastrous, whether in the opening afforded to those who were avowed enemies of India's constitutional advance, or the justification furnished to the party which was already busily proclaiming that the whole Reform Scheme was a snare and a delusion. In addition to this thorny question, there remained others of at least equal moment. What attitude would the Legislature adopt towards the Punjab tragedy? And would it dare to register its opinion against the Non-co-operation movement?

If such were the apprehensions that must have weighed upon the mind of many officials, the fears of the popular representatives were certainly no less real. What would be the attitude of the Administration towards the new element which was henceforth to share in such large measure its responsibilities? Would Government work the Reforms in the spirit which the co-operating party always maintained to be implicit in them, or would it stultify those who were its best friends by adopting an attitude of obstruction that would reduce to a phantom the opportunities for the harmonious working of Indians and Englishmen towards India's uplifting? And in the last resort, were the powers of the new bodies actually so great as had been maintained, or were they but another bureaucratic device for thwarting the aspirations of Indian statesmen to shape the destinies of their own country?

That the dangers and difficulties awaiting the first session of the Indian Parliament were great, we have already shown. We must now very briefly elucidate the manner in which they were triumphantly overcome.

In a sketch of this kind, it would be out of place to attempt any summary of the proceedings in detail. Broadly speaking, they have already been reported in the daily press of India with as much fulness and accuracy as the inexperience of the press correspondents and the predilection of individual editors have allowed. If the newspaper accounts of what has passed in the Assembly or the Council appear—as judging from certain complaints would seem to be the case—inadequate in the eyes of those actually participating, it must in fairness be remembered that the art of reporting debates of the Parliamentary kind is not to be acquired in a moment even by the most skilful of pressmen. That the general public have reason to complain at the deliberate attempt to belittle the work of the Councils which has characterised certain press organs of the Non-co-operation party may well be true: but is after all only natural. Broadly speaking, the fact remains that any intelligent citizen of India who is desirous of knowing what his Parliament has done, has enjoyed ample opportunities of acquiring that knowled

It is then with the more general aspects of the work of the Assembly and of the Council, rather than with the varying fortunes of particular debates, that we may here concern ourselves. The first definite impression emerging from the early meetings of the Assembly and of the Council alike, was that the fears and apprehensions to which we have briefly referred, were unfounded. This arose, not merely from the touching appeal for harmony and co-operation with which the Duke of Connaught inaugurated the Legislature—although the value of that appeal in softening asperities and smoothing away misunderstandings can hardly be overestimated—but much more from the quick realisation by the elected members that the Reforms had placed power of the most serious and responsible kind firmly within their grasp. From the very first, the atmosphere, alike of the Assembly and the Council, differed completely from that which had characterised even the most recent legislatures of the Minto-Morley regime. There was no longer any question of the official bloc, against which the most convincing and impassioned eloquence had hurled itself in vain like rain against rocks. The power now lay with the Legislature and the elected members thereof; it was for the officials to justify their position and to convince the House. To the timely realisation of this changed situation on the part both of the Government and of the non-official majority, the main characteristics of the sessions, to say nothing of its entire success, must in effect be ascribed. On the one side it produced, as nothing else could have done, a sense of a responsibility leading to sober and well-weighed decisions; and on the other side, a determination to meet the wishes of the members, to associate them in the cares and difficulties of Government, and to recognise frankly and ungrudgingly that the days of autocracy were past. The spectacle of situation so changed could not but evoke strong feelings in the breast of anyone who has been associated with the older councils. There, one felt, had been a certain camouflage and unreality; but here was the real thing. Theoretically, of course, there is no responsibility in the central Government. But practice does not always accord with theory, and no sensible person who had first-hand experience of the Assembly and the Council could have doubted that in practice, the official side of the Government, both was and knew itself to be, responsible to the new legislative organs. That certain powers of drastic intervention have, as we all have been told *ad nauseam* by those who dislike the Reforms, been reserved to the Viceroy, is not a fact that intrudes itself into the atmosphere of the debates. Indeed it would be fairer to say that in normal conditions, the new constitution even of the central Government places tremendous responsibilities upon the shoulders of the elected members responsibilities which make them virtual masters of the whole situation. The relation between the official and the non-official sides of the House showed this plainly. Very striking was the unmistakeable tendency on the part of the officials to admit the right of the elected members to a determining voice in the policy governing subjects theoretically reserved. Of this two conspicuous examples are the debates upon Army policy and upon the administration of the North-West Frontier Province. On both occasions the anxiety of the Government benches to carry with them the approval of the House, to justify their policy against criticism, and to secure its endorsement, was both unmistakeable and significant.

We believe it was the well-founded conviction, on the part of the representatives of the people, that be the letter of the constitution what it may, in reality the control of policy has at last passed from the Executive to the Legislature, which above all things accounts for the remarkable record of the first session of India's Parliament. From the published accounts of the proceedings, it will be observed that there was hardly one single topic upon which public opinion was deeply stirred, that did not receive its due share of attention in one or both Houses. But what the printed record fails to convey is the spirit of gravity, sobriety and statesmanship which dominated all the deliberations of the new legislative organs. This spirit must have been experienced to be realised: but its very existence constitutes the highest tribute to the fitness of India for that full responsibility that, so far as human foresight can prophesy, she will in such short time attain.

The World Unrest.

By Ram Chandra, M.R.A.S.

(LONDON). LL.B., ETC.

THE war has ended, but it has not ended war. Really speaking, it itself has not ended even, it has only vanished into vagueness. The whirlwind has gone, but it has left the entire atmosphere surcharged with dust. Some may think that the real crisis has passed and the present unrest is only the after-effect of the terrible disease. But what has really happened is that the acute stage has brought about a chronic disorder which, if not properly attended to, might at any time break forth into a still more serious relapse far more dangerous than the previous one.

Yet, like a patient just recovering from a violent attack of a serious disease, the beligerent nations have become peevish, and now attempt to throw away the very medicine which has done them so much good and which alone can save them. It is in the name of liberty for the world that the fight was made. It is the proclaimed principles of freedom alone, that narrowly saved the Allies from a frightful collapse; it is the principle of democracy that brought support in the most critical juncture of the Allies' existence; it is the pledge of love, and sympathy, and the promise of freedom, liberty, and self-determination that brought succour and nourishment to the exhausted, debilitated, shattered constitution of the now victorious nations of the world. Yet it is these very pledges, promises and principles that are now being thrown to the winds.

A friend in need is a friend indeed; but a friend indeed may be paid no heed! A faithful friend is seldom found, but friend-deservers don't abound. Such are the peculiar ways of the world. Truly has the immortal Shakespeare said—

> ". . . . 'Tis a common proof
> That lowliness is young ambition's ladder,
> Whereto the climber-upward turns his face;
> But when he once attains the upmost round,
> He then unto the ladder turns his back,
> Looks in the clouds, scorning the base degrees
> By which he did ascend . . . ."

And Shakespeare is a faithful interpreter of human nature. Such an attitude is natural in the average people, specially in those who are materialistically disposed. But then it is also natural that such an attitude should produce dissatisfaction in the heart of those who have stood as comrades in times of need. Thus it is that the seed of dissatisfaction has been sown. Comrades in war had to become opponents in times of peace. It is really the irony of fate that friends in need had to become unfriendly as soon as the need was over. The comradeship of Germany and her party dissolved even before their need was totally over. Britain and Russia are all but friendly. Japan also had a quarrel with the Allies, Italy had fumed over the Fume question and the connections between France and England should have been still better than what they are to-day. The United States is no longer uniting over the League of Nations' question and has taken up a dubious attitude. Even within the individual inner circles there is dissatisfaction: India is dissatisfied.

In the face of all these satisfactions and half-satisfactions, it is too much to say that the future peace of the world is ensured. It is said that the great war was due to the economic causes, and probably it was more due to these than to other causes, but it has ended into a graver trouble. The economic problem has not yet been satisfactorily solved, and another trouble has taken a serious form. The debilitated health, after a furious attack of fever, often induces a relapse of the other latent diseases of the body, and so the hidden disease of racial hatred that was present in the world in a rather dormant form before the war, has now assumed a serious stage. The rising in Egypt, the dismemberment of Turkey, and the disturbances in the Punjab are all connected with this racial question. Protectorates and mandates indirectly hinge on the same question of race, and the much-vaunted principle that force is necessary in dealing with the Asiatic is nothing but an echo of the much mistaken idea of racial supremacy. The whole Punjab affair betrays serious racial feelings. and the Khilafat question is no less a racial than a religious, political, national or international question.

Racial prejudice no doubt existed in the world before the war, but it then did not exist in such a serious form. It was expected that with the end of the war. racial prejudice would vanish; instead of vanishing it has tremendously multiplied. That racial prejudice should be so let loose immediately after a war in which different races had fought together is really surprising. Yet there is an explanation to all this. There was a general belief that this war would settle all the disputes and that there would not be another war. When the war ended, people found that all possibility of quarrel had not gone. In fact. they had found that there was a great difference between the ideals of the East and the ideals of the West. A closer touch with the Oriental people in the battlefields revealed but too plainly the staunchness with which they stick to their ideals. The affairs of the world with two vastly different sets of ideals cannot always go on unruffled. and people were eager to destroy all possible sources of quarrel. The war-like spirit was throbbing in their veins. the belief in the all-round supremacy of their own ideals was instigating them, the eagerness to nip in the bud all possibilities of future quarrel was goading them. and thus the people of the West plunged themselves into a war of ideals, a clash of cultures, a conflict of civilisations. The whole process was, of course. being worked up unconsciously—the people hardly realising the extent of what they were going to do. Thus, before the economic war had hardly ended. a war of civilisation was begun.

The point of so-called prestige became as sharp as ever, and it became of paramount importance to bring home in an intense form to the Orientals that their civilisation was an inferior one, that their ideals were degraded, that their standards of life and culture were low and depraved.

Just as the Western civilisation is sub-divided into several branches, the Eastern civilisation is also mainly divided into three sub-divisions—the grand old Hindu civilisation, the Chinese civilisation to which Japan also belongs, and the comparatively younger civilisation of the Mussalmans. The Chinese civilisation is a question of the Far East, the Mussalmans and the Hindus are more directly concerned with the West. Egypt passed under a protectorate, Persia has practically to work under a twofold protection, Mesopotamia is directly coming under twofold western influence,— these themselves were not very favourable signs for the Mussalman civilisation, but to crown them all, came, the dismemberment of Turkey. This is the final blow, and the Mussalmans only too plainly see the threatening end of their fond ideals. Whether their ideals are good, bad or indifferent is a different question altogether, but they cannot but naturally feel for the grave disaster which is impending over the ideals for which they lived and in which they had their being.

The two main factors that can save a civilisation are art and militarism. The Mussalmans have almost always had far more militaristic than artistic spirit. Arabia and Persia had no doubt once developed artistic taste, but now at present the Mussalman civilisation cannot depend upon its art and science. It cannot give an artistic renaissance to the world. From the beginning, the Mussalmans had power and had enjoyed authority, they had often looked scornfully upon them who did not belong to their religion and who had to live under their sway and authority. Thus they had very little opportunity to realise the point of view of a politically inferior people. It is natural that a people who had wielded power, a people who had enjoyed authority, a people who had themselves looked upon their subject-people with slight and scorn should resent holding a place of political subordination. In Egypt, Mesopotamia, Persia, Turkey and everywhere they would have to live under a sense of political inferiority and to see before their own eyes the fall of the Mussalman ideals, for even power, the last refuge of their civilisation is, going away from them!

It is different with the Hindus they depend more upon their art and literature than upon militarism. Power they have not enjoyed for a long time. On the contrary, they have become accustomed to disasters, they have known and attained the glory of suffering, they have tasted the immortal sweets of martyrdom. They are capable of presenting to the world an artistic renaissance, and, in fact, the process has already begun. A war of civilisation does not terrify them, it only makes them smile and say, "Oh! it is in the nature of time to bring such stormy weather, but before long it shall all be calm again." Tempests have blown, thunderstorms have descended but the grand old Hindu civilisation has stood like a huge mountain unmolested.

But Hindus, above all, have a great sense of self-respect and are most disinclined to brook the insults offered to them as a people. It is because they have behind them a most glorious past which gives to them a sense of virtuous dignity. This, together with a few other considerations arising out of a want of sympathy towards them, greatly accounts for their feeling of dissatisfaction.

Hindus have a great regard for sympathy. They themselves are very sympathetic, and nothing can win them so easily as sincere sympathy. Mussalmans have been bitter enemies of the Hindus, but the Hindus have long forgiven them, and have been living with them like fellow-brethren. They naturally feel inclined to help them in times of difficulty. Moreover, the Mussalman civilisation is in some respects nearer the Hindu civilisation—at any rate, in respect of the Oriental character of the two—and the Hindus cannot unfeelingly see the old comrade helplessly falling in the battlefield of civilisation.

This war of civilisation is being fought in the world, not with forces of ideals and culture, but with forces of wealth and power, and the world sees plainly enough the advantages of wealth and authority. And, even among the westerners themselves, a sense of suspicion has crept in. The poor, and those who are not in authority, view with horror the possibility of the gross abuses of wealth and power, and so, in respect of the moneyed party in power, they

> "Fashion it thus that what these are, augmented,
> Would run to these, and these extremities,
> And therefore think them as a serpent's egg,
> Which hatched, would as their kind, grow mischievous,
> And kill them in the shell."

'The abuse of greatness is, when it disjoins remorse with power.' 'It is the bright day that brings forth the adder.' These and such other considerations raise suspicions in the heart of the general people of the West. Though they may sometimes conveniently connive at how their brethren in power and authority treat the Orientals, yet they cannot but view with grave concern the possibilities of similar treatment to themselves, when their turn comes. This makes them cautious, and they begin thinking of curbing the growing power of wealth, and authority. It is this, which has brought about organised Labour troubles all over the world, and it is this, which has gradually developed into the Irish crisis.

Thus the whole world has been infected with unrest. Want of sympathy is one of the chief causes of this unrest, and even where there is sympathy, it is subjugated to class or racial prejudice. Frankness, and straightforwardness, accompanied with a noble and courageous attitude to admit one's own fault, may, in many ways, strengthen mutual sympathy and connections which are otherwise sure to be weakened by an undue sensitiveness for improper prestige. Where the good wishes of different sets of peoples are concerned and needed, it is anything but wise to try the process of colouring and whitewashing. Such colours are never fast, and such whitewashings do not stand even the thinnest shower.

The Perfection of Beauty.

By "Anonymus."

"*The Lord even the mighty God hath spoken and called the Earth from the rising up of the sun unto the going down thereof.*"

"*Out of Zion hath God appeared in perfect beauty.*"

I dreamt, and in my dream beheld the Angel of the Earth to whom I spake and said:

"O Messenger of God, what news? What tidings from the Kingdom of Heaven?"

"The news from Heaven is always good," he answered; "tell me now what are the happenings on the Earth?"

"Alas!" I answered. "War, famine, pestilence, race jealousy, national rivalry, class hatred, fear, and suspicion, and perplexity, the cruelty of heartlessness and the crimes of thoughtlessness — these are the happenings here. Moreover, many a one has to mourn their bravest and has buried their best beloved, and life is only a long vista of loneliness . . . . for them . . . ."

"Listen! . . . It was I who took them," said the Earth's Angel. "As I passed, I gathered them — the soul of Kitchener, the spirit of Roosevelt; I took Rostand also, and Liebknecht and Gokhale and Zamenhof, Redmond and others . . . . do not grieve; in the Kingdom of Heaven where now they are, all is harmony and happiness."

"But the Earth — the Earth!" I cried. "Shall it not also belong to the Kingdom of Heaven? For this we have prayed for centuries . . . . and still it comes not . . . ."

"It will come when men have made the supreme discovery — ."

"What!?" I exclaimed.

"That there is nothing so lovely or so lovable as the Truth."

"The Truth!" I echoed wearily—"No two of us can agree about it."

"Of course, not so long as you look at it from the standpoint of multiplicity—of the creatures. Learn to look at it from the Cosmic view-point—with the Creator's perspective . . . . and proportion . . . ."

"Shew me the vision!" I pleaded.

"Let your ears become to you as eyes, then," returned the Angel, "and Listen!"

"Once in an eternity, the Lord of the Universe—the Lover of the children of men and the Owner of the Earth, gave it a gift; that gift was the Truth—the Truth made comprehensible, and lovable to the children of men."

"Was it bound in a book?" I asked breathlessly.

"Nay not thus," he answered me, "for was not the gift of God for everybody? Had it been only in a book . . . . that could have belonged to men . . . . possibly, only to learned men . . . . After all, many men and women in the world cannot read books."

"True," I sighed, "and God thought of that—how wonderful?"

"He loves, you see, and He can have 'compassion on the *ignorant* as well as on the *wise*' . . . that explains it."

"But the gift!" I urged.

"It was embodied in a Being . . . . a Divine-human Being," said the Angel; "slowly it was even embodied in a Babe . . . . the hearts of men are very small, are they not?"

"Very small," I answered. "I suppose God remembered that, too? . . . ."

"Women also love babes, and even children," continued the Angel. "So you see that a Baby——

"Belongs to everybody?" I cried—"O Angel, God seems to me to know everything about us! This Being—now, please, tell me about *Him!*"

"This wonderful Being came to our Earth disguised as a Babe, and thus at first nobody was afraid of it and everybody loved it: that was how the Lord God Omnipotent came and saw and recaptured the hearts of men; for He grew in loveliness, and as He grew, He became benediction, and healing, and consolation to everybody—he became incarnate Loving-kindness."

"I see," I answered slowly. "God—the Divine Spirit is expressed in I *say*, I *do*, I *know*, but these are as veils covering the glory of I *am!*"

"Even so," answered the Angel. "He said I *am* the Truth; was that not much easier for the Earth-men to understand than definitions of the Absolute?"

"It was perfect!" I sighed, "but it must have been very costly."

"Costly, indeed!" replied the Angel, "for how could the imperfect see eye to eye with Him the perfect unfolding of Divine Love?"

"What then?"

"Malignant Envy numbered Him with the transgressors, disappointed Ambition betrayed him, Unbelief forsook Him and fled .... the Orthodox accused Him, the Civil Power condemned Him and the Military crucified Him .... He could not even tell us all that was in His heart before He was slain ...."

"God must have known ...." I said slowly, "surely, He foresaw ...."

"God knew, but He allowed Him to come nevertheless .... God is love .... Love never calculates costs ...."

"It was so brave to come like that .... all alone .... no angels or anything .... and then, for that, to be the end of it!"

"That was only the beginning of it," said the Angel.

"The Cosmic Messenger, the World-Saviour pouring out the life-tide of his ebbing arteries upon Calvary was thus the Rescuer of a race that would have become otherwise extinct. His love liberated a great spiritual outpouring of Divine fire, which lightened and warmed the frigid hearts and benumbed souls of men. Thus the Cosmic Son of God became the Giver of Spirit of Christ who dwells within our hearts. The love pent in the body could only reach a favoured few, the love embodied still but loosed and liberated from time and space restrictions, endures and establishes men and women now with the infection of its free spirit, inwardly irradiating them with love, joy and peace."

"But the happenings here are so terrible! ...."

"Do you desire beautiful happenings? Forget yourselves and your wishes; remember Him and His necessities .... What is more beautiful in the world than to carry out fully the instructions of Jesus? It was a Jew who said that. 'What is safer by which to steer the ship of the state than His counsel and commandment, what more consoling to the comfortless than His companionship?'"

"What!" I exclaimed. "we drudging here and He beyond the Blue!"

"Seek Jesus in all things, and in all things thou wilt find Jesus," said the Sage. "Truth and Beauty are forever appearing to us, blessing us as they vanish to appear again elsewhere. Recognise Him—the Unseen Saviour—as the Columbus of the spiritual adventurer, receive Him as the Alexander of the single-hearted .... he who seeks the Kingdom .... at all costs ...."

"One thing more, do you believe in force in the Kingdom of Heaven?"

"We believe in Jesus, that is better," said the Angel. "He believes in patience, in persistence, and gentle insistence in love .... Let the Word of God be *our* weapon, as it was *His*--It will suffice." .... "A peace imposed without goodwill, is as a colourless crystal. The sea of glass must be mingled with fire--with love--love expressed in generosity and gentleness, and like the love of God in Person."

This is the Angel's message to men--Good luck, and--Farewell!

Extraordinary Religious Sects.

MODERN SAINTS AND SEERS: Translated from the French of Jean Finot by Evan Marrett. (London: W. Rider & Son, Cathedral House, Paternoster Row. Price *4/6 net.*)

Reviewed by Meredith Starr.

MODERN humanity is fascinated by the abnormal manifestations of the supernatural world, and the number of people who crave for direct contact with the Unknowable has shown a steady increase, especially since the Great War. And, as Mr. Evan Marrett well says in the preface to this remarkable work, Science will have to reckon with this movement which is carrying away even her own high priests.

The most picturesque and unusual plants have here been gathered together from the great forest of ecstasies and illusions which supplies spiritual pabulum to so many human beings. The tales of Hoffman and of Edgar Allen Poe pale before these inner histories of the human soul, these eruptions of light and darkness which explode with terrifying intensity from the depths of man's subconsciousness.

M. Finot's book contains a vivid record of the many religious sects which have come to the light in Russia during the last fifty years or so, as well as of Mormonism, Christian Science, Theosophy, and other modern movements. The deeds perpetrated by some of the followers of these strange societies might well stagger the wildest credulity. Yet they occurred in sober fact.

Thus one Russian sect, the Jumpers, thought it was their duty to blow upon one another during Divine Service. They sang psalms to the accompaniment of dancing, like David before the Ark. The Jumpers often reached such a pitch of religious intoxication that they appeased their yearning to enter heaven by climbing to the roofs of houses and hurling themselves headlong into space. The Napoleonites, another curious sect, regarded Napoleon in the light of a special envoy of God. The idea of Napoleon being wafted into heaven, supported by angels and brave warriors, and inaugurating a reign of justice and liberty on earth aroused intense enthusiasm among the Napoleonites and captivated the popular imagination. And then here were the "divine men" who considered that marriage was a purely spiritual ordinance, and believed that the soul of a man who had any other than fraternal relations with his wife, would incarnate after his death in the body of a pig. The religion of Rasputin declared that to be saved, one must repent, and that without sin repentance was impossible. Therefore it became a duty to sin, and it can be imagined how attractive this idea was to those who possessed neither the desire nor the will to practise virtue. The saturnalia of ancient Rome grow dim before the spectacle of the ceremonies instituted by Rasputin.

This thirst for perfection, this urgent desire for union with the Supreme, frequently takes the form of an unfortunate perversion of reason and common sense. The Skoptzi, or self-mutilators, are a case in point. They existed in separate communities, without love, children, marriage, or family ties. Indeed, as M. Finot remarks, these colonies of mutilated beings, hidden in the depths of Siberia, give one a feeling as of some monstrous and unfamiliar growth, and form one of the most puzzling aspects of the religious perversions of the present age. This doctrine, which ought to have repelled the populace, exercised an irresistible fascination over them. The young, the brave, and the wealthy in the full flower of their strength, "abandoned at its call the religion of life, and yoked themselves to that of death." Like the ascetics of ancient Judea, who suddenly appeared in the midst of contemporary orgies, these devotees of enforced virginity would suddenly confront those who were disillusioned with life, and proceed to instruct them in the means of winning the supreme deliverance and the cessation of desire.

Not unfrequently a whole village would suddenly be translated by religious enthusiasm, its inhabitants deserting the fields and spending their days and nights in prayer, or listening to the scriptures as interpreted by some "inspired" Russian peasant. Or elsewhere, women would desert their husbands and disappear into the forests, where in the costume of mother Eve, they would give themselves entirely up to meditating upon the sins of mankind and the goodness of God.

"The Russian legal records," writes M. Finot, "are full of the misdeeds of many such, whose sole crimes consisted in dreaming with all sincerity, and in spite of cruel deceptions and disappointments, of the day when man should at last attain perfection on earth."

The hunger for the ideal, united to distaste for the actual, sometimes initiated an epidemic of collective suicide. Sixty families in one locality determined to die *en masse* "believing that simple murder the murder of the faithful by the faithful would hasten the day of supreme deliverance." The motives of other religious murderers, however were not so innocent. In the law-courts of Kazan a sinister record is preserved, testifying that the inhabitants of a neighbouring village had strung up a beggar named Matiounin by the feet, and, after opening one of his veins, had proceeded to drink his blood. And I must not forget to mention the tragic case of Anna Kloukin, who threw her only daughter into a read-hot oven, and subsequently, and in all sincerity, offered her charred body to God.

These pages, as M. Finot says, must be read with an indulgent sympathy for the humble in spirit who venture forth in search of eternal truth. We might paraphrase on their behalf the memorable discourse of the Athenian statesman: "When you have been initiated into the mystery of their souls, you will love better those who in all times have sought to escape from injustice."

Mahometanism, though noted for its unshakable fidelity to the dogmas of Mahomet, did not by any means escape the flood of religious mania. In April, 1895, a case was laid before the law-courts of Kazan. It concerned a set of Tartars called the Vaisoftzi, founded in 1830 by a man named Vaisoff, whose existence was revealed in an unexpected fashion. A lawyer having called at his house at the request of one of his creditors, Vaisoff showed him the door, explaining that he did not consider himself under any obligation "to repay what had been given him" The lawyer returned later with several policemen, who were attacked by Vaisoff's adherents while chanting hymns and extolling their leader. They barricaded themselves into the house, which was besieged by the police for some days, during which prayers issued from it towards heaven and stones towards the representatives of the law. Finally the rebels were overpowered and sentenced to imprisonment for several years.

Perverted and chaotic though the majority of these Russian sects are, they nevertheless, as M. Finot points out, reveal to us the secret dreams and aspirations of millions of simple and honest men. who have escaped the infection of false science or confused philosophy. "In their depth." he writes. "we may see reflected the melancholy grandeur and goodness of the national soul its sublime piety, and its thirst for ideal perfection. which sometimes uplifts the humble in spirit to the dignity and self-abnegation of a Francis of Assisi . . . ."

"Tolstoy. when he became a sociologist and moralist, was an eloquent example of the mental influence of environment; for his teachings which so delighted—or scandalised, as the case might be—the world, were merely the expression of the dreams of his fellow-countrymen. So was it also with the lofty thoughts of the philosopher Solovief, the *macabre* tales of Dostoievsky, the realistic narratives of Gogol, or the popular epics of Gorky and Ouspensky."

Prince Eugene Troubetzkoy, Professor at Law at the University of Moscow, wrote in an article which appeared in the *Hibbert Journal* for January 1920, that one of the most striking characteristics of Bolshevism was its pronounced hatred of religion, and that "the empty triumph of Bolshevism would have been impossible but for the utter enfeeblement of the religious life of the nation." As a reaction against anarchy, a strong religious movement is now said to have begun among the laity and clergy of the Russian Church. The *moujiks* are reported to be convinced that Lenin is Anti-Christ, and there has been an urgent appeal for Russian Testaments and Bibles to be sent from England, since "Russian Bibles are now almost unprocurable."

II.

Among the founders of American sects, the name of John Alexander Dowie is prominent. He and his adherents believed that he was identical with the expected Elias the Second. He attracted the masses by his eloquence and charm, carried on a vigorous crusade against the medical faculty, and claimed to be able to heal the sick by the laying on of hands. He was too modern to base his influence on religion alone, and he actually had the cleverness to become not only a banker, manufacturer, hotel-keeper, newspaper proprietor, editor and multi-millionaire, but also the principal of a college and the "boss" of a political party which acknowledged him as spiritual and temporal pope and numbered over sixty thousand followers. He had ten tabernacles in Chicago, and ruled despotically the municipal affairs of one of the suburbs of the city. The doctors accused him of practising their profession illegally and the clergy attacked him in their sermons. Much amusement was caused by the dispersal of a meeting of Dowieists by the firemen, who turned the hose upon them; and much interest was aroused by the legal actions brought against Dowie for having refused to give information concerning the Bank of Sion. He always held the attention of the public eye, and when he capped his performances by revealing to a stupefied

Chicago that he was the latest incarnation of the prophet Elijah, the whole city flocked to the tabernacle of Sion, desiring to behold the new Elias at close quarters.

Dowie certainly seems to have accomplished some remarkable cures. He healed the twelve-year old daughter of Mr. Barnard, one of the heads of the National Bank of Chicago, from severe spinal curvature after she had been given up by the most eminent doctors and surgeons. He layed his hands on the child and prayed. In that same moment the curvature disappeared, never to return. He said that disease had no other cause than the violation of law, religious or moral, and he forbade the use of alcohol drugs and gambling among his adherents.

Francis Schlatter, the greatest miracle-worker of the century, was a very different type of healer. Hundreds of thousands of pilgrims from all parts of America flocked to the town of Denver where he was staying in the house of Alderman Fox. For two months Denver contemplated an unparalleled variety of invalids, nearly all of whom departed reassured as to their progress if not completely cured. The town was *en fête*. The trains were overcrowded, the hotels overflowed with visitors, and all the states rang with hymns of praise in honour of Schlatter, the saint of Denver.

Then one morning he suddenly disappeared, no one knew whither, leaving only the message: "Mr. Fox my mission is ended, and the Father calls me. I salute you. Francis Schlatter. November 13th." The news spread far and wide, and the affair assumed the proportions of a public calamity

Francis Schlatter was born in Alsace in 1855. He went to America where he followed many avocations finally adopting that of a "holy man." With head and feet bare, he traversed the States from one end to another, and proclaimed himself a messenger of heaven. He preached the love of God and peace among men. He was imprisoned, and continued to preach, and though his fellow-prisoners at first mocked at him, they ended by listening.

He only had to place his hand on the heads of the sick, and they were cured. His peculiar dress, bare feet, and long hair framing a face which seemed indeed illuminated from within, drew crowds to follow him, and he was looked upon as Elijah come to life again.

"Hearken and come to me," he said. "I am only a humble messenger sent by my Heavenly Father."

And thousands came. He cured the incurable, and consoled the inconsolable. He was once shut up in a mad-house, but emerged more popular than ever. He went through Mexico, the object of reverence and admiration, he blessed the children and rained miracles upon the heads of the afflicted finally arriving at San Francisco in 1894. After traversing several other districts and wandering among the Indian tribes, he stopped at Denver, his favourite residence, where the most startling miracles took place. The blind saw, the deaf heard, the lame walked. Even the reporters who came to interview him were impressed by his simplicity and described in glowing terms the marvellous cures wrought by the "prophet of Denver." "I am nothing," he would say to them. "My Father is all. Have faith in him, and all will be well." Or "My Father can replace a pair of diseased lungs as easily as He can cure rheumatism. He has only to will, and the sick man becomes well or the healthy one ill. You ask me in what does my power consist. It is nothing — it is His will that is everything."

One day, when in the centre of a crowd of several thousands, Schlatter, with a violence that startled all who heard, said to a man in his vicinity, "Depart! Depart from Denver; you are a murderer." And the man fled incontinently.

Blindness, diphtheria, phthisis, all disappeared like magic at a touch of his hand: and gloves worn by him proved equally efficacious. A Mrs. Snook, of North Denver, had suffered from cancer for some months, when, worn out by pain, she sent to the holy man for the loan of one of his gloves. He sent her two, saying that she would be cured—and she was cured.

An engineer named Morris was cured of cataract instantaneously. A totally blind wood-cutter was able to distinguish colours after being touched by Schlatter. A Mrs. Holmes of Havelock, Nebraska, had tumours under the eyes. She pressed them with a glove given her by the prophet, and they disappeared.

His disinterestedness was above suspicion, and the contempt that he showed for the "almighty dollar" filled people with astonishment and admiration.

"What should I do with money?" he said. "Does not my Heavenly Father supply all my needs? There is no greater wealth than faith, and I have supreme faith in my Father."

Gifts poured in upon him, but he gently refused them all, so that at last people ceased to send him anything but gloves. These, after touching them with his hands, he distributed among the sick and the unfortunate.

Then suddenly, without warning, at the height of his fame, Francis Schlatter decisively and inexplicably disappeared.

M. Finot quotes Diderot's utterance that it is sometimes only necessary to be a little mad in order to prophesy and to enjoy poetic ecstasies, and expresses the opinion that in the case of Schlatter the flower of altruism which often blooms in the hearts of such "madmen" was manifested in his complete lack of self-seeking and in his compassion for the poor and suffering.

"There seems to exist in every human being," writes M. Finot, "no matter how deeply hidden, an inexhaustible desire for contact with the Infinite. And this desire can be as easily played upon by the tricks of imposters as by the holiness of saints, or the divine grace of saviours."

On Civics.

By Capt. J. H. Maxwell.

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CIVICS, we are told, is a very important subject. It is said to be a new branch of education. and like many things, when they are new, it has become the fashion. No one with any pretence to a deep interest in education is not prepared, if not to dilate on the subject itself, certainly to wax voluble on the merits of the latest addition to the curriculum. So I betook me to the task of acquainting myself with the science of which I had heard so much. Its title appeared attractive and suggested great possibilities. I imagined that after the perusal of a volume or two, one would become a kind of complete citizen. a model to one's neighbours, and a standing rebuke to all evil-doers. Perhaps that does not put the case strongly enough. A course in Civics might conceivably dissipate much of the political and economic unrest to which this unhappy world has fallen a prey. by teaching us our duties to the state and diverting our attention for a moment from ourselves.

You may guess the result. As might have been expected, the subject owes its origin to America, the home of progress and enterprise even in education. I will not trouble you with any passing glance at our old friend Political Science. which the new subject appears to have ousted from favour, whether popular favour or not, I hesitate to state. Suffice it to say that for some time now attention has been directed in American Universities to the problems of citizenship. Nor has the matter ended there. It is not unusual even for High Schools to have a Department of Civic Science, under which the elements of debating are taught as part of the instruction designed to make the young American a better and more efficient member of the body-politic. Then when education became the rage in the Army immediately after the Armistice, Civics came into its own. I am not prepared to say what the teaching of the subject was like. I suspect the subject may have been more talked about than taught. What finer idea than to teach soldiers inured to the barbarous ways of war, the duties of citizens on the eve of their return to civil life! However that might be, the sale of the primer selected, negligible before the war, went up by leaps and bounds at the date of the Armistice. And now hardly a month passes without a study of some sort or other, issuing from the press on government of Empire, or of England, or of India, or on the duties and rights of citizenship. Small wonder then when it was announced at the last Convocation of Allahabad University that provision was to be made or had been made for the endowment of a chair of Civics at the University there. Quite natural, and very much up-to-date, too.

I rather fancy that the first learned occupant of the chair will have his work cut out for him, both for political as well as for civic reasons. It is superfluous to advert to the dangers of the subject in a land like India, unless the subject is treated in a thoroughly scientific spirit. Even in the Army the authorities had more than one fit of cold shivers, when they thought of the use to which the subject might be put by unscrupulous hands. Perhaps it was imagined that an audacious government might use civics to train the young, the raw, the immature, to develop into blind, unquestioning partisans of the Government. Perhaps it was because the authorities did not quite know what was being taught in the name of Civics, and did not quite know what ought to be taught. Certainly the earliest text-books yield some strange reading. At one moment the reader feels that he is studying ethics. He is told all about his duties and his rights. In the next chapter he may find himself transported to the arid realm of Law. Courts and judges are the order of the day. Immediately thereafter he finds himself subjected to a course on economics. Taxes and tax-gatherers come under review. Worst of all, he may unexpectedly realise that constitutional history has stolen a march on him. The early growth of the community and its institutions is depicted in stiff, almost technical language.

Of course, the reader (if there be any) will politely tell me that the subject is new. Its scope and limits (I think these are the terms used) are therefore not accurately and definitely defined. and that further investigation. or rather experience. will unify and make coherent what is now vague and incoherent. But the subject is one confessedly of paramount importance in India, where democracy is at once in its infancy, and also on its trial. Here an idea, bright for me, struck me. Geography. when I was at school. used to be a dull. unedifying subject, a waste of time and energy. a catalogue of names which proved a burden to the memory. and a weariness to the flesh. Then some genius, he was nothing less, transformed the hateful study and made it really interesting, I believe, and also useful. He raised the query Why should we trouble about places we have never seen and were never likely to see. about names we could never hope to pronounce? Why not start with what was simple and easy, with what was seen and known, and give a Geography lesson on the class-room, then on the school building and grounds, next on the town. working outwards from the palpable to what was less tangible? Eventually. one's county would be compassed. one's country, the Empire, other countries, and finally the world after a term of years.

Cannot something on the same lines be done for Civics? Confessedly it can be made one of the useful of studies. Yet none of the present text-books are at all suitable, for India, if we must make the most of the amount of democracy recently placed at our disposal here, and show ourselves worthy of a full measure of Self-government. To achieve this, we must have more and more education, particularly in the scope and functions of Government. We must, therefore. commence with what is simple and easily understood.

We must make a beginning with our own city, town, or village, and explain carefully and fully the various public bodies concerned, their composition, their functions, and their mode of election. It goes, of course, without saying, that facts should be stated and the expression of personal opinion rigorously discouraged. After justice has been done to what is in the immediate environment of the pupil, we may go further afield and treat of one's own division, explaining precisely what is its nature and composition, and how it is administered. From the division one would pass by a natural transition to the province and deal with it in the same way: then with the other provinces. This would bring us to an explanation of the Central Government of India, and the whole course would provide a thorough training in Civics, the immediate utility of which would be patent to all and beyond cavil.

When this much had been achieved, if there was time and the inclination, the subject might be pursued further, say, in the highest classes of the High Schools, or at the University. There we should treat of the British Empire, of the republicanism of the United States of America and of Switzerland, and of the different stages and degrees of limited monarchy in Europe, and so round off a study, at once illuminating and of first-rate importance to the community.

But before we talk so glibly of Civics and its value, the first thing we have to do is to put our "civic" house in order. What we most need is a simple handbook in the vernacular on the institutions of the village, town, city, division, and province. Who will supply the want and render a distinct service to the future well-being of the community?

The Hope for Equality.

By Jean Roberts.

IV.

We found, when we were considering the aim and final object of Equality, that perfect equality can only be gained by the emancipation of the human race from the power of Evil. Emancipation from evil's tyranny means power to use all the faculties with which we are equipped, all the gifts with which we are endowed. It means self-expression in the fullest sense of the word, and self-expression is our utterance of God's creative thought. Mankind is one of God's poems. The more nearly we attain to Truth the more undeviatingly we follow Truth's Light by obeying these instincts which result from divine inspiration, and spend our lives in service for others because they, being God's children, are our brethren, the more rhythmic and articulate will be our utterance of God's purpose through our life, the more melodious will be our verse in the poem of human existence. This conviction, born of surrender to God's will and developed by habitual obedience to divine law, stimulates us in our combat with Evil and our service to our fellow-men. By our acknowledgment that God is Love we have expressed our conviction of the benignant purpose of the great Originator, the Creator-Poet. If, therefore, we give up our lives to beat out His rhythm, we must be working for the weal of the world, and each of us, in our several ways, must be an obstructive force against Evil. The aim of Evil is to thwart the benignant purpose of Good. Witness the discord in the world now. Where anarchy and revolution and class disputes in time of nominal Peace convulse civil life, there are some shallow thinkers who cry, "Why does not God interfere? He cannot heed the prayers of His children": just as in time of war they asked why He permitted the horrors of slaughter. Such thinkers ignore the fact that it is man, not God, who is permitting the disturbance to go on and increasing it. When men yield to the selfishness—which is an in-breath of Evil—prompting them to make their fancied advantage the goal of their life's endeavour, instead of aiming at the goal of God's purpose, they contribute to Evil's forces of hate and strife. If God were to "interfere" to prevent this result He would blot these men out. For Love is Justice, and it is just that punishment should fall on the actual offenders. He waits in order that man may learn by the consequences of their opposition to His purpose to "hate the Evil and choose the Good." His non-interference is thus a proof of His benignity. His "interference" would draw forth a complaint of His cruelty from those who cavil at the Wisdom that ordereth all things. We have seen that it is hate, generating lust for tyrannous power, that provokes war and all its devastating consequences. It is men, therefore, who are responsible for the horrors and destructiveness of war: men who have enrolled themselves under the banner of Hate instead of Love. To rail against the Power they have repudiated is stupid as well as futile. In order to make war impossible hate must be eradicated. Men must look into their own hearts, test the springs of their own motives, examine their own characters and ruthlessly excise germs of moral and spiritual disease in order to make universal Peace possible. To talk grandiloquently about a League of Nations, to make laws and regulations, draw up conduct-codes and ensure proper behaviour by rendering transgression of rules impossible by painfulness, will never heal strife by welding men together in a loving unity of aim. External methods heal external wounds only. Superficial healing, that leaves septic poison in a deep-set wound, may result in a brief period of superficial soundness, but it will cause the poison to work secretly and set up various diseases. The cause of the confusion and civil hostility in Peace is the same as that which provokes war. Love of self, self as an object monopolising attention as being superior to the selves of others, develops into hate, because it is continually encountering opposition from others, and finds self's interest clashing with the interest of others and being thwarted by them.

Rules, restrictions, compulsory and penal regulations may hold open hostilities in check for a time; but the poison is at work, fever is set up and the delirium of strife, anarchy, revolution ensues.

The very idea of Equality is lost. Monopoly takes the place of it. Instead of corporate unity as a vision of beauty, because it is a figure of proportionate symmetry, we have a writhing figure distorted by struggle for individual supremacy. Equality is a vision of beauty, because each part of it is in proportion to the whole, each part realises itself by exercising its own peculiar power freely in functions advantageous to the whole. Monopoly is a vision that repels the gaze of those who look for Peace. It is the figure of a clutcher at selfish advantage, whose efforts distort his limbs and convulse his movements. Confronted by this writhing, contorted form, which represents the end of self-seeking, the question is asked by many: "Must our hope of equality die?"

An axiom as old as Truth answers: "Where there is life there is hope." And as long as there is inspiration to fight against Evil—Evil that must eventually be vanquished by Good—there is life in the human race. The principle of life is the Breath of Creation's Spirit. This inspires opposition to Evil, and the opposition of the meanest and feeblest creature helps forward the ultimate triumph of Good.

The relative value of the forces at work in the conflict ceaselessly going on is hidden from us. Those forces are spiritual, intellectual, moral, as well as others perceptible by the senses. Necessarily they are hidden mysteries. If we ask how the life of a feeble person, of a patriot ignorant of diplomacy and statecraft, of an unskilled workman, of one hindered by physical infirmity can swell the opposition against Evil, the answer lies in the fundamental Truth—God is Spirit, creating and pervading the smallest as well as the greatest of His creatures. The pervasive principle of life animating men makes for the ultimate triumph of Good by resisting the thwartings of Evil and overcoming direct attacks of it.

Consider the realms that lie outside the reach of our unaided senses, those, for instance, that the telescope and microscope reveal to us. Our mind could not grasp the magnitude made known by the telescope until our vision had been enlarged. The microscope, by lifting the veil between us and the world of *minutiæ*, lays bare a perfection of detail that is perhaps more amazing than the splendour of a constellation and the glory of a star: the marvels of form and colour, for instance, in a point of shell or crystal and in the filament of a flower, the marking of a leaf. If the existence of these realms fills us with wonder in the natural world we are still more impressed by analogous truth in the supernatural realm. We need the training of education and experience to enable us to appreciate genius, art, statesmanship, science and public virtue and service in general. but we need a finer, subtler training of our spiritual faculties to be able to estimate the value of secret forces of self-sacrifice, tireless endeavour for the public weal and all those powers of influence and thought that elude and avoid observation. Perhaps the most elusive virtue of all the powers that meet in the clash between Good and Evil is the influence possessed unconsciously by those who spend their lives doing their duty because it is their duty. They do small, ordinary, commonplace things because nobody likes doing them, and there is a risk of their being left undone, and neglected duties cause obstruction and confusion. Drab, recurrent occupation, devoid of deliciousness, with never a gleam of romance or flush of heroism to illumine it, has only, as Tennyson says, "the glory of going on and still to be." It leads to nothing; it is an end in itself, says public opinion. On the contrary, it leads to wide-spreading results; it is distinctly a beginning, the end of which lies beyond the boundaries of Time and Space. Its results are the development of character, the influence of which is illimitable. To pursue continuously a round of duties, too insignificant to be recognised as achievements, however, perfectly they may be done, and however much they may benefit the family or community in which they are wrought, requires more courage and tenacity of purpose than a conspicuous danger calls forth or a startling emergency. To turn drab drudgery into work of vivid interest to the doer by the infusion of wit and humour into the doing, sets in motion an influence still more potent and far-reaching. If every civic community contained a fair proportion of uncensorious, unself-conscious duty-doers, strikes, anarchy and revolution would be non existent.

The hope then for the realisation of the Ideal of Equality is anchored on the rock of Truth. It is based on the principle of life itself. It has life for its source, and life for its end. As we have received our being from the Creative Spirit, the bourne of our progress is attainment to fuller, freer commun'on with that Personal Spirit. We seek to realise ourselves and so bring about the perfect development of each component part of the corporate body of humanity. Humanity can only reach perfection after it has passed beyond the bounds of Time and Space into a realm governed, undivided by influence of evil, by the Spirit that filleth all things. The Spirt inspires humanity with a thirst for progress and perfection that can only be satisfied by attainment and which is stimulated to further progress by the very satisfaction of its desire. The vital Spirit draws all beings athirst for It to Itself into an equality of unity which gives to each individual a distinct personality. This is a living hope which disappointment may defer but cannot overpower and which death is powerless to destroy.

A Railway Idyll.

By Hene Clyde.

We had put up for the night at a Lancashire watering-place, in a little boarding-house, where a remarkably fine specimen of the genus "fool" had sung in strident tones of girls and curates to the accompaniment of a decrepid piano and the admiring giggles of his companions, until Morpheus laid gentle fingers upon him. But it was morning now, soft and fresh, with a dimness of rain in the air, and we paid our bill and shipped out on to the lonely road to catch the Liverpool train.

Soft and fresh as only the north-west can be! It was not the tourist season, and the hour was early. We walked like spirits through an enchanted land where no one was stirring but ourselves. Even the trees were silent in their spring tassels. Disenchantment came at the wayside station. There were tickets to take, and seats to secure. We entered a compartment with four others of the miscellaneous crowd on the platform.

A more than middle-aged man and his sister: independent and blunt, like all northerners, but not uncheerful, with cool half-humorous, commonplace conversation—awakening a contrast with the blatant clerk and milliners of the night before, who without doubt would have despised them as far beneath them in social station. And, away in the far corners of the compartment, two ordinary girls.

One might be twenty or over. She was dark, tall and straight, with a more experienced air, and a more mechanical smile, than the other, who was hardly more than a big child—fair and candid. This latter sat facing the engine. Her chin and mouth were delicate and appealing—you would not have called her pretty: only she had startling soft eyes.

And it was those great, lovely eyes that were her trouble. I think both travellers must have been returning from some convalescent home at the warm edge of the sweet Atlantic. For their talk, gentle and smiling, was of oculists, and tinctures, and experiences under treatment. They could not have known each other very well or very long; the younger took a shy delight in recounting the history of her ailment, whilst the elder listened with gratifying interest. Each had a great bunch of white lilac and spring flowers on her lap. One fancied the friendly nurses pressing them into their hands as they set out,—as you, respected reader, press on your departing friend a cigarette.

Is it that pain refines one? Understand, these were two ordinary girls. Perhaps housemaids; perhaps dressmakers. No higher in rank, certainly, than the clerk and the milliners: probably much below. Yet, where one would have looked for empty chatter and frivolous jerks, there was all the grace and repose of queens. Sometimes evangelical religion has that result—but these two betrayed too little consciousness of superiority and separateness to be accused of that.

As we sat there, in that little compartment, one could not help noticing, with a start, how precisely they behaved like an engaged couple. Their evident absorption in each other—the indulgent protective face of the elder—the anxiety of the younger to be entertaining and attractive and pleasing, would have been amusing if they had not been transcendently beautiful. As the young girl leant forward over the lilacs, hanging upon her friend's stray words, following her glance wherever it rested, summoning up every delicate allurement of voice and smile, exerting every attractive art, and all with such transparent sincerity of affection, one seemed to be watching a fairies' courtship. And yet there was nothing *outré*. It was simply two friends talking in a railway carriage.

Idylls are short. The little train ran into the junction. The two tall figures passed down the line, close together, and the last we saw of them was the plain straw hats, one with blue ribbon and the other with violet.

Why do not poets celebrate this beautiful thing? Why, why do not artists praise it? Transitory, it may be; what is not? It is a libel on Nature, and a treason to her, to say that commonplace love is the highest love, and that this love of equals is a pale reflection of its bewildering ray. It is the commonplace love between distorted types that is the pale thing—the muddy flicker in a dark place of the light that shines and flashes in the dazzling affection of those whom no acknowledged and accepted weakness bars from the quest of the Supreme.

Does the world not know it, this love? Or are men too jealous to notice it? Ovid could not be content without metamorphosing Iphis into a conventional shape: Wilkie Collins' heroine entreats her friend not to marry, "unless you meet somebody you like better than me"; plaintively recognizing the possibility. Henry James' Olive loses her lover to Basil Ransome. Lady Eleanor Butler and Miss Ponsonby are treated as eccentrics. Edna Lyall's little Swanhild is disappointed in Blanche.

For all that, it is a real thing; love of like by like. There is a picture—a miniature picture—of it, almost terrible, in Ethel Turner's "For the Sake of a Friend." And I have seen it too; and picture it here.

Fasts of a Hindu Wife.

"Kurwa Chouth."

By Bawa Budh Singh, I.S.E.

Hindu wife is renowned for the selfless devotion and sacrifice to the cause of welfare of her husband. She throughout the year keeps several fasts, undergoes several religious penances and gives alms to Brahmins to attain this end. The husband may be a wretch, a depraved drunkard, or one who always maltreats his wife, but it is not for the wife to grumble and retaliate. She must bow before the inevitable, because he is her lord. The wife can get salvation only in the selfless service of her husband. The marriage tie to her is a spiritual union, a sacrament and not a contract. This idea is one of the root causes of a Hindu widow's objection to widow re-marriage.

So numerous are the rites and ceremonies observed by the Hindu women in this respect that they are nicknamed to belong to a separate *Shastra* (code) of the womenfolk, as they do not find place in any of the authentic Hindu religious codes. The rites consist of:

(*a*) Fasts.

(*b*) "Baeyas" and "Ujapans", *i.e.*, presentation of eatables, utensils and clothes to Brahmins or relatives.

(*c*) Bathing at rivers and sacred places.

(*d*) Tying cotton threads round their wrists on specified occasions.

The Panjabi wife is not behind her sisters of other provinces in showing her zeal to beg of gods and goddesses, the boon of welfare of her husband. Some similar rites are observed in the interest of her children, but nowhere she asks anything for herself. Her chief aspiration lies in being a "Sohagan"--possessor of her husband.

In the present article, it is proposed to deal with the most important of these observances which in the Punjab passes under the name of "Kurwa Chouth." "Kurwa" means a small earthen tumbler, and "Chouth" is the fourth lunar day according to Hindu calendar. This particular day falls in the dark fortnight, and is the fourth day after the full moon.

This is married woman's hey-day. It is observed as a festival. Newly married girl get rich presents from her husband, more correctly, from her father-in-law, and in return the girl presents rich dishes and cash to her mother-in-law. The presents vary according to the status of the family. The practice is repeated throughout the lifetime of the married girl, so long as she is the proud wife of her husband. Widows do not observe this fast. On the third day after the full moon the wife, after a full bath, arranges her toilet in the classical fashion. Her hair is plaited, sometimes interwoven with gold lace and flowers, and ornamented with gold chains and "chowk" (a conical coronet). The face of newly married girl is often decorated with shining tiny gilt-discs and paints. The little girl looks a bright little object. The ornament "chowk" is specially Panjabi in its origin and is getting out of fashion with the modern girl. But it is still being preserved with its sister "nuth" (the nose-ring) for ceremonial occasions. Towards the evening, presents of sweatmeats, fruits, clothes and ornaments begin to pass from one lane to another and reach every wife who has a relative to send her the gift. The wife is happy and gay and goes to sleep lightly with a fondness and eagerness to rise early in the morning about 4 A.M. to eat her "sargi," a word borrowed from the Mahomedan phraseology for the early morning breakfast, during Ramzan. Having eaten this deliciously prepared food and fruits, she goes to sleep again and rises leisurely after sunrise. She is observing a severe fast and has to while away her time. She spends a good deal of her time in arranging or getting arranged her toilet. At about nine, all girls appear in their beautiful and brilliant dresses of rainbow colours, and idle away their time with their women friends. The chief pastime in the towns is gambling, as all work during the fast is forbidden and because the "Chouth" proceeds the Diwali (the festival of thousand lights and gambling) by about 11 days. If you enter any lane in the Hindu quarters of Lahore and Amritsar you will find bevies of gaily dressed young ladies with topping heads, sitting on low chairs (peeris) or squatting on floors busily engaged in playing with cowries. Late in the afternoon, the girls gather together in a house and prepare to pass round their "Baeyas" dishes of cakes. The floor is cleaned and leeped with *gober*. The married women sit in a circle. Each has a dish in which are placed cakes, a "kurwa" full of water and a small earthen lamp. An elderly lady recites the story, given hereafter, which shows the efficacy of this fast. At regular pauses in the story the girls pass on their dishes in a circle from one to another until each woman gets back her own dish. There are seven such rounds. After completion of this circle-dance of the dishes they are presented by their owners to their mothers-in-law. With the setting of the sun the blooming faces look somewhat withered as if a hot blast had touched a blooming rose. The thirst tells upon the tiny girls. They become uneasy and impatient for the appearance of the moon. The moon generally appears at about 9 P.M. on this night, but darkness conceals the hours. Every minute seems to be as long as an hour. Anxious women go on the tops of their houses to watch the appearance of the moon. They, however, dare not look direct into the face of the moon. They must peep at her through a sieve in one hand and a dish containing a burning lamp, a "kurwa" full of water and a cake in the other. Thus they perform their libations to the rising moon. What is the hidden philosophy underlying all this ceremony cannot yet be divined.

It is a pity the moon does not realise that many faces fairer than her are standing in pitched darkness gazing towards the eastern horizon, expectant to see the glimmer of the approaching hero—rather the heroine—and does not take mercy on the thirsty souls and appear earlier by violating the law of nature for the sake of those, whose charms, even Siva, lord of nature, cannot defy. But moon dare not do this, as she had already a severe lesson at the hands of Gautama Rishi, when she helped Indra in his unmanly assault on Ahalya, the beautiful wife of the Rishi, by appearing on the sky at an unnatural hour. The black spots on the moon's fair face still show the signs of her perpetual condemnation due to Rishi's curse.

Is it that the chaste Hindu wife on that night disdains to see unscreened the cursed face of one who misled her in ages gone by, or does she show light to the moon to make her see her devotion to her husband more clearly than she (moon) did at the time of Ahalya?

Most probably she greets symbolically the advent of the moon of her mind - her husband - with light, water and cake in her hand.

At any rate one would see a superb scene from an aeroplane, of the house-tops studded with small lamps and beautiful faces turned towards the rising moon.

The following is the story which is narrated at the time the dishes are passed round.

There was a seven years' bride, Viro, married to a prince. She fasted on the Kurwa Chouth day. During the day she did some needlework. Before the moon rose, her brothers, finding their little sister restless with thirst, contrived to burn some fire at a distance and covering it with some thick cloth made the innocent girl believe it was moon. She broke her fast after usual libations to the false moon. The result was her husband died or swooned and his body was full of needles pricked into every hair-hole. Poor girl had to wear a widow's weed even before she had seen her husband's face, but she refused to believe her husband was dead and attributed all this punishment to her failure to observe the fast properly. For full one year she cared for her apparently dead husband, picking out needles from his body. The day of Kurwa Chouth came once more and she fasted with due care. As usual, she sat by her husband with his head over her lap, but towards the evening she left him with her maid-servant and herself attended to the "Baeya" and libations to the moon. While Viro was thus engaged, her maid-servant found life reappearing in Viro's husband. When Viro had completed libations, her mate picked out the last needle from her motionless eyes. To the maid's great astonishment the prince rose and finding the maid sitting by him considered her to be his wife and took her as such. Poor Viro, after all her troubles, was only to act as a maid-servant. This continued for some time. Once the prince was going away to some other place and he enquired from his wife what present would she like him to bring for her. She asked for glass bracelets which low-born girls wear, while Viro, the maid servant in her turn asked for silken puppets with which the high-born girls play. The prince was wondering at this demeanour of his wife. He brought the presents all the same and presented them to those who asked for them. Once he found Viro talking to the puppets as follows: "Oh my dear puppets, the Rani has become the maid-servant and the maid-servant the Rani." The suspicion in prince's mind grew graver and he made Viro to unfold the mystery. Viro, trembling, narrated the whole story which appealed to the prince and he repented his neglect of his wedded wife. After all, the husband and wife were united.

During the pauses in the story the women sing the following story and pass round their dishes:

"Pass round thy 'kurwa.' Oh married woman, may thy husband live for ever. Thou shouldest not spin (during the fast), dost not do any needlework; go not to the ploughed field; awaken not thy sleeping husband. . . . . Viro, the seven-year old bride, was beloved of her brothers, who burnt fire and deceived her." How improbable the story, it can only amuse the simple girls, but all the married women, young and old, repeat it, listen to it, without questioning its accuracy. The one supreme thought at that time in their mind is their husband, their lord. Their whole attention is revitted on them, their hands and lips move mechanically in passing round their dishes, but they are absorbed in him, the moon of their lives, the one being, whose welfare is the supreme boon they pray for.

The Hindu wife should not be judged by her simplicity or ignorance, but her intensity of love and purity of motive. Let the Western sisters admire these qualities in an otherwise ignorant Hindu wife and bless her in her love for her husband.

Long live the Hindu wife!

FOLK TALES FROM THE NEPALESE BORDER

The Story of the Brahmin.

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By M. Thorp.

THERE was once a Brahmin, which is to say, a priest, who was so poor that he never had fine clothes to wear or good food to eat. One day his wife said to him, "I can bear want no longer. You must steal for me, or I will leave you": he replied, "I am a respectable Brahmin. How can I steal?"

She said, "I do not care. Since I married you my hunger has never been fully satisfied, nor have I had good clothes like other women."

On hearing this reproach, the Brahmin became so grieved for his wife to whom he had brought nothing but poverty, that he went out to steal. He took a hoe and an axe and went stealthily by night to the house of a rich money-lender. With his tools he made a hole in the wall and prepared to enter and take what he wanted. But his heart failed him and he wept, saying, I am a respectable Brahmin, unused to theft. How shall I find the money-lender's riches?"

While he wept, a snake slipped past him and entered the house by the hole in the wall. It bit the money-lender's son, so that he died, and then came out and silpped away, leaving confusion and lementation behind.

Now the Brahmin was a wise man, and saw that it was not an ordinary snake, but that Jibrael, the Angel of Death, had used its form as a disguise, when he came to earth to take the life of human beings and carry away their souls. So he followed it, and when it had gone some distance, it turned into a bull. A child was playing by the roadside and the bull attacked and killed him. Then it entered the jungle and took the shape of a tiger which killed three women at a bathing-place by the sacred river Ganges.

Having now taken the lives of those who were appointed to die, Jibrael assumed his true shape and spread his great white wings to fly back to Heaven, taking the newly-freed spirits with him. But the Brahmin, who had been watching from a short distance behind, came and seized him and would not let him go. Jibrael turned and said, "Why do you detain me, O Brahmin? I am sent by God." Then said the Brahmin, "O Jibrael, to whom all things are known, tell me when I too shall die."

Jibrael answered, "You will go to bathe in the Ganges and an alligator will kill you." And he soared upwards on his great white wings.

The Brahmin went home, and his wife came to meet him and said eagerly, "What have you stolen?"

He answered, "Because of my attempt to steal, the money-lender has lost his son." And he told her all that had happened, saying, "Let us leave this country and go far from Mother Ganges."

So at dawn they fled, carrying their goods in bundles, and travelled many miles. At last they reached a kingdom that was far away, and asked a child whom they met, if the Ganges flowed through that country. He replied that it did not, so they built a house and lived there happily.

Now, the King of this country had no children, and although he had asked all the Brahmins of the land concerning the matter, they could tell him nothing. So when he heard of the stranger who had come, he sent a servant to fetch him to the palace.

The Brahmin said, "I am a respectable Brahmin, but alas! I have no sacred books, such as a priest possesses. How can I come?"

However, his wife had made the friends with the wife of another priest, and having obtained the loan of his sacred books, she brought them to her husband and said, "Take these and go."

When the Brahmin reached the palace, he was received in state, for the fame of his wisdom had gone before him.

"Tell me, from your sacred books, whether I shall have any children," asked the Rajah.

The Brahmin looked at his books while everyone waited eagerly for his answer. At last he raised his eyes and said, "Chosen of Brahm, in a year's time you shall have a son."

The Rajah was very pleased, and having given him many rich presents, let him go on his way. The Brahmin went home joyfully, and took the jewels he had received to his wife, saying, "My wife has now ornaments like other women."

In a year, as he had said, the Rani had a son. Then the Rajah said, "The Brahmin is a true man." And he built him a house as fine as his own palace, where he and his wife lived in great comfort and happiness.

When the child was six years old, the Brahmin was appointed his teacher, for the Rajah trusted him. For six years he taught him, and then the boy said to his father, "I will make a pilgrimage and salaam to Mother Ganges, for now I am twelve years old."

His father agreed, and told the Brahmin to go also. But the Brahmin wept and told the story of what Jibrael had said.

"Do not fear," said the Rajah, "but pitch your tent at a distance from the river and never go near the water."

So the Brahmin and the Rajah's son went to the Ganges, and their tent was far from the river, where the boy went daily to bathe. For three months they lived there, and though the Brahmin constantly urged his pupil to return, he would not go.

One day the boy said, "You have never yet bathed in the sacred river. Come with me to-day, and we will bathe together."

"Highness," replied the Brahmin "I dare not go near Mother Ganges. And he told him his story.

"We will take a boat," said the Rajah's son, "and I will pour the water on you, so that you will bathe and yet be safe."

The Brahmin consented, and they left the tent together. When they had gone a little way, the boy said, "Master, I have forgotten my brass vessel, in which I hold the sacred water. Go on alone, and I will fetch it and overtake you."

He returned to the tent, but when he reached it, he took a letter which he had written, from his coat and gave it to his servant, saying, "Take this quickly to my father, the Rajah Sahib, and he will reward you. Farewell."

The servant took the letter and went on his way and the boy returned to the Brahmin. They got a boat and floated down the river without hurt, and the Brahmin was reassured and happy. But as they neared the shore, the boy turned into an alligator and, dragging him under the water, drowned him.

So neither the Brahmin nor the Rajah's son returned from Mother Ganges, but the Rajah received the letter and learned the truth. It said, "I am Jibrael, the Angel of Death. I have lived on earth as your son in order to take away with me the soul of the Brahmin, for whom I was sent, and carry it to Heaven."

And so the Brahmin had many years of prosperity and his spirit was honourably taken away by the greatest of the angels. For he was a wise man, and a respectable Brahmin.

Love the Light of Life.

By Jean Roberts.

Love has Himself brought gifts to men
And come within our human ken.
His gifts made beauty to appear
In meanest things; and to the ear
Music that penetrates the din
Wrought by Hate and poison—strife and sin.
Music celestial as of bells
In mystic peal o'er hills and fells;
Heaven's chime, that filled the Silence when
The Word leapt from His Throne to men.

Royal August.

By R. E. Salwey.

KING of the summer months your sceptre wield,
Now bid the tarnished roses droop and die,
Paint blood red poppies in each yellowing field,
And ragwort gold to cheer the passer by.

Blot out the dun dilemma of the days
When Pœbus unabashed our blossoms slew,
In fragrant mist consume his burning rays,
And seek from Heaven a less metallic blue.

Arise! and deign to spread your Tyrian cloak.
In one vast wealth of colour on the moor.
With summer's sap restore the dead'ning oak.
And flush the fruit about the cottar's door.

Your hand is generous. and your aim profound
Fruition follows. as the march of hours
Declares your stately will. for e'en the ground
Responsive stirs. till high the harvest towers.

No vivid pageantry pervades the glade.
Death's fair decay is working unperceived.
The still and sombre trees are now arrayed
Alike in inky green. and unrelieved . .

Save where the coral buttons of the ash
Make glad the greedy thrushes, or the wan
Gray bramble blossoms. stricken by the lash
Of sudden rain. fall like sweet benison.

The throb of Time that robs you of your throne.
May lacerate. but brings its own relief,
Great store of plum and pear should well atone.
A nation's pride is hiding in each sheaf.

Render your first fruits to the King of Kings
As by Mosaic teaching, and renew
Such transient rule, rejoicing that it brings
The Æon near when all things shall be new.

Middle Europe.

By Baroness Violet de Marlorte.

HAIL-son of Astrœus! The mighty foe
That smote the golden triad of the year –
Whose sad demise had forc'd the pitying tear,
Yet, from the secret treasures of the snow
Thou brought'st thine own plumes to deck her bier,-
Sent frost to hush the woods and fairy streams;
But, lo! a straying sunbeam touch'd the rimes—
Which rang in minor strains unearthly chimes
Amid this pallid pageantry of dreams,-—
And, rainbow'd through the mist these Arctic climes—
Rosied its icy pearls; Celestial light
Bath'd the white pines,-- until a leaden sky
Shroud'd our silent world, then, by-and-by,
Sullen and sombre fell the heavy night.

The True Post-Vedic Philosophy & Goal of Life.

By K. K. Gangulee.

I.—THE HOLLOWNESS OF RENUNCIATION: *Perfection Attainable in and through Matter.*

WITH the passing away of the Vedic and the Pauranik age has passed away out of human sight the only practical system of philosophy which can make life worth living and raise man to the sublimest height of Godhead which is his goal.

Of course since then there have been men—and quite a large number—who have been more *divine* than *human*. But evidently they have not lived in God, as He has been pleased to manifest Himself in *Nature*. They have improved upon Him till He has come to be merely a *name connoting nothing*—a full and complete *Negation of Manifestation.*

Some of these have endeavoured to go beyond the manifested God or God in Nature—to the Absolute or Para Brahman. And others, while keeping the same end in view, have not of course denied Manifestation altogether but have chosen to limit the Illimitable—*the Divine Will in them*—and thus attained only partial success. The Vedantist belongs to the first, and the Tantrik to the second school. The result of both these endeavours has justified neither the end nor the means. Neither the Vedantist nor the Tantrik has attained perfection which is the goal of human life. They have always felt and submitted to the force of a Superior Will controlling and limiting them, thus giving the lie direct to their philosophy of life and their profession.

"You are a "man of the world," as they say. Tossed from wave to wave of grief and sorrow. You are catching at this and that straw only to find, to your great mortification, that all hopes are equally frail and all promises equally hollow. Thus you are left to sink deeper and deeper in sorrow, despair, doubt and despondency. Every day you feel yourself smaller and farther away from your God, and often wonder, if there is a God at all. Yet your instinct will not allow you to deny Him altogether. Always behind your doubt there lurks a deep-seated credulity and causes you—"a dupe of to-morrow,"—when sorely puzzled by fresh worldly troubles, to run break-neck for swift and sure help to any *Mahatma* whom report may have raised to the seat of God Himself. You may have been deceived a hundred times; yet your instinct, strengthened by your own hope, will again make you bid good-bye to common sense and fawn at the feet of the reported *Superman*. You surrender yourself unconditionally to him and try to think—a kindly glance is quite enough to transport you beyond the reach of grief and sorrow—to make a heaven of your hearth.

You come with such high hopes but what does the Superman do?—At once he smiles himself into child—like grace and simplicity and look daggers at you for your "worldly smell" and exclaims, "O you, man of the world, you are bound to come to grief! Following the way to pain, sorrow and struggle how can you look for quietude and bliss? It is not by *enjoying* the transient world, but by *renouncing* it that true happiness is attained. Turn back even now; come this way—the way of the wise—if you mean to be really happy. Renounce all the world and cling to *Him*, and you will soon come to know there is no end of bliss here."

No falser words than these have ever entered human ears and nothing has done greater mischief to humanity. O you, advocate of Renunciation, how can you impose upon yourself to mislead honest people by showing them the way to stone when, you are fully conscious, they are crying for bread? Is it not better to tell them plainly, you have not yet found the way to bliss, as is evident from your frailties and shortcomings?

There cannot be any greater condemnation of the Vedantic cry of *Neti* (negation of the manifested world) and its corollary the doctrine of Renunciation, than the depth of degradation to which India, the nursery of *Vedantism*, has fallen. And the height you have yourself spiritually soared and to the proximity to Godhead you have attained along the line of Renunciation is clear from the too many false words falling from your lips, from your physical sufferings, from your conduct before death and also the manner of it. You feel at every step there is a Superior Force, a Superior Will limiting and thwarting you. And yet you are not tired or ashamed of preaching Renunciation! It is but common sense to think and expect that the nearer one is to the Fountain-head of all Good and Bliss, and the greater and deeper is the manifestation of the Divine Attributes of Good through Him. Your life certainly is not in accord with this common-sense view and expectation of "living in God."

Now, as to your theory of Renunciation. What can you renounce? What *have* you to renounce? Doesn't your talk of renunciation sound like the street-beggar's boast—Who cares for the money in the Bengal Bank? I give up all my claims to it! Is it not like having no cottage to lay one's head in and yet giving oneself the airs of Gautama Buddha's renouncing the throne? Fie on you, for your profession which you know to be hollow and sham, and alas for them who allow themselves to be duped by you into this self-condemned theory of life!

What has he to renounce who cannot justly call even his hair *his own*, and all whose glory and greatness, health and wealth, depend upon a breath for all that they are worth? Have you never thought of this, O you champion of Renunciation? And shouldn't you have done this before starting your crusade against the world and worldliness? It is but a very simple truth that you must *have* before you can *give away* a thing. What is the value of the fox's renunciation—grapes are sour?

So, before you start preaching your gospel of Renunciation, try to know your heritage and realize it to the last atom. Know yourself and what it is worth. It is then and only then that you can justly talk of giving away or renouncing your possessions.

I can well imagine what you or your champions will say now. You will argue, it is not the world but the passions which have to be disowned. Well, your lust, your greed, your anger, your grief --are these yours or are you theirs? Were you their master, they would certainly have obeyed you. Now, lay your hands on your breast and answer if they obey you, or you move according to their caprices? Can you even justly talk of Renunciation? Is it for the slave to go away at will from the service of the master, or for the master to give up his claims on the slave? - So do not in all conscience ever talk of bidding good-bye to your passions. It is they who can cease sporting with you. Just remember how many times in the day you have to exclaim. "O. I did never mean to hurt him; but the thought hopped into my head and I simply blurted it out!" There! How helpless you are! And how many times in the day you are thus caught unawares!

You will again be arguing--no, we are not talking of over-riding the passions. You haven't understood us aright. The passions manifest and realize themselves through the senses. The senses are fed and nourished by their different objects, or in other words, the material world. Refuse to listen to these objects --ignore them altogether, and you will be a free man, and have bliss, eternal bliss.

Very well. But are these objects the sensuous world—under your control? "Certainly not," is the answer made by your innermost heart. How can you then talk of making them obey your pleasure? And pause and think what your boast of ignoring them altogether means. Don't you remember how many times in the day they catch you unawares, and one of them struts forward and says with a captivating glance—'Just open your eyes, you blind, and have a look at my rosy cheeks'; a second comes in, and the melody of her voice thrills through your ears stirring your soul to its innermost depths—'Harken, you deaf, how softly and gracefully my feet dance along the merry ground!' next comes in a third and says—'Just feel, O you, insensate fool, the softness and sweetness of my breath!'—Look about to see where you are yourself then—in your own self or in the beauty, the voice or the touch. Also turn to the greatest workers of your school—the highest ideals of your way of thinking. Your Maheswara, all whose outgoing senses had been chained inside and who had lost himself in a trance for centuries living in the idea 'I am He.'—Did he not give way even for nonce to the captivating glances of the young Gauri? Your Viswamitra, who had renounced his throne and the world for the attainment of Brahminhood.—Did he not come down, after he had fully realized the Absolute and thus become a full-fledged Brahmin, to beget Sakuntala? And your Vasistha, who had been ranked among the highest workers of this line, and at whose feet even the great Ram Chandra had sat to drink deep of his philosophy. Did he not yield to grief and throw himself down into the waters to renounce his life at the death of his sons?—What more proofs are needed to show how futile the way of Renunciation is?

Again, granting that your way may enable you to attain a state of trance in which you are beyond the reach of pleasure and pain, happiness and sorrow, how many years can you snatch out of eternity to live in this state of negation? You may live entranced for a thousand or a million years. But then?—The annals of Renunciation have not any instance of eternal trance to show.

The two contradictory attributes of Divinity of which this world is a manifestation,—light and darkness, pleasure and pain, life and death, that is to say, Good and Evil,—will not let you alone and withdraw themselves from upon you, however much you may try to philosophize them out of existence? They are exercising and will contiune to exercise their influence upon you, however you may try to shut yourself in. In your endeavour to ignore them, you have not clung to either—have not attracted one to the exclusion of the other. So even after you have attained the state of the sublimest trance establishing your identity with the Brahman and feel yourself beyond the reach of the world, they go on acting upon you in their own ways. And with all your pains to get the better of them, you have often to feel their superior force and your own helplessness. When you come down from the state of trance and 'live and move and have your being' in the world, you find that in spite of your supposed identity with the Eternal Being, the Indomitable Will and Energy, your words do not always come true, you cannot always control your passions and with all your attempts to laugh at pain, you have very often to give way to it. And in this way, struggling between life and death, you meet with your own end, although 'out of the Endless you have sprung,'—just as Maheswara, Vasistha, Viswamitra and all other master-minds of our school have done. This then is the whole outcome of the Renunciation School of Philosophy.

Do not, therefore, any more preach the gospel of meaningless Renunciation and help your people along the way of material vagabonds, moral cowards, religious desperadoes and spiritual fossils. India is already groaning under their weight. If you cannot help one to make a 'man' of himself, pray, do not try to make a 'god' of him. We have already had enough of these.

Neither Renunciation nor Repression. Both these are futile with regard to those over whom you have naturally no control. Am I then to give the reins to the passion? you ask—No, never, to begin with, just try to turn their course softly and gently. If they have no reason to suspect you to be a refractory subject, they will allow you to go on in your own way till you have established your real and substantial identity with the Eternal Will and Energy, and then they will, of themselves, bow to your will.

This huge universe of ours is a limitless storehouse of infinite contradictory attributes of the Maker. It is only a spark from that Infinite Source of beauty that has given so much grace to the face and form, smile and glance of my darling. It is also a molecule of that Infinite Wealth that we find displayed in the precious metals and stones immeasurably scattered over the world. You say. 'my desire for enjoying beauty is wrong, because it is never satisfied.' Yes. this is true. and no offence. It can never be satisfied only because your way is wrong. Being entitled to enjoy Eternal Beauty as birth-right. you are hunting after glamours. How then can your desire be satisfied? And, therefore. you never find perfect beauty for which your soul is craving, in any one lump of flesh or any other form of matter,—and so your desire is driving you from object to object leaving you more unhappy at every step.

You will say, this is but natural, things of the world, being only transient and imperfect; and it is for this reason that Renunciation is enjoined as the only means for that attainment of perfect happiness. I say—no, that is not true. It is because through Māyā or Illusion. You forget that you are all divine and entitled to enjoy perfect beauty, and also cu toff the eternal flow of beauty and life from the Infinite Source to the object before you, and look upon it as a whole by itself that the object ceases sooner or later to delight you perfectly and eternally. When you are charmed by a particle. instead of dismissing it as transient and unsubstantial and thus pregnant with pain, think of the Eternal Source, connect it with that Source—trace it back to its Eternal Origin and think how charming that Source will be when the faintest ray shot out from there is so graceful. You will soon begin to notice that every moment the object is becoming more and more graceful till it is identified with the Eternal Source giving you perfect and permanent satisfaction. Whether before your outward eyes or not, the object thus connected with its Eternal Origin and made eternally graceful, will forever be present before your mind's eye, smiling upon and talking to you and giving you perfect happiness. It is thus and only thus—by linking the so-called transient and detached objects of the world with their Eternal Source—that perfect happiness is possible of realization.

You also find fault with me for my insatiable avarice and ask me to reject both beauty and wealth—the soul of the world—as the fruitful source of all pain. I am, however, following only the Divine Nature within me, who is fully conscious of my heritage and prompts me to realise it. If I should not desire wealth, who is in the world to do it? I am the rightful owner of the immense wealth that this world contains and without which this world would cease to be itself. I am for this world, and this world is for me. We two together make up the whole Divine Nature between ourselves. Thus there is no offence in my desiring wealth. On the contrary, it will be an offence if I do not desire it. In desiring wealth I am only following my own Nature. Were I not to do so, I would detach myself from the Eternal Source—I would cease to be myself. No, my offence lies not in my insatiable desire for wealth but in my limiting it—in my imagining myself smaller than I am, in my forgetting the fact that I am all Divine and am the rightful owner of all Divine things. My offence lies in my hunting after hundreds or millions. Both are equally limited, finite, and therefore negligible. What is limited must come to an end. Every day it is becoming less. The Source of all wealth, however, is permanent and eternal, infinite and immeasurable. Again, it is all for me. Charmed by the glittering and tinkling of the hundreds or millions, I have turned my eyes away from the Eternal Source. That is my offence, and I have been paying dearly for it. I look for limited wealth—for wealth detached from the Source, and so my desire, which is Eternal by virtue of its origin from the Eternal Divine Nature, is hardly ever realized. I always hanker after more and more—because the unconscious consciousness of my identity with the Fountain-head and of my consequent ownership of all the good Divine attributes is always and ceaselessly at work within me. So, if I desire to be happy, I must not neglect wealth but cease reckoning pence and shillings and find the road to the Eternal Source. Once there, all the wealth of the world will be at my command. No lip-deep desire, so to speak, can effect this. I must identify myself with the desire—I must live in it. It is then that this desire will connect itself with the Infinite Source, draw upon it with all its force and thus make a current of wealth flow ceaselessly and copiously towards me. When I have learnt to desire in this way, any amount will come to me for the mere wishing. The Eternal Source will then be like the Bank where my own money has been deposited. I will send cheques according to my needs—and money shall flow unto me.

In this way not only wealth but whatever one desires shall be at once realized. This is only as it should be, when one is an emanation from the Fountain-head of all Fruitful Will and Bliss and therefore the rightful owner of all Good. To live one's life in this way is to follow one's own Nature— to live in God. When you will thus learn to connect yourself eternally and without interruption with your Eternal Source, and live not against or above but according to and in strict harmony with Nature, your own nature, you will be Success itself. Whatever you will now desire you will at once have. Your words will come true, your benedictions will be unfailing, you will be hale and hearty, your desires will be realized, your life will be indefinitely prolonged,—nay, death will not darken your door till you yourself so desire. This is the true goal of human life. This is true Perfection—not the *Perfection in Negation* aimed at by the Renunciation School which does away with the manifested world and Godhead itself.

If you cannot attain this goal—the goal of positive perfection realizing the good in the body and spirit and harmonising matter and soul—your life, your philosophy and your work are all vain and abortive. To be so tired of sorrow as to negative both sorrow and happiness and to imagine a state of existence where neither obtains, and thus to ignore the world in and through which God has manifested Himself,—is a cowardly way of retreat and soulless greatness. It is improving God out of existence and living in No-God. And the result is, as your followers are well aware, material bankruptcy and spiritual fossilization.

Have you in this huge world ever come across anything which is outside God and exists by itself? If not, what creation of the Infinite Energy and Indomitable Will can you renounce?

Take the case of that special thing which is, to all intents and purposes, "your own," I mean your life. Can you give up even that at will? Many a time you have hanged yourself to die, but the cord has broken and death has never come. You have also tried to blow out your brains, or to poison yourself with the most virulent of poisons, or to throw yourself into the waters to die—but death you never had. On the other hand, when you are very fond of life, fond of your hearth and home, and not in the least inclined even to think of the possibility of death, the cruel hand of death tightens its grip upon your throat and snatches you off to unknown destination!

This is your position in the world—this is your right over yourself and matter, as at present you are mentally constituted, and yet you talk of Renunciation!

Do not therefore any longer preach your doctrine, unwarranted by God's manifestation of Himself. If you are to preach at all, preach the gospel of *Attraction and Realization*. And teach the man of the world thus to think and assert himself—"I am an emanation from the Providence, and am therefore one with Him. Whatever is His, is mine. For the present I want this particular thing; and it must come to me by virtue of my earnest desire and consequent attraction, because it is already mine—because I am imperfect without it. Tell him that as man his aim should be, not Renunciation, but *Realization*. He must desire and obtain happiness. Sorrow will disappear of itself when he begins to neglect it—when he forgets even to think of it, and holds fast to its opposite condition—happiness. Light, Eternal Light should be his aim, and not the imaginary state which is beyond light and darkness.

Whether the Maker has one head or a thousand heads, or whether He has or has not any head at all—is no business of mine. I have only to turn to the Universe to see how He has been pleased to manifest Himself for me. I have no need at present to read between the lines of His own Book of Revelation and must proceed along the line indicated therein. He merely wills and the will is realized—at once and in full. This is what the Book of Revelation tells me. Therefore, being one with Him, being an emanation from Him, I have only to will and have that will realized. It is not for me, an unquenchable spark of the Eternal Energy and Indomitable Will, to try to go away from my own nature and creation—the world of mixed happiness and pain, life and death. To create is my nature. Divorced from it, I shall cease to be *I*. But this can never be. I have so willed and thus have myself created grief and pain for me along with joy and happiness. Instead of crying down the world of mixed good and evil, which is my own creation, I will now begin creating only Good till in course of time it will altogether eclipse Evil. The time I shall take in doing this will be proportionate to the strength of the belief "I am one with God" and also of the Will I can bring into play.

This world is a manifestation of contradictory Divine attributes—being Divine both are equally infinite and immeasurable. There is no end to smiling, no end to weeping; no limit to happiness, no limit to misery. He is all life, again He is all death.

The Great Dispenser is, however, absolutely impartial. He does not give away knowledge or ignorance, happiness or misery, affluence or poverty, love or hatred to His own creatures, or rather sparks of Himself in unequal doses. Indeed, He gives us nothing. We ourselves attract Good and Evil from His infinite source according to our own choice and action. He has endowed us, or as emanations from His Self we have been naturally endowed with His Free Will. And according to our tastes and desires and consequent actions in pursuit of this Free Will, we get, rather we attract to ourselves, different doses of Good and Evil.

II.—The Hollowness of Renunciation School:

Māyā or Nescience: Free Will and Attraction.

It is true the Great Dispenser's store-house, rather He Himself in manifestation, is made up of contradictory attributes. Yet it is equally true that though (apparently) contradictory, these attributes do not limit or negative each other. Where there is light, there is no darkness; where there is life, there is no death; where there is joy, there is no grief,—being of His nature, both are equally infinite and immeasurable. You do not look for God in the manifested world, and are therefore steeped in Ignorance as to your own self as well as your relation with the world. And you imagine an Agency whom you call Māyā or Nescience, as responsible for your ignorance. Owing to this ignorance you see things not as they really are but as your 'Māyā' makes them appear to you—contradicting and limiting each other.

As to the nature and doings of Māyā you are gravely mistaken. You say, "It makes me take for real what is essentially unreal. This world with all its pleasure and pain, affluence and poverty, life and death is limited, transitory and therefore unreal. But under the influence of Māyā I take to it as a reality and am sorry to part with it."

This, however, is not Māyā—it is only the Divine Nature and Spirit within you trying to assert itself. Both the "contradictory" attributes are, if you will but look about with wide-open eyes, infinite and unlimited. Both are equally *positive*. But when you see and say, "They contradict, limit, explain and ultimately negative each other," you yield to Māyā. It does not allow you, unless you have a powerful will and strong self-consciousness to see behind the appearance of things. Ordinarily, in nature they stand side by side and thus appear to limit and negative each other. You are satisfied with this seeming limitation and contradiction, never try to look behind the appearance and therefore see night follow day and death follow life. So strong has come to be the hold of Māyā on you that even while enjoying the sunny day, you are sick at heart at the prospective chill and darkness of the night. It prevents your getting the real view of the world and the true idea of yourself, and makes you think, the Illimitable is limited and even the Divine Free Will is subject to it. Thus under its influence, you have come to see things as divorced from their Infinite and Immortal Source. This is why you see, and believe and make misery follow happiness and death follow life.

As to Māyā. It is not a veil drawn by God over His face to play hide-and-seek with man, His own Self; nor is it any extraneous agency engaged in deceiving man and making him turn his eyes away from his God or causing him grief by making him attached to the transitory world.

Māyā is the general name for what is meant by the Laws of Nature. Regulating the growth, development and decay of that portion of His creation which He has been pleased not to endow with Reasoning and Free Will, God has laid down certain Laws. In obedience to these the Earth has been spinning and revolving since creation, alternately giving us light and darkness; and 'matters mundane' have troubled us with their short-lived existence. Not trying to look beyond and transcend these Laws with the help of his Reasoning

'Free-willed' man has accepted them as equally applicable to himself—although he stands apart from the rest of creation in having Reasoning and Free Will. And thus he has contented himself with exercising his Free Will subject to this limitation. And as a result of this he has found, to his utter bitterness and mortification, the nothingness of Life and the World.

The Almighty Law-Maker certainly is, by virtue of His Free Will, above the Laws. He has made for the guidance and governance of the "no-will" (if I may use the expression) creation. As Emanation from Him and endowed with His Reasoning and Free Will, man also stands above these Laws. He can, if he *will*, connect his 'will' with that of his Maker and then have 'eternally' whatever he desires. Indeed, this is the goal of his life and is the Supreme Law of Manifestation. Miracles are not accidents, but obey this supreme Law of Will-force and Attraction. Man was not meant to live the life of stocks and stones but to 'work miracles' and to live the life of God Himself exercising his Free Will and making and unmaking things to please himself. If he elects to eat of "the forbidden fruit," *i.e.*, to submit to Māyā hide-bound laws for no-will nature—there is none to save him. He will be 'born' and reborn only to see things snatched from his grasp and to pine away to 'death.' If, however, he chooses to exercise his Reasoning and Free Will *freely*, he will feel—Yes, I am one with God. I will, and the will is realized at once and in full. So long as Adam and Eve lived in the state of nudity, *i.e.*, exercising Free Will freely, they were happiness itself. It is only after they had eaten of the "forbidden fruit," *i.e.*, subjected themselves to Māyā, that they came to grief.

There is eternal flow of Good as well as of Evil from the Infinite Source, according as the 'Free-willed' man desires and attracts. When he is unsteady and prancing about, he has good and evil alternately or even in mixed doses, and he thinks that they are limited by each other. This is the doing of Māyā, and hence false so far as he is concerned; for Māyā has no control over him or over the thing he wills to have, unless he chooses to submit to it and under its influence to grant short leases of life to the things which make him happy and thus to increase his sorrow.

Turn to the concrete world with your Reasoning at work. Apparently your day is followed by night, but really both are eternal, unlimited and positive. Your day is followed by night only because you are yourself unsteady and, besides, have taken your stand upon the fleeting sand. The same sun is ceaselessly giving heat and light from the same place. So he is making 'eternal day.' That light and darkness follow each other in rotation and alternately come upon us, is not, therefore, his fault but of the spinning and revolving earth. He is all light and knows only to give heat and make day. If, instead of taking your stand upon the unsteady earth, you could hold fast to the sun, would you have ever known night and would you ever be in need of any artificial means to dispel the darkness of the night?—It is Māyā that makes you overlook this fact and denounce both light and darkness as short-lived and unreal and turn your eyes to an imaginary state beyond both of these.

Thus you see that in accepting Renunciation you are really surrendering to Māyā in the name of neglecting and ignoring it. If you are anxious for Bliss, or to put it correctly, if you desire to rise to your true height, do not altogether recognise Māya as applicable to you. Try, always try, heart and soul, to rise above it, for it was never meant for you. Don't you see that within the limited scope granted to it by yourself, your Free Will is even now working wonders, if not miracles? Chained down to the earth, as you imagine yourself to be, even now you are soaring high up in the skies and diving deep down into the fathomless sea. You have here developed only artificial means, and yet you have conquered Nature to a very large extent. Once give full play to your Imagination and Free Will, refuse to accept any limitation, and you will find that neither for soaring nor for diving you have to take recourse to artificial means. The Yoga system has largely realised this, although unconscious of the possibilities of Free Will.

Look in, listen to your Reasoning—the voice of fully awakened self-consciousness find the steady Sun—your own Free Will—hold fast to it, and you will have Light, Eternal Light. Feel what is needed to make you happy, then sincerely desire it, and let the desire proceed from the 'inner self' (or sub-conscious mind, as others call it) and with the help of Imagination be in constant touch and communion with the Eternal Source of it—and before long you will find that, in spite of Māyā, your desires are fulfilled, your will is 'materialised,' and the "dreams and unrealities" of past are quite real things. In a word, your *will* will not now have to bow to any superior will—you will feel yourself "one with your Omnipresent, Omnipotent and Omniscient God."

Let us now turn to another aspect of Renunciation. What you are anxious to renounce possesses your mind and brain. You are obsessed by it, so to speak, and come in course of time to be identified with the thought of it. You will thus see that in your endeavour to 'renounce,' your are really welcoming-*attracting* and more intensely-the thing you are so afraid of. In your anxiety to get rid of sorrow fully and absolutely—to renounce 'woman and wealth' which you think to be the most potent and prolific cause of Sorrow—you are really making it and the cause of it, *i.e.*, woman and wealth, the only object of your undivided attention and sincere devotion. This is why persons and institutions who have endeavoured to disown 'woman and wealth' have ultimately met with their ruin from an unusual influx and attentions of these. Thus the Law of Attraction asserts itself even when it is not recognised or consciously followed.

The reason is not far to seek. Ordinarily Fear, Doubt, Suspense and Anxiety influence our mind much more powerfully than Hope and Expectation. Faith and Belief. Hope can never focus one's mind, nor can the hoped-for object ever make one identify himself with the thought of it with the same force and earnestness and to the same extent as Fear or the feared object. Just think and say, which is more powerful—the fear which lurks behind the most sanguine hope, or the hope which flashes upon the lowering cloud of despair? This is why we hear so little of 'Faith Cures' and so much of troubles brought to a head by Fear.

To realize fully the hollowness of Renunciation. let us analyse the desire for it. Why are you so anxious to renounce a thing? -It is because you have a very disagreeable memory of it. That Memory gives rise to an increasingly strong feeling of disgust and fear. All of you are fully conscious how more powerful the memory of sorrow is than that of happiness. When you are sinking in sorrow, does the memory of lost happiness busy you up or drag you down to greater depths? True, very true are the poet's words—"Sorrow's crown of sorrow is remembering happier things." And when you are all happiness, does the memory of a by-gone sorrow more deepen your happiness or fill your mind with only misgivings for the future and make you so forgetful of the present as to weep again over the past sorrow?

Do, therefore, cease talking of Renunciation. It is prompted by the memory of sorrow, and fed and nourished by disgust, suspense, anxiety and fear. Learn to earn happiness, and sorrow will naturally come to an absolute end.

Preach the Gospel of Free Will and Attraction which is the Supreme Law of Nature, if the fall of man has moved you. Announce to the "lifeless" man of the world, this world is real, very real, and encourage him to realize this by *willing* and thus *attracting* a copious and permanent flow of unalloyed Bliss from the Fountain-head. Tell him to desire and have knowledge (of self as well as of the relation between self and the world—which is true knowledge), wealth, plenty and prosperity, peace and happiness, hope, faith and love, health, strength and beauty, success and life, *i.e.*, Perfection of Good, and thus make life in this world worth living.

Do not encourage hypocrisy any longer. Do not let people suffer and yet say—"God is good and kind to all." Let them first realize this—help them to this realization, and thus make them feel,—this world is God's world and not Satan's. Indeed the latter is nowhere, Evil being man's own creation—the outcome of his submission to Māyā and foregoing his Free Will. Then they will, of themselves, and with a force and sincerity which only a first-hand knowledge and faith can impart, sing aloud "God is good and kind to all," and further on, "I am that Good God myself."—This is the truth underlying the promise of "the Lord" in the Gita—"When union and communion, with one has been permanently established, I will myself carry to the worker Bliss in its various forms."

And never ask man, created by God "in His own image" (*i.e.*, Consciousness and Free Will), to emulate the 'life of stock and stone'—destitute of free-will, of self-respect, pride, hope and ambition. Conscious of his high pedigree, of his descent from the Most High, man must be proud, self respecting and ambitious. Having been endowed with God's Reasoning and Free Will he has been made the Lord of Creation and placed above the Laws of Nature (if he will only be self-conscious). Why should he not be proud and ambitious? Do not teach him, against his very nature and essence, the virtue of meekness in spirit and humility in ambition. This "Death in Life" cannot be his ideal of life, who has been inspired by and lives in the life of Him who is Perfect Knowledge, True Philosophy and Immeasurable Energy. To be worthy of himself and his Maker, he must be Greatness and Goodness itself.

(*To be continued.*)

Human Nature in Politics.*

A Review.

By Ahmad Shafi.

MR. GRAHAM WALLACE of the London School of Economics and Political Science has written a book of absorbing interest on the part which a knowledge of psychology is destined to play in politics. The book was written in 1908, and in 1909 when the author published his second edition he wrote that the important political developments which had occurred in the English Parliament, in Turkey, Persia, India, and Germany, after the first edition had been published, had not altered his conclusions as to the psychological problems raised by the modern forms of Government. He published his third edition in 1914 and I am not aware of any subsequent edition. It would be interesting to know if the experiences accumulated during the momentous period of the recent war have not shaken the author's belief in some of his conclusions. He has discussed these problems with lucidity and candour which is refreshing. His arguments have all the charm of novelty about them and arrest attention even though sometimes these do not appear to be cogent enough to elicit approval. The conditions of the problem are stated in first part of the book, and the possibilities of progress on the lines chalked out by the author are detailed in the second part.

Like a number of other students and professors of politics Mr. Wallace is also apprehensive of the failure of democracy, but finds hope in the fact that the advance of psychology which has transformed pedagogy and criminology will not leave politics unchanged if its lessons are applied to practical politics. But before this can be brought about we are advised to overcome the doctrine of intellectualism which maintains that knowledge is wholly or mainly derived from pure reason. This doctrine, we are told, results from the tradition of political science and the mental habits of ordinary human beings. Again, the political impulses are not mere intellectual inferences from calculations of means and ends, but tendencies prior to, though modified by, the thought and experience of individual human beings. As an illustration of this opinion we are asked to watch the action in politics of such impulses and emotions as personal affection, fear, ridicule, the desire of property, etc., etc. The author's remarks that our impulses and instincts are greatly increased in their immediate effectiveness if they are "pure" will explain the cause of considerable measure of success achieved by the ideas of Mr. Gandhi in Indian politics. It is nevertheless correctly explained that political acts and impulses are the result of the contact between human nature and its environment, but perhaps many will disagree with the author in his conclusion that many of the half-conscious processes by which men form their political opinions are non-rational, though some will feel inclined to support this view by citing the instance of some of the aspects of the Khilafat and Hijrat movements. It will however shock the moral sense of some of our present day political prophets to learn that "the empirical art of politics consists largely in the creation of opinion by the deliberate exploitation of sub-conscious non-rational inferences." But Mr. Wallace is right when he says that the process of inference once stimulated may go on beyond the point desired by the politician who started it. It is refreshing to find that the author admits that men can and do reason, though, he adds, reasoning is only one of their mental processes. The analogy of the biological sciences is cited to suggest that "politicians are most likely to acquire the power of valid reasoning when they, like doctors, avoid the over-simplification of their material, and aim at using in their reasoning as many facts as possible about the human type, its individual variations, and its environment," but the chapter (IV) is closed with the admission that the study of history cannot be assimilated to that of biology. In the next chapter the author deals with the method of political reasoning and raises a pertinent question as to how far it is possible in politics to substitute the "quantitative" methods for the "qualitative" methods, as they have tended to do in economics since the time of Jevons. He maintains that methods and vocabulary of Royal Commissions, International Congresses, and other bodies and persons who have to arrange and draw conclusions from large masses of specially collected evidence, are even when not numerical, nowadays in large part quantitative.

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* HUMAN NATURE IN POLITICS, by Graham Wallace: Constable. London, 3rd edition, 1914, pp. xvi 296.

I cannot resist the temptation of quoting *in extenso* the author's own synopsis of his argument on political morality detailed in the first chapter of the second part of his book.

"The abandonment by political thinkers and writers of the intellectual conception of politics will sooner or later influence the moral judgment of the working politician. A young candidate will begin with a new conception of his moral relation to those whose will and opinion he is attempting to influence. He will start, in that respect, from a position hitherto confined to statesmen who have been made cynical by experience. If that were the result of our new knowledge, political morality might be changed for the worse. But the change will go deeper. When men become conscious of psychological processes of which they have been unconscious, or half-conscious, not only are they put on their guard against the exploitation of these processes in themselves by others, but they become better able to control them from within."

The whole chapter has to be read to fully grasp this interesting argument.

An interesting light is thrown on the cult of Non-co-operation which is now being preached in India in the following passages which occur in this chapter (pp. 176-7).

"At first sight, therefore, it might appear that the change in political science which is now going on will simply result in the abandonment by the young politicians of all ethical traditions, and the adoption by them, as the result of their new book learning, of those methods of exploiting the irrational elements of human nature which have hitherto been the trade secret of the elderly and the disillusioned."

"I have been told, for instance, that among the little group of women who in 1905-7 brought about the question of women's suffrage within the sphere of practical politics, was one[*] who had received a serious academic training in psychology, and that the tactics actually employed were in large part due to her plea that in order to make men think one must begin by making them feel."

"A Hindoo agitator, again, Mr. Chandra Pal, who also had read psychology . . . . said 'Applying the principles of psychology to the consideration of political problems we find that it is necessary that we . . . . should do nothing that will make the Government a power for us. Because if the Government becomes easy, if it becomes pleasant, if it becomes good Government, then our signs of separation from it will be gradually lost.' . . . ."

"If this mental attitude and the tactics based on it succeed, they must, it may be argued, spread with constantly increasing rapidity, and just as, by Gresham's Law in commerce, base coin, if there is enough of it, must drive out sterling coin, so in politics, must the easier and the more immediately effective drive out the more difficult and less effective method of appeal."

Discussing representative Government the author has made some illuminating remarks on the system of Government adopted in India, and in the succeeding chapter has discussed what relations should exist between the permanent officials of a Gevernment and the elected representatives of the people to whom that Government is ultimately responsible.

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[*] Mrs. Pankhurst.

The last chapter on Nationality and Humanity needs considerable revision in the light of what has happened during the recent war. The ideas and methods of Mazzini and Bismark have been compared and contrasted and on the whole a reasonable attitude has been adopted towards the non-European races of the world.

Whatever one's differences with the author it cannot be denied that his book is thought-provoking. Being an attempt at studying politics from the ground of psychology with a view to counteract the modern detrimental tendencies and injurious growths it is instructive and deserves close study at the time when we are about to enter the new era of political education.

A Woman Novelist.

The Author of "Comin' Thro' The Rye"

By Gurmukh Singh Suri.

THE death of Mrs. Reeves—Miss Helen Mathers of her novels—takes away from our midst the sole survivor of the famous group of women who made letters their profession in the last century. The nineteenth century produced a number of gifted women writers in England—Jane Austin, Charlotte Bronte, George Elliot, Mrs. Humphry Ward and Miss Helen Mathers. Among them Mrs. Reeves occupies a very important position.

Jane Austin created a distinct form of literature by herself. The titles of her books, *e.g.*, "Sense and Sensibility," "Pride and Prejudice," etc., give a very good idea of the kind of work she turned out. She depicted the every day life of English gentle-folk, never stepping out of the bounds of conventional morality and conservative respectability. Her works are too mild to be popular with the excitement loving reader of to-day.

Charlotte Bronte wrote at least two very good books, "Jane Eyre" and "Villete." The latter is a very delightful and realistic study. It contains a marvellous group of characters, each a masterpiece in itself. There are some beautiful bits of description and a number of excellent scenes—the scene in the park at midnight is matchless; and the ending is one of the most artistic that I have ever read. In spite of crude construction—perhaps due to its being evolved from a former work—"The Professor"—and tendency to be a little too rhetorical, the book is a work of genius. As a friend of mine aptly remarked: "it seems to have been drafted by an amateur and written by a genius in her prime."

Charlotte's sister, Emily Brontë, was "one of the most gifted and original writers of the century and one of its rarest and strongest spirits, as an admirer describes her in the *Manchester Guardian* of the 20th August, 1918,—the centenary of Emily's birthday. She did not live long to write many books; she produced only one book—"Wuthering Heights"—but that a sparkling jewel. It is one of those books that once read are never forgotten—they haunt your imagination for ever and ever. As I read the book I could see behind the lines depicting the moorlands and manor-houses of old Yorkshire, describing the riot of lawless passion and unquenchable hate of Heathcliffe, Hearnshaw and others—yes! I could see and feel the personality of the author and her tremendous vision of hate and passion, terror and grief. And yet "Wuthering Heights" is a most impersonal book; but it is a story, a great poetic vision charged with the things that Emily saw and felt most intensely in her brief and outwardly narrow life. "Wuthering Heights" is the product of a most gifted and strong personality fed on the German romantic literature of the 'thirtees of the last centuries. Emily's was the "unquiet soul" that, in the words of Mathew Arnold:

> "Knew no fellow for might,
> Passion, vehemence and grief,
> Daring, since Byron died"

which found its mate in those anarchic spirits of deathless beauty, in the tragedy of that consuming flame which is so well described in the pages of "Wuthering Heights."

George Eliot was perhaps the ablest and the most learned woman of her age. She had an unquenchable thirst and capacity for knowledge. She felt the disabilities imposed by convention-ridden society on her sex most keenly and found conservative respectability most irksome. Her age was not suited for her genius. If she had only been born a century, even half a century later, I believe she would have been a very great philosopher, sociologist or scientist. Even in the cramped atmosphere of the Victorian Era she achieved a notable success. George Eliot was a most versatile woman. She was an apt student of history as can be seen from a mere glance at the pages of "Romala." She had a deep insight into human nature and her ideas on life were beautifully expressed in "The Mill on the Floss," a most charming book in spite of the tragic events chronicled in it. There is a close resemblance between "The Mill on the Floss" and Thomas Hardy's novel "Tess of the D'Ubervilles" except for the fact that the former is personal and the latter not. Her most artistic production is "Silas Marner," which shows that she was not only a learned writer on scientific, philosophical, historical, and religious subjects but also a great novelist.

Mrs. Humphry Ward was able to give us her recollections before she passed away to the Unknown Land a short time ago. They appeared shortly after Lord Morley had published his "Recollections" and therefore did not attract due attention. They prove her to be a woman who had seen a good deal of life and mixed a lot in intellectual society. She has left us a very faithful and interesting account of the pre-war system of English aristocratic life. Perhaps her most charming book is "The Marriage of William Ash." Mrs. Ward had a wonderful power of description and making things real to the reader. William Ash and his betrothed and wife Kitty are very interesting personalties, full of life and vitality, and aristocratic to their finger tips. These characters were made more real to those of us who saw them interpreted by Mr. Henry Ainley and Miss Alma Taylor on the screen. "Robert Elsemere" is a good example of a successful religious novel and a very thought-provoking book. I owe my religious emancipation mainly to it. "Richard Meynel" is a very good sequel to "Robert Elsemere."

A few weeks ago I received a letter from an English friend, who shared my admiration for the works of Miss Helen Mathers, enclosing a cutting from *The Evening News*. As I opened the envelope the thick black printed letters "HELEN MATHERS DEAD," stared me in the face; and as I saw them, my heart sank within me. But as I read on, the sadness slowly changed into a feeling of restful joy. Had not she gone to her "Phil Darling"? Mrs. Clara Bone, who tended Mrs. Reeves in her fatal illness, told *The Evening News* correspondent: . "Almost the last words she spoke were of her son: 'I am happy I am going over to Phil.' 'Tell then not to grieve for me, I shall be happy.' Then she seemed to see him, she put out her hand and cried, 'Phil Darling.'" "These words recalled to my mind the last sentences of her best known book "Comin' Thro' The Rye."

"Will they find each other up above, I wonder, my lost love and my little lost angel? And since I shall go to them, but they will not return to me, I pant, I weary, I burn for the moment when death like a friend's voice from a distant field, shall call to me, and taking my hand in his, lead me to the plains and fields that girdle round the shining city . . . . where shall I not see my darlings stepping to meet me through the unfading, incorruptible splendour of 'God's Rye'."

"Comin' Thro' The Rye" reveals its author to be very much prone to spiritualistic ideas. And she ended by becoming a firm believer in spiritualism. She has left a book in manuscript that deals with this fashionable subject. It is expected to come out shortly. The heroine of "Comin' Thro' The Rye," Helen Adair deplored all the remainder of her life her great mistake in not taking warning from her dream, which "was so real - so vivid—." She told her dearest friend soon after she had said farewell to her lover, Paul Vasher, who had gone to Rome for a few days:—

"He will never come back . . . . Do you not hear the fairies and spirits whispering it—'He will never return to you, never, never?' . . . . He will never be my Paul any more, never any more. I can see it in the dream!"

A WOMAN NOVELIST.

Miss Helen Mathers was a born writer. She took to writing as easily as duck takes to water. "Away I go," she once told and interviewer, "helter-skelter, never lost for a word." She published her greatest book when she was twenty-two (in June 1875). "Comin' Thro' The Rye" was first published at 31*s*. 6*d*. as a three-decker; and it was not without a great deal of effort on her part that it saw the light of day. Mr. Mudie (her publisher) told her point blank, when she took the manuscript to him: "I don't care for your book." Miss Helen Mathers proved herself equal to the occasion. She paid him back in his own coin: "What you care for doesn't matter; it's what your public wants that does matter." And as it happened, the public did want her book. "Comin' Thro' The Rye" ran rapidly through twelve editions at 6*s*.; and its fifty-fifth impression was taken in April 1919. After forty-five years the book is still selling well. It was filmed during the war and proved very popular among cinema audiences. This is more than sufficient evidence of the success of "Comin' Thro' The Rye."

The truth of the matter is that "Comin' Thro' The Rye" is a most charming book; and like other charming works it must be read to be fully appreciated. Charm is a most indefinable thing it is something that defies analysis. But all the same it takes hold of you without any effort on your part. "Comin' Thro' The Rye" is a very pretty story; but it is so very sad; and at the same time realistic and human. It is full of homely wit and sound common-sense, and at places it becomes quite profound. A single sentence sometimes gives the characteristics of a whole class of people:

"The village hero comes in, rosy-faced and well greased, he has taken his weekly wash, put on his weekly clean-boiled rag, and with the bit of roast beef and pudding provided for his dinner lurking in his memory, and tickling his nostrils, feels not unamiably disposed towards the wife of his bosom, and has no inclination to beat her, as is his wont on week-days when he has a little spare time."

There are passages in the book which are well worth serious study. Here is, for example, one on religion :—

"…. I don't believe any amount of praying by rote does a man a vestige of good. Let him set to work to mend his morals, and weed his heart first, and keep the outward observances of religion *after*. Many a man who makes a great parade of religion. is at least ten times more sinful than he whom the world calls infidel, yet throughout his whole life been true to every generous. noble instinct, doing his duty to his neighbour without shrinking …. Such a man's life is …. a far truer worship of his Creator than any amount of empty prayer, ascending daily from a selfish, presumptuous soul, that glorifies self in his Maker, and believes that words, not acts, are reckoned up above."

Children should be taught to be good and honest "because goodness and virtue were beautiful and to be worshipped," and not because by being good they "shall go to heaven" and by being naughty they "shall go to hell."

It may be mentioned here in passing that "Comin' Thro' The Rye" contains one of the best description of girls' school life that I have ever read. There are only two other such descriptions that I know of which come anywhere near it one by Charlotte Bronte in "Villette" and the other by George Bernard Shaw in "The Unsocial Socialist."

Miss Helen Mathers was a most humane woman. No one can read her comments on the Franco-Prussian War without feeling that they come straight from the heart :

"The brain reels, the heart sickens as one reads, day by day, of the success of the infernal weapons forged by man to dash out all semblance of humanity in that which God created in his own image, yet is not life sweet to those poor fellows who have to lay it down, because one crowned head covets his neighbour's vineyard? Oh! a million desolate wives and mothers, weeping for the husbands and sons who will come back to them no more, could tell us somewhat of the value to *them* of those crushed. mutilated bodies that are set down in the returns under the laconic heading of "missing."

Miss Helen Mather's genius was essentially feminine. She had a deep insight into human nature, especially into woman nature. She lays bare to the gaze of the reader most skilfully the feminine heart. The story of "Comin' Thro' The Rye" concerns two girls and two men Helen and Silvia, George and Paul.

"A bitter and bitter pain runs through my heart at his (George's) words; is it not hard for him, *hard?* There he is, free and young, loving me (Helen): here, am I, free and young, loving somebody else (Paul), who is not free to love me (as he is married by deception to Silvia). Oh! why cannot I pluck that other love out of my heart, and putting my hand in his, make his imperfect, spoiled life a completed, happy one? And I *cannot*."

This was the real tragedy of their life. Helen Adair, before she went to school, had promised George Tempest to marry him when she got to be eighteen-and-a-half, provided she did not meet anyone else in the meantime whom she liked better. George was a fair-haired, handsome and most gentlemanly lad, who loved Helen with a love so unselfish as not to allow jealousy to come between his helping his beloved, even at the risk of losing her for ever. Helen's feelings towards George can best be described in her own words: '"I wish you were my brother," I say warmly—"I *do* wish it with all my heart."'

While at school, Helen had met Paul Vasher, a man "more than double my (her) age," who had seen a good deal of life and suffered a lot by loving a beautiful and selfish creature. He came nearest the ideal that her girlish fancy had set up for her lover: "*Very* dark: and he must have black, or very dark eyes and a long black moustache that sweeps, but is not waxed." On leaving her, Paul gave her the following advice :—

Helen had asked : "Might not one be good and pretty too?"

Paul replied : "They might, but they very seldom are! No; when I come back, child, I hope I shall find you just as you are now."

"May I not grow, Sir?"

"Grow as much as you please, child; but don't grow out of honesty!"

Helen had met Silvia Fleming also while at school. She describes her as follows :—

As I look at her. I hold my breath in wonder. well might Shakespeare have said of her, "For the poor rude world hath not her fellow." She is all white and gold. like a pure lily. and as tall ; for though her little hands and feet might belong to a child. she is really of fair stature, and so softly exquisitely lovely at all points, in every dimple and curve of cheek, lip. chin. and body that it is a feast of the eye to look upon her while

Here in her hair
The painter plays the spider. and that woven
A golden mesh to entrap the hearts of men
Faster than gnats in cobwebs.

This lovely creature was the cause of the ruin of two noble lives. She was the girl whom Paul had loved in his youth. When he came to know her real character he ran away from her to drive away his love. But Silvia could not bear such desertion. She vowed vengeance.

A few months remain in her reaching the age of eighteen-and-a-half, when Helen goes to her sister's home for a month's visit. There she meets Paul and Silvia again. Paul has succeeded by this time in driving away his love for Silvia. Helen and Paul soon find themselves in love with each other. Paul is on the point of proposing when a misunderstanding about

George stops him, which is only cleared when they meet each other again near her father's house in the fields of Rye.

Silvia's eyes have been sharpened by jealousy and spite, and she ferrets out the secret of Helen's love for Paul. She seeks her out to tell her that she "will never be Paul Vasher's wife, never!" This sentence haunts Helen ever afterwards, even in her sweetest hours; and yet she looses herself so much in her happiness that she does not provide against the danger. Silvia's emmissary lives in her very house when Paul goes on a short visit to Rome where she steals her letters and brings ruin upon her.

Silvia is a very skilful plotter. She gets Helen's letters and puts in forged ones in their place. She thus makes Helen [illegible] her own lover. When these letters have played their part, she supplements it with a still bolder step. She gets an advertisement published in the [illegible] announcing the marriage of Mr. George Tempest and Miss Helen [illegible] with all the customary details. This had the desired effect. Paul reeled under the blow and fell a victim to brain fever. Silvia [illegible] appears on the scene and takes charge of Paul and tends him like a most [illegible] nurse; and before he fully recovers his senses gets herself married to him in church.

Helen is reduced to the state of utter helplessness at the sight of this advertisement, but George Tempest comes to her and at once starting for Rome and promising to bring Paul back to her. But before he can get to Paul the mischief has been done: Paul and Silvia have become man and wife in the eyes of the law and the world. Thus Silvia takes her first revenge.

The state of Paul's mind on recovering his senses and learning the truth can better be imagined than described. The scene between Paul and Helen on his return is wonderfully eloquent and pathetic: and the sacrifice of Helen is really noble.

"Paul . . . . . do you not see that there is no safety for either you or me, if you are not by the side of your wife? For the sake of all the love you bore me, in recompense for all the misery that you have brought upon me, I ask this one mercy of you. Live with her as a stranger, if you will; but in the eyes of the world be man and wife."

Paul yields, but when she is going, he makes another appeal: "Nell, Nell! I cannot let you go; you are my real wife, not that other, my life, my lily!" Paul draws closer to her and would have folded his arms about her:–

"'Back!' I cry, springing aside; "What! would you be the falsest traitor on God's earth."'

Paul is left speechless and only when Helen has gone a score or so steps, he utters the wild and bitter cry of a strong man in pain: "O God! . . . *O God!* . . . ."

Such was the noble sacrifice of Helen. She sent her devoted, suffering lover from her side to the woman who had done her the greatest wrong that one woman can do to another. But Silvia is as dark of heart as she is fair of face. Her vengeance has not yet spent itself. She has one more evil object to achieve. She seeks out Helen to give her another ultimatum:

"But, after all, I have conquered, I am Paul Vasher's wife, and you are only Helen Adair."

"'Yes," I say slowly, "only Helen Adair! but she has a pure heart, an unseared conscience, a fair name, and the entire perfect love of Paul Vasher in the past present, and for ever."

(Envy has at last taken possession of poor Helen and makes her say these sharp and bitter things, because

"No metal can,
No, not the hangman's axe, bear half the
Keenness of thy sharp envy.")

'"Take care," she says, with a low, wicked laughter lying under her sweet voice: "your good name, did you say? you are very proud, and sure of yourself now; but take care, take care you don't lose it some day.

All things come to him who waits, you know; and I could wait a long while to see your pride brought low." '

While working for this evil object Silvia falls seriously ill. Helen is so noble by nature that she is prevailed upon to go to her and forgive her; while Silvia is so evil of heart that even the prospect of death, a state of utter physical helplessness and misery cannot prevent her from thinking and plotting evil. She begs Helen, for the sake of her son Wattie, to come to her house occasionally, so that she may tempt her and Paul, and have the satisfaction of seeing her fair name trampled in the dust. And when she is well she brings Paul and Helen together as much as she possibly can, knowing full well their love for each other. On one such occasion Paul tells Helen:

' "Did? Was there any past tense in my love for you? You remind me, Nell," he goes on, looking at me with half-sad, half-bitter eyes, "of a story I once heard of a man who proposed for a young lady to her father, and on finding her to be already engaged, the suitor said he was not at all particular, any one of her sisters would do just as well; it didn't matter a pin to him which he married. Did you think I am so accommodating? There never was one but one girl in the world that I wanted, and as I can't get her, I will have nobody." '

The story reminds me of the condition of the unfortunate youth in this country, who have no voice at all in the choice of their life-mates. I wonder what Paul would have thought of us poor Indians if he had known our plight.

Helen grows to love Wattie, because "he is himself and my lost lover in one." She gladly consents to look after the child when Paul and Silvia go away and leave Wattie behind in charge of a nurse. A terrible epidemic of fever breaks out and attacks first the nurse and then the child itself. On the third night, "as he lies on my lap, about six of the clock, he opens his beautiful brown eyes, his hand flutters a little in mine, and as I hang over him in agonised, breathless dread, "good-bye, Lallie!" he says; a loving smile flickers over his face for a moment, then .... he is gone."

While Helen is bewailing her loss, she hears steps outside and in a moment stands Paul Vasher before her looking wild and strange. She natuarlly thinks that he has come in response to her telegram to see her son; but he has come on a different errand altogether:

"Love .... I cannot live without you. I have come back to tell you so .... Will you end this life of hell and misery, and come away with me? .... I did not think that your love will stand the test .... but when you said you have been expecting me .... I knew it then, Nell, that your love was as perfect as mine."

Paul has just finished speaking when Silvia appears on the scene: and her speech is characteristic of her evil and revengeful nature:

".... I always knew you would come back to this girl .... and .... she would go—*when you asked her* .... I will take good care that the country rings with the story of how I found my husband and Miss Helen Adair alone at night. ...., arranging an elopment between them .... I don't want to stop you I only came after you to shame her. Ha, ha! Have I not my revenge on you *at last*, Helen Adair?"

This time, however, Silvia's self-congratulations were uttered too soon. A moment later she and her husband were standing "one on either side of the bed .... look(ing) down on the dead face of their little fatherless, motherless son, Wattie."

"He died at six of the clock this evening," and saying this, Helen fell "down like a log, with my arms round my little dead lad."

Paul asks her forgiveness for the mad speech of the memorable night, which is readily granted, and says good-bye to Helen "reverently, tenderly, knowing it is our last farewell, and then .... he goes."

On the night of the 30th August Helen has a dream telling her of Paul's death, which is confirmed by a letter from a French soldier a fortnight later who was with him when Paul breathed his last. His last words were: "Comin' Thro' The Rye—God's Rye, Nell!"

"The Sahib and his Murghees."

By J. S.

My friend, Haverty, was extraordinarily fond of the abnormal. It somehow pleased his fancy; his bearer was the ugliest man in India, and yet when he left him for many months he would engage no other. Mathaila, the mate, enrolled himself as his Chaprasi; he could lead or ride a camel, but had no notion of the ways of the Sahibs, and yet for many years Mathaila was his favourite. Mathaila, however, learned that a chaprasi must guard the gate of his Sahib, and levy a toll before admittance. In this matter he tried his best to rise to the demands of the situation, but the erratic ways of his Sahib baffled him. It was not necessary for any one to approach the Sahib; he himself sought out people. Mathaila gave up the game in despair but he thought it was due to him to do no work and that he belonged to the tribe of the drones loitering lazily about the tent door. The inherent malice of things did not leave him long to enjoy his position undisturbed. A clever peasant appeared on the scene and fought for the patronage of the Sahib. This was Shadi, an ordinary labourer like himself from the desert, yet surprisingly quick-witted and ready to make himself useful. There was a method about everything he did. He had never crossed the bounds of Chichawatni on one side and Talumba on the other, and yet instinctively he understood the Sahib and his needs. He moved about the room silently dusting books, arranging furniture as if to the manner born. He lingered about the house doing little things which added to the comfort of the Sahib. He would sit down and unlace boots, bring the stick when he was going out or fetch a chair when he thought he wished to sit, and, in short, was ceaselessly attentive.

He had his own opinions about everything and was a man of resource. His principal duty was merely to watch the ploughing engines at night, and he surprised the Sahib one night by raising a long shrill whistle of distress. The Sahib hurried to the place to find that the bank of the water-course had given way and Shadi hit upon this ingenious plan to draw attention.

He sometimes handled things which he did not understand. He took upon himself to meddle with a Jost fan which did not survive the operation. In any case, he never hesitated to manipulate all that he saw. He was keenly observant, and both surprised and annoyed Haverty who thought he was much too obtrusive, and yet, Shadi would often come out with a bottle of soda-water to the fields when it was most needed and when no one in the house thought of sending any drinks.

He was a poor man living for his family. He allowed himself only a few *chapaties*. All his savings went to his father and sisters. He was not even conscious of the sacrifice he was making. Life for him had no complexities. The desire for many things did not cheat him of the joy of life. He loved to sing of Hir and Ranjah and Baghee the beautiful, a song which was popular in the villages in which, amongst other things, Baghee asked the Mullah "If it was a sin to love." "It is only through the personal love that spiritual love is reached," was the Mullah's reply.

Shadi discoursed wisely on personal and spiritual love when my friend asked him. "All holy men have found God through *ishaq* (love)," he said wisely. "Human love is the first step. Men without love are like fossils. Their hearts remain cold, empty and unredeemed. You have heard of Sassi and Punnun and Mansur," he continued. "They took away Punnun from Sassi when she was asleep. In the morning she discovered he was gone and started in his search following the tracks of the camel that carried him.

The burning sands of the desert could not stop her. She went on, her feet blistered, her lips parched and never a thought of turning back came to her mind. In her heart dwelt the picture of the beloved. She was unconscious of physical pain. True love is of the soul. Her spirit was strong, but her body was frail. It failed her and she died joyfully in search of her Punnun. This is an example of *Ishaq Mizaji* or personal love. Mansur was a lover of God. He ascended the gibbet with a smile and a firm belief that the cross opened for him the gates of heaven, the abode of the beloved. The Kazis. and Mullahs, and philosophers who talk, know nothing. They can only moralise wandering in the tangled jungle of their own thoughts. Their hearts are cold without the fire of love. They understand nothing."

My friend was surprised at Shadi's depth of feeling and grasp of truth. It reminded me of a noble line of *Iqbal*:

> "The restless dust age-long that wandered in the desert lands
> Of restless reason, in the lanes of love found rest at last."

The transition from sublime to the ridiculous in the case of Shadi was immediate and without warning.

In spite of his moralising he had an eye to business. He tried to make a little money whenever an occasion offered. He. the Sahib. tried to beat him even here. One day, Shadi paid a visit to his village and brought a basket of *murghies*. The Sahib surprised him by enquiring: "How many in the basket, Shadi?"

"Only thirteen," replied Shadi, and carried them to the kitchen.

He returned after a while with a rueful face. "They are fourteen," he said. "I bought another and forgot all. about it." After a little pause he said. "I have paid for it, however."

Haverty at once concluded that the fourteenth *murghie* was not paid for. He cross-examined Shadi

who began: "I bought 4 at 8 annas each.
6 at 6 annas each.
3 at 7 annas each.
1 at 5 annas each.

Altogether it cost me 6 rupees and 8 annas," he said finally.

This, however, came to only 5-14-0. The Sahib laughed and asked him to account for the balance. He began over again and got hopelessly entangled.

There was a big *murgha*, he said, "I paid for it 9 annas," he added as a last resource.

The Sahib broke into a huge laugh but the big *murgha* failed to make up the amount. Shadi walked away disconsolated. He went to a Munshi and had a proper bill prepared. He came up triumphantly and handed it to the Sahib. Unfortunately, he had left out the big *murgha* which he had invented for the occasion. The Sahib discovered the omission and disconcerted him.

"The big *murgha* was dedicated to the Peer," he said ruefully. "It has caused all this trouble." "O my malicious Fate," said Shadi and busied himself in cleaning the table.

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EAST & WEST.

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FROM CLOUDLAND.

Lord Reading at Lahore.

I HAPPENED to be at Lahore when Lord Reading received an address from the Punjab Chiefs and replied in the historic gardens of Shalamar. His eye flashed and fixed itself now on one member of the audience and now on the other. He seemed to be wanting to know whether his words carried effect. He was sincerely anxious to heal the wounds and to make a new start. He struck me as a man with an open mind placing little reliance on sun-dried policies. He expected the people of India to help him in his work and in helping him, help themselves.

The Problem.

THE desire to co-operate led me to ask, "What is the Indian Problem?" I asked several other people, as the meeting dispersed, the same question. They all praised the speech, cynically ignored its appeal and refused to define the problem and seek its solution. "The speech promised nothing substantial," was the general verdict. A few days later, when the application of the Defence of India Act was extended to some of the towns in the Punjab, people asked, "Is this the gift the Viceroy left behind him?" I continued inquiring and asking and thinking, why it was that all attempts at reconciliation failed? The only answer I could get was that the will-to-believe was wanting. People who had once faith in British Government were now without faith, and nothing but the restoration of this faith could restore confidence.

National Karma.

NATIONS and governments, like individuals, accumlate Karma which is the sum-total of all their thoughts and deeds, and this Karma determines the present and influences the future. In human affairs, free-will and determination are in constant conflict; we are potentially free but in reality there is little freedom. Circumstances beyond our control, shaped by factors which have their root in the past and cannot be altered, determine the present and mould the future. The permanent officials in the past ignored the expressed wishes of the people, laughed at their aspirations and wounded their *amour propre* and the Government is now reaping the harvest of their sowing. The Government did not, care to seek the co-operation of the people, and to-day the people are retaliating by refusing to co-operate with it. Indeed, it may be safely asserted that all great individual ability of a kind which was in any way likely to be original and consequently inconvenient was systematically discouraged. There is a recent example of a High Court judgeship going to an advocate of moderate ability, in preference to an eminent senior barrister of great legal ability and poetic genius. The Government sought the assistance of safe men who were ready to do lip-service, and men of God-given powers were driven to the other side: that is why the Government lost its prestige and power.

Promises and their Non-fulfilment.

DURING the war, the politicians talked of ruling other nations for the good of other nations, giving them the right of self-determination, as if such a right could be conferred by an act of Parliament. With peace, which is still in the making, came disillusionment. Words which made a great show of good intentions were found inadequate, and eternal motives of selfishness ruled the decisions of the Peace Conference. The myth of the civilising missions of the Western nations was exploded when the Treaty was signed. In the meanwhile the war had brutalised more than humanised man. The cult of force was in the ascendant, and only its failure at Amritsar and in Ireland has shown that nations cannot be ruled by sword alone. Men are needed to wield the sword, and no single nation can afford to find enough men to keep a large population in subjection and maintain a large army from its own revenues. The game is not worth the candle. Force succeeds only when it commands the support of the large majority of the ruled.

Britannia's Word.

JUST before the war broke out the late Justice Karamat Hussain contributed a remarkable article to *East & West*, pointing out that if Britannia kept her word and carried it fully into effect, there was no reason why the whole of Asia should not seek shelter as a partner in the Commonwealth of the British Empire. If our Government was going to give to all the nations, great and small, the right of self-determination and the right of self-government, there was no reason why any nation should not welcome the noble gift. British prestige was high before the war. The Eastern people had full faith in British policy. The British Government failed to realise the ideals which it set out to establish for the world, because the moral grandeur necessary for the successful endeavour in the cause of humanity was literally non-existent. The reaction that followed has stirred the whole of Asia. India was the first to march into the battlefields of France. The wave of loyalty that swept the country enabled Lord Hardinge to spare almost all the troops, British and Indian, to stay the tide of German armies. The services rendered by India will live in history, and need a bard to sing the glories of men who gave their lives for a cause and an ideal. India was in a state of expectancy, the Reforms were long in coming and were opposed by a large majority of the Englishmen in India, while all of a sudden came Martial Law. In India, even the King could not change the laws which were regarded as divinely ordained, and when the Government in spite of and against the wishes of the people enacted the Rowlatt Act and abrogated the laws, it destroyed in a day what had taken long years for the Empire-builders to achieve. The faith in British justice was gone. Even the Privy Council failed when it upheld decisions which the people regarded as unjust. People talked in awed whispers and Government stood revealed, despotic in mind and action. People were not prepared to accept such a Government and Non-co-operation was the inevitable result.

The Reforms.

IN the meanwhile, British statesmanship had not been idle; it had foreseen the need of associating ability of the country with the Government and worked out a large measure of Reforms. Coming a year earlier it would have given great satisfaction and accelerated greatly the pace of progress. It came at a time when the people were in no mood to co-operate. "Liberty" and complete Swaraj swayed the minds of men. I have never come across a clear definition of Liberty, in spite of Mill, Rousseau, Hobbs and Morley, but it defines itself when force seeks to win submission. "A drawn battle between the spirit of compulsion and inborn sense of freedom is essential for the cause of humanity." In India the balance had been in a disturbed condition for a long while. And now people refuse to take into account the terrible disasters that must follow if law and order are destroyed. "Honour is more than money and riches," they say, and this feeling is shared by common people who also say that honour is more than life itself. Peace which connotes submission is not to be thought of. They are not sure whether the new Constitution will bring them the freedom they desire; they feel that behind the new Constitution is organised force, and this organised force can disperse the Councils at a moment's notice. They want to be on firm ground, and having gained class-consciousness, they have confidence that they can work their way towards national freedom. Mr. Gandhi has shown the way to unity and co-operation for a common cause, and nothing but a clear realisation that an equal partnership in the British Empire is a fact, and not a fiction, will satisfy the people.

Changed Mentality and Economic Factors.

THE psychological causes of Indian unrest, on the material side, are supported by economic factors—grave, clear and well-defined. Here again changed mentality plays its part. People who accepted starvation yesterday as divinely ordained, to be endured and accepted with patience and resignation, feel to-day that starvation is preventable, and it is the duty of the Government to see that it is prevented. The fact remains that agricultural classes are not much better off, according to Moreland, than they were in days of Akbar. The Government has so far refused to take stock of the economic conditions of the villages, but like a spendthrift who refuses to look into his overdrawn account, the desire to overlook and believe that all was best in this, the best of the worlds, has prevented even an inquiry. The professional and middle classes are no better off, and the privileged and aristocratic classes have been out of everything.

Without a Programme.

It is a strange anomaly of our system that though the land interest is the largest interest, no representative of landed aristocracy has found a seat on the Viceroy's Executive Council; consequently, questions relating to land have found no advocate. The merchants and the great landlords have played no part in shaping the policy of the Government. From Sinha to Shafi, or Sharma, lawyers of great eminence have come to the Government of India, more for the general nature of their opinions, than their knowledge of the country: the Government preferring "correct" views to commanding intellect. They were good advocates before they came to power, trained to bring all their intellectual subtlety and forensic powers to secure a verdict in preference to the establishment of truth. They have proved good advocates in Council, but initiated no large policies. Where is the new programme of education, land improvement and liberal laws? Where is a clear-sighted estimate of the actual needs of the country, a correct appreciation of its essential requirements? The industrial development of the country has not advanced beyond the report of the Industrial Commission and formation of a department. The rich resources of the country lie unexplored. Agriculture, which is the main-stay of the country, needs combination of brains and capital to develop it, and so far little has been done to advance agriculture. Indeed, even pure and selected seed which is most essential to get good crops is not available. Most beneficient work, however, has been done by Irrigation engineers in training rivers and turning barren plains into fertile fields, but the organisation of well-irrigation which will be rich in results has not been taken in hand. The result is that agricultural population in large tracts lives from hand to mouth, and unless agricultural wage improves, there can be no material improvement in the country.

Causes and their Cure.

THE fundamental causes of unrest are deep-seated and have been slowly gathering force through long years. To restore law and order is merely to suppress symptoms. By organisation of primitive forces and stimulation of natural instincts Mr. Gandhi has brought into being a new India. The new India has still a great deal in common with the old India. Deep down its heart it still desires an association with the British people. The moral and spiritual ideals continue to dominate the material ambitions, the love of peace is stronger than the love of struggle, the sense of loyalty is greater than the sense of self-assertion, that is why Mr. Gandhi and the Viceroy conferred and the country waited in breathless expectation as if with a feeling of fateful decisions of tremendous destinies. The silence that has followed the interview augurs well for the future settlement. It implies that a common ground has been discovered and the situation is not beyond peaceful redemption. Mr. Gandhi combines with spiritual fervour shrewdness of a politician. He continues to talk of a Satanic Government, but he is aware that he cannot constitute another Government which according to his standards would be less unholy. The other Eastern nations towards whom eyes of some people are turned are faced with their own problems and are more in need of help themselves than to be able to help others. Even Mr. Mohammed Ali would admit that a wise enemy is better than a foolish friend, and enlightenment and freedom of speech and action to which he is accustomed has not penetrated the Western borders. Mr. Gandhi has brought a momentary re-conciliation of divergent elements and to a remarkable degree helped to promote individual virtues, such as mutual trust, unswerving loyalty, unhesitating self-sacrifice—qualities on which higher life depends. He must realise that he has laid the foundations of unity, but the impulse is exhausted and time is now for the consolidation of gains. National patriotism has hitherto held the day, but in the new world nations must learn to live together if civilisation is to be saved. The liberty of one man leaves off where that of another begins, and nations, great and small, can only be free in recognising international responsibilities. We must respect law and order, but at the same time resist unjustifiable interference, and never let ourselves be made the sport of irresponsible authority, which implies that respect for Government must be restored and kept alive, side by side, with awakened individual self-respect. All these factors must be present to Mr. Gandhi. Will he not chance the meeting of East and West in the cause of larger humanity? Will he not take the hand of friendship held out to him by the Viceroy and work for a partnership in the Empire? The unity of India and England will herald the coming of a new day and other Eastern nations will benefit immensely by the example. Dreams, yes, but it is better to dream than to walk straight to dark disaster which awaits all nations if they cease to dream these dreams.

Wanted—A Policy.

THERE are forces abroad which, like fierce wind, sweep every corner of the world. The fanatical enthusiasm is indeed the clear manifestation of the new spirit: it has its roots in the dethronement of authority in the domain of Religion, the result of a very mechanical relationship between Capital and Labour. The real tragedy of history, as has been said, is not conflict of right with the wrong, but of right with right. There is much that needs righting in India as everywhere else. There is much that needs fighting and the Government must come forward and fight it. If the Government fails, the leaders in the Councils must have a definite policy and a programme to meet even the unspoken needs and the wishes of the people. We want genuine idealism, inspired by lofty faith in the service of the country. If Lord Reading can give a new policy, he will assure the success of his Government, but he will have to part company with the established traditions. He will have to take his stand as the spokesman of India. The principle of equality of national status between India and England and the Colonies must be worked out to its fullest conclusion and should be the first item on his programme. The attainment of Swaraj is of no less importance, and who but the Viceroy should become its advocate? There is no reason why Indian members in his Executive Council should not immediately own responsibility to the Councils. The education of the people, the development of industries and the care of the sick and the poor must occupy equally prominent places in the new programme. The Government must move, the Viceroy must free himself and his ministers from routine and live and breathe with the country and seek out the unspoken wishes of the people. The new policy implies the creation of a new atmosphere in which the growth of good is possible, which not only permits, but makes use of the genius and energies of gifted individuals to be devoted to the service of the State. India has great love for England. The two countries, in spite of apparent diversity, have much in common; they have similar ideals, similar hopes; if England has made material progress, it is spirituality of the East that may save it from ruin. It is realised by all parties that their national life can be more fully and most certainly developed *inside* the British Commonwealth than outside it. Lord Reading has won a great name both in war and peace. He has shown gifts of wise statesmanship and right decision. If he can see the path which the higher interests of the country require, and without hesitation and wavering take it, the curtain may lift on a brighter day; in a word, the germs of future human brotherhood are awaiting development in the two countries. Will Lord Reading help their growth?

Should the Tyranny of Wages go?

By P. E. Bridge.

KANT put forward his notable formula of morality and asserted the imperative necessity of never considering man as a means but as an end in himself. This formula has not been fully and in all its bearings applied to the realm of social problems. The nations have been trifling with its application to the standards of life, and this negligence has been a fruitful source of social degeneracy and moral bankruptcy. Many years ago, Malon in the *Revue Socialista* wrote very pertinently that to bring about a moral regeneration in the life of the nations, it was essential to transform the prevailing social system. And, Aristotle, long before him had pointed to the absolute necessity of improving the social surroundings for the growth and development of healthy moral life. Morality is a delicate plant, requiring picked soil for its growth. Is health and pure life possible in slums? An sterling character may come out unscathed in spite of uncongenial surroundings, but the average man will inevitably succumb to the deadly poison of a morally vitiated atmosphere. Is honesty and devotion to duty possible in the present social system regulating the conditions between employees and employer? Can a man take an absorbing interest in a concern to which he is a mere outsider? Is it reasonable to expect a workman to put his heart and soul into his work when the only interest he has in his work are the wages he will receive at the end of the week? No, and that is the exact reason to advocate for a more humane system of social relationships. At present, a huge majority of men and women are mere slaves, working for the benefit of either great zemindars or of almighty syndicates of manufacturing industries.

That the present social system should be thoroughly overhauled is a fact which needs not much emphasis. Do not all the industrial and agrarian disturbances point to a deeply-seated cause of evil? Various attempts to arrive at a more or less durable and permanent solution have proved a failure. Wages have been raised, provident funds instituted, provision has been made for pensions, and compensation in cases of accident, but is it not a fact that the discontent continues? In our opinion, the root of the evil has not yet been touched. Three alternatives suggest themselves to our mind to put an end to the strife between classes. The first is to substitute in the hearts and minds of high and low, rich and poor, love for hatred; but the actual working of this pious desire is made difficult by the fact that love and hatred cannot be implanted in the hearts and minds of people by royal order. The second suggestion is to overthrow Capitalism, making the State the sole owner of all the industrial and commercial wealth of the country. Every member of the community will be made a servant of the same, receiving certain amount of salary in return for the services rendered. The example of Russia is an abundant proof of the futility of an attempt of this kind. Instead of putting an end to the tentacle of Capitalism, it has increased it to an enormous proportion. The socialism of the State means the capitalism of the State. thus increasing the inertia and long-standing idleness of certain classes of the community. A third suggestion has been made by an eminent writer on economic and social subjects. The tyranny of the system of wages should go and means should be devised to make it possible that every member of the community would enjoy the right of private ownership. Much of the agrarian unrest existing all over India—unrest which in various parts of India, especially in the United Provinces, has manifested itself in lamentable acts of violence and rioting—would be done away with, were the tenancy of land more secure. The fact is that when the ryot awakes to the full realisation of the implications of the human dignity and the instinct of independence, which after all is nothing but the natural postulate of the consciousness of personality, asserts itself, the yoke of submission and complete subserviency becomes unbearable. The ryot begins to feel the pulsations of the instinct of independence, and these pulsations must be satisfied in a certain measure if the peace and harmony between the classes is to continue.

People sometimes wonder that the labouring classes show such carelessness in their work, but it has to be borne in mind that our social system deprives them of one of the most powerful incentives to work. If we wish to increase the products of the country and to improve their quality as well, the short cut to it is to develop interest and keenness in the labouring classes. Stuart Mill wrote long ago that the working classes aspire, and ought to aspire, to get out of the clutches of the wages system. Indeed, the system is most inhuman inasmuch as it tends to destroy the most noble feature of the human personality.

Exception may be taken to the foregoing remarks on the ground that the Individualism we seem to be advocating has been exploded long ago as leading to the most egotistical consequences. We do not fail to realise that our views run counter to the powerful wave of Socialism which is spreading all over the world. The claims of the State seem to be uppermost in the minds of people, even when these claims involve the annihilation of the dignity of the individual. We maintain that a socialistic State in the sense in which it is advocated by many is a chimera. Recent psychological studies on the psychology of the group point to the fact that collective thinking is the integration of the individual thinking, and collective choice and wile are only possible when each member of the community has something to contribute to that collective thought. Collectivism in this sense while asserting the rights of the individual to their utmost, postulates that these so-called individual rights have to be fused in a social body for their completion.

In a book recently published by M. P. Follett, *The New State*, much light is thrown on the subject of group organisation. The first requisite for a real democracy is that each member of the community learns to identify himself with a social whole. " This is the first lesson for all practical life. Take two young men in business. One says of his firm : ' *They* are doing so and so' ; his attitude is that the business is a complete whole without him, to which he may be ministering in some degree. Another young man who has been a few weeks with an old-established firm says: '*We* have done so and so for years. *Our* policy is so and so.' You perhaps smile, but you know that he possesses one of the chief requirements for rising." But he question at issue is whether the present system of employment favours the development of this sentiment of the social whole. We think that it does not. How could an employee, who is paid certain amount of wages for his services and for the rest he is looked upon as an outsider, speak of the policy of *our* firm, of *our* doings in carrying out *our* business? Will it not be considered as preposterous? And what can be said of ryot who is deprived of the plot of land at the whim and fancy of the zemindar?

Half of mankind, if not three parts of it, are made the means for the gratification of the pleasures of the remaining half. Kant's formula is flagrantly violated and the results inevitably follow. What the working classes demand is not more money, but the restitution of the dignity which has been forcibly taken away from them by the exigencies of modern industrialism. This dignity consists in being an end in itself, in enjoying the freedom and independence of a human personality. We feel that unless something is done to restore to every human being the dignity of which Capitalism has deprived him, a beginning has not been made for a permanent re-establishment of harmonious relations between the social groups.

The Making of Woman.

(A Hindu Myth.)

By Jessie Annie Anderson.

'TWAS far away in creating Time,
When Twashtri * thought of a plan
By which he might add to the joys, and griefs,
And perplexing helps to man.

But, woe and alas! no solid was left
From which to create a mate,
For the solidest thing on the solid earth:
So he pondered long and late.

Then took of the brightest and lightest things;
The bitters and sweets of earth;
The fairest and fragilest things that be;
The essence of grief and mirth.

There were dancing lightness of summer showers;
The soft, bright glance of the fawn;
The joyous radiance of noontide sun;
The tears of the misty dawn.

The changeable ways of the veering winds;
The timid start of the hare:
The peacock's pride in its gorgeous garb;
The sweetness of blossoms rare.

The softness that lies on the swallow's throat;
The swiftness of tiger feet;
The splendour of gems in a monarch's crown;
The flavour of honey sweet.

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* Twashtri, the vulcan of Hindu mythology.

The mystery of moonlight; the gleam of stars;
And the hearth-fire's sacred glow;
The shadow of clouds, and the lightning's flash;
The chill of the mountain snow.

The lightest chatter of sparrow and joy;
The coo of the turtle-dove:
He blended them all, and he gave to man
The dangerous result to love.

Eight had not passed ere the poor man pled:—
" My Lord, the creature you gave,
She poisons the fountains of life for me,
Receive again from your slave."

" She takes my time, and all else that I have;
Her tongue, it is never still;
For nothing at all she grieves and laments;
And, then, she is always ill!"

But another week, and he came again:—
"Oh, mine is a lovely life;
The glance of her eye, the sound of her voice,
Were worth the trouble and strife."

" Ah, now, I recall how she danced full well
To every tune that was mine;
And played with my mood when my heart was low;
And clung like a lovely vine."

Only three days, and again he came,
Abashed and sorely perplexed:—
Alas! the pleasure is less than the pain;
Take her—I'm puzzled and vexed."

" Nay, go you your way," cried the angry God,
" And take you the ill with the good."
" But I cannot live with her," cried the man.
" Neither without her you could!"

Gandhism.

By B. Natesan.

"I claim not to have controlled events, but confess plainly that events have controlled me."—*A. Lincoln.*

"His politics were a vehement battle, not a game, no affair of a career.—*J. Morley.*

"In viewing these intestine and civil broils of ours who doth not exclaim that this world's vast frame is near unto a dissolution and that the day of judgment is ready to fall on us?"—*Montaigne.*

I.

Three men in our time have added fresh lustre of the genius of our race and given the world a measure of the stature to which Indian manhood could attain: Tagore in literature, Bose in science and Mr. Gandhi in the sphere of action. It would be profitless to discuss whose is the most enduring mark on the temper of our generation. But of this we may be sure. The case of those who meddle with the affairs of men is the most problematical of all. For public memories are short and political reputations are charged with the qualities of mercury. They rise and fall in proportion to the density of the popular mind. We have witnessed in our own time the sudden eclipse of statesmen reputed to be "the pillars of a people's hope." The name of Wilson was a name to conjure with. He was for a time the undisputed Messiah of the modern world. Yet to-day "none so poor to do him reverence." Asquith, who is now relegated to the oblivion of "back numbers," was for a time the directing head of the greatest empire on earth. If statesmen who have to look to the continuity of policy and carry the public with them are so liable to the vicissitudes of fortune, how rare it would be for individualists and hot-gospellers to retain the favour of the fitful public! "The contemporaries of superior men easily go wrong about them. Peculiarity discomposes people; the swift current of life distorts their points of view from understanding and appreciating such men."

Mr. Gandhi can no more escape the inevitable fate of public workers. To be great is to be misunderstood. Who knows, the people who are with him will turn against him? It is the lot of all powerful minds—not only to shape and mould men, even as a great artist shapes and moulds a piece of marble, but to be teased and tortured by them. And a political career is beset with all the limitations of a transient propaganda. Circumstances alter the conditions of life. Opinions change. A new age brings with it new aspirations, and we overgrow or discard our old beliefs. The best brains of the country respond to a strange call, and men turn their backs on their old leader whose words become a voice in the wilderness.

> " New occasions teach new duties,
> Time makes ancient good uncouth."

Add to this Mr. Gandhi's stubborn will and his persistent defiance of all authority, either of the Government or of the populace. It is only a coincidence that Mr. Gandhi is on the side of the people in the Khilafat question as in the great struggle for Swaraj. I do not think that he has been guided solely by popular demands. If by some irony of things, in this world of chances, Mr. Gandhi had ranged himself in a different camp, he would have gone on with the same untiring energy and singleness of purpose. The fact is, that men like Mr. Gandhi are for the time completely absorbed in their movements, and their voice is the voice of the cause they represent. In this sense, all great men are the product of their age, either directing the dominant impulse of their generation, or in opposing it with the tragic, yet chivalrous spirit of the crusaders. Whether Mr. Gandhi is now engaged in a constructive or a merely destructive campaign, will be answered differently by different men. After all, they are merely phrases of convenience. The one may not be altogether antagonistic to the other. They often are complimentary. A great deal of rubbish should certainly go before you can build aright. But my point is that Mr. Gandhi is not guided purely by popular wishes. He thinks in straight lines, and even if all the people should desert him, he will not budge an inch.

"If there is none who comes when you call, walk alone.
If there is none who speaks and they turn aside their pale faces, bare your heart and speak alone.

If there is none to share your journey and they all leave you and go, tread upon the thorns of your path and bleed alone.

If there is none to light the lamp in the stormy night and they shut their doors against you, light your own heart with thunder flame and burn alone."

That is the spirit in which Mr. Gandhi works and he meets with triumph and disaster "and treats these two impostors just the same."

II.

I HAVE always thought that after fifty a man is seldom open to new ideas and he puts a stop to all adventures of the spirit. I can well understand John Morley's valedictory words—the most pathetic of all confessions in literary biography:—

> "The world is travelling under formidable omens into a new era very unlike the times in which my lot was cast. There is an old saying that to live is to outlive. It means no more than that Ideals have their hours and fade. The oracle of to-day drops from his tripod on the morrow."

But Mr. Gandhi has the spirit of eternal youth in his heart. With all the rigidity of his puritanical outlook on life, his genius is so supple that he can quickly enter into the inwardness of the new era. That is a tribute to the alertness of a mind that has not been warped and cramped by the conventions of an indolent and unthinking routine. Without entering into the merits of his latest speculations one can easily discover the rapid developments in his political opinions. It is an achievement for a man of his age and habits. Nor can one charge him with inconsistency. It is of course most dangerous to follow a leader who changes his politics with the frequency of a weather-cock. The sincerity of a new convert is no excuse for the vehemence of his former convictions. He has no right to demand the sudden conversion of his following.

> "Change of opinion," said Mr. Gladstone, "in those to whose judgment the public looks more or less to assist its own, is an evil to the country, although a much smaller evil than their persistence in a cause which they know to be wrong. It is not always to be blamed. But it is always to be watched with vigilance; always to be challenged and put upon its trial."

More than once has Mr. Gandhi stood his trial as he is too perfect a gentleman to dissemble his views. I have known none more chivalrous in the exercise of this heroic freedom even at the risk of personal reputation and strategic advantages. His confession that revolutionary hands were behind the screen in the Satyagraha campaign, working he knew not how, to convert a peaceful and orderly gathering into a violent and vindictive demonstration was a tactical blunder of the first magnitude. A leader with less grit but with a keen eye to strategic advantages would not have owned it. It has been quoted against Mr. Gandhi, time and again, but he is too honourable not to admit an error.

Mr. Gandhi's open avowal of the perfidy of Albion is not to be pitted against his past declarations of loyalty to the British connection. His present attitude is a logical deduction from his premises. For more than once he has said that he prefers the rule of Britain, because within it he can exercise the utmost freedom of thought, even the freedom to rebel. With him politics is not a game. It is an extension of domestic virtues and a means to spiritual renovation. If the Alps stood in his way, let the Alps go. That is the Gandhi way. Anything could be sacrificed for truth. Compromise with error would be wickedness. Now, this is at once the glory and the peril of Gandhism.

The truth is that politics is a game, and Mr. Gandhi has been playing it without knowing it. There is no game without two parties or more, and Mr. Gandhi's move has invariably been determined by the course of the adversaries. "He finds himself in the presence of situations that are not always the same, of life and growth, in connection with which he must take one course one day, and then, perhaps, another the next day." "I could not always run straight ahead like a canon ball," said Bismark. Sooner or later Mr. Gandhi will discover this secret.

III.

THE curt, covenanting way of Mr. Gandhi is seldom the way of the ordinary run of public men. A certain mediocrity of mind is of the very essence of the politician. He must not look too far, and depth is seldom a qualification for success in public life. The generality of public men have a genius for magnifying a mole-hill into a mountain, and they apprehend a crisis at every ordinary election. This disproportionate estimate of current events gives them a zest in the pursuit of their course which would appear utterly meaningless to an imaginative mind prying far into the future. Personal ambition again is a spur to political activity, and, indeed, much of the fascination of politics is in the play of personality. Mr. Gandhi is far too deep to be perturbed by passing aberrations and has no personal motive in his public work.

But one ought to make a distinction between the success of a politician and the success of what one deems a righteous cause. In this sense I would rather give my vote to one of Mr. Gandhi's superb characters. It is the curse of India that the really first-rate minds seldom take to politics. Not so in England. A continuous stream of superior men have applied themselves to the business of politics in the West. It is needless to name Burke, Mill and Bentham, or Montaigne and Tocqueville as examples of first-rate minds applied to the affairs of men. Morley, Bryce and Haldane have continued the tradition to a degree. It would be invidious to mention names; but I can hardly think of any really commanding mind applied to the business of politics in India during the last fifty years. The only really competent mind, so far as I am able to judge, is that of the late Mr. Ranade. (I am not, of course, referring to active statesmen; for we have had no opportunity for the exercise of statesmanship in any wide or responsible sphere. We have been led like children.) Perhaps one may add a name or two more.

But they can all be counted on one's fingers, even at a liberal estimate.

"Public life," said Mr. Gokhale, "must be spiritualised." There can be no greater evangel of spiritual force than Mr. Gandhi. And yet, what a contrast between the two men? The mutual admiration of these two men was, in truth, due to their difference in temperament and outlook. Each loved what was wanting in himself; just as Lord Morley, most philosophic of doubters, loved the battling spirit of so matter-of-fact a politician as Joe Chamberlain. It is a study in contrasts: Gokhale, the supple statesman with his Mahratta tact, with an eye to affairs and men, and Gandhi, flashing his sword with the non-chalance of a crusader and emerging with his gesture of

> "What though the field be lost, all is not lost,
> The unconquerable will and the spirit of..."

I will not say, revenge, but of truth! Yes; it is just what makes him so perplexing. "Revenge is not mine," says he with characteristic humility, "but I will pursue my course to the end." The people, the dear people can never understand such subtle distinctions and they misinterpret the words of the prophet. To him non-co-operation is a method of self-discipline, a school of suffering and self-sacrifice. But the men who follow his lead read a suggestion of aggressiveness and add: "Boycott of foreign goods." What an irony! How vulgar! Mr. Gandhi says mournfully, "It mars the beauty of my programme, the symmetry of my gospel"—as a sonneteer feels a false rhythm or an inharmonious cadence.

But we must not seek in Mr. Gandhi for this or that specific contribution. Where politics are so amateurish, and leaders are numberless, where patriotism becomes the last refuge of incompetents, where gossipping in private and canting commonplaces in public make up all the output of politicians, a strong, original man is a welcome gift. He brings the right antidote to the prevalent spirit of somnambolism. He shakes the country out of its mood of indolence and pusillanimity. He gives a rude shock to our complacent makeshifts. He restores strength and confidence in ourselves.

But there is a fear. If his lead be on the wrong track? Shall we be for ever dragging in opposite directions neutralising our energies? No; the spirit of progress is a spirit of effort. I do not despair; for I hold that the pervasive spirit of Mr. Gandhi is more than his cult. The man is more than his creed. His gospel may be rigid, cold, repellant; his philosophy may be lacking in system or coherence; his politics dangerous. But, his character is above board and his deeds are in harmony with his words. Such a man is of the order of Marcus Aurelius, an influence pure and holy.

Heart's-ease.

By E. M. Holden.

OVER the mountains and amid lone places
I walked heart-withered of the days and years,
And wandered 'mid the old, familiar faces
Lost in a mortal mist of many tears;
Until beside Crom Bychan's lake again
I found surcease of sorrow and of pain.

Calm were the waters with sheer rock upspringing
Betwixt blue skies and purple heather-bell,
And, o'er the wave, the silvery voices, ringing,
Echoed again from fell to further fell.
More faint, more far---and, to the third refrain,
Flung as of faërie on the blue inane.

Till and I knew nor shining mere, nor mountain,
Nor lichened crag, nor all-embracing blue,
Green, winding way, nor rill, nor foam-flecked fountain,
Nor any sight, nor sound; that only knew
A veil withdrawn. And, at the heart again,
Surcease of sorrow and long years of pain.

Malabari's Poetry.

By A. F. Chinoy, B.A., LL.B.

POETRY is the soul of literature, and is innate in every man. Every nation had its first utterances in verse, just as a child acts by instinct before it gains wisdom. There is nothing more valuable in life than Truth, and every poet is a votary of Truth.

We will now try to ascertain how far Malabari's poetry is akin to Truth. Malabari was undoubtedly a poet. It may be that the lustre of his poetry is rather dim, the colour of his pictures somewhat faint, but his poetic soul ever soared high, and he has left us many valuable messages. It must be remembered that Malabari, besides being a poet, was a social reformer, thinker, and moralist, and that was the reason why his muse very often left the usual groove and migrated on the road to morality.

Because of this, some people in Gujarat refused to recognise Malabari as a poet, but the opinion thus formed was one-sided, and based in ignorance of what Malabari did during a busy life. In all his public activities, Malabari's heart played the principal part, and that fact alone would justify his title to be called a poet. And, did it not prove the nobility of his heart, whose deep feelings would not ever rest with merely crying for the miseries of the poor, but strenuonsly worked for the alleviation of the suffering world? Indeed, Malabari's work was his sublimest poem. Malabari occupies a unique position in the field of Gujarati literature. It is now nearly a thousand years since the Parsis first settled down in Gujarat, and though small in numerical strength, they have served not only Gujarat, but all India, by their philanthropy, enterprise, public spirit, and industry. They have contributed substantially to the progress of Gujarati literature. In course of time, Parsi writers translated from Persian into Gujarati many of their ancient writings, describing the mighty deeds of their ancestors, and it was but natural that they should have introduced many Persian words and phrases into the new language, and there was nothing wrong in this either. It is common among the communities speaking the same language, but holding different beliefs.

Unfortunately, however, this resulted in there being two distinct classifications of Gujarati language: the Parsi Gujarati and the Hindu Gujarati; and the writers of each class were ever prone to find fault with those of the other. But attempts have been made recently not to widen this cleavage, and in course of time we hope that what is known as Parsi Gujarati will disappear, and that all the Gujaratis, whether Parsis or Hindus, will speak, write and think in one common language. When Malabari published his "Niti Vinod" in 1875, Hindu writers of eminence were struck with surprise, for he was the first Parsi poet to write in correct Gujarati diction. The process of purification owes much to Malabari's Gujarati poems. If we examine the language of "Niti Vinod," "Wilson Virah," "Anoobhavika" and "Sansarika" we find much similarity in the language of the poet with that used by Hindu poets like Samal and Dalpatram. It must be admitted that Parsi Gujarati has its faults, but considering the service it has rendered to Gujarati literature in general, it is not fair to the Parsi writers to be constantly cavilled at by their Hindu brethren.

Let us now glance through Malabari's poetical works, and select what, in our opinion, are his best poems. There is very little description of nature in his poetry. Social Reform and Service of the Motherland were the two principal messages of Malabari's life, and they, therefore, form the chief inspiration of his poetry. Some of his poems on social subjects contain many beautiful couplets, which may even, in course of time, grow into proverbs.

If Malabari had written nothing else but his patriotic songs, he would have left his name immortal as a Gujarati poet amongst his people, for as Tennyson has written—

> "The song that nerves a Nation's heart
> Is in itself a deed."

In "Hindu Women—Past and Present" (Niti Vinod) Malabari has drawn a fine picture of the high status of Hindu women in the past, comparing it with their present fallen state, and rightly ascribing the fall to the heinous custom of child-marriages.

"The Woes of Child-marriages" (Niti Vinod), "The Appeal of a Sinful Widow" (Nite Vinod), and similar other poems vividly bring to light the sufferings of Hindu child-wives and child-widows for whose salvation the poet never ceased to labour.

In his poems on moral subjects, Malabari's wide experience of men and matters is everywhere noticeable. His patriotic songs will ever be immortal.

"Old Bharat Khand's Appeal to God" (Niti Vinod) is not only full of pathos, but it goads one to action for the betterment of the country. In "The Mirror of History" (Sansarika) the poet has drawn a most realistic picture of the rise and fall of dynasties. Only a true poet could have written this fine poem. In his "Gay Lala of Surat" (Sansarika) Malabari has given a long and vivid description of the ancient glory of Surat, and its people, and the cause of its downfall. Similarly, in "An Appeal to the Parsi Community" (Man and his World) he has brought to light the follies and foibles of his own community, and has been unsparing in his castigation. Though written in very simple language, the poet has succeeded wonderfully in drawing the picture he intended to draw. One of his best poems "One cannot go to Heaven without Dying" adds lustre to the pages of "Sansarika." Therein the poet's imagination and diction alike are of a very high order indeed. The message the poet sends out seems to emanate from a divine agency rather than human, and let us devoutly hope and pray that his wish for the regeneration of his country, so beautifully enshrined in this poem, may be fulfilled before long!

The poet may be said to be the messenger of God's infinite love in this world, and the messages he sings and sends out are divine indeed. As Browning says:

> " God has a few of us whom He whispers in the ear.
> The rest may reason and welcome:
> 'tis we magicians know."

So the priceless messages of God are whispered into the ear of only a very few fortunate people. Probe into Malabari's heart, look at the life he lived, read the poetry he sang, and then say if he was not one of the elect. Indeed, no one can deny him this proud privilege.

From Bhartri Hari.

By Sirdar Umrao Singh.

Of summer evenings is it not delicious
To lounge on palace roofs and find delight
In song and music? Is it not enough
To find full satisfaction in the love

Of one's beloved partner dear as life?
And yet the saintly one have taken refuge
In forest groves seeing that all these things
Are passing and unstable like the shade
Cast by the flame which flutters in the breeze
Created by the wings of a poor moth
That hovers restless maddened by that flame.

L'Ingrate.

By K. E. G. Ferguson.

I bought four bangles, red and blue,
And sweetly scented jasmine flowers,
And hid them till the lagging hours
Brought night, and my release and you.

Gay coloured bangles, red and blue,
Alas! they were of common glass,
I saw you fling them on the grass,
Yet 'twas my all I gave to you.

I heard you laugh and turn away,
You flung the flowers from your dark hair
And crushed them, they that were so fair
Then stood and mocked them where they lay.

Oh! did you know that it was I
You scoffed at when you scorned my gift?
My heart that in your anger swift
You trod on e'er you passed it by?

If I had been some mighty king
To bring you flowers of rarest gold.
Or filled your hands with pearls to hold,
Would you have stayed my praise to sing?

Would you have shyly left my side,
And leaning 'cross the sun-filled lake
Gazed at yourself for beauty's sake,
Laughing with joy and youthful pride?

Ah! see your eyes have told me true,
Dear eyes, that once were sweet and kind;
They say: "Poor fool to be so blind,
I'd love your gifts far more than you."

Sisters of Rawalpindi.*

(By M. K. Gandhi.)

I HAVE been getting the blessings of our sisters in Bengal and other places for those who want Swaraj. I have seen the young ladies giving away all their ornaments. Those who were wearing very fine clothes yesterday, are now wearing *saries* of khadi. It is a thing for consideration what experience should I relate and what omit when such occurrences are common.

Rawalpindi can generally be considered as a City of Soldiers. Wealthy people stay there. But the feeling that I saw in the women of Rawalpindi was beyond my imagination. The meeting of ladies was to be held at 11 o'clock in the morning. It was to be held in an open garden. The males were prohibited to come there at the time. The sisters had arranged themselves around a platform. Lalaji was with me. Two songs composed by the sisters themselves were sung by them. Many sisters took part in the singing. One was about Amritsar, and the other about Swadeshi. The purport of it was " We shall turn the spinning wheel ; we would not sit idle ; we would take the name of God while working the spinning wheel : we would wear khadi living aside fine clothes ; we shall encourage the carpenters, the blacksmiths and the shoe-makers, and we shall make the country happy." The principal singers must be young ladies about twenty years of age. They had put on only white garments. Though they were rich, they did not put on any other ornaments except rings in their hands. It is not a special custom in the Punjab that unmarried girls or women with their husbands alive should wear bracelets on their hands. The sisters brought yarn and khadi as presents.

In their loving sounds, they little heard our talk. They did not want to, because our prayer was already engraved in their hearts. A Rama Raj was to be established in place of a Ravana Raj; to establish that, was Sita's work. She abandoned the clothes and the ornaments, and the sweets sent to her by Ravana. The daughters of India had to take the same course. So long as the hunger of the poor was not satisfied, no blessings can be had from them. That hunger can be satisfied only with the spinning wheels. The blessing of a Holy Lady would be fruitful; so, the ladies had to be more pure, more simple and worthier. Such common talk was already impressed in their hearts. So, how would they hear us? They simply began to give rupees and ornaments. That sister with the white clothes was jealous of her ring. It could not be taken out, however much she tried. At last, when she took it out and threw it into my garment, she was satisfied. The sisters spread in all directions and would bring money and ornaments in their upper garments. Some sisters would throw the money and ornaments collected by them in such a way that the other sisters would catch them in their clothes. Such bustle continued for about an hour, and rupees and notes rained, as it were.

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* Translated from "Navajiwan " (27-2-21) by V. K. Bhuta.

These sisters understood, why I wanted money. They knew what was Swaraj, what was Khilafat, and what were the Punjab horrors. For that very purpose the sisters were giving money; so, how can I not have faith in having Swaraj in one year? It is true, I believe that no one is getting for us Swaraj. If the good acts of India would have been complete, if India has turned already towards the meritorious past, then Swaraj would surely be obtained. The conditions are plain: still I would state them more plainly here :—

1. Non-violence.
2. Swadeshi (spinning wheel and khadi).
3. Co-operation among ourselves.
4. Donation of necessary money.
5. Arrangements in all parts of the country according to the Congress constitution.

Jesus and the Present Situation.

By Rev. S. Gillespie.

THE all-absorbing thought of Jesus of Nazareth, that for which He lived, suffered and died was the magnificent conception of the Kingdom of God on Earth.

What exactly did He mean by that? From a study of the records of His life it is manifest that by it He meant to describe the condition of human life that would ensure, if lived under the constraint of the two complementary fundamental truths:—The Fatherhood of God and the Brotherhood of Man, or, to put the same idea in another way, He conceived that for the full establishment of the Kingdom of God among men it was essential to "love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy mind, and with all thy strength, and to love thy neighbour as thyself."

Such being His master-conception, such being His life-object, how would He face the present situation in India? What solution would He advocate? How would He, who ever spoke fearlessly and impartially, speak to 'the ruling class' and 'the ruled'? Would He not say to the former:—"Repent, repent truly of the past. Lay aside your pride of race and position. Put away all domineering, and remember always that the peoples of India are not only your fellow-subjects, but also your brethren." Few dividing walls are so high and so strong as the colour wall, and if Easterners are not ever ready to deal in a brotherly fashion with people on the other side, Westerners are proverbially even less so. Though in their better moments many will allow that all men are brethren, yet far too many Westerners, nominally followers of Jesus Christ, still find it hard to realize that the Indian belongs to the same human race as themselves. He may be a very efficient subordinate, but it is inconceivable, or almost so, that he should aspire to equality in the professions or government. They seem to imagine that all such coloured people are not, and never can be, their equals; and, moreover, they look with a sort of condescending pity on those of their own colour who believe and act differently. But these people forget that when Jesus Christ taught that God was the Father of all men, He meant all men and nothing less. He laid it down as an absolute rule that we should call no man common or unclean, and that we should regard all, whether white, or brown, or black, or yellow, as our brethren and treat them all as such. This may be a hard rule, and it may go against the grain of the average white man. but there can be no denying the fact that it is Christ's rule, admitting of no compromise and no exception. He Himself always acted upon it, identifying Himself with the vilest and lowest of His brethren; and such Westerners in this country, whether official or non-official, as do not follow His example, and do not extend a loving brother's hand to the Indian, are not Christians, whatever else they may be. Some of these may be amongst those who rule, but only for a time will they rule. They will have to make way for others who will rule India as 'becometh children of the Kingdom of God,' whose distinctive features or graces are "love, joy, peace, good temper, kindliness, generosity, fidelity, gentleness, self-control." And, now, turning to 'the ruled,' would not the message of Jesus Christ be:—"Forgive, forgive all the past, fully and freely. Do not demand an eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth, but forgive unto seventy times seven." If it is hard to repent truly, it is even harder to forgive fully. Nevertheless, just as He when dying on the cross prayed that the All-Father might forgive his cruel murderers, so He calls upon all God's children to manifest the same loving and forgiving spirit. And though such forgiveness is not natural, though it is most difficult, yet His demand is absolute, admitting of no limitations. Such forgiveness, far from being a sign of weakness, is, on the contrary, an indication of real strength: only the really strong can really forgive. Those who preach non-violence have grasped something of this great truth: if they would only go further and advocate full and free forgiveness they would realize that herein is the only ultimately successful way of overcoming all evil. And why? Because herein is true soul-force. Evil is stronger than all threats, boycotting and non-co-operation, but there is only one thing that is stronger than all evil, and that is forgiving love. Such love looks for what is good in the depraved and hardened, and finding something of good even in the devilish and satanic, forgives fully and freely, and is ready and eager to put itself alongside of, and co-operate with, the forgiven. If India is to be saved from strife and hatred and chaos, and if she is ever to see that new day for which she longs, she must learn to forgive. For, to exterminate the roots of evil, to destroy the spirit of strife, and to win over the evil-doer, only one thing is necessary and sufficient, and that is forgiving love. Sometimes, and in some cases, even such love may seem to fail, but, for all that, it still remains the supreme secret of escape from evil.

Let those who now occupy the seats of the mighty but humble themselves, in true penitence, to grasp with a loving grip the outstretched hands of their Indian brethren, and let these latter but raise and strengthen themselves to forgive fully where they have been wronged: then would this great land of India not only become, in very truth, the brightest jewel in the crown of Britain, but she would also guide the nations of the earth along that path of righteousness and peace which leads to the Father's Kingdom.

Narada's Aphorisms on Devotion.

By Sirdar Umrao Singh.

1. *Henceforth we explain Devotion,*

2. That (Devotion) is supreme Love to HIM.

3. And it is immortality itself. (Lit: Its own form is immortal).

4. Having found (which) a man becomes perfected, becomes immortal, becomes satisfied.

5. Having attained (which) he wants nothing, sorrows not, hates not, delights not (in any object or desire), strives not.

6. Having known (which) he becomes intoxicated, becomes transfixed, delights in the Self (Spirit, or himself).

7. It (Devotion) is not desiring, for it is of the form of control (or suppression of desires).

8. Control (suppression) is the renouncing of the activities of the world and Veda (the Scriptures which aim at the attainment of heavenly enjoyments).

9. And entirely turning to Him (lit: non-otherness to Him), and indifference to whatever is opposed to Him.

10. Entirely turning (to Him) is abandoning other refuges.

11. To behave according to Him in matters of the world and Veda, is indifference to whatever is opposed to Him (or......Veda; and indifference......Him).

12. But the Scriptures may be kept (guarded, or not transgressed) even after the conviction has become strong.

13. For otherwise (*i. e.*, before the conviction becomes strong), there is fear of falling.

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14. World (*i. e.*, worldly activity) too is till then only, but eating, etc., is necessary till the body is possessed.

15. Its (Devotion's) characteristics are described according to different doctrines (or opinions).

16. Pârâsharya (Vyasa) says, it is Devotion (or attachment) to worship, etc.

17. Garga says, it is attachment to stories, etc., (concerning the divine works).

18. Shândilya says, it is (Devotion to or) delight in the Self (Spirit) without interruption.

19. But Nârada holds that it is the offering (or dedication) of all activities to Him, and supreme misery (or restlessness) in forgetting Him.

20. And verily it is so.

21. As was the case of the milkmaids of Vraja.

22. In that case (of great love of the milkmaids also) there is no imputation of the forgetting of the knowledge of His greatness. (Or of the greatness of the Self or Spirit). That is, it cannot be imputed that the milkmaids forgot the greatness of the Spirit (or Divinity of the Lord in the form of Krishna). (Note the resemblance in the case of Mary Magdalene and Jesus).

23. For devoid of that (knowledge of His Divinity or Greatness), this love would be like that of paramours, (*i.e.*, the knowledge of the greatness of God's Spirit prevents love becoming sensuous).

24. In that (love of paramours) there is not happiness (of the lover) in the happiness of that (beloved) (*i.e.*, its devotion is not self-seeking like earthly love, but it rejoices in the happiness of others.) (Note the similitude of Christian love "which seeketh not its own").

25. It is greater than actions, knowledge and Yoga even (methods of mental concentrations and meditations).

26. For it is the fruit itself (of these actions, knowledge and Yoga, which are merely means to its attainment).

27. For the Lord also dislikes the proud, and likes (loves) the humble (meek). (The devotee is humble through love, while a person may be proud of good deeds, knowledge and Yoga).

28. Some hold that knowledge is the only means of attaining it (Devotion).

29. Others hold that these (knowledge and Devotion) are dependent on each other.

30. But Brahma's son (Nârada) holds that it is itself of the nature of fruit.

Note.—This seems to mean that it is not caused by anything else, but is its own cause; or that love or devotion is itself a feeling or perception or knowledge of God, and grows from itself. As the following aphorisms show, by knowledge is understood an abstract knowledge, while devotion is real knowledge, and of the nature of experience).

31. For we see the same in the case of the Royal House, food, etc.

32. By that (mere knowledge of the King or food) the King is not propitiated, nor hunger is appeased, (*i.e.*, one must prepare the food before it can appease hunger, and one must serve the King to gain his favour; while a mere knowledge of these will not produce these results).

33. Therefore that (Devotion) alone must be taken hold of by those who desire salvation (liberation).

34. The teachers sing (describe in their poetical works) the means of attaining it.

35. But that (fruit=Devotion) is (obtained) by renouncing objects of desire, and attachment (or evil company).

36. And by undiverted turning to (or love for) God.

37. In the world too by hearing and reciting the qualities (or virtues) of the Glorious Lord.

38. But chiefly it is attained verily by the favour of or compassion of the great souls, or by trace of the grace of the Glorious Lord.

39. But the company of the great souls is difficult to find, difficult to reach, and never failing (or knows no failure when obtained).

40. Verily it is found by His favour.

41. For there is no difference between Him and His people (*i. e.*, the true devotees, the great souls.)

42. Accomplish even that, acomplish even that (company.)

43. Evil company should be avoided in every way.

44. Because it is the cause of lust, desire, wrath, dullness, confusion, stupidity, destruction of memory, of loss of the remembrance of God, loss of understanding, and destruction of everything.

45. Though these be like ripples, through evil company they become like an ocean.

46. Who crosses, who crosses over MAYA (cosmic Illusion); he who avoids evil company or attachments, who serves or attends on the great soul or man of great realization, who becomes free from the feelings of mine (*i. e.*, possession).

47. Who dwells in a solitary place, who uproots the bonds or ties of the world, who becomes free from the three Gunas (the three constituents of phenomenal nature), who gives up acquisition and preservation of property.

48. Who gives up the fruit of actions, renounces the actions, and thence becomes free from the pairs of opposites, like enmity and friendship, pleasure and pain, etc.

49. Who renounces the formal Scriptures also, and finds pure or unbroken Love.

50. He crosses over, he crosses over the ocean of world or migrations. And helps the worlds (or people) to cross over it.

51. The nature-essence of (lit : own form of) Love is indescribable and inexpressible in words.

52. Like the taste (in the case) of (a person who is) dumb.

53. It is manifested sometimes in a recipient. (Recipient=Pâtra, means a fit "receptacle," a person fit to recieve it).

54. It (the nature of Love) is free from the Gunas (the three constituents of Nature), free from desire, increasing every moment, unbroken, most subtle, and of the nature of experience.

55. Having reached it, he regards or beholds that alone, hears that alone, and reflects or thinks on that alone.

56. The minor or inferior one is threefold, from the difference of Gunas, or from the difference of the afflicted, etc. (*Vide* Bhâgavâd-Gita, vii—16, 17, 18).

57. The one preceding in the verse of the Scripture referred to is better than the one that follows.

58. In Devotion, God is found more easily than by other means.

59. For there is no need of another proof in Devotion, for it is itself the proof. (Proof—Pramana, the means of knowledge).

60. And because it is of the nature of peace and of the nature of bliss.

61. One should not be anxious in the case of wordly loss, for one has consecrated or offered, or dedicated the self, the world, and the Veda (the Scripture which leads to heavenly enjoyments) to the Lord.

62. Till that Devotion is not perfected, one should not give up worldly activity, but one must renounce the fruit of action, and strive to attain that perfection in Devotion.

63. One should not listen to stories about women and unbelievers, wealth and wealth (lit : dangers).

64. One should abandon pride, arrogance, deceit, hypocrisy, etc.

65. Having dedicated all activities to Him, desire, anger, pride, etc., should be directed to Him alone.

66. One should have that Love, that Love alone, which is of the nature of loving ever (or being devoted to) like a servant or a wife to her master or husband, in which the three forms of the lover, beloved and love have been destroyed.

(Or it may mean : in which there are three divisions of lover, beloved, and love as the object of meditation ? And these have to be finally rejected through the identification of the three.)

67. The chief devotees are those who are absolute, or who have one sole aim—the Lord.

68. Conversing together, with choking throats, hair on end, and tears, they purify the generations and the earth.

69. They make the holy places holy, they make deeds good deeds, they make the scriptures true scriptures.

70. For they are full of Him.

71. The ancestors rejoice, the deities or angels dance, and the earth finds protectors.

72. Among them there is no distinction of birth or caste, learning, looks, family, or descent, wealth, activity, etc. They are not separated by the distinctions of caste, etc.

73. For they are His own.

74. Discussion should not be engaged in. Vain disputes concerning God, etc., should be avoided.

75. Because it affords many opportunities for distraction, or many interruptions, and is undecisive.

76. One should reflect over the devotional Scriptures, and one should perform works which arouse to Devotion.

77. Having renounced pleasure, pain, desire, gain, etc., and regarding (or awaiting) time or death, one should not spend even half a moment in vain.

78. One should thoroughly observe (or practise) the virtues or conducts of harmlessness, truth, cleanliness, purity, mercy, compassion and belief (lit: Is-NESS, *i. e.*, affirmation of the existence of God, soul, future life.)

79. Always and in every state, and without anxiety, one should worship the Glorious Lord alone.

80. Being sung (or lauded or glorified) He soon becomes manifest, and causes the devotees to experience or realize Him.

81. Devotion to the Lord who is true in three times (past, present and future) is verily the great thing, is verily the great thing, or most important thing.

82. This Devotion, though of one form (kind) is of eleven forms, in the shape of the attachment to God's qualities and greatness, or greatness of qualities, attachment to His beauty, attachment to worship, attachment to remembrance of God, attachment of a servant to his master, attachment of a friend, of a beloved child, attachment of a beloved wife to her husband, attachment of self-consecration, attachment of identification or absorption, attachment of extreme misery in separation.

83. So say Kumara Vyâsa, Suka, Sândilya, Garga, Vishnu, Kaundinya, Sêsha, Uddhava, Aruni, Bali, Hanumat, Vibhishana, etc., the teachers of Devotion, who do not fear the world's twaddle, and who are of one opinion.

84. He who believes and has faith in this teaching of Siva, the Benign Lord, or in this benign teaching, spoken by Nârada, he becomes endowed with Devotion, he attains the Most Beloved, he attains the Most Beloved—the Lord. Thus ends the treatise on the Aphorisms of Devotion.

The True Post-Vedic Philosophy & Goal of Life.

By K. K. Gangulee.

FREE-WILL AND ATTRACTION—*(contd.)*

The Passions: Their place in human life.

ATTRACTION is the supreme law of nature. The whole world is maintained by it. It is indeed the golden chain linking God to His creation, and the success of prayer and meditation, benediction and malediction, all depends upon it. Absolute Free-will is 'creative'—making and unmaking things according to desire. Before man subjected himself to Māyā, he was possessed of this absolute Free-will. Since then, however, he has foregone his special gift and come under the Law of Attraction. Even within the limited scope allowed by Māyā, his undivided will has given him daily increasing supremacy over the elements of nature. This is how the wonders of science have been startling the world. Should man ever come to realize Free-will, he will transcend even the Law of Attraction and begin creating things to give himself pleasure.

Having foregone your Free-will and subjected yourself to Māyā, you are now subject to the Law of Attraction and will have to make the most of it to make yourself happy. The more you will know in this way of the strength and capacity of even the limited will, the stronger will be the desire to set your will at large from the bondage of the laws of nature and the nearer you will be to Godhead. As you are at present constituted, when your mind is 'attracted' by a thing, it gives rise to a particular sensation. That sensation excites your thinking (oftener unconscious than conscious), and these two together give rise to a particular feeling and set your imagination at work. And imagination paints the object which has thus obtruded itself upon your attention, in various colours according as the first impression or feeling has affected you. This gives rise to your passion. You then live in it, you are identified with it, and thus desire and attract Good or Evil according as the passion is good or bad. The original sensation of pleasure or pain is now considerably heightened. Thus you see, you have in this way already attracted 'mentally' quite a large amount of Good or Evil and caused yourself joy or sorrow. If you go on indulging the passion further, the mental feeling begins to translate itself into action, bringing you 'physically' pleasure or pain according to the strength of the passion roused in you.

So far you act almost as all other creatures, endowed with a more or less developed mind, act. But you have Free-will, which they have not; and you have also Reasoning which is denied to them. If, when the thing first affect you or even after the passion has been excited, you will pause to reason out the effect of the impression, or the passion, and will exercise your will to add strength to the force of the passion if it is a good one, or to refuse to listen to and altogether ignore it if it is a bad one; you may attract Good *actively* in the first and *passively* in the second case.

You will thus see that it is through the passions that we attract Good or Evil to us. Nobody, not even God, gives us pleasure or pain, happiness or misery. According to the nature of the object attracted and the strength of the attraction we give ourselves joy or sorrow in different doses. If we use our will with a view to getting unalloyed Good, we will have only good. In accordance with popular belief or rather unreasoned way of putting things, God has elsewhere been said to be the Great Dispenser. He may be that for the 'no will' creation, but for the Free-willed man He has nothing to give away or withhold. Realizing again his Free-will, man can make and unmake things. Even within Nature there is the Law of Attraction and there is his limited will working wonders in accordance with this Law. For the limited Good that is now his lot, he has to thank only himself; because unconscious of the power of his will and ignorant of the Law of Attraction and its operation, he attracts more of Evil than of

Good and in his colossal ignorance of himself prays to God for his deliverance. Let him always remember the Law of Attraction and bear in mind that his thinking, *i.e.*, hoping and fearing, attracts to him both what he desires and dreads, and he will soon begin more to hope than to fear—to will Good more than Evil—and will thus soon find himself increasing his happiness and limiting his misery till he will realize absolute Free-will again, which is realization itself.

The will has two aspects: active and passive, or better, conscious and unconscious. When we consciously and positively desire a thing, the will is active and conscious; and when we hope for or fear a thing, the will is passive and unconscious. In fearing a thing we do unconsciously will it and thus attract it to ourselves. And, as observed above, fear is stronger than hope and therefore attracts more quickly and powerfully. Hence fears are oftener realized than hopes. This is the case with all the baser passions, *i.e.*, which ultimately cause grief to us. We should, therefore, reason out the consequences of the feelings and passions aroused in us and consciously exert our will to have Good—unmixed Good.

Man therefore must not be asked to banish pride and practise the virtue of meekness. On the contrary, he should be told of the power and capacity of his Attractive Will. If he can once awaken it and attract ceaselessly, he can indefinitely prolong the life of whatever gives him pleasure and shorten the life of any painful object; nay, he can even give a tangible shape and form to the infinite Divine attributes of Good which he attracts and thus have, as it were, his God always present before his inner eye and ready to grant all his desires. This is how miracles have been worked and can again be worked.

Passions awaken desires, and these set will at work. The possession of Free-will by man as emanation from Godhead, necessarily connotes the existence of passions. For man, therefore, to speak of trying to suppress or annihilate his passions is as vain as for the sun to refuse to give light and heat. Man must will; therefore, he must desire, and to desire, he must have passions.

So do not speak of suppressing or annihilating the passions, for this you can never do. On the contrary, if you want to realize true manhood, you must follow your passions intelligently so that active desires for positive Good are aroused in you awakening your will-power.

You have your consciousness. Reason out the consequences of the passions and desires and follow these, *i.e.*, direct your will towards those which are good and 'turn your mind away' from those which are evil. 'Turning your mind away' means—use your will to call up a picture before your mind's eye of just the opposite thing of that which has given rise to the Evil passion. A very strong will is necessary for this. Go on practising, and the *will* will gain in strength every day till you will find it as easy and natural to stand against a passion as to follow it. When the passion is good, give the reins to it consciously till a keen and sincere desire is aroused, and the will is awakened to realize it.

As observed before, all the passions *attract*; and the force of attraction depends on the strength of the passion at work. The stronger and the more conscious the attraction is, the more powerfully the store-house of Providence is affected by it. The time taken by the desired or feared object in coming to you as well as the quantity of it depends on the strength of the affection. Fear and doubt generally attract more powerfully than hope and belief. So it is that we find in ordinary life that fears are more quickly and largely realized than hopes.

You should, therefore, try to have only hope and belief. And when you have succeeded only to hope and believe, you shall be uniform and complete success. Your will now shall be realization itself, and you shall not have to feel and recognise any higher will.

You, champion of Renunciation, you have forgotten and foregone your Free-will—your Will—limited by no conditions and subjected to no laws, and competent to make and unmake things. All about you have found proofs of hide-bound rules governing the unconscious and no-will creation. You have found also that under these rules things appear only to die. So, with a sorrowful heart, you have roundly declared that attachment to the transitory world can cause nothing but sorrow in the long run. And you have condemned, in the same breath, both happiness and misery as only different aspects of Evil and tried to imagine and realize a state of existence where neither obtains. In doing this, against your very nature, you have only attracted greater grief to yourself.

Under the influence of Māyā, you have seen happiness and misery limit each other and therefore condemned even the former as a source of future sorrow. But pause for a moment to think if acceptance of finite happiness is compatible with your Divine nature—the Free-will with which you have been endowed. Unconsciously accepting the authority of Māyā, intended only for the no-will creation, you have limited your Free-will and thus also your happiness, so much so that now you do not understand light except in opposition to darkness. And this acquired way of understanding things has led you to imagine a state beyond the sphere of relative knowledge as the goal of your life. Pause for a moment to think that by the exercise of your will-power, unfettered by any conditions, you can prolong indefinitely (*i.e.*, till you *will* the opposite thing consciously or unconsciously) your *earthly* happiness by making the thing, which causes this happiness, always present before you in full glory and power; and then say, if you are still inclined to call *earthly* happiness—earthly. This state of infinite happiness is rendered more happy by the consciousness of the possession of Free-will as well as by the consequences, as observed in others and in the no-will creation, of not exercising or having Free-will. You will then live in the realm of 'duals' of relative knowledge and yet be and feel yourself above it. Say now, if this is not the goal of human life—Salvation—in the truest sense of the term?

Again, think of the probable natural consequences of the way of life you are following and advocating. In trying to attain the imaginary state of existence 'beyond the duals,' you *will* and therefore *attract* neither happiness nor misery; or, in other words, you forego your Free-will and thus submit unconditionally to Māyā. Naturally, therefore, both happiness and misery will come to you as to others of the no-will realm. But you have also to pay a penalty.

While in following this life of no-will you content yourself with thinking that as you are not attracting either happiness or misery, you will soon be beyond the reach of both. The fact, however, is that in driving you along the line of Renunciation 'fear of sorrow' is predominantly at work. Therefore, although you deceive yourself with thinking that you are attracting neither joy nor sorrow, you are really drawing upon the latter. And with all your efforts to the contrary, you cannot permanently get beyond the reach of Suffering.

When you are confronted by this fact, you make another futile attempt at deceiving yourself. You say—"Oh, it is nothing, this suffering you speak of. It is purely physical, never disturbing the placid atmosphere of the Soul. Just as the fury of a very violent storm is unknown to the man sleeping inside a strong house, so the violence of sorrow is never felt by the man who lives in the Soul." Similes and metaphors, carried beyond certain limits, help more to hide the truth than to reveal it. Indeed, you may for a time live away and apart from the body, but you cannot be eternally in this state. Sooner or later the body becomes predominant and sends waves of pleasant and unpleasant sensations to agitate the Soul. And when these waves reach the Soul, you are carried oft quite helplessly, as evident from *Maheswar's* falling in love with *Gauri* and *Mohini*, as well as *Vasistha's* attempt at suicide at the death of his sons.

Do not, therefore, follow or show the way of Renunciation. To the man of the world who comes to you for 'salvation,' show the 'golden chain' connecting his earthly life with the Universal life, and tell him to hold fast to this chain and attract unalloyed Good. Try to awaken the man in him by telling in clear language that by willing strongly, and incessantly, and persistently, he may hope to realize all the Divine attributes of Good and thus transcend eternally the limits of pain, sorrow and even death.

I know quite well what you will say now. It is this reasoning of yours which is mainly responsible for the deplorable state of your country. You will say—"Only the Brahman is real, everything else is unreal. Happiness and joy, wealth and peace, and all the other desired objects of earthly life are all alloyed, limited, and therefore transitory. Hence their pursuit can cause nothing but misery and grief."—Whatever has come out of Reality and exists in Reality, can never be unreal and false. It is through ignorance of their true nature, of our own Self as well as of the eternal relation existing between these two that we look upon things of the world as false and transitory, and by virtue of our thinking really make them so. It has already been observed that day and night, happiness and misery are all, in reality, infinite—can be indefinitely prolonged. Our night is day to the owl and *vice versa.* So day and night have no meaning except with reference to the capacity of the organ of vision. It is quite possible for one to accommodate his eye to different degrees of light, both artificially and by developing the capacity of the organ. Besides, if it be possible to hold fast to the Sun, night will never be known. Hence day as limiting and also as limited by night is not the reality. The Sun never ceases giving light. It is causing eternal day. It is our moving away from the Sun that is responsible for our having light and darkness alternately. The Sun is there within us—our own Free-will. But we have chosen to forego it. If we shall now try to go back to it, if we begin practising the limited will-power that is now our lot, we will find at every step that Light—life of happiness, wealth and prosperity—is steadily increasing, and Darkness—Evil—is decreasing. And when in this way the Absolute Free-will is regained, it will be all light and life, even death will bow to that will.

Under Māyā, regulating the growth, development and decay of worldly things, both the joy and sorrow caused by them flourish side by side. Even when enjoying, you are unconsciously smarting under a vague sensation of prospective suffering. Looked at from this stand-point, joys of the world, no doubt, deserve to be shunned. But take your stand upon your will, prolong the causes of your joys till you have regained your creative Free-will, and then you shall have only unalloyed and eternal joy. Looked at from this stand-point of infinite possibilities, the joys which gradually lead you on to the region of Eternal Bliss, will not seem to be unworthy of your notice ; nay, will appear, on the contrary,to be essential for the Realization of True Manhood.

" She. "

By K. E. G. Ferguson.

Shadowed pool where the rushes grow
Silent water, flame swept sky,
Fiercely red burns the after-glow,
A flash ! and a bird flies by.

Reflected flame in red delight
Flings challenge across the deep,
An eager wind in truant flight
Wakens the pool from sleep.

" She " with her white skin all a gleam,
And her living-hair unwound,
(I saw the wind as in a dream
Had her silken robe unbound).

Bathed in her unveiled loveliness,
Tongues of flame leaped around her,
And then I saw her less and less,
Was it a dream ? I wonder.

Pale white sand, on its pallid breast
The withered leaves lie sleeping,
Wraith-blue mist through the trees at rest
Over the pool comes creeping.

The Tigress.

By Marjorie Holmes.

Last night I roamed my hill sides, and my plains,
And watched the moonlight filter through the trees
Of deepest jungles. Life was hot in me,
And fierce desire for blood burned in my heart,
As with my striped, and hungry mate, I saw
The herds draw nearer to the reedy pool
To drink at night : or at the burning noon,
I stalked upon the grass before my lord,
Who gazed at me with blinking eyes, and loved
The sun, which lit my hide with brilliant gold,
And made me fair—so fair, that with delight,
The male before me, maddened, hungry ; drunk
With beauty and desire, leaped at my throat
His green eyes blazing into mine. I heard
Him snarling savagely, and felt his teeth and breath.

I saw him reel, and bound, and crash,
Among the dark, enchanted jungle trees,
Whilst I, ashamed and dying, crept alone
To warm and heavy-scented shades, and rolled
Among the flowers, and crushed them to my mouth—
My hot and quiv'ring mouth.

But now all day
A golden idol, I, with other gold
And silver, in this temple am a god.
Alone among the ivory, and jade,
Among the ebony, and holiness
Of this cool place, alone my soul must wait
And feel, and know, but never see again,
The loveliness, and glory of the trees,
And hanging flowers ; the beauty of the night.
But now, alone in dim, blue light, alone
In carven beauty, here I gaze, and dream,
And sadly long for my desire, of sun
And stars, and moon, and my lost, lonely mate,
And all the soft four-footed ones I loved.

The Future of the Novel.

Interview with Mr. Jeffery Farnol.

(Conducted by Meredith Starr.)

"I THINK that judged from our modern standpoint the great authors of the past are very wearisome, unless one is in the psychological mood to turn over endless pages of their lucubrations," said Mr. Farnol.

The modern idea is directness, both of thought and of action. Everything points to the fact that the older and fuller one's experience gets, the less time one has to devote to the by-ways of life and art. Hence, if I have a thought to tell, I tell it in as poignantly appealing and as direct a fashion as I can. Of course there are times when one wants to create an atmosphere, when one is at liberty to do so in a roundabout or direct, mystic or material way, according to the attitude of mind the author wishes his reader to adopt.

"That is one of the reasons why I think that a certain type of American picture-producer has struck the right note, strangely enough, by choosing music, both before and during the picture-show, which will help to stir the beholder's imagination through his senses. The idea of an atmosphere is to my mind one of the most essential things in any constructive or creative work. And of course, first and foremost, above and beyond everything else, the author must be sincere.

"Creative art is at the same time the most selfish and the most utterly unselfish thing there is in the world; selfish, in that no true artist will ever suffer anything to go from him or from his pen that does not please and satisfy himself and his judgment, irrespective of censure, praise or ridicule; and unselfish, from the fact that in creating, self becomes entirely forgotten and merged in the accomplishment of the work the artist is engaged upon.

"Inspiration for the writer is in itself a thing so utterly nebulous and indescribable, that there is an awful lot of humbug talked about it. I have often despaired of rounding out to its true proportion some idea which I have wished to incarnate in my characters. I have waited for days, sometimes weeks, for an inspiration. Though, on the other hand, I think that determination to overcome the difficulty, backed with sheer hard work that refuses to be baulked by high-brow ideas, will ultimately win through,—and the result is what is called inspiration.

"I believe that as man progresses, he loves more and more to be appealed to through his intellect, but as long as man is human he will love best the book that appeals to his heart."

Indian Students at Foreign Universities.

By A. R. Nissar, E. E., Mem. A. I. E. E.

We learn through the Associated Press that the Secretary of State for India has appointed a committee under the presidency of Lord Lytton to consider important matters relating to Indian students in the United Kingdom, and that two members of the Indian Council and three representatives from India will serve on this committee.

If this committee is going to consider matters relating to a few more prominent educational institutions in the country, or admission, etc., thereto, it will not serve its purpose in either avoiding the square pegs in round holes or developing the future of India.

What I personally believe, is required of such a committee is to promote a system that a right kind of student might find his place in a right kind of institution, not with a desire to secure the parchment paper, but to form useful and returnable assets to his Motherland, and yield a decent return for his investment of time, money and labour. So far no such system exists, and neither there have been any right kind of facilities for it.

About twelve years ago, while myself a student at an American University, and later on a plain workman in America and England, I came across a large number of Indian students and discovered (more especially in England) that a large number of students, without any definite design, go to a few more prominent Universities simply because they can financially afford to, and the question how far such an investment is properly returnable, more especially in the interests of their Motherland, never occurs to them until they have secured the parchment paper, and then they directly look for highly paid jobs without having the experience for them. I cannot think of any country in the world, which might be sending her students to the foreign Universities on the same ideas as we do, and that explains the difference.

Last year, I took a few months' trip to Europe, and visited a large number of industrial centres in the United Kingdom, France, Switzerland and Italy, securing fortunately sufficient facilities to visit technical institutions, factories and works in those countries, and I was surprised to note that with the exception of a few more prominent Universities in the United Kingdom, other centres were altogether neglected, although students from China and Japan were decently scattered all over, while I found hardly an Indian student in any industry taking sufficiently intelligent interest with a view to promote such industry in India. And as long as this system exists, there does not appear to be any possible hope for India to make her an industrial and manufacturing country.

I had a curious feeling while visiting a small factory (making motor-cars) near London. Practically every part of the car is made elsewhere, and they simply assemble the various parts to put the car on the market under their own name. Why can't we introduce similar system as a beginning in India, is a question that should form part of an Indian student's curriculum at a foreign University. The Aladin Renew Electric Lamp industry of Willesden, London, is another instance, which if rightly brought to the notice of an Indian Engineering student might form a useful industry in this country with a modest capital. Loughborough Technical College, England, and the Ecole de Tissage, Lyons, France, are unknown to Indian Engineering students, and yet these are the only kind of institutions to be more useful to Indian student.

I have only mentioned these instances out of hundreds to show what can be done for the right cause of Indian education. But a visit to London, Manchester, Liverpool, New Castle, Sheffield, Edinburgh, Glasgow, Lyons, Marseilles, Geneva, Berne, Milano, Turin (which are some of the places I covered) will reveal any amount of useful suggestions, and which can only be promoted—

1. By having an educational committee in India and England which should arrange for

intending students' admission to foreign Universities.

2. By having a travelling educational commissioner (an Indian educationist, not necessarily an I. E. S.) who should visit educational centres of England, America and Europe, and provide right places for right kind of students.
3. By insisting upon parents to co-operate with the educational commissioner and committee before sending their boys to foreign Universities.
4. By insisting upon preliminary training in India in a particular branch the student is desirous to take up at a foreign University, with a view to find his aptitude.
5. By promoting a combined educational system with manufacturers, something corresponding to a system introduced by Massachusetts Institute of Technology, Boston, U.S.A., and General Electric Company of Schnectady.

And unless we have such an organised system, Indian students at foreign Universities will be wasteful assets.

Aids to Peace, Power and Plenty.

By F. R. S.

What is meditation ? It is to retire into the sacred sanctuary of your heart ; it is to feel a great silence and calm where amid the fragrant incense of purest thoughts to raise up an Image of your Creator, and hold communion with Him ; to let Him breathe into your soul the divine essence of things, whereby it enters into harmony with them and through them with the Divine Omnipresence and thus to allow yourself to be absorbed and elevated in God's universal attributes.

* * *

How ennobling is a good thought ! It lifts up your mind like a prayer ; like a prayer, too, it soothes the troubled soul of the paltry worry of common things, and thought by thought piles up a goodly edifice of noble designs.

* * *

Considering the prodigious wear and tear that is daily going on in our mind, that sacred temple of the soul and senses, it would be a good habit, and greatly to our profit, to retire into ourselves, to look within and to wash out the dust that daily gathers round our soul in life's march. And to rebuild on firmer foundations the tottering edifices of old resolutions, to make new improvements, to adorn and strengthen, to recast and enlarge old principles of conduct to meet the ever-increasing demands of experience ; in short, to build as sure and trustworthy a fabric of life-laws as possible on the ever-shifting sands of our thoughts.

* * *

The fundamental principle of a life of peace and power is never to forget any of its resolves at any time or in any circumstances.

* * *

Work is worship, and the value of your work is the reward of your prayer.

* * *

Our maxims of conduct towards others are based on our attitude to ourselves. Let us, therefore, do to us what we would to others, and be ourselves as we would have others to be. He who would teach others, must learn himself.

* * *

To cultivate a habit of precision and promptness, you must form the habit of acting upon your suggestions. Too often we get the thoughts and do not act. The man who is always on the *qui-vive* for some befriending inspiration and wastes no time but does the needful, is the man who wins the race.

* * *

Experience only is the true test of life. A man lives by what he feels, and character is formed in the way in which he lives.

* * *

It is the keystone of every human edifice of personalism the things that a man meets with and lives with and understands and appropriates. He only lives, and lives truly, who *feels* things rightly.

* * *

When perplexed with the inconsistencies of life, let this be your motto and repeat it to yourself: For what I have done, I truly repent: for what I shall do, will try to look before me straight; and for what I am doing, I ask God's help and blessing.

* * *

All deep joys spring from deep observation. By observation we come to real appreciation of things and learn to look deep into their hidden truth and beauty, however common they may appear on the surface, and true appreciation in its turn leads to true joy.

Elia.

By J. P. de Fonseka.

DURING the second half of the 18th century and the first of the 19th there were living in England some very remarkable men. These were Burke, Newton, Sheridan, Adam Smith, Byron, Keats and Shelley, Walter Scott and Coleridge. But the most interesting and most peculiar of all this grand epoch, the most genuine figure of his age was quite somebody else. He is a man who took up the vile druggery of what we call quill-driving, and threw up his post disgusted to try his hand at literary hack-work. He lived all his life in the dust and heat and noise of London, adoring it and saying, " These are the pleasures, O London, with the many sins." Great fits of melancholy and madness troubled him incessantly, and his constant companions were a dotard of a father and a lunatic of a sister who killed their mother and would have killed him too with this diseased sister, however, he managed to collaborate in performing a great work, which under the circumstances should have been a long programme of homicide, but somehow took the shape of a health-restorer and life-preservative. They wrote a book, and this book has ever since yielded much enjoyment and relief to persons of all ages and stages of existence. This done, he tried further the game of book-making, this time by himself, and now we realize that he has written on a fresh page of literature, and the figures and fancies he put down there are singularly his own. And his name is, what everybody then called him and everybody now calls him, Elia. Who does not know Elia ? He is one of the irresistible people who have a tremendous following and myriads of friends. In his day, he knew a multitude of men, great and small. He was the friend of Wordsworth and Coleridge, of Southey, of Leigh Hunt, of Keats and Hazlith. On these he bestowed the honour of his friendship ; while no less lavish was the gift of good-will he showered on the superannuated clerks, poor relations, chimney-sweepers and beggars of his day. Even after his death, this generous friendship he had has kept up with diverse souls in diverse states and stations of life. In every recent times there was Canon Ainger who knew Elia all by heart. Among the living stands Mr. E. V. Lucas, foremost of an interminable order.

Whence is this unflagging interest of Elia? The reason is not far to seek. Elia represents that class of men who come into this world with wide sympathies for their fellows, whose hearts have a corner for even the least of these little ones. In other words, Elia was a great philanthropist, or better, a great patriot of a universal spiritual kingdom. Patriotism, indeed, is a shibboleth which is mouthed very frequently in our own day, and the majority of us mean by it a love of our country, which is a vague, insubstantial nothing. With Elia, on the other hand, patriotism meant a love of his countrymen, which of course is a definite, substantial something. There were hundreds of chimney-sweeps thrust out of home to eke out a pittance in the sweat of their brow. These were Elia's objects of pity. There were then the beggars, princes of the House of God, to Elia, and he considered them unhappy victims of circumstance and accident. A rich man is rich more or less by accident; by accident or pressure of circumstance also, which the individual cannot master, men are poor. Here, therefore, Elia felt there was need of a process of equalization, a levelling down of the mountain and a raising of the valley, even as Bernard Shaw very vehemently feels in our own day. Hence Elia's partiality for the more wretched of the two denominations.

Besides, Elia was a man who had himself been trained in the hard school of adversity. He knew what it was to hunger, or to thirst, for even he was for a long time an impecunious clerk "sucking his sustenance as an invalid through a quill." He knew calamity well, for it smote him severely and soured his life for ever. But the unchangeable will of the man still endured, and patient like Job, Elia still kept smiling. And as in the case of many another, little Bunnyan, or Blake, or

Johnson, or Dickens, or even that recent devotee of poverty, Francis Thompson, suffering beautified his character and left it a richly burnished glass. Very many great men lived in his day, but none of them has the humanity of Elia. Newton, for instance, lived a visionary spirit and shone like a meteor beyond the bounds of time and place and disappeared. Newton was an Olympian, dwelling continually on the heights and never coming down to earth. But Elia, on the contrary, was a man, ordinary like any one of us, who moved about and lived among the common multitude. Hence Elia is intensely humane, humane whether in his strength or in his frailties. There is certainly nothing in his character so impressive as the absolutely human touch in Elia.

Another of Elia's very striking traits is his boundless curiosity, and this leads to the subject of observation. It is a fact that wherever one may go he can find a wealth of material for his observation. If a man walks in the streets, countless objects may present themselves to his sight: he may begin to remember the past, to imagine something, or to resolve to do something as the case may be. For Elia the streets were his greatest tutors and they presented to him, free of charge, such a splendid spectacle as we may never witness for a large sum of money at any show or concert we may go to. "All the streets and pavements are pure gold, I warrant you. At least, I know one alchemy which turns her mud into metal—a mind that loves to be at home in crowds." This attitude of Elia is one which appears very remarkable and strange to us who have no eye at all, or very little for observation. We may pass a house for many years and twice every day during that period, and then it may be we have just forgotten to see whether it was a storeyed building or not, or whether it has a flower garden. We may have met many thousand urchins who cleaned chimneys in that century, but we would never have noticed that, as a rule, they have "beautiful teeth." We may have related hundreds of stories to little boys and girls without ever remarking that on the mention of a fine dancer—" here Alice's little right-foot played an involuntary movement till upon my looking grave, it desisted," or on the mention of living alone in a lonely haunted house, " here John expanded all his eye-brows and tried to look courageous." For keenness of insight into human character, especially into that of children, these two instances are certainly hard to beat.

If you leave Elia's humanity and curiosity aside, you still have another criterion to distinguish him : his quizzical spirit of humour. Amid all the gloom and sadness of his life he found room for fun and wit and laughter, and used it as a marvellous tonic indispensable to his health. He should have been a dreadful pessimist, for there is every reason for his being one ; but, on the contrary, he is a tremendous optimist cheering away all his weariness and worry by honest peals of laughter. In this light it is that you understand his forty years' vigilance over an utterly insane sister who occasionally broke out into violent fits of fury. But to him it must have all been a great joke, and his enjoyment of that joke is as heroic as any of the wonderful glories of the Elizabethan age that he so admired. Accordingly, in this disposition he writes those glorious descriptions of bumptious beadles and teachers, self-conceited accountants, silent Quakers, peccant swineherds ; and ceaselessly you hear then the thunders of the Elian laughter ringing down the corridors of time.

Such a spirit as Elia must needs have strong likes and dislikes. Among the sheep he classed London, books, antiquities, animals and every imaginable Elizabethan thing, animate or inanimate, from Shakespeare or Drake down to Elizabethan dust-bin or saucepan. Among the goats he ranged history, a jumble of myths and legends and lies : politics, a synonym for high talk and empty parade by hopeless idiots ; country life, the negation of his positive pleasure, London ; commerce and trade-houses, an influence which was tending to make mankind prosaic and unemotional even to the extent of being machines. The dangers of some of these hated objects of his we see in our own day in hideous colours, for instance, in the vagaries of politicians or in the vandalistic progress of commercialism. But his greatest hatred is reserved for the druggery and boredom of red-tape, officialdom and bureaucracy. This system had prostrated the people and trod on their comforts and left them helpless and struggling, for even such a trifling improvement as the Reform Bill was not yet. A cold, heartless, unsympathetic body, a relentless machine—the bureaucracy—carried on its work and through its mills every one of the day, including Elia, was passed and ground slowly but securely. The complaint of Elia was, therefore, all the more bitter for his own experience.

When Old Age Comes.

By Constance Clyde.

To each of us old age comes with some difference of phenomenon. A psychologist has averred that we know we have grown old when we first comprehend why everything that has happened to us came about, when, so to speak, we see the pattern of our lives. Thinkers have been struck by wonder that age is not more looked forward. Certainly, Montaigne declares that Cicero's "De Senectuli" made one long to grow old, but not everyone will agree with him. Certainly, the state might be looked forward to as a kind of adventure, or perhaps even more as an adolescence of the soul, the beginning of a new life, not the end of an old one. The loss of emotion and of the passional life must always seem a deprivation, for youth cannot, in fact should not, realize that the passional life is something which restricts strength and not strength itself. Cato declares that it is a privilege to have got our discharge from the tyranny of the passions. The bonds have fallen from us, and in spite of weakened frames we are thus so much stronger. Youth is a strong man chained, age is a weak man free. Seen thus symbolically we know which state we should prefer.

R. L. Stevenson dwells on the change of character that comes with age. "I have had a thousand skirmishes to keep myself at work upon particular mornings, but that great change of campaign which decided all this part of my life and turned me from one whose business it was to shirk into one whose business it was to strive and persevere—it seems as though all that had been done by someone else. I was never conscious of a struggle or registered a vow. I came about like a well-handled ship." In this case we note that the change for good was automatic and resulted from the mere passing of the years. Who knows—for character-building is mysterious—but that change was due to the fact that he did not wrestle with the enemy, but allowed idleness and vacillation to work themselves out of his system! To Oliver Wendell Holmes the change from middle age to elderliness is supremely interesting; he dwells upon the psychology of the old at great length. He also has noticed the improvement in character that results. People are like pears, he says, that sweeten before they decay. We have finished trying to carve our names on the tree of fame; we shut up our jack-knives and take an interest in the other triers. This perhaps explains an old person who said to the writer the other day:—"I don't wish to praise myself,—it is not conceit, for I am no more responsible for this new virtue than for my greyer hair—but now-a-days before I can fight obstacles in my career, I have to strengthen myself with an unselfish motive. I have to make out to myself somehow that someone else is benefited. Otherwise I cannot trouble." This new benevolence, perhaps hitherto quite foreign to the character, might perhaps be cynically ascribed to self-indifference, but apathy as regards one's own interests does not necessarily lead to extra care for others.

Elderliness, as already mentioned, comes to us all differently, and often very differently from the descriptions in books and essays, the fear-bowed shoulders and aching limbs, but in these days when the physical source of old age, not years but uric acid, is so successfully combated, these signs do not necessarily appear. Here we are in our birth certificate, (disinterred from some deep box for annuity purposes) fifty-five, or sixty, or even more; but we are mysteriously well. Cicero has admitted of old age, that though it has wisdom, it cannot climb "an apple tree," but that is just what we can do,—if we so desire. The age is not in our bones; it is in our minds, which that writer prophesied would triumph. We all know of course about the aged heroes of seventy who begin new languages, and the scientists who are then at their best; but does the language-beginner always complete his task, and is not the scientist after all merely using the material gained in youth and middle age? The mental activity of old age is largely a delusion. Let the grandfather endeavour to tackle some subject which his twenty-year-old grandson is acquiring—something that perhaps came to the fore since his own youth—quickly must he hide his ineptitude and his wonder at modern youth's superiority. Eliminate the adjective 'modern,' and he is probably correct enough.

There is one respect, however, in which he observes self-improvement. He finds himself winning in those small or great contests of human life in which diplomacy and knowledge of human nature are required. He has hitherto, perhaps thought himself below the average in these respects. So far he has won only by "direct action," or by the industrious apprentice's virtues. Now he sees himself wise, and by contrast, almost cunning. It seems to him that the world has grown stupider: in reality, it is himself that has grown wiser—a Richelieu conquering some replica of his old-time ignorant self. Again, there is no personal credit in the matter. He has the story of a score of defeats behind him, and he cannot help the wisdom of these various lessons stealing into the mind.

They, who think old age is delaying because their arteries are young, may see it coming in subtler ways a love of re-reading books, of seeing plays already seen. "When I hear of a new book, I read an old one" is a phrase of wit, but not to be used by man or woman on the debatable ground. Do not, if you are a woman, talk of dress further back than ten years; and whether man or woman, keep well abreast of the sports of the day. But is this dislike of resigning oneself to old age a good or even natural feeling? We think of it somehow as following Nature. The slim, golf-playing grandfather of 1920 is more "natural" than his stout, armchair-loving prototype of fifty years ago! Yet, the latter is after all the more natural of the two, if we go by analogy with those who are more truly Nature's children than we—the animals. The aged cat, the grandsire dog do not frolic except on occasion, and then we cover them with a ridicule never bestowed on ourselves. We are perhaps outraging not respecting Nature's true law, in keeping up our vigour, our liveliness, "our interest in the times" as we do!

And, are we not subtly punished? Is the modern grandmother, short-skirted, tennis-playing, fence-negotiating, any the happier for her physical aliveness? I think not. The ennui that is born of many memories must creep on her at times; for her also the years are short, but the days long, the converse being the sign of youth. We discover as we grow old that memories need not be very bitter to be a burden. It is the memories themselves, the mere number of them that are a weariness. Possibly, the reason why old people formerly, and even sometimes now, eat a little rest a little more than is good for them is subconsciously just to subdue that keenness of life which, as the years pass, is not such a happiness as we hoped. Old age was formerly a gradual, and not unpleasant, slope to death. Far otherwise is it now. I see before me a woman of fifty-five, blue-eyed (how clear are the whites of those eyes!) curly-haired, straight, tennis-playing, country-walking, fence-surmounting. Death is near her; in a few years all will be over. Statistics may prove that when you have reached fifty-five, you have a fair chance of seeing seventy or eighty. Nevertheless, all she feels is that very few do reach that age, and why should she expect to be of that few? She feels young, but death is just round the corner. Supposing, at thirty you were informed by a doctor that you had but a few more years to live, would your sensations of health and vigour please you much? That is the case with my clear-eyed friend. She feels thirty; according to modern ideas, therefore, she is thirty; and at thirty-five she will be dead or close to death. She has conquered old age; but to conquer old age merely means to die young. And who wants to die young?

Old people seldom believe that they are not wanted. In their own youth they felt the boredom of the aged, but when it comes to themselves they rarely credit what they have often quoted. This vanity of the old has its trying side. Why do they not realize that the beauty of old age is largely a matter of imagination, and much seemly head-and-neck covering.

"Age, like woman, requires fit surroundings."

So says Emerson; and it is well if the aged bore this in mind; no lover is half so particular as a silent grown-up son.

Parents live to elderliness, and further on to old age, and never grasp the fact that their descendants admire them for what they are in themselves and not for their kindness towards said descendants. On the other hand, the desire of the old for the self-sacrifice of the young is much exaggerated. The old love the individuality and independence of the young. Nevertheless, in spite of such amiable traits in our elderly friends, it remains a real test of character to love the old. It is no test of character to love children. A genuine attachment to the "little ones" may accompany a common or callous character. Robespierre, Napoleon, the ex-Kaiser are types of historic villains who have been noted in this respect. Affection for the old merely because they are old must of necessity be pure, unsupported by the expectation of reward, or the love of inculcating some educational theory. It is a far finer type of man that visits asylums than visits orphanages.

Women are supposed to be more hampered by age, conventionally at least, than men. But they too have moved with the times. They desire not to ape youth, but to keep it. Their pretensions no longer consist in artificial curls and padded stays, but in unrheumatic limbs and an ability to rise from the floor without touching it with the hands. To hear bright-faced women of fifty discussing these "stunts" is to realize how much the oft-quoted "mysteries of the toilet" have to do now with gymnastic contortions about the bedroom. The modern woman not only keeps young herself, but insists on her contemporaries doing so also. "Grow old along with me" is not her motto; you are not permitted even to grow old along with yourself; or otherwise, as she pertinently remarks, "you will make me seem old also." Let one of the women-band confess at fifty to weariness that would have been permissible at twenty, she is at once recognised as a traitor to the Solemn League and Covenant, and all is over with her. On the other hand, an absolute untruth about age is not expected. In fact, strange as this may seem, a modern woman is not always pleased at being taken for less than she is. She has grown cute, and realizes that such a mistake may be less a compliment to youthful appearance than an accusation of want of aplomb. She realizes also that the gain of being thought five years younger does not compensate for the annoyance of being talked down to by men, her inferior in years and experience. Hence you will see a curious phenomenon: a woman disguising her age, manlike, in her professional or business life, but owning to it in her social life. Her feminine deceits are no longer for the drawing-room but for the office, or the industrial world. She grows oldest most willingly in the circle where her hopes of marriage are supposed to lie!

There are fewer grand old women than grand old men; but successful old age is not only a sex but a class distinction. The English farm-labourer is senile at fifty, the upper-class statesman at that age is "young." This is the great injustice suffered by those bare-footed, ten-hour working lads who grow into successful business magnates and politicians. It is as if life were a curve and the injuries endured in youth reflect back not on middle age, but on the years beyond, on the other side of the curve; for it is then that they suffer. They may boast that hardship has made men of them, but it never makes old men of them. Richard Seddon dies comparatively young: it is the Balfours and Gladstones, who knew comfort when young, who grow brighter and stronger far into the years. They make a cult of old age, and could tell us if they would of its special enjoyments. Of grand old men of the past, Oliver Wendell Holmes already mentioned, is a fine example. How often he refers to old age as if he had toiled through youth and middle age just to know the joys of that superior period? "The best is yet to be,"—in spite of failing powers, on which he dwells; that is his motto as well as Browning's. But the finest observation on old age has perhaps been said by Waller:

> "The soul's dark cottage battered and decayed
> Lets in new light through chinks that Time has made."

Tennyson expresses the truth that old age is not a bondage, but an escape from bondage:

> "I have climbed to the snows of age, and I gaze at a field in the Past
> Where I sank with the body at times in the sloughs of a low desire,
> But I hear no yelp of the beast, and the man is quiet ablast
> As he stands on the heights of his life with a glimpse of a life
> that is higher."

So may it be for all of us, not an end, not even altogether a beginning, but a vantage point from which we look back and also look forward, seeing youth, and seeing something also that cannot be seen from youth: the appearance, the shape and the grandeur of the life to come. Nevertheless, this fairly materialistic age will still desire to know what inducements old age offers in itself instead of relying on the life to come.

Fragments of a Forgotten Epic.

By Pro. Jagmohan Lal, M.A.

Buried in the peculiar mediæval Hindi, now intelligible only to a few and almost forgotten, may still be found one of the grandest epic-poems written in the Hindi language. Written at a time when war had been idealised into the most honourable profession; when it was positively disgraceful for a youth to be without the scars of honour; when the battlefield was *the* field for displaying these fine and manly qualities for which modern civilisation affords so many opportunities in peaceful times; it resounds with the echo of battle and gives a vivid and accurate picture of those far-off days when the famous Rai Pithora, the hero of legend and history, ruled at Delhi.

As for the literary merit of the poem it is sufficient to name the author--Chánd or Chandra Bardai. Being the court poet, he naturally devotes much space to the exploits of his master, but incidentally he throws much light on other Rajput dynasties of his time and the general social and political condition of those days.

Some of the bloodiest wars, as often happened then, were fought against a people who were equally proud of their Rajput blood and equally obstinate in proclaiming it. Mahoba, the Capital of the Chandellas, was famous for its warriors. Even as the Kajri Ban, says the bard, is noted for its elephants, and Kabul for its horses, so is Mahoba noted for its warriors. The Chandellas were enlightened rulers, and patronised learning. It was in the court of a Chandella king that the famous allegorical drama--Prabodha Chandrodaya--was played. "The Chandel Princes," says V. A Smith, "were great builders and beautified their chief towns Mahoba, Kalinjan and Khajuraho with many magnificent temples, and lovely lakes formed by throwing massive dams across the openings between the hills." It was the Chauhan-Chandella War that put an end to the greatness of the latter and necessarily weakened the former power.

As generally happens in such cases, tradition, history, mythology are all mixed together, though the main facts may easily be singled out. We read of the philosopher's stone, which made Rájá Parmál so rich that bars of gold were cut down and made into Mohurs in his reign; of winged horses; of black magic and witchcraft which turned men into animals and birds; of the powerful spells of Guru Amara, which rendered his stubborn disciples immune against the evil charms of others; of men strong enough to battle successfully with elephants and of various other similar things. Allha, Oodul and other notable heroes are devout worshippers of the goddess Bhagwati, the favourite deity of the Kshattriyás, the Bhawáni of Sivaji in later times; and their miraculous escape or success is, on more than one occasion, attributed to her supernatural help. Allha, the eldest of the five brothers, the pride of Rájá Parmál, was believed to have offered his head at the famous shrine of Hingláj in a fit of devotion, when to reward his faith and piety the goddess appeared to him and promised to help him in his hour of need. And people may still be found who believe implicitly that Allha is not dead, but roams about in the wilds of Bundelkhand, like Aswatthama, the immortal hero of Mahabharata. But even after making ample allowance for the exaggeration of the poet and the simple credulous habits of the people, there remains a sufficient substratum of fact to engage the attention of the modern reader; let alone the romantic charm of the incidents described therein.

(*To be continued.*)

What's in a Name?

By Ethel Rolt-Wheeler.

In ancient times the Name was known to be a revelation of the Inmost Self, and to become possessed of a man's real name gave the possessor power over him. That is why in many of the old legends the Name is secret, and gods and goddesses chose to go in disguise.

Combinations of sound do in effect constitute an Invocation, a Charm, the Word of Power. Occultists hold that the vibrations caused by the utterance of certain notes would be strong enough to shatter the individual speaking them. In her magnificent sonnet, "The Soul's Expression," Mrs. Browning tells of her struggle "to utter all myself into the air," and adds:

> "But if I did it,—as the thunder roll
> Breaks its own cloud, my flesh would perish there
> Before that dread apocalypse of soul."

Readers may remember Algernon Blackwood's interesting if inconclusive novel on the evocation by sound of superhuman forces. Mr. Skale, a retired clergyman living in a remote part of Wales, explains to his new Secretary ("tenor voice essential") that he needs his services to form one part of a chord of four human voices. "By means of this chord I hope to utter a certain sound, a certain *name* of which you shall know more hereafter. . . . a certain complex and stupendous name—the invocation, that is, of a certain complex and stupendous Force." Later in the book Mr. Skale says: "You shall know that to utter the sounds of the Great Names and to utter their music correctly shall merge yourself into the hearts of their deific natures and make you as the gods themselves. . . . Even the ordinary name becomes in time" he adds, "a sound of singular authority—inwoven with the finest threads of your psychical being, so that in a sense you become it."

Without exploring the difficult by-paths of mysticism, let us give a few illustrations from English literature of the influence to be won by the reiteration of the Name. In many poems of the last century we find the Name generally a woman's Name—used as a recurring refrain, a *leit-motif.* This repetition is to some extent a musical device, the repetition of a tune of syllables; it is to some extent a psychological appeal, the Name symbolizing the emotion out of which the poem is built, whether that emotion be Love, or Despair, or Longing, or Curiosity, or Terror. From these poems we may learn something of evocation by means of sound.

Tennyson in his lighter verses has many lyrics built on the Name, bringing assonance to his help—the rhyme of vowel-sound—to awake emotion. The vowel-sound in ***Lilian*** echoes through the poem—airy-fairy Lilian—little Lilian—fitting Lilian; silver treble laughter thrilleth from crimson-threaded lips. Lilian signifies "gaiety without eclipse": but the rolling solemn sound of Oriana holds tragedy in its syllables. Oriana, watching on the castle wall to see her lover fight, is slain by the chance arrow of a foeman. The poem is a cry upon her Name, repeated after almost every line:

> "My heart is wasted with my woe,
> Oriana.
> There is no rest for me below,
> Oriana.
> When the long dun wolds are ribbed with snow,
> And loud the Norland whirlwinds blow,
> Oriana.
> Alone I wander to and fro,
> Oriana."

The happy lover feeds his love on the music of the oft-repeated name, Genevieve. Coleridge indeed is an expert in Name Symbolism, and in Christabel and Geraldine the dark and the light are vividly contrasted.

Helen, the Name that "launched a thousand ships and burnt the topless towers of Illium," is the Name chosen for the refrain of Rossetti's sinister poem beginning "Why do you melt your waxen man Sister Helen?"

But the Name perhaps of most evil in our poetry, cloying, and with a reiteration of deadly sweetness, is the name Faustine. In Swinburne's poem Faustine, Empress of Rome, is the Faustine that lives throughout all the ages to batten on mankind. Her name comes at the end of every verse, fierce and splendid and unclean.

Milton's organ voice made superb use of high-sounding names, but Shakespeare half-laughs at the repeated love-invocations of Orlando, and allows Touchstone to parody the rapturous verses of the lover :—

"They that reap must sheaf and bind :
Then to cart with Rosalind:
Sweetest nut hath sourest rind :
Such a nut is Rosalind. . . ."

Swinburne has more reverence for the names of Shakespeare's women than Shakespeare himself. There are few lovelier summaries of the light and beauty that live in Names than these lines from *An Autumn Vision:*

"And then the soul alive in ear and eye
That watched the wonders of an hour pass by
Saw brighter than all stars that heaven inspheres
The silent splendour of Cordelia's tears,
Felt in the whispers of the quickening wind
The radiance of the laugh of Rosalind,
And heard, in sounds that melt the souls of men
With love of love, the tune of Imogen."

These few examples will serve to remind readers of the old secret doctrines of evocation by means of sound, and to show that consciously or unconsciously, our poets have chosen certain syllables as a kind of spell to awaken certain emotions.

To-day we are once more beginning to seek the cause for these effects, to study the science of vibrations and find out what we can about their influence on the human mind. We are as yet only at the gateways of this science, but when the gateways are opened, and we fully understand the secret of the force of sound, a great tract will be revealed to us that may lead us to knowledge powerful enough to revolutionize life.

The Silver Thread.

(By 'Anonymus.')

Part I.

At last I was able to dismiss the doctor, the relief was great, though at first his visits were enjoyed. I had hardly known before the pleasure of chatting on main topics to a man who seemed to have time to listen to my remarks. The ordinary routine of life had been for me, good health, and close application to work.

My master came up from his office to enquire after me daily; but he always remained on the other side of the door. He was a nervous man, and for this reason my recent illness was followed by the first holiday he ever allowed me to take *alone*. Had it not been that he had a secret fear that the Influenza left many serious after-effects, I should not have been safe from his society on this occasion. By and by there will be more to relate on this subject, let me get on with my narrative; enough that my doctor had said 'Good-bye.' I was a free man for once. So one sunny afternoon, after many years of faithful apprenticeship, I was permitted to fend for myself. What a joy it was to gain my liberty during the prescribed three weeks' rest? Propped up by the Parish Nurse, in a deck chair, in the shady corner of a small parcel of land, provided with pencil and paper, lemon drink, and a few farewell injunctions on the part of a rather pleasant companion during illness, I dreamed my dreams, and planned my plans, reasonable enough to expect to be fulfilled. I portioned out my money, and made my notes, assigning each day to seeing one place or another of either historic, or artistic interest; then I finally overhauled my kit, to find out what necessary impediment was available. All this was truly delightful. How often since then have I looked back on that sunny afternoon as one of the happiest of my life? The only thing that troubled me was that I had so little to spend : for, strange to say, my dear thoughtful mother, never enclosed any order or cheque in her letters, though she said constantly that she intended to do so, and had done so, for pocket money. There was always such a reserve now in her missives, as if some one was dictating them to her ; and occasionally it made her fancy that they *were* tampered with. But in spite of everything, I had managed to put by a few pounds, and so I worked out my expenses in accordance with my funds.

At last the day for the journey arrived. Everything was satisfactorily arranged, but I had to slip into the office in order to collect a few of my chattels, and bid farewell to my sole companion. He was able to give me a good send-off. The train was not overfull, but it seemed slow in starting and speeding to its destination.

Things went on merrily enough for many miles ; luncheon was served and over, passengers changed, and others seated themselves in vacated places. The train presently put on speed as if to make up for some lost time, presently it slowed down, bumped, and scraped, whistled, and screeched, and finally came to a standstill.

It was pretty evident that something had gone wrong of rather a serious nature, but what it was did not transpire. Either there was some obstruction on the line, or some one had fallen out, or was in a fit ; or an animal, or a boy had been injured fatally on the metals. Whatever it was, we all turned out to do the best for ourselves. We were many miles from a station, and help was slow in coming. There was an air of mystery in the affair, but no one seemed hurt, and no one seemed to know anything, or at least was not willing to supply any information. There was a good deal of running up and down the line, signaling and so forth without any apparent effect whatsoever. A few passengers tore their hair and used bad languages ; the rest seemed content, if necessary to wait any time till help came, or till the obstruction, or whatever it was, was removed, and another engine provided. The visible organization often succeeded in keeping the passengers quiet and content. But as every moment of my liberty was precious, I applied for my bicycle, gave up my tickets and demanded my property: determined to find my way 'somewhere.' Though I could not discover my whereabouts, I knew I was not so very far from my original destination. But nobody would give me their attention, or answer my questions as to the nearest town within reach. Feeling the main road would be sure to lead to some villages sooner or later, and knowing that my lamp was well-trimmed, I mounted my machine and rode away from the scene of mysterious confusion to the envy and curiosity of the standing crowd.

The country looked very fine; as fate would have it I discovered, after a time that I had left my map in the railway carriage and all the notes I had made by the way, also that I had carelessly forgotten to follow my line of route.

The light seemed to linger as if for my benefit. The road was good. The scenery was wild. I rather enjoyed the idea of a little incident of this kind to emphasize the first phase of my holiday and make an illustration for the opening page in my diary. So wheeling along cheerfully, whistling snatches of the last catchy song, I grew oblivious to what some would have reckoned a misfortune. Deeply absorbed in thought on many subjects connected with my lonely career, I found presently that I had digressed from the high road, turned from the beaten track, and that the pathway was growing narrower and less foot-worn. After another mile or so, I was confronted by a somewhat steep and stony hill. There seemed to be no alternative but to climb the elevation. A clump of trees upon its summit, and the indistinct outline of a building allured me onward. Twilight was by this time approaching, the sun was fast setting; I did not want night to overtake me, but the evening would soon be deepening; part of the Heaven was clear though clouds were lying along the horizon and might soon quite overspread the sky. Stumbling several times, the bicycle jotted considerably, my feet were getting sore. I had to walk part of the way, and the hill was stony and steep. I began to fear that the darkness would set in before I found shelter.

Still persevering, on and on I went over the boulder, the starved rush-grass waving, and lashing my ankles, and pricking my feet. The dew began to rise, and strange sounds echoed around as of wild birds in distress at my approach. Then the trees on the hill-top began to rustle ominously. All of a sudden a well-come sound broke the stillness —the striking of a Church clock, (or was it the tolling of a bell ?) I forgot to count the strokes: anyhow it seemed like several vibrations prolonged. It might have been either, but then surely it was not very late. There was just one long low line of light lying on the hill-ridge, red as blood, still palpitating with the sun's dying breath. Presently, through the trees a moving spark flashed out of the twilight, vanished, faded, returned, moving slowly hither and thither as if guided by a hand. At length I discerned that the building was an ivy-covered Church, and that in the churchyard the tread of feet over the stony path was audible: the opening and closing of a door, then a window : the moving of something heavy arrested my attention, and finally a figure was dimly apparent, approaching and receding and, swinging a closed lantern. How glad I felt at the possibility of hearing my own as well as the voice of a fellow creature's !

Sounding my bell several times, and turning up my lamp until it flared. I found the gateway of the Church and made for the direction from whence the light proceeded. In the semi-darkness was distinguishable the tall figure of a man fumbling with the key in order to lock the church-door.

"Who is there ?" demanded a voice.

"A traveller in distress—seeking shelter. Will you aid him to find what he requires ?"

"Surely, friend, whoever you may be ; many ask me for like information in this quiet corner."

"I have lost my way. How far" I asked, "is it to the nearest village where I can get a bed ?"

"Too far to find to-night, and too bad a road for a cycle. It will be as dark as pitch presently; look, how the rain clouds are gathering!"

Turning round I noticed the blood-red sinking sun was being slowly but surely obscured. An asher-grey film was spreading over the heavens and along the horizon. This day would soon be dead to both of us.

"Somewhere I must go;" I remarked in desperation, "unless I may shelter here in the Church."

"Far too lonely, I assure you; besides the roof is not weather-tight, and the vaults are unhealthy."

"By your guidance, shelter I must have somewhere."

"Well, then," said the stranger, "you must come and share my humble abode."

"Only too willingly," I answered with alacrity, "but I must tell you that I am cold, tired, and desperately hungry!"

"Come this way," he answered ignoring my remarks and bodily requirements. "I will guide you over the dangerous places. Do not thank me: it is often my mission to take compassion on a stranger—a felllow-man."

He locked the church-door and then shook it rather fiercely to assure himself that it was secure, gave a careful lingering look to be quite certain that the lights were out, and then said very softly:

"Wait a moment, I will join you almost directly." He then digressed from the pathway, lamp in hand, walked over the graveyard till he came to a newly dug grave. A pile of stones had been thrown up, planks were about, and lying around were wreaths of white sweet smelling flowers and other funeral tokens. Setting down the lamp at the open grave, he fell upon his knees and remained in an attitude of prayer for a few moments, bare headed, and then rejoined me. A smothered groan came from his lips followed by the saddest deep-drawn sigh I had ever heard. This appealed to the sympathetic side of my nature and I wondered what secret sorrow that grave held for him. The thoughts and feelings that this sacred spot held for him, silenced my guide for the rest of the way towards his hospitable shelter.

We walked side by side, speechless. It was by this time too dark to see each other's faces; we could only *feel* that we were not alone. His presence produced that peculiar perception that is sometimes given us in a dark room. That a spiritual essence is close beside us in a spiritual sense. Nothing ghostly, or fearsome; on the contrary, quite a pleasing sensation of fine companionship. It afforded me comfort, for with me loneliness has ever been regarded with disfavour.

His hut was farther from the Church than I anticipated. The way was rough and undulating: these discomforts however did not distress me.

At last my cycle was housed in an old shed, then my host led me round to the door of his hut, bidding me wait while he entered and procured a light. This eventually came from a small lamp placed against the wall facing us, and as I grew accustomed to the glimmer I saw that there were two of same pattern, one on either side above the mantelpiece, and that an unframed picture hung in the centre; then, that the room was small, and that there was but little furniture within it; and furthermore that it was by no means untidy, or uncared for.

There was a small table in the centre of the room and two chairs that were placed exactly opposite to each other, one with the back to the fireplace, the other against the door. There was also a low couch with a rug or coverlet over it placed by the curtained window.

Carefully tending the lamps in order that they might not flare and yet emit as much light as possible, he washed his hands, and bade me take the seat that faced the fireplace. Seated I stretched my legs, glad to feel my feet were resting on a smooth surface, and to know that I was housed for the night. Before seating himself he placed upon the table bread, fruit, cheese, and a pitcher of milk, by which he bade me appease my craving for food. My host waited while I partook of his hospitality, then he held out his hand, and as he offered it to me across the table, he managed so that the palm of my own was visible and exposed to his scrutiny.

The next moment I was startled by my host's remark.

"It is possible," he said, "that chair has been placed for you for many a day. I have been expecting a stranger guest—a man of your own age—for some time!"

"Indeed!" I answered. "It is quite by accident I am here at all. I had no intention of coming when I started on my holiday trip this morning, or that I should be stranded on the first day. As a matter of fact, I do not even know *where I am*,—the name of the nearest town, or village, the name of my friend in need, or the time of day or night that it may be. Had we not met I should have passed the night with the dead in your graveyard." I then gave him a brief account of the strange railway episode, in order to prove the truth of my statement. This interested him immediately: he listened to every word of the incident.

As I did this I looked my host full in the face, trying at the same time to put many expressions into my own: of enquiry, of graciousness, and of seeking information respecting his astonishing remark.

I saw before me a young man about my own age, manly, well built, with a slight stoop, not handsome, but not ordinary—decidedly interesting to my thinking. The moment our eyes met, and dwelt on each others' faces I became fascinated. His countenance was that of a good man displaying all those qualities I most admire. His skin was dark without a flaw on it, his hair was black, his eyes were earnest and penetrating, his voice was singulary soft, with just an echo of a foreign accent in it. This deduction was made under difficulties, as regards his countenance. The lamps were shaded with rich thick glass of many colours. The corona about them was of gilt, studded with different tinted crystals, like the shades that can be purchased at Indian bazaars reminding me of the *dolce far niente* life of the Oriental. The longer I stared, the more fascinated I became, for the more and more did his face seem to interest me as it grew clearer to my sight, out of the warmly tinted glimmer that surrounded it, by reason of the shaded lamps.

Silence endured so long that it did away with the necessity of a comment on my remarks.

Presently, my host however broke the spell. He in his turn had been studying my demeanour for he further chained my attention by remarking—"Though it seems likely after all you have said that my convictions are wrong. I think, I hope, I pray that I *may* be able to prove we are not entire strangers; that somehow, or somewhere, we have met before. You may not realise this for many years to come. Will you allow me to ask you a few questions?"

"Certainly, it is but reasonable you may wish to know something of your guest."

It was then, and not till then that a sort of dim recollection—that afterwards resolved itself into certainty—that I *had* seen his face before, but where—I could not possibly re-collect; if not his face, some one closely resembling him. While I was trying to remember, he commenced interrogating me:

"I will tell you presently my own story. Will you first allow me to ask you if you are a true born Englishman?"

"No, I am not; my father is an Australian sheep-farmer!"

"And your mother?"

"I believe she is an English lady; but she is as dark and as beautiful as an Italian."

"Is your mother living?"

"She is," I answered with a pious ejaculation.

"May I ask your name?" my host went on delicately, growing more and more interested.

"My name is Ansen—Francis Ansen."

"Have you any sisters or brothers?"

"I have neither."

"Have you ever had any and lost them?"

"I believe not: I never heard my parents speak of any."

At this he grew very silent and disappointment showed itself on his face.

"Is your father fond of art?"

"A thousand times *no*; he despises it."

"Is he in England?"

"No, neither parent is here. My father took my mother to Australia when I was 15 years' old."

"I have no home!"

"Then how do you live? pardon my curiosity."

Here I discoursed on my apprenticeship and my work, over which he grew quite enthusiastic.

"I shall not despair," he said, "tho' you have not helped me by your statement. Let me tell you something of my own life, my one hope in this world—the one thing for which I am striving, and praying, and bent on unravelling."

"Like yourself I have no home except this little shanty; in fact, as far as I can find out I never had any other; I have neither parent living, or sisters. I was found in the arms of a dead young woman whose body was being slowly charred away by a smouldering fire beneath the temporary roof of a circus. It was nearly midnight when I was first discovered and rescued; almost overcome myself by the fumes and smoke of sundry material, tarpaulin, rope, and hempen canvas. My benefactors were two aged people, a man and his wife, who had been childless, and who were too ignorant and illiterate to advertise their find, or proclaim their deed of mercy, or hand me over to those who would have traced out my parentage!"

Here my host remained silent for a few moments and then went on with his story.

"These benefactors were desperately poor; they however reared me somehow, and sent me to a poor school. As my name was not known to them they gave me their own. The only clue to my identity was the initials on my under-garment of F. V. G. It was in Italy in a mean street near the Ponto Vechio that I was reared, and the only companions of my own age were the other children of the street. The story of my life and my rescue from a great calamity was unfolded gradually. My foster-father almost lost his reason on the night of the fire, and my foster-mother's hands were full of the care of myself and her husband. In fact, she had to work to keep us both until I was old enough to leave off learning, and do my best to augment her meagre earnings. I need hardly say that my life was not a happy one, for the dramatic circumstance of its being prolonged at the expense of another's seemed to weigh upon me heavily. No-one enquired for, or sought me, and I concluded that my young mother was the only relative I have ever had to care for me, and the vivid account of my being found in her dead arms seemed too terrifying to dwell upon.

"When I grew up to boyhood, I determined to earn my own living and relieve my foster-mother of my presence. By a lucky chance one day some officers were quartered near our poor little home and store, where drinks were provided, milk, and lemonade, and so forth. One of these officers took a fancy to me, and finding out a little of my history he engaged me to become his travelling servant; he was going abroad, and for five years. I went to live with him in India. Those five years were the best in my life. He encouraged me to pursue some profession which I could take up after my term of service ended. He was generous, and almost lavish in his kindness. While I was with him I turned my attention to Astronomy and the study of the stars, in order to perfect myself in some out-of-the-way profession, and then I became interested in the manipulation of metals, and took up the art of chasing and engraving gold and the setting precious stones. These pursuits he thoroughly approved of, and when I had to leave him in consequence of the Indian climate undermining my health, he gave me two hundred pounds to start life with in England. One hundred pounds I gave to my dear foster-mother, and with the other I entered into a contract with a London jeweller to engrave memorial broaches and rings with names, and mottoes, and dates. My master was to hold this sum of money as hostage for these jewels that he allowed me to take to my own home and work over, which never exceeded in value the sum I had lodged with him. At the end of each year, he paid me a percentage on my hundred pounds, if my work came up to his standard and satisfied his customers, and providing there was no loss of goods through any mishap whatever.

"A few months ago, I heard quite by chance that an old nurse of a good Italian family was residing in this out-of-the-way corner, that she had a remarkable story to reveal which she wished to communicate to a priest because she felt that she was dying. Before I could find any place whatever to make a home and go and see what she had to reveal, she was too ill to make her statements. She died a few days ago, and this day we laid her to rest in our churchyard on the hill. The clergyman has four Parishes under his care; he could not get to her himself in time, or secure her the one Catholic priest she begged to have, to receive her confession."

It was a wonderful story well told, one that deeply affected him. In truth, all he said moved us both. I, sitting opposite to him grew breathless with intense interest, until the soul of the one seemed to enter the soul of the other. Still he went on discoursing on the failures of his life, as well as the successes: the undying craving for the attainment of Beautiful Ideals; his hours of prayer, the wrestling for right and justice, and for the realization of his hopes; the goal of his ambitions and the possibilities of a glorious future, such as never before was the lot of any human being.

All this was recounted in a calm and eloquent manner, unheeding the effect it was exercising upon me. He continued to pour out the story of a life that by many strange co-incidences resembled my own, as regards the dreams and ambitions that had laid hold on me.

As a plant is brought out of a warm atmosphere to be hardened off before being set to grow in the open air, so had this soul been set adrift from the atmosphere of warm appreciation to brook the storms of life and to steer straight against the torrent of wickedness ever present in our midst. Oh, the lives that are irrevocably spoilt by the need of just a little more time, of money, of will capacity, of talent to make the Ideal obtainable and the fight for freedom a success! How my thoughts linked themselves with his! How well he described it all! His strength of mind far exceeded his physical capacity. Suddenly a fit, a despair seized my host, for he went on to tell how the one, and only one, who could help him to attain his hopes and gain his ambitions had passed out of his life, whose sudden call had left him friendless, a stranger in a strange land to be entirely misunderstood. He paused and looked at me. A curious hungry expression was in his eyes. At last he rose slowly from his chair and uttered a cry of pain that went straight to my heart—a cry that seemed to rent his soul from his physical body.

I could not endure to see a man so undone, so utterly broken, so deep in the depths of woe.

Here was I, alone in the dead of night with this mysterious fellow-creature, who had been snatched from the very jaws of death and desolation; who had waited for a stranger guest like myself; who had placed a chair vacant every day since he had sojourned in his mean home for some one to fill; and yet, alas, I was not the one he sought. My sympathy for him was sincere. The tension was too much. He had waited for my coming, and I did not even know my whereabouts, having drifted to the spot by an unlooked-for accident. I felt paralysed by a force I could not control or see. . . .

Presently, I perceived an odour of Eastern incense pervading the room. It was not strong, but aggressive, and lasting. When my host had turned his face to the wall, I believe he had lighted some fragrant rods and put them to smoulder in an antique burner in the form of a palanquin drawn by horses, of Indian pattern, such as is carried round the room of an Indian house at sunset. I found there were ashes the next day in the ornament placed under the picture. The smoke of the incense curled and wreathed at first in rather a profuse manner. Whether or not I was being influenced by its presence, I cannot say. Sensations were creeping over me that were unexplainable. I began to feel I was gradually becoming stupefied. With an effort I arose from the chair and pulled myself together, then fell upon my knees: Oh God, had I not also known moments of loneliness and despair! I covered my face with my hands and bent low over the table. Some subtle weaving thread as fine as filigree silver was drawing us together, and in the hope of affording him some comfort that others had known and shared such bitterness, I exclaimed excitedly: " Comrade, take comfort; there is hope; I too have suffered!"

"Ah, yes!" he answered. "You have spoken aright; someone else has suffered exactly like myself, and lost a mother, a brother and a home." This was said in the bitterest tones I had ever heard from the voice of a sane human being.

I stared at him with awe. His broad, manly form looked gigantic in the semi-darkness. His face was still turned to the wall. His wail of anguish had pierced my heart. I was simply petrified and could not take my eyes off the man.

Presently, an untoward experience created fresh wonder. His form began to fade away from my vision, gradually, and even so slowly, without movement until I could see through it. At least, I could not have sworn that it was gone. He had not absented himself in the usual way; I could scarcely be sure if he were there or not—the vanishing was so slow! The smoke of the incense was active; the air was heavy with burning spices; the lamp had been turned round from the red to the deep amber crystal, and where I thought he was standing with his back towards me. I was beginning to trace the outline of the dark oil-painting, and soon after I perceived that the frameless picture portrayed a face! A Face! did I say, more than that, the most beautiful of all Faces the hand of man has painted or the soul of man conceived. It was a good copy of that one which portrays the traditional incident of S. Veronica, who, in offering to the Saviour her handkerchief to remove the Sweat from His Holy Brows, while staggering beneath the weight of His Cross, has returned it to her with the impress of His own Face indelibly left upon the cloth. I had never seen this picture before, though I had heard of the Legend, and of this work of Art

There was nothing in the wide world that could have come to my aid so opportunely as this representation—the calm suffering Face, in all the hidden, suppressed agony of coming conflict, in all Its resignation to the shameful Death about to be endured for the universal mitigation of the sufferings of mankind, in order to carry out the Will of God, Love, Pity, Resolution Hope, Obedience, Reliance, Strength made perfect through Suffering gleamed out of that Picture in the darkness, tempered by the amber light of the Oriental Lamps.

I was transfixed. *It* seemed to live before me, to have replaced, and taken, and hidden in His heart the man, whose whole soul a few moments ago had been struggling and wrestling, lost in the immensity of Self-consciousness that we are all born to suffer, and to turn and find final Peace in the Supreme Sacrifice which alone can reconcile us to God. I wondered as I had never wondered before, I prayed as I had never prayed before. The Divine Plan was too great to grasp, too great to reason over, too inspiring to reason out. A deeper drowsiness was affecting my brain, inaction of mind and body was gaining Victory over me. I was too inert to rise, and fling open the door, or to extinguish the burning spices; too uncertain if after all my host was present, and that I was mesmerised. Overcome, worn out in the midst of all my mysterious environments, I laid my head upon my arm and covered my face and soon became entirely unconscious, and dropped asleep upon my knees.

END OF PART I—(*To be continued.*)

Ram Gopal Ghose—A Study.

By Abinash Chandra Ghose, B.A.

THERE have been three distinct generations of Bengali reformers, three successive groups of men who have led advanced public opinion in the most populous province of India, and it is time that we, who daily study the thoughts and sayings of the third generation of young Bengal, should make an effort to appreciate the aims and deeds of their predecessors. The first generation came into existence during the time of the great extension of native energies under Lord William Bentinck. The era of war was over, and the statesman who first devoted himself to the peaceful development of India in all its phases showed ever a constant desire to improve the status of the Indian population. It was Lord William Bentinck who first consulted prominent Indian leaders before initiating a new political departure, and he received the reward of his confidence by obtaining their hearty co-operation in all his reforms. The Bengali leaders of that epoch were men whose aims were rather social than political; they did not desire to acquire power or influence, but rather to show their countrymen the advantages which resulted from an English education and initiate reforms, which enlightened Western opinion believed to be imperatively needed in Bengal. Of this generation the most distinguished leaders who figured much before the establishment of the Hindu College in 1817, were Rajah Ram Mohan Roy, Dwarka Nath Tagore, Dewan Ram Comal Sen and Sir Rajah Radhakanta Deb. Their task was to introduce European ideas into Bengal, and to pave the way for concerted action in the next generation. The next group of Bengal reformers were the men who inaugurated the British Indian Association in 1851, and devoted their lives to the promotion of political interests in Bengal. Some of the giants of the former generation survived to become the sponsors of the new movement, and Rajah

Radhakanta Deb was the first President of the Association. The aims of the Association then were purely provincial. They strove for the equality of Englishmen and Indians before the law, but did not grasp the conception of Indian grievances as a whole, or agitate for the adaptation of English political institutions to India. This generation, which had the advantage of a thorough English education, claimed in its ranks many orators, journalists and statesmen of conspicuous ability. It is, of course, invidious to mention many names but no one can contest the right of Ramanath Tagore, Raja Digambar Mitra, Hurrish Chander Mookerjee, Kristo Das Pal, Rasik Krishna Mallick, Ram Toan Lahiri, the Rev. K. M. Banerjea, Raja Rajendra Lala Mitra, and the subject of this study to be numbered among them. These men in their turn have given way to the new generation of Congress leaders, who regard Bengal as an integral part of India and whose opinions are far more advanced than their predecessors. Of this group of men the best known representatives were W. C. Banerjea, Ananda Mohan Bose and the eloquent brothers Mano Mohan and Lal Mohan Ghose, as also are the other brilliant stalwarts that are working still, *viz.*, Surendranath Banerjea, Motilal Ghose and Bhupendranath Basu.

Ram Gopal Ghose, who was perhaps a prominent representative of his class and retained some trace of the original vigour of the Hindu mind, was born in Calcutta in the month of October, 1815. From the meagre accounts of his parentage that has now been well-nigh enshrouded in oblivion, we could gather only that both his grandfather, Jogo Mohan, and his father, Gobind Chander were men of very poor means—the one eking out his existence from what he got as an assistant in the firm of Messrs. King, Hamilton & Co., of Calcutta, and the other from what he reaped from his shop in China Bazaar as a marine storekeeper. The ancestral home of the Ghoses, was at Bondipara in the district of Hooghly, from which the family migrated to Bagatee in the same district. It was, however, chiefly on account of Calcutta being the place of business of old Jogo Mohan as also for his nuptial connection that he afterwards had with the Mitras at Bagatee that the family had to shift to the precious city and to settle there permanently.

Ram Gopal received the rudiments of English education at a little school kept by one Mr. Sherbourne, an East Indian. But he was only for a short time there before he joined the Hare Preparatory School. This, in its turn, was also left and in the year 1824, when he was only nine years' old, we find him taking his admission into the Hindu College. A systematic education in the College in those days meant some amount of expenditure, and a man with straitened circumstances could not be expected to pay for it even when he had the inclination that his son should be thoroughly grounded in education. Naturally, therefore, Ram Gopal found it difficult for him to continue his studies there for any length of time, though from the day he entered the portals of the College his thirst for knowledge was shown to its best advantage. The father strained his every nerve to meet the expenditure from his slender purse, but it was of no avail as he could not continue it for a considerable time. Just at this period when Ram Gopal's career in school was about to be cut short for want of funds, his intelligence attracted the attention of Mr. Rogers, the then senior partner of Messrs. King, Hamilton & Co., who undertook very generously to bear all the expenses of his education. Soon after the young boy so endeared himself by his lovely manners and display of intellect to David Hare that the great philanthropist put his name on the free-list of students. Even such an obdurate and easily irritable D'Anselm who happened to be the Head-master of the Hindu College at the time, found in him a student of no ordinary merits. While in the Fourth Class of the College his essays, along with those of his compeer Dakshina Ranjan Mookerjee were shown to the students of the First Class as in striking contrast with the productions of the latter, which from the scant information we have of them were much inferior to those of the two first-named. Never an idler before, and fully alive to the straitened circumstances of his father, he felt that he would be doing an injustice to himself and to his family if he did not try his best to finish his academical career as soon as possible, in order that he might come readily to his father's help, and supplement his hard efforts as a bread-winner. He was barely 14 years' old when he was promoted to the Second Class of the College of which "one Mr. Halifax was then the teacher."

It was about this time, perhaps in the year 1829, Henry Louis Vivian Derozio was appointed a teacher of the College. Every student of history knows what moral revolution this model teacher effected in the minds of his distinguished pupils among whom Bengal is justly proud to reckon such illustrious luminaries as Ram Tcan Lahiri, the Rev. K. M. Banerjea, Rasick Krishna Mallick and the subject of the present thesis. He was put in charge of the Third and the Fourth Classes of the institution when Ram Gopal was studying in the Second. Derozio, it seems, was really a gifted man; he was a poet and a man of genius, but his *forte* was not poetry but philosophy. Under his able guidance the handful of young men in the College laid the foundation of that solid learning and ability, and also of that moral stamina of which they made the best possible use in after-life. Besides doing his usual College work he strenuously directed his students to indulge systematically in extra studies. Thus we find him after school hours carrying them through the pages of Locke, Reid and Stewart with consummate skill, so that there was not a single soul left who was not inoculated with large and liberal ideas. One day Ram Gopal, while reading Locke with Derozio, gave expression to a felicitious remark. "Locke," he said, "has written his conduct of the understanding, with the head of an old man, but with the tongue of a child," meaning thereby that he had been able to express the highest truths of philosophy, in language which even a child could comprehend. Ram Gopal's highest studies within the College walls were Locke and Stewart's philosophy, Homer's *Illiad* and *Odyssey*, Dryden's *Virgil*, Russell's *Modern Europe*, Shakespeare's plays, Milton's *Paradise Lost* and the *Elements of Natural Philosophy*. But his mind along with that of members of his band opened out to a vista before it by frequent intercourse and conversation with Derozio, who gave them an impetus to a freedom of thought and discussion which resulted in instilling incipient heterodox principles in all of these noble souls. Ram Gopal was one of the prominent members of this youthful band, the most daring and the most resolute, but he always tempered his bravery and his determination of spirit with prudence. Some, however, exceeded the limits of moderation, and the native managers of the Hindu College were alarmed at the radical progress which some of the pupils were making under Derozio by "actually cutting their way through ham and beef, and wading to liberalism through tumblers of beer." Ram Gopal's radical principles were shared at the time by many of his friends and associates who were justly termed as the "young Calcutta" of the day.

"Down with Hinduism! Down with orthodoxy!" were the cry set up by this young band of reformers. The Indian managers of the College apprehended danger in the heterodox practices of the young adherents of Derozio and thinking him to be the mainspring of all these evils, framed a series of charges against him and recommended his dismissal. Derozio, of course, gave a full and satisfactory explanation to all the charges levelled at him but it was of no avail; he was removed from the service. This inconsiderate act on the part of the managers, for so it appears to be at this distance of time, quite unnerved the young reformers. Krishna Mohan Banerjea withdrew from the College and accepted the second teachership in David Hare's School. Soon after Ram Gopal followed suit, for at the age of seventeen we find him seeking his livelihood by bidding farewell to any further study. It might be that financial stress in the family compelled him to take this desperate course. But these are all wild surmises in the absence of any details of this part of his valuable life.

It was destined for Ram Gopal to take to the mercantile profession which made him what he really was. In those days there were scarcely a few who adopted the profession, and afterwards made their mark in the business they had undertaken purely on

Western lines and methods. Rumour has it that a Jewish merchant by the name of Mr. Joseph applied to Mr. Anderson, of Messrs. Colvin & Co., for an intelligent young educated Indian as his assistant. Mr. Anderson, therefore, asked Mr. David Hare to send one of his best pupils. The great philanthropist with a prophetic vision saw the future destiny of Ram Gopal and selected him as his nominee. Thus in the year 1832 the young boy was taken on under Mr. Joseph on a petty salary, perhaps of Rs. 40 per mensem. Possessed of a titanic intelligence, it is not at all striking that Ram Gopal, within the span of a few months, mastered the humdrum duties of a mercantile office and rose in the estimation of Mr. Joseph as he showed his moral and intellectual fitness. In fact, Ram Gopal, in the discharge of his duties, proved just the man his master was in search of. He prepared for the latter, it is said, an elaborate paper on "The Indigenous Products and Manufactures of Bengal and their Export Trade," in which he gave much valuable information to his employer. The Jewish merchant was so well satisfied with Ram Gopal's mode of conducting his business, and had such confidence in his honesty that a few years later when he went out on a temporary visit to England the entire charge of the firm was left in his hands. Ram Gopal proved himself fully equal to the task. He increased the business of the firm considerably and managed it so well that when his master returned to India, he was quite astonished to see his ledger showing a large balance at his credit which in his most sanguine calculations he had never hoped for. Shortly after, one Mr. T. S. Kelsall joined Mr. Joseph as a partner, and Ram Gopal was appointed banian. The exact date of this important event in the life of the latter cannot now be ascertained. For some time the business of the firm assumed a promising look, but the two partners fell out with each other and wished to separate. When Mr. Joseph dissolved his partnership with Mr. Kelsall, Ram Gopal very prudently joined the latter first as a banian but shortly afterwards he was admitted a partner, and the business was conducted under the name and style of Kelsall, Ghose & Co. Ram Gopal thus attained a position of eminence which scarcely any of his countrymen had then attained. To be admitted a partner of an English mercantile firm, and that on terms of equality with an English merchant, was a triumph which a man like Ram Gopal alone could achieve. There arose, however, in 1846 some differences between him and Kelsall which rendered the continuance of their partnership no longer possible; and Ram Gopal retired from the firm with more than two lakhs of rupees as his share of the profits. How this bitter feeling was engendered no body knows, but it seems from some stray copies of his private letters that are to be found in the possession of his people, that Kelsall attributed dishonest motives or negligence on the part of Ram Gopal in respect of certain sums of money lost to the firm and hence the dissolution. Shortly after occurred the commercial crisis of 1847,—a crisis which gave a death-blow to many an agency house in Calcutta and many a commercial firm of long standing. Ram Gopal was in a fix, for as partner to Kelsall he had drawn bills to a large extent on Houses in England and was doubtful whether they would be honoured at maturity. If dishonoured, he would be a ruined man. His friends, therefore, with a view to avoid a disreputable situation, advised him to make a *benami* of his vast property, which he sternly refused to do. It was indeed characteristic of him to say that if actually the financial crash comes he would rather part with everything he had, even the last rug on his back, to pay his just debts than to resort to such mean subterfuges in order to keep his fortune intact. Fortunately, for him not a single bill of his was dishonoured and he did not lose even a single farthing.

After his separation from the firm he was for sometime without any occupation. He had written to Mr. Anderson, his best friend then in England, enquiring whether he could give him any assistance to carry on business on his account. In the meantime he had received an offer from the Government of Bengal of the Second Judgeship of the Calcutta Court of Small Causes. But he had to decline it on the ground of losing his independence as a practical man of business. He was indeed quick enough to perceive that men in great places are thrice servants: servants of the Sovereign or State, servants of fame, and servants of business; so that they have no freedom, neither in their persons, nor in their actions, nor in their time. Shortly after this Ram Gopal set up a mercantile house of his own, perhaps in the later end of 1848, under the name of R. G. Ghose & Co. His old friend, Mr. Anderson, sent in a very encouraging reply in which there was not only a promise for help but also a distinct undertaking that his nephew, who had established a corresponding house in England, would transact business regularly with the newly-started firm in Calcutta. Thus from the very beginning of his new venture he managed to carry on a large business as an Agency House in Calcutta for English merchants. He opened besides two branch firms, one at Akyab and the other at Rangoon, and engaged in a very profitable trade in Araccan rice and other goods. His enterprise was thus crowned with success which it so richly deserved; but the secret of that success lay in his thorough honesty of purpose, unbleaching devotion to work, and integrity in business from the very start. The *Mahajans*, whom he had to deal with, placed implicit confidence in his words, for they knew very well that he would not swerve an inch from his promise, even if Heaven were to fall. Within the course of a few years Ram Gopal amassed a considerable fortune, and he was so esteemed in the circle of influential European merchants of the time, that on the 26th November, 1850, he was unanimously elected a member of the Bengal Chamber of Commerce.

Amidst the arduous and difficult duties of his commercial life, he was as enthusiastic and persevering in his literary and oratorical culture as he had been while he was a student. He kept up his studies, and gave some portion of his time to reading history, poetry and metaphysics. He was passionately fond of Shakespeare's plays, and had in his house regular meetings of his friends to discuss the transcendental merits and beauties of the immortal bard of Avon. Derozio, after his dismissal from the Hindu College for his so-called iconoclastic principles and views, started a Debating Club called the Academic Association, in the garden-house of

Babu Sree Kissen Singh at Maniktolah. This club had been to Ram Gopal what the "Oxford Union" has been to many an English orator. Not only did he take an unflinching interest in its affairs by helping Derozio to bring in an ever-increasing number of Calcutta students and their elders, but practically became the leading spirit of the movement. The feats that he had displayed at the debates were not only marked for their literary excellence, but proved conclusively that he was meant for the platform. But though he was an eloquent speaker he was not so close a reasoner as his colleague Rasick Krishna Mallick. The bold and advanced views of Ram Gopal and his party on social topics at the Academy were not without results. It was bruited about that he had departed from Hinduism, and his relations at Baghatee excommunicated him. Verily, the sins of the son committed only in respect of holding advanced views were visited upon the father, who was nick-named "beef-eating Gobinda Ghose." About this time he established an Epistolary Association, the objects of which can be gleaned from the following few lines written by him to one of his closest friends, Gobinda Chandra Basak, on the 12th August, 1838 :—" . . . . Well, then, I will tell you that we formed an Epistolary Association, *i.e.*, writing letters to each other, and circulating them among the members. There is no limit to the nature of our subjects. Several good letters have already appeared, and the utmost freedom of discussion is allowed upon the merits of these epistles. . . ."

There was another society called "Society for the Acquisition of General Knowledge," in which Ram Gopal and his friends read discourses on obvious political, social and economic questions of the day. The leading members of this Society were, besides its founder, Dakshina Rajah Mookerjee and Tarachand Chakerbutty. The career of the institution from its very start in the year 1834 to 1838 was a most brilliant one. Here is a snapshot account of one of its meetings taken *verbatim* from a private script written by Ram Gopal to one of his friends in 1834 :—" . . . . I send you one of our circulars. The circulars were issued to the senior students of all the principal seminaries as well as to the young students of the same.' I understand that about 300 young men were assembled (on the 12th March). What a gratifying sight this must be to all true friends of India! What a circumstance of congratulation to us who were desirous of making a propitious beginning! But the proceedings were not quite so gratifying as one might wish. There was more talking than oratorical speaking. Two other good speeches were nevertheless made, which are so essential in attaching a due degree of importance to proceedings of this nature." Further on in the same letter he gives us a glimpse of the institution in the following significant lines :—" We have secured the use of the Sanskrit College Hall for our monthly meetings, but they have placed no furniture, and lights at our disposal. . . . We have imposed no compulsory contribution of any kind. But a voluntary subscription has been opened to raise funds. . . . The Rev. Mr. Norgate has given us Rs. 50 through Krishna Mohan (Banerjee) and another European calling himself a friend to the Society has sent through me a donation of Rs. 50. I should have told you that Mr. (David) Hare has been made the honorary visitor of our Society. The first meeting took place last night (16th May, 1834) and on the whole it was a gratifying one. It was a very dark night, and had been stormy and rainy in the evening, notwithstanding which a hundred young men were present, and heard with the utmost attention the discourse of the Rev. Krishna Mohan 'on the advantages of the study of History.' It was as remarkable for its chaste and elegant language as well for the varied information with which it was replete. The illustrations were apt and striking, and were chiefly drawn from ancient history."

There were many other prominent men who took part in the deliberations of the Society; and among these we find Pearychand Mitra producing his "admirable paper" on the History of India, and Ram Toan Lahiri discoursing on social topics. The Society, however, did not live long as the zeal of the educated natives of the time flagged to a great extent till its death-knell was sounded in 1838.

Just at this time Babu Rasick Krishna Mallick edited a diglot called the *Gyananeshan*, to which Ram Gopal largely contributed. He wrote chiefly on commercial and political questions. But his most remarkable contributions were a series of articles signed "Civis" on the subject of the "Inland Transit Duties." These articles from his pen were of such an effective nature that they attracted the notice of Sir Charles Trevelyan, and were mainly instrumental, it is believed, in influencing the authorities to put an end to those obnoxious duties. Ram Gopal, though not belonging strictly to the editorial phalanx of the paper, took an inordinate degree of interest in it. His idea was that it should be steered not only by an able editor who would interpret the grievances of the people in their true and faithful colours, but should also be the means for bringing about a better understanding between the rulers and the ruled. It would be interesting here to note the concern he had over the successful management of the paper when it was threatened that Babu Rasick Krishna would cease to continue the editor thereof. The lines below that we glean from one of his private letters speak for themselves:—"Rasick is coming to Calcutta. Ram Toan (Lahiri) is gone home. Tannek (Nath Ghose of Jhamapaker) the principal editor of *Gyananeshan* has been lucky enough to get a Deputy Collectorship at Hooghly. I wonder who will carry on the paper now."

Later on we find him taking up the editorial management of it and asking for contributions from some of his friends in the mofussil. But the arrangement did not last long, and when the paper ceased to exist he started another diglot. *The Bengal Spectator* of which his friend Babu Peary Chand Mitra was the editor, and he an occasional contributor. He could not write as often as he wished as he was now too busy with his commercial, affairs But in these matters we have noticed that business was not the be-all and end-all of his existence; and he strove his uttermost to send as many contributions as he could manage to write during his spare moments.

With Ram Gopal the education of his young countrymen was always the object nearest to his heart. The testimony which he received from Dr. Moat, late Secretary to the Council of Education in this matter, sufficiently proves that this was so. "In fact," he says, "I can look back upon no part of my early career in connection with education which is not associated with him." A writer in the *Calcutta Review* harping on the same tune significantly says: "The subject of our memoir (meaning Ram Gopal Ghose) indited several elaborate and valuable minutes showing the defects of the principal educational institutions."

When the Bethune College for ladies was first opened, and none came forward to risk the social obloquy consequent upon sending an Indian girl to a public school, Ram Gopal was the first man who broke through all the trammels of social bar, and got his daughter admitted into the institution. In the grand progressive movement for promoting the consummation of widow-remarriage by the natives of Bengal, he also took the greatest interest.

Ram Gopal was in every sense a public man. There was hardly any institution, educational, commercial or political with which his name has not been inseparably associated. When in the year 1833 Dwarkanath Tagore returned from his first visit to England, Mr. George Thomson, an ex-member of the House of Commons, came out to India along with him. The news of the latter's arrival filled Ram Gopal with the most ardent and sanguine hopes of being able, in co-operation with that gentleman, to secure the political advancement of his countrymen. Under his auspices the Society, already started a few years back, underwent a change in its constitution and was designated "The Bengal British Indian Society." The object as set forth in one of the resolutions of the Provisional Committee, appointed for the purpose of its inauguration, was "to collect and disseminate information relating to the actual condition of the people of British India, and the laws, institutions and resources of the country, and to employ such other means of a peaceable and lawful character as may appear or be calculated to secure the welfare, extend the just rights and advance the interests of all classes of our fellow-subjects." The Society having been launched into existence in quite a new robe, commenced to hold its meetings at *Fouzdaree Balákhánâ.* George Thomson was its presiding genius, but Ram Gopal's labours in the cause of this new movement were also strenuous and important. A few years later when Mr. Thomson had to leave Calcutta, the Society gradually declined till at last it died a premature death. But though dead, it rose like a phœnix from its ashes, for the undaunted energy of our hero soon after laid the foundation of another political Society—the British Indian Association—which is still looked upon as an institution of considerable power in the land.

His campaign against the Black Acts, which he embodied afterwards in an admirable treatise, forms a memorable chapter in history. Those who have occasion to read it will admit that its close reasoning, its powerful sarcasm, its facts, its proofs and its illustrations were all but inimitable. There was not a single soul at the time who could represent the situation in so clear a light as Ram Gopal did.

But the most eminent services done by him to his country were on some of the occasions on which he delivered his memorable speeches. His oratorical abilities were not of an ordinary type, and extorted admiration from persons whose mother-tongue was the language in which he spoke. At the meeting of the inhabitants of Calcutta, assembled at the Town Hall on the 24th December, 1847, for doing honour to Lord Hardinge, he carried his proposition of erecting a statue of the Governor-General against the three eloquent barristers of the time, *viz.*, Messrs. Twiton, Dickens and Hume. The next day *John Bull*, a periodical of the day, made the startling announcement that "a young Bengali orator had floored three English barristers" and called him the "Indian Demosthenes." It is impossible to withhold from the readers the following significant lines of his speech with which the amendment, relating to the gratitude of the Indian community for the interest which the Governor-General had ever taken in the cause of their education, was seconded at the meeting by Ram Gopal :—

"If the addition proposed cannot be appended (to the address to be presented to the Governor-General), as it stands—at all events, some plan may be adopted whereby we shall be enabled to put matters in their true light, so that Lord Hardinge may see that the character he maintained as the friend of education endures him in the eyes of the Nation as the best friend of their interests. We all feel that in extending the blessings of the British Government, the prosperity and the happiness of the people are greatly enhanced. It is all very well to say that in the comprehensive word 'peace-making' everything is included, but is it meant to assert that the great causes of the advancement of civilisation, the education of the people, the improvement of roads and the opening of canals are to sink into insignificance? . . . Lord Hardinge expressed a glowing desire for the advancement of education among the native population, and the feelings he expressed made a deep impression upon me. From that moment I have felt a deep-rooted esteem for the Governor-General, and would be very sorry if no allusion be made to Lord Hardinge as the friend and patron of native education." It may be added here that the proposal was carried.

In 1853, when the renewal of the Charter of the East India Company was being discussed in Parliament, and when a ministerial scheme for the future Government of India had been submitted already by Sir Charles Wood, the then President of the Board of Control to the House of Commons, Ram Gopal called a public meeting of the Indian community at the Town Hall, on Friday the 29th July of the same year. The attendance was very large and the meeting was truly representative in its character. The address he delivered on the occasion produced its desired effect. People in England were in raptures when they read it. Some of the newspapers went the length of comparing it with the best efforts of Sheridan and Burke, and the *Times* described it as a "masterpiece of oratory." Speaking of his eloquence on the occasion of the Queen's Proclamation, Mr. Hume, Editor of the *Indian Field*, remarked that if Ram Gopal had been an Englishman, he would have been knighted by the Queen. These are undoubtedly compliments of a very high order which Ram Gopal alone merited at a time when there were tremendous odds against the future advancement of his countrymen. His last, though by no means the least effort was the speech delivered by him at a meeting of the Justices of the Peace on the burning-*ghâts*' question. The initiative was taken by the Government of Bengal and the Justices proposed to remove the burning-*ghâts* from the places where they at present stand, to some quarter out of the way either on the borders of the Salt Water Lake or Tolly's Nullah. The proposition was received with consternation by the Hindus of the time who flocked round Ram Gopal entreating him to save them from the threatening situation. For Ram Gopal himself did not matter a jot as to how his own body was disposed of after death,- whether it was burnt or buried-- but he cared for the feelings of his countrymen, and so threw the whole weight of his influence against the obnoxious proposal. For his celebrated speech on the question, he will ever be held in grateful remembrance by the Hindu community at large, as it saved them from Municipal oppression in what, according to their belief, concerned their most sacred interests. Fervent were the blessings pronounced over him with heartfelt gratitude by many an old Hindu for the signal triumph he achieved over the Government on that memorable occasion.

Ram Gopal during the strenuous course of his public life knew no rest. There was not a single society at the time which did not claim him in its ranks, not a single committee which he did not adorn. As a member of the Council of Education, he was taken into the confidence of the Hon'ble Drink-water Bethune, its president, and while there, he was never sparing in his advice to such men as Messrs. J. R. Colvin, J. P. Grant, Frederick James Halliday, Cecil Beadon and Dr. John Grant. He was an Honorary Magistrate and a Justice of the Peace for Calcutta, a very active Member of the Bengal Chamber of Commerce, a Fellow of the Calcutta University, a Member of the British Indian Association as also of the Bengal Legislative Council, and President of the District Charitable Society. Besides the above he was a Member of the Police Committee of 1845, of the Smallpox Committee of 1850 and of the Central Committees for the Collection of Works of Industry and Arts for the London Exhibition of 1851 and the Paris Exhibitions of 1855 and 1867. In all of these he showed the keenest interest and exercised the most beneficial influence over their counsels.

Ram Gopal retained to the very last moment of his life the freshness, plasticity and vigour of intellect. In his case there was no darkening or fading away of the faculties. But with the constant stress and strain of a public life his health showed signs of a speedy decay. An indifferent health naturally brought on in its train a spirit of indifference to all the affairs of life. This necessitated his retirement from the scene of public affairs. Now the shadow of death was closing upon him, and he put off the mortal coil on the 25th January, 1868, in the fulness of his fame. Thus closed a noble life after years of strenuous work and continued usefulness. The general feeling at the time of his death was that a great man had been taken away from the scene of public life in Bengal. The newspapers and the journals of the day vied with each other in recording the glorious deeds done by this worthy son of Bengal, and the public bodies were not wanting in showing their appreciation of his sterling merits, by holding special meetings to express their feeling of gratitude for the services he rendered to them. But no more fitting tribute could be paid to his sacred memory than the one that came from Dr. Monat when the sad intelligence of his death was cabled to him at Ranchi. Here are a few significant lines which we cull from his letter to Babu Peary Chand Mitra, in which he gave us his estimate of the departed great:—

"..... As a citizen, his worth and intelligence are as well known to you as they are to me. As a public man he was upright, disinterested and singularly free from prejudice; in private life he was charitable, hospitable to a fault, and ever ready to contribute to any good effects, whether for the benefit of his own countrymen or of mine. He was in the highest sense of the word a just and upright man, and I know of few whose example I would more strongly recommend for imitation by his younger countrymen in the bright side of his character. He was not without faults, but his virtues so far outweigh his foibles that I can remember naught but good of him. . . . So long as Bengal produces such sons she need have no misgivings as to her future place among nations."

Indeed, he was a man who by dint of his remarkable ability not only fitted himself for the task of advancing his countrymen in the scale of nations, but was also a pillar of strength to the community to which he belonged; was an honour to his family, a glory to his country and an ornament to his race.

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FROM CLOUDLAND.

The Gandhi Interview.

THE public and the Press have been greatly interested in the Gandhi-Reading interview. "What had the leader of Non co-operation to say to the head of the Government which he distrusted?" they ask. "Why did he persuade Ali Brothers to tender an apology in preference to facing conviction?" The questions are certainly natural, but the simple answer is, that people have misunderstood Gandhi. His political campaign is naturally one-sided; it is directed to attain a definite object and does only dimly reflect the light that guides Gandhi. He aspires to a life of peace and goodwill to all mankind. He can never allow himself to be entirely betrayed by "Satanic" powers, of hate, darkness and death. He has led people to co operate not against any individuals, not against even a whole system of Government, but a passing phase which was becoming a danger both to the Government and the people. It is really this phase which he calls "Satanic" and which he wishes to overcome. When the fever and the heat generated by current controversies die, India and the Government will acknowledge its debt to Gandhi. He has shown how a people can oppose a wrong without violence, and by opposing end it. He has shown how a nation by united action can bend a powerful Government to its will. If India has learnt this lesson, then India has attained Swaraj. Governments are apt to grow self-willed when popular control lessens, and people too become lawless when reins of authority slacken; it is delicate balancing of the two forces which is required to safeguard peaceful progress. It is always a group of men of exceptional mental alertness, energy and imagination who rule, and power gathers in their hands as if ordained by God. Popular liberties are safe when will to freedom is balanced by control of a responsible Government. Power begets pride and out of it autocracy is born, and reaction against authority leads to lawlessness and chaos. Gandhi must see that the balance between these two forces is maintained; his object is not to destroy but to construct, and that is why he saw the Viceroy.

The Will to Peace.

THE will to peace is stronger than the will to war: the one is an abiding element of human nature, the other a passing mood which pride and anger feed. Gandhi recognises that Englishmen in India have to play a part, and a very noble part, if they would only recognise their mission. People, too, are anxious for peace. Writes Mr. Gandhi:

'Mrs. Kothawalla, in Godhra, came to the meeting as usual. "I like all your work but not your non-co-operation. Do give an opportunity to Lord Reading," she said.

'"I certainly desire to give an opportunity to all," I said. "As soon as justice is done, there is nothing but co-operation. You persuade him to repent, ask for forgiveness of India for crimes committed, and give justice. This done, there would be no controversy whatever."

'"Tell me that you would give him an opportunity. Will you write to him that you would give up non-co-operation, if he gives justice?"

'"I shall surely write," I said, "when opportunity offers itself. But Lord Reading knows that much."' How could then Gandhi refuse to see the Viceroy? He wants India to be a free and an equal partner in the British Empire; but you cannot be a partner on sufferance. You must attain equality, and equality cannot be bestowed. It has to be attained. Gandhi saw the

Viceroy to explain his own mission and to explore the possibilities of progress. I have no doubt that both have gained by the interview.

The Apology of Ali Brothers.

GANDHI appealed to Ali Brothers to apologise because they trespassed his creed of non-violence. If the leaders of non-violence preach violence, then how was the movement to be kept pure from the taint which colours all patriotic movements scarlet with blood? Gandhi deserves the highest credit for his courage to do the right thing. The exulting of moderate newspapers and others cannot rob the incident of its moral value. We are again on the eve of an era of peace.

The New Programme.

THE new programme of Mr. Gandhi is a programme in which both the Government and Mr. Gandhi can co-operate. It is a programme of social reform, industrial development and attainment of Swaraj. Will Mr. Gandhi go a step further and support free trade and international understanding? The world cannot move back; invisible forces are moving the springs of progress and calling for national patriotism to yield submission to international understanding. Will not Mr. Gandhi set his heart to the healing of nations? People take Gandhi much too literally. His promise of Swaraj is, like the promise of Vedanta, an interesting speculation till realisation is attained.

National *versus* Religious Patriotism.

ALI BROTHERS are faced with a twofold problem: their allegiance to their religion and their loyalty to their motherland. The two do not easily harmonise, the tradition and the tendencies are against their fusion. Ali Brothers desire to glorify Islam; it is their ambition to raise its prestige and power. Incidentally, their fellow-subjects of other religions are not stirred by the ideas that move them. Pan-Islamism naturally appeals to every Mahomedan in India; it promises a distinct superiority, and this desire for superiority has always been the battleground of nations. The question of loss and gain has never been so important as the desire to be dominant. In Pan-Islamism they see the glory of a re-united Islam. At the same time, national patriotism is fighting for supremacy. India claims that her children owe her a duty, and a united and a powerful India is more important than countries outside. Here, again, Mr. Gandhi is leading the way, compelling attention of his Mahomedan fellow-workers to the fact, that it is only a united India that can have a voice in the councils of the nations of the world.

Lord Reading's Difficulties.

* THE Indian public and the newspapers expect too much from the Viceroy. Just imagine an Indian Viceroy in England— which God forbid—surrounded by a whole army of Hindu and Moslem bureaucracy, trying to see things in an impartial way. Could he believe that the English Press and people were presenting their case in a truthful and impartial way when all his advisers from the highest to the lowest were assuring him that India was ruling England for the latter's good, and that for the good government and peace and prosperity of England Indian overlordship was absolutely necessary? In the first place, would not the very fact of the suzerainty of India over England be sufficient proof of its fitness and necessity? And would not the commercial and other advantages which India would enjoy through this rule make this rule appear desirable in the eyes of the Indians? And, apart from any other consideration, even if the Viceroy were a most judicial-minded person (and not a crank who would consider the rule of his own nation over a foreign people a calamity for the latter by the mere fact of alienship), could he possibly consider all his well-educated, intelligent and gentlemanly advisers capable of seeing things through coloured glasses; and the Press and people and agitators of England only truthful? The fact that the ruler is judicial-minded and logical does not show that he can draw other conclusions from the data before him. But this data is not like a physical or chemical fact, for in human affairs 'believeability' and its opposite are the main determining factors. A and B make statements before me; I cannot merely weigh them in opposite scales and form a judgment by their mere volume. Their probability is determined in

my eyes by how much faith I have in one or the other. And so with Lord Reading.

Playing Harun-al-Rashid.

If Lord Reading were to move among the people incognito, like Harun-al-Rashid, he may be able to see things for himself without the need of any outside interpretation. But that can hardly be expected when the bar of language exists for him. It may be said that His Excellency listens to Indians. These, again, are of two classes. The agitators, and those whom the officials consider as the safe people to meet the Viceroy. How is the Viceroy to judge which of these is impartial and more truthful? Unless he is biassed strongly against his own people, he will naturally consider those truthful who will agree with those whom he already believes to be truthful. It is possible that the truth is with the official, or with the agitator, or midway between either, but the Viceroy must be more than a man, and more than a judicial-minded man to see the real weight of the data before him, which connot be on one side or the other unprejudiced. In other words, it is practically impossible for a man to judge rightly. He must be a God to be able to do it. Was it for this reason that Christ said 'judge not'? And yet men must form judgments, must judge and even condemn, or sometimes spare. But the wise man refrains from judging even those who judge and condemn, though he will probably approve of those who spare.

The Watchers and the Watched.

The Government must have suspicious characters watched, but this watching — how can it be done? For example, a man comes to you and from his looks and methods which are now familiar to many, your intuition quickly identifies his profession. If you are not a sedition-monger, you will naturally not talk against the Government, and if you are one, you are likely to be silent if you are a morally superior man, and if you have no scruples regarding truthfulness, you will make a great show of loyalty but may, in any case, have a hearty laugh with him. Or, a man comes and watches your movements, he sits near your house entrance, and notes down when you go and come and where you go and come from, but he cannot hear what you talk with your friends. Now, if he reports these facts merely to his superiors, they will kick him out as a worthless donkey, and he will lose his employment. Then, what is he to do? He has a family to support probably or to get on in life, somehow. The natural thing for him to do, in the event of not being able to find anything interesting to report is, to manufacture it from his own fertile brain. And he knows it is not easy to check this information, especially when two or three combine to invent a story.

The Results.

BUT let us look at the result. He causes suspicion against people who may not be disloyal or seditious, which is often the case. This suspicion leads to ill-will between the Government and the people suspected. And, when people find that they are suspected without reason, the numbers of the discontented are increased instead of begetting conciliation and mutual trust. Thus, more harm than good is the result. But what is the Government to do? Generally, persons of a certain low degree of ethics join this profession in its lower and even fairly higher grades with whom at least dissimulation is no crime. Men of a higher ethical standard refrain from joining it, then what is to happen but that which happens.

"Shama."

Shama or the lamp, for the month of January comes scented. Did some one spill Indian perfume on it by accident? Marsyas writes of Hermes whose classic bust could have adorned the Review better than it does. Marsyas writes like one who has felt the uprush of Life behind the idols. The Greek gods were unfit for the iconoclast's hammer. Is the Hindu superior, who can manage to see the Divine behind the hideous forms of stone or daubs of paint? Or did the Brahmin let the child mind confine itself to child art? Hindu Scriptures aim so high, even the Puranas which have tried to reduce religion to poetry.

Preparedness for Socialism.

MR. RUFFY writes of the ripeness of Russia and the theory of preparation. He condemns the false democratic preparation of European States for socialism. There he seems to be right, but the dictators which Democracy shall elect or has elected, will in time do as any other dictators have done. Autocracy has many names, but the facts remain. To consent to rule willingly or unwillingly may seem different, but the power tends to maintain itself in the hands which take it, and the dictators have always dictated and will continue to dictate. The cleverest are those who seem not to be dictating, but make the demos believe that it is ruling. The tide of cosmic affairs flows on to something better, let us hope, but that better cannot go beyond the moral standard of the brew of humanity at any given time. The will of one man alone cannot force the kingdom of heaven to come down, and the preparedness is neither in Western Europe as Mr. Ruffy says, nor in Russia either--though one should have expected it after Tolstoi's voice (in the wilderness). But instead of Love, Hate has welled up--leading to class war; and Love lingers and with it the Kingdom. And yet its ambrosia has to be distilled somewhere, for the cup is getting too poisoned for mankind. Where is that to be? Perhaps we need not look out for its dawn so far off as Russia or Western Europe, or even America.

Mr. A. Ghose's Poems.

Arabindo Ghose's early poem--1899—is in the Tennyson and Edwin Arnold style. The fancy is richer but meter falls short of the perfection of the English poets. A mighty tide of feelings and words rushes on, but here and there the words do not chime well together. The mention of the death of Priguawada might have waited or need not have been so literally put. The explicit references to Greek myth seems out of place--an anachronism. *Yamas* reminds one of Dante's *Inferno.* The poem seems much longer than necessary, and one wishes it were a translation from Bengali; the pronunciation of Sanskrit names jars on the ear, especially in the pure throat-sound which in Bengal became a compound vowel labio-guttural.

The Love Poetry of the Punjab.

The Love poetry of the Punjab is dealt with by Budh Singh from the sacred to the profane. The translations are culled from Macauliff and Usborn and apparently others by the writer. The literary activity of Punjab has not been great in the past centuries, owing to wars, the author tells us. Alas, the last seventy years of peace and education have not added to its glory in that line. One of her sons—one of the most exquisite poets of the world—writes in Urdu and Persian, others ply their reeds in the English language. The former is excusable to some extent. But where is the great Punjabi poet of Pax Britannica period? We are aware of the great efforts made by at least one very able man, but the modern poet of enchanting or enthralling power is yet to come. The new popular songs of the last twenty years are not remarkable for any beauty of style or feeling. One wishes that the modern religious poets of the Punjab could have become as popular, but the popular mind does not accept them. Can it be that the genius of the Punjabi language is not for polished and harmonious expression? If the people are warlike, they might produce some martial literature. What was the language of the Province when Guru Nanak sang his deeply spiritual hymns? Most probably he introduced other words than were common in speech. There are martial races in the world who had no great literary past, yet a few poets, seventy years ago, lifted the language as on a tide of inspiration. Punjabi too deserves this uplift; when and whence is it to come?

The "Atheist."

In Harindranath Chattopadyayya's poem *Atheist*, there is poetic power, mastery of words and rhythm. The title is a misnomer, for no real poet can be an atheist in the sense of being blind to the marvellous power and intelligence which evolves a universe, the poet's brain itself being a by-product. The protest against theological dogmas is legitimate. Shelley too seemed an atheist, but he was more aware of the life of Pan than most religious men.

A Glimpse of War and Peace.

An Onlooker in France, 1917-1919, is without doubt the book of the year. The book is full of good things. Nothing escaped the keen eye of the artist, and he sets down his impressions with a charm of style and a pungent wit which proves him an artist with the pen as well as with the brush, while the ninety-six wonderfully reproduced pictures with which the book is illustrated make it a quite unique record of France in War-time and during the Peace Conference. Here is what he says of Marshal Foch :—"It seemed amazing, the calmness of that old chateau at Bon Bon, yet wires from that old country-house were conveying messages of blood and hell to millions of men. What must the little man have felt? The responsibility of it all hidden in the brain behind those kind, thoughtful eyes. Apparently, his only worry was *Ma pipe*. His face would wrinkle up in anger over that—and if any one was late for a meal. Otherwise, he appeared to me to be the most mentally calm and complete thing I had ever come across.

This of the Peace Conference.

" For a seat I was usually perched up on a window-sill. It was amusing to sit there and listen to Clemenceau—*le Tigre*—putting the fear of death into the delegates of the smaller nations if they talked too long.

" President Wilson occasionally rose and spoke of love and forgiveness : Lloyd George just went on working, his secretaries constantly rushing up to him, whispering and departing, only to return for more whispers. Mr. Balfour, whose personality made all the other delegates look common, would quietly sleep.

"They appeared (the 'frocks' as he calls them) to think so much—too much—of their own personal importance, searching all the time for popularity, each little one for himself—strange little things. President Wilson made a great hit in the Press with his smile. He was pleased at that, and after this he never failed to let you see all his back teeth. Lloyd George grew hair down his back, I presume, from Mr. Asquith's lead. Paderewski—well, he was always a made-up job. . . . . The fighting man, alive, and those who fought and died, all the people who made the Peace Conference possible, were being forgotten; the 'frocks' reigned supreme. One was almost forced to think that the 'frocks' won the war. 'I did this,' 'I did that,' they all screamed, but the silent soldier-man never said a word, yet he must have thought a lot."

And this about the signing of the Peace Treaty:

"People talked and cracked jokes to each other across tables. Lloyd George found a friend on his way up to sign his name, and as he had a story to tell him, the whole show was held up for a bit, but, after all, it may have been a good story. All the 'frocks' did all their tricks to perfection: President Wilson showed his back teeth, Lloyd George waved his Asquithian mane, Clemenceau whirled his grey-gloved hands about like windmills, Lensing drew his pictures, and Mr. Balfour slept. It was all over. The 'frocks' had won the war."

The Church and Divorce.

It will be remembered that the Archdeacon preached in Westminster Abbey a sermon in which he proclaimed a doctrine opposed to the teaching of a large body of ecclesiastics who deny the right of divorce altogether, and in the case of remarriage after divorce, refuse the Communion to the contracting parties. Archdeacon Charles now publishes this Sermon with elucidatory matter, setting forth the grounds for his conclusion.

In the matters dealt with, he is an acknowledged expert, and this careful study of the New Testament passages bearing on the subject show that the practical question of the Church's attitude towards Divorce to-day cannot be settled by an appeal to texts of doubtful interpretation. The whole book is an illustration of the value of critical scholarship in solving one of the problems of conflicting accounts in the Sacred Scriptures.

Dr. Charles's conclusions are, briefly stated, that Christ allows the right of divorce, on the ground of adultery, as well as subsequent remarriage on the part of the guiltless person concerned, but forbids divorce on lesser grounds.

The Gokhale Education Society.

DURING the last year the Gokhale Education Society maintained five schools. It goes to the credit of the members of this Society that in spite of financial difficulties, as indicated in the report, and the embarrassments caused by the non-co-operation movement, these schools have been very popular. There were six hundred boys on the rolls of one of their high schools, and in this as well as other schools admission had to be refused to a large number of applicants for want of accommodation. The attractions of these schools are many. The report says that instruction in all of them is, as a rule, imparted in the Vernacular—that undoubtedly is the easier and more sensible way of imparting it. Another feature of these schools is that they supplement class-room teaching by corporate activity among students along such lines of recognised educative value as scouting, school magazines, etc. This not only creates an *esprit de corps* among the students but also creates an atmosphere in which alone can the finer qualities of a boy's head and heart develop. The glory of the famous public schools of England does, in fact, lie not so much in what they teach, as in the excellence and strong influence of the atmosphere about them. But atmosphere is a matter of time. traditions and personalities. We presume that the Gokhale Education Society has self-sacrificing workers of striking personalities and they seem to appreciate the importance of atmosphere and the spirit of the school place. The Society deserves well of the country.

The Civil Marriage Bill.

By Dr. H. S. Gour, M.A., D.C.L., LL.D.

Introductory.

1. The Civil Marriage Bill now pending legislation in the Indian Assembly was, for want of time, introduced without an explanatory speech. The Government of India have since circularized the Local Governments and requested them to consult public opinion and report thereon with a view to enable it to decide what attitude it should adopt towards it. I have contributed to the Press several articles and thus tried to make up for the want of an introductory speech, but as there undoubtedly exist persons who are not fully conversant with the history of the measure, nor realize its pressing necessity, I think it advisable to present a short history of the Bill and demonstrate its utility and at the same time remove the unjustifiable apprehensions of those who consider the measure as a menace to Hindu orthodoxy, or as calculated to cause the confusion of races, religions and tongues.

Division of the Subject.

2. I propose to deal with the subject under the following heads :—

(1) History of Act III of 1872.
(2) The definite policy to which the Government stood committed in 1872.
(3) Its *volte face* in 1911 when Mr. Basu introduced his Bill.
(4) Mr. Patel's Intercaste Marriage Bill, 1918.
(5) Its shortcomings.
(6) The necessity for the present measure.
(7) Its objects and reasons.
(8) Objections considered.

Historical Retrospect.

3. The history of Act III of 1872 will be found fully set out in the two speeches of the then Law members of the Government of India, Sir Henry Maine and Sir James Stephen. As they are not readily available to the public I will give their *ipsissima verba* wherever necessary. It will be remembered that it was the set policy of the Mahomedan rulers of India to apply to Hindus their own personal laws. And when Warren Hastings assumed the Governor-Generalship of Bengal he declared it as his set policy to apply Hindu Law to the Hindus and Mahomedan Law to the Mahomedans. This declaration received Parliamentary sanction and has remained the acknowledged policy of Government up to date. But while the Government stands committed to this declaration, it stands equally committed to the supreme policy of administering the Law in accordance with the dictates of natural justice and sound public policy. It is in pursuance of this policy that the Government did not scruple to suppress *Sati* as far back as 1829—though the practice was sanctioned both by the sacred texts as well as kept alive by immemorial usage.

Lex Loci Act.

4. Another onslaught upon Hindu orthodoxy became necessary when the Lex Loci Act of 1850 (XXI of 1850) was enacted. This Act, called "The Caste Disabilities Removal Act,' insured to all persons their freedom of conscience by overruling the Hindu Law and usage which inflicted the forfeiture of property and the right of succession by reason of loss of caste. This was a rapier thrust at the very heart of Hindu Law which made inheritance dependent upon the eligibility to perform the obsequial rites. It was, however, justified on the ground that no one should suffer for the sake of his conscience, and that a Hindu was not bound to tamely submit to his ancestral creed on pain of forfeiting his patrimony, and that no one should be penalized for forsaking a faith which he had ceased to believe in. Six years later, another stroke for personal freedom was given by the enactment of the Hindu Widows' Remarriage Act (XV of 1856) which legalized the

marriage of widows against the express inculcations of Hindu Law which provided self-immolation and not remarriage as the sole expiation for widowhood. In 1851, a Victorian Statute (since consolidated as Act XV of 1872) enabled a Christian to contract marriage with a non-Christian, thereby rendering the possibility of a union between a Hindu and a Christian and safeguarding to their issue their legitimate share in their patrimony.

Hindu Dissenters.

5. While these laws were being enacted Hindu orthodoxy was receiving severe shocks from within. English education had emancipated the human mind. It created an intellectual ferment in the country. Hindus began to desert the orthodox fold of Brahmanical supremacy and the rigid barriers of caste. Some of them established distinct dissenting creeds such as Brahmoism, Sikhism, Aryasamaj, while others following no known creed began openly to defy the rules of puritan Hinduism They crossed the *Kâla pani* in pursuit of knowledge and returned home duly qualified as civilians, barristers and doctors. Their fellow-castemen promptly put them out of caste for having crossed the sea. They stood outside the pale of caste ready to submit to its inexorable boycott. The Christians offered them a ready welcome; the religion of Islam would place them on a pedestal of special distinction. They, however, resisted both these allurements and settled down into free-thinkers. The Brahmos, Sikhs and Arya Samajis were rapidly making converts, the nondescript free-thinkers were steadily growing in number and importance. They were the intellectuals of Hindu society, and yet Hindu society owned them not. In this state they moved the Legislature to enact for them a secular marriage law, for they argued that marriage was a civil right, of which they could not be deprived with the forfeiture of caste. The Hindus will not marry them. They must, therefore, marry wherever they can.

Maine's Marriage Bill, 1868.

6. Sir Henry Maine, who was the Law member in 1868, felt the force of their contention and introduced into the Supreme Council a Civil Marriage Bill, which he justified on the ground that it carried the principle of the

Lex Loci Act very little further, and that the enactment of a Civil Marriage Bill was a social necessity of every civilized community. He said :—" It was not the policy of the Queen's Government in India to refuse the power of marriage to any of Her Majesty's subjects and he doubted whether even orthodox Hindus would wish to deny to the Brahmos a legal privilege fully enjoyed by Sambals and Gonds."

7. The Bill was in due course circulated for eliciting public opinion, and as was to be expected, it aroused a storm of opposition from all the Local Governments and many orthodox Hindus who smelt in the measure an attack upon the sanctity of their own religion. While the Bill was in circulation, Sir Henry Maine's tenure of office came to an end and he was succeeded by another eminent jurist. Maine's Bill was intended to legalize marriage between the natives of India, not professing the Christian religion, and objecting to be married in accordance with the rites of the Hindu, Mahomedan, Buddhist, Parsi or Jewish religions.

Stephen's View of a Marriage Bill.

8. Mr. Stephen's view dissenting from Maine's may be stated in his own words, for it is a view which the Privy Council would not uphold. He said :—" If a man objects to the Hindu Law of marriage, he objects to an essential part of the Hindu religion, ceases to be a Hindu, and must be dealt with according to the laws which relate to persons in such a position."[1]

9. He then points out that Hindu Law is a personal and not a territorial law. The law of contract is a territorial law. Therefore, if a Hindu wishes to marry by contract, there is nothing to prevent him from so marrying. The Lex Loci Act, he said, implied that " when a man exercised the right assured to him by the act of changing his religion, he acquired by that very circumstance, the right to form a contract of marriage in ways other than those authorized by Hindu Law."[2]

10. He then passed the then existing case law in review, and added: " The cases which I have quoted

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[1] (1872) C. P. 22.

[2] 26-43.

appear to me to establish in the broadest way and on the most general principles that it is just, equitable and according to good conscience that all men should have a right to marry, although the law to which they are subject, may prescribe the manner in which that right is to be exercised. In India, as we all agree, there is no fundamental common law, other than the law of justice, equity and good conscience, upon this subject. If a man is not a Hindu, nor a Mahomedan, nor a Parsi, nor a Christian, nor a Jew no form is prescribed for him by law. Does it follow that he cannot marry at all? Certainly not. What follows is, that his right must be determined by the general maxim that contracts for a lawful object and made on good consideration are valid and must be performed, and I have yet to learn that marriage is, in a general sense, unlawful or immoral, or that the promise to perform conjugal duties by the wife or husband is not a good consideration for the promise to perform reciprocal duties by the husband or wife." [1]

11. In other words, such person may marry by a mere contract, but inasmuch as it is the duty of the Legislature to define and regulate such contracts and remove their uncertainties and difficulties, it becomes necessary to enact a law regulating the performance of such marriage contracts.

12. There remained the question, how the Hindu dissenters were to be described, Hindus or non-Hindus? Stephen said that the orthodox Hindu described them as non-Hindus. They had no objection to be so classed: "That in dealing with a question of a man's religion, it is absolutely necessary to take his own statement and conduct as conclusive." [2]

13. He then adverted to the objection of the orthodox and said: "It is obvious from this that the orthodox Hindus wish to subject native civilians, barristers and doctors who have really abandoned their creed to troublesome and humiliating expiations in order to force them into outward conformity with Hinduism. I wish that they should be free to profess their real opinions and suffer no disability for so doing, and this is the

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[1] pp. 83—84. [2] p. 191.

precise point in issue between us. . . . I need say nothing, but that English education in all its forms leads straight away from all forms of native orthodoxy, is a proposition which I have never yet heard disputed. How can we sow the seed and refuse to recognize the crop? How can we encourage men to learn that which we know with positive certainty will utterly destroy their religion, except in so far as mere nominal conformity to it is concerned, and yet put them under the heaviest of all disabilities for learning the lesson we teach, unless they will consent to add hypocrisy to unbelief? When we shut up our schools and universities, when we put missionaries under a ban, when we repeal the Lex Loci Act, and the Hindu Widows' Remarriage Act, and the Christian Marriage Act and look indulgently on *Sati* and wink at infanticide, we may possibly get credit for sincerity in objecting to the spread of unbelief to the native religions. Till then, I think, people will say that what we really fear is not the spread of unbelief, but the hostility of believers." [1]

14. And these views were supported by His Excellency the Viceroy who said: "Nor do I see that any dissatisfaction or suspicion that might temporarily exist would be of a general and dangerous character. In what class, I ask, would this alleged discontent exist? Not in the educated and respectable, though restricted class, which has enjoyed the full benefit of European culture, for it is for the protection of these that the present measure is contrived: not among the numerous and valuable order of natives which has appropriated to itself the advantages of the highest English education in the highest degree, but which, from real conviction, or from a sentiment of national piety and pride, has remained attached to the beliefs and habits of the past—for this class, from which our most valuable public servants are drawn, are thoroughly convinced of the earnest desire which the English Government cherish to occupy an impartial position, indulgent and benevolent to all: not among the dark and dense masses of the lower castes, industrial or agricultural—for to these this Bill and all similar measures will remain for ages, or at least for years, absolutely unknown. The

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[1] p. 191.

impressions which have been so much spoken of might, I admit, have more sway with a certain middle-class of Natives, the members of which are partly educated, are disposed to criticize and appreciate the policy of Government without being fully cognizant of its real views; and are strongly attached to the old standards of faith and social life, and are suspicious of innovation from authority—in fact, are half enlightened."[1]

Government's Declarations.

15. It is thus clear that in passing the Act of 1872 the Government had definitely committed itself to the following propositions, namely :—

(1) That marriage was a civil right of every subject of the State.

(2) That so long as he chose to exercise it under the sanction of religion, the State need not interfere.

(3) But the moment he broke away from his religion, or chose to exercise it as a civil, and not as a religious right, he had a perfect right to do so, and it was the duty of the State to remove any doubt or difficulty in the exercise of his right.

(4) That since, Brahmos, members of other reforming sects, as well as a large nondescript body of reformers attached to no sect, have either renounced or are refused the religious rite, they are entitled to contract marriages otherwise.

(5) That marriage is a civil contract under English Law, which is the quintessence of justice, equity and good conscience, which is the rule of common law in this country.

(6) That the Hindu reformers, having renounced their religious rites, become subject to this rule, and as such, they are entitled to make marriages by contract.

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[1] pp. 202-208.

(7) That the Legislature merely regulates this contract, which it has the right to do.

(8) That as the Hindu reformers are classed by the orthodox as non-Hindus, and as the reformers themselves have no objection to be classed as such, the Bill might well exclude the orthodox under the general term "Hindus, Mahomedans, etc." leaving the unorthodox of all classes to marry under the Act.

Maine and Stephen's Views compared.

16. This last point was emphasized by he Viceroy in a long speech from which I have extracted a passage.

It will be thus seen that in modifying Maine's General Bill, Sir James Stephen had only yielded to the orthodox objections so far as to exclude them from the purview of the Act. At the same time he made it clear that the orthodox Hindus could not use the Government in joining them in their boycott of the reformers by refusing them their ordinary civic rights, that if in marrying out of caste any of their members committed a religious offence, they might visit the offenders with religious penalty, but they could not ask the Government to make their marriage impossible merely because they had lapsed from orthodoxy. He, however, differed from Maine in so far that while the latter thought that marriage was a civil right which called for a Marriage Bill for every one, Stephen while agreeing on the first point, thought that the State need not enact a Civil Marriage Bill for those who *opposed* it and that it might be confined only to those who *asked* for it.

Orthodox Hindus out of Court.

17. In other words, the position taken up by the Government then was that while the civic right of marriage was dormant in every man, and the State would in ordinary circumstances enact a general Civil Marriage

Law, still where any community refused to claim this privilege, the State would not press it, but it had no right to obstruct other communities and classes from enforcing their own right. As such, all Hindu dissenters, reformers and free-thinkers had an indisputable right to obtain a Civil Marriage Law, and the orthodox were entirely out of order in opposing it. They had no *locus standi* to oppose a communal demand in which they were no longer interested. Their opposition was in fact nothing more than their persecution of their social outcasts to which no Government could be a party.

Why Hindu Reformers described as non-Hindus.

18. A Civil Marriage Law for Hindu reformers was then decided upon. But how were they to be described? Stephen thought that they might be described by a process of exhaustion. The Hindus declared that they had ceased to be Hindus because of their heterodoxy. This they admitted. They were then non-Hindus, and as they were neither Mussulmans, Christians, Parsis, Buddhists, Jains' or Jews, and they were so described. Stephen thought that the question whether a person belonged to any particular religion depended upon what he called himself, and that in the elasticity of this description a man had merely to say that he did not belong to any of the excepted classes and he was then free to marry under the Civil Act. The exceptional clause was then merely an eye-wash which might be circumvented by any one who for the moment did not claim to belong to any of the religions named. And so far as regards Hindu reformers, it was expressly laid down that the term "Hindu" in the exception was limited and confined only to *orthodox* Hindus, and that heterodox Hindus were eligible to marry under the Act.

Defects of Act III of 1872.

19. The Act as then understood was a triumph for the reformer, though its language was involved and indirect. The reformers claimed a general Civil Marriage Law as they contended that there were still many lingering in the orthodox fold who feared to break away from orthodoxy lest they should find themselves stranded in

not finding suitable matches for their children. The Bill was again unnecessarily restricted, in that it impliedly prohibited the marriage of a Mahomedan with a Christian, though this was possible both under the Indian Christian Marriage Act as well as under the Islamic Law which permits marriage with a monotheist of another persuasion. The Act was the triumph of a great principle, but its language was halting and unsatisfactory. The reformers wanted a direct law, and both the Hindu Durbars of Baroda and Indore enacted it. The Baroda Civil Marriage Act was enacted in 1908, and the Indore Act in 1916. Both permit marriages without reference to caste or creed, and as under both Acts British subjects resident in British India are entitled to marry. We have in these two States a direct general Civil Marriage Act which gives the *quietus* to the objection, that such law, if enacted in British India, would be a menace to Hinduism. That such law has always existed even as regards Hindus will be apparent to those who remember many of our England-returned friends bringing home with them their European wives.

20. This is only possible because in all civilized countries marriage is a secular contract and can be performed without reference to the contracting parties' religion. Such is also the law of all Buddhistic and Islamic countries of Asia. In fact, the notion that marriage is a religious rite and he who has no religion has no right to have a wife, is a purely priestly assumption intended to enslave the laity. It was the doctrine of Christian Catholicism against which Europe has successfully fought. It is the doctrine of the Hindu priestcraft against which the Hindu reformers are still struggling. The disability to contract Civil Marriage is then not only personal, but also territorial. It is limited only to Hindus, and in their own country. They are, outside British India, as free to marry any one they chose, subject of course only to the law relating to consanguinity. How long the Hindus will tolerate this intolerable servitude to the designing priestcraft depends upon themselves. That Hindu reformers are growing in strength and numbers with the advance of English

education there can be no doubt. That Hindu reformers must once more exercise for their freedom is apparent. They have made feeble efforts in the past. They must make one supreme effort now.

Privy Council Decision, 1903,

21. It will be noticed that the Act of 1872 made provision for the marriage of Hindu reformers somewhat circuitously. The question exercised the Legislature which expressed its inability to describe them otherwise, as for example, by enumeration which would have left out those who did not fall within the enumerated classes. The Act, though imperfect, was serviceable enough till its authority was seriously shaken by the Privy Council in a decision given in 1903 upon the following facts:—"One Sardar Dayal Singh, a Sikh gentleman, had died in Lahore on the 9th September, 1898, leaving a will bearing date 15th June, 1895. The executors applied for its probate under Section 62 of the Probate and Administration Act. His widow opposed the application, *inter alia* contending that as Section 61 was a part of Chapter V which by reason of Section 2 only applied to Hindus, and as Gurdayal was not a Hindu, the application was incompetent. The Privy Council held that both the Brahmos and Sikhs were Hindus, and that a Hindu does not cease to be a Hindu because in matters of diet and ceremonial observance he departs from the standard of orthodoxy."[1]

—Its effect upon Act III of 1872.

22. This case then threw a new light upon the meaning of Hinduism. Stephen had thought that Brahmos and Sikhs were both non-Hindus. The Privy Council held them both to be Hindus. Stephen thought that a person belonged to a religion which he said he followed. The Privy Council held that a Hindu did not cease to be a non-Hindu by the mere act of his declaration, and that being born a Hindu, he continued to remain a Hindu unless he was converted to another alien faith. It is true that this decision was not given with reference to the Act of 1872; but it is equally true that its reasoning equally affected that Act, and Brahmos

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[1] 31 C. 11 at p. 88.

began to feel qualms of conscience which they had never felt before when subscribing to a declaration required by that Act that they were non-Hindus.

23. Meanwhile, the deficiencies of that indirect legislation were becoming more glaring, and enlightened public opinion was rallying to the support of a general measure cast on the lines of Maine's Bill.

The first such measure was passed by the Baroda Durbar in 1908, which enabled allcomers to contract Civil Marriages without reference to caste, religion or domicile.

Mr. Basu's Bill, 1911,

24. If Hindu orthodoxy had any sentimental objections to the progress of reform, they were hushed in the decisive action taken by a premier Hindu State. British India was lagging behind. The Government, whose duty it was to remove the cloud cast by the Privy Council on their measure of 1872, were inert and indifferent to the growing strength of enlightened popular opinion which moved Mr. Bhupendranath Basu to introduce his Civil Marriage Bill, which he said he did primarily in the interest of Hindus who, he said should possess the option to marry under the Act.

—Why Government opposed it.

25. This Bill was, in the ordinary course, referred to the Local Governments who again reported against its enactment. In February, 1912, Mr. Basu moved that his Bill be referred to a select committee when Sir Reginald Craddock, Home member, opposed the measure on behalf of the Government in a speech of which the following is the main passage :—

" The general attitude of the Government in the matter of this Bill can be very clearly and concisely stated. In so far as the Bill seeks to leave it open to individuals to replace or supplement religious ceremonies by civil contract, and in so far as it emphasizes that marriage is a civil contract and not a status, the proposed measure is in consonance with advanced Western ideas. and it is impossible for the Government to withhold their sympathy entirely from earnest reformers who desire to place this greater liberty within the reach of their fellow-countrymen. But we are asked to legislate not for Indians as such, but for persons who fall within the category of those several faiths specified in the Act of 1872, and we are asked to pass a measure which will have the effect of declaring that religion is unessential in their marriage laws, and that not only as regards mere forms and ceremonies, but as regards the people who are to be permitted to marry one another. It has been an article of faith with the British Government to hold aloof from interference with religion, or from social customs which are clearly intermixed with religion, and Government in this matter occupy a position of trust to the many millions who profess these various creeds. Such a step as that contemplated by this Bill can be taken under two, and only two sets of circumstances. The first of these would be if the existing marriage laws and the restrictions that they place upon the people and upon those who profess a religion, constituted an outrage on the fundamental laws of humanity, and the second set of circumstances would be if an overwhelming majority of the persons professing those faiths were to come forward and ask for the reform. But neither of these two conditions applies to the Bill."[1]

Criticism of Government's Attitude.

26. It is needless to add that this speech wholly failed to grasp the main issue which confronted the Government and which they were powerless to evade. That issue was that Government had provided a marriage law for Hindu reformers classing them as non-Hindus, which in view of the Privy Council's decision needed amendment. And even on the main principle the attitude of the Government was *rejudicata* by reason of its decision in 1872. It was no longer open to Government to resile from the position they had then taken up. And if they dared not go forward it was equally clear that they could not go backwards, which they did, and what is more surprising, which they were allowed to do without any protest from the peoples' representatives

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[1] (1912) C. P. 152.

who should have reminded the Government of their commitments in 1850 and 1872. In short, Sir Reginald Craddock's reply may have dealt with Mr. Basu's contentions, but it entirely failed to grapple with the situation created by Government by its own legislation and declarations for half a century. However, the Government were allowed to attack the measure as if it had been the first of its kind, and it enunciated a proposition, which if correct, would put an end to all social legislation.

I need scarcely add that the Government used its packed majority to defeat Mr. Basu's Bill which was lost by 11 to 43 votes.[1]

This was held to settle for the time being all hopes of a general Civil Marriage Law. But, nevertheless, the pace of reform could not be checked. As Victor Hugo once said—"you can check the invasion of armies, but you cannot check the invasion of ideas."

27. Following on the lines of the Baroda Act, the Indore Duarbar in 1916 enacted a Civil Marriage Act under which intercaste and inter-racial marriages have been contracted.

Mr. Patel's Bill, 1918.

28. Encouraged no doubt by these progressive movements which should have made the British Government more alert to the necessity of social legislation, Mr. N. J. Patel, in 1918, brought forward a less ambitious measure legalizing intercaste marriages amongst Hindus. This Bill advanced only a step further, to be finally shelved by the select committee, which taking advantage of the coming Reforms adumbrated in the Montagu-Chelmsford Report, relegated it for the final decision of the Reformed Councils.

29. These Reformed Councils came into being in February last. I was elected to the Legislative Assembly, and it was then open to me to revive either of the two earlier Bills. I elected to revive Mr. Basu's Bill, and I will explain why I did so.

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[1] (1912) C. P. 220.

Reasons for a General Bill.

30. Mr. Patel had introduced his Bill with the express object of reviving intercaste marriages which had long since fallen into dissuetude by custom. Now, custom, according to Manu, is transcendental law, and according to the Courts, supersedes the written text. If, therefore, I had sought to revive Mr. Patel's Bill, I would have to discharge the heavy burden of showing that the custom was either dead or dying, or that it was so opposed to public policy that the Legislature might well ignore it. I could not refer to the archaic law embodied in the Shastras in defence of my Bill, and I knew that the orthodox opinion, to which I must of necessity appeal, for overruling the custom proscribing intercaste marriages amongst the twice-born would have thrown me overboard. I was not even sure that if the orthodox opinion had rallied to my support--in itself an impossible assumption---I should have served my purpose. For my Bill was intended to give every man his freedom of contract by restoring to him his civil right if he cared to assert it. How was this possible under Mr. Patel's Bill? Its very preamble recognized and stereotyped a restriction against which my free conscience revolted. Why should a Hindu reformer, I argued, be restricted in his marriage to a Hindu caste? Moreover, there were practical difficulties, and Mr. Patel's Bill, even if enacted, would have remained practically a dead letter. Suppose, for instance, a Kshatriya gentleman wishes to marry a Brahmin lady, even the Shastras reprobate such marriages. But if the Bill legalized it, where is the man to find the woman? Hindu society is still caste-bound, and the influence of the caste recognized in the Bill would have wrecked the measure of all practical good. Even if such marriage were made, of what caste would be the issue, and the recognition of caste as an integral factor of the measure would have tended to render it nugatory. It would then have been a measure in advance of the times, and the Hindu orthodox, who compare it as more acceptable to them than my measure, forget that it would have ultimately destroyed the basic principle of caste which the pillars of orthodoxy wish to protect and preserve. My measure is far more innocuous

and does not touch Hindu orthodoxy at all. It is intended to appeal and apply only to those who have been weaned out of the trammels of caste and regard the people of India as one and nationalism as a territorial symbol of patriotism and attachment.

Objects and Reasons for the present Bill.

31. My measure then allows inter-marriages between all people without reference to their caste or religion. It is a permissible measure, and those who believe in the unity of the human race are alone entitled to subscribe to it—others may stand aloof. They may oppose it, but they are not affected. But because they are not affected their opposition should not count. Let me explain my position by adducing a concrete example. Suppose a Hindu reformer wishes to marry a Christian, he can do so under the present law (Section 4, Indian Christian Marriage Act XV of 1872). The Bill does not carry the freedom any further. Suppose, he wishes to marry a Mahomedan, my Bill enables him to do so, but in doing so, it does not place him under any caste of the Hindu system. He remains an Indian and a non-caste Hindu, because the Privy Council opines that once a Hindu always a Hindu, till a Hindu becomes *converted* to another antagonistic revealed faith. There is then no difficulty in practice. There remains the question of succession. The Lex Loci Act, 1850, has settled it. The fact that the issue is born of a Mahomedan lady does not deprive them of their heritage. They will inherit to their father just as much as if they were the offspring of a religious marriage. The Hindus. object to it, but in objecting to it, they object not to my Bill but to the Lex Loci Act enacted 70 odd years since. And this is the sole objection I have heard so far.

Persons demanding the Bill.

32. Then it might be asked—show me what people want your Bill, and who will profit by it? This is a legitimate question, and I will reply to it. I say that all social reformers, be they Hindus, Mahomedans, or Christians, demand it because they think that they should not be restricted in their choice of a wife or a husband to any particular caste or community, but be equally eligible to

pick out the best from wherever they can get it. They may not always succeed, because social prejudices will have still to reckon with, but these prejudices will only die out if once all men are made equal in the eye of the law. At present, religious inequality and religious prejudices bar the way to inter-racial *entente*. But this is desirable if we are to strive for the unity of the Indian people. A single marriage between a Hindu and a Mahomedan will pave the way to cordial relationship between the two races. For, where relationship is possible, mutual forbearance and sympathy is more readily attainable. At present, in the absence of a *lex loci* regarding marriage, such marriages involve a forced conversion entailing bitterness and mutual hatred.

Classes Specified.

33. But apart from this there is a definite class of persons who would welcome the Bill. Let me categorize them :—

(i) Brahmos ; *(ii)* Arya Samajis ; *(iii)* Sikhs ; *(iv)* reformers of numerous other sects; *(v)* Europe-returned Indians; *(vi)* other educated Hindus who have discarded caste, *(vii)* all social reformers; *(viii)* Indian residents abroad, *e.g.*, in Burmah, South Africa, Fiji, China and elsewhere; *(ix)* orthodox Hindus amongst whom, on account of the disparity of the sexes, brides or bridegrooms are sold for exorbitant dowries; *(x)* orthodox people who prefer to marry adult educated girls in preference to mere infants ; *(xi)* those who wish to cement friendships by entering into relationship ; *(xii)* those who, like Akbar, wish to create an Indian nationality ; *(xiii)* those who object to the restrictions of caste on principle, and contend for individual liberty ; *(xiv)* those who see in the Bill a larger field of selection and consequent improvement of the race ; *(xv)* widows and widowers who wish to contract a second marriage ; *(xvi)* those who see no harm in the Bill which is merely permissive.

34. All these are a small and inconspicuous minority. Eliminate them from Hinduism, and what remanis of it but a mere shell with all its kernel gone.

Advantage to the Orthodox Hindus.

35. The advantages of enlarged liberty are obvious. Even to those who do not immediately need or use it, the measure would be a source of strength—providing them with a reserve armoury which will tend to relax caste tyranny. To those who are prepared to advance only step by step, the measure would be a tower of strength There is a growing tendency, even amongst orthodox Hindus, in the direction of intermarriages between persons of the same caste who cannot at present intermarry. Intermarriages in the same caste are of course recognized by the Shastras, but only banned by custom. Consequently, a Brahmin of the North cannot contract a marriage with a Brahman of the South, nor can a Bengali Brahmin marry a non-Bengali. But there is nothing but prejudice at the back of the custom which disallows such marriages. The Bill will enable such cautious reformers as approve of the restoration of the shastric rule, to restore which they cannot do under the present law.

36. Then, again, those who favour intermarriages only amongst the twice-born will find it supplying a ready means of doing it.

37. The Bill is then adjustable to individual needs and views, and need not be drawn upon more than the parties intending to resort to it may approve. Those who wish to go further, the measure affords assistance commensurate with their needs.

38. But this is not all. The Bill, if passed, will prove a measure of utmost utility in uniting and welding together the diverse races, sects and peoples of India, and, at any rate, disarm the mutual jealousy and hatred which has heitherto divided and estranged them.

39. Hindu law contemplates the marriages of a virgin, but makes no provision for the marriage of widows and widowers. The former it consigns to the flames, while the latter it banishes to the forest. I do not suppose my orthodox friends are prepared to follow the shastric precept to its very letter. The uncertainties of life throw many a grown-up man and woman into the

marriage market, but the market is closed against them. Orthodox Hindus marry off their girls before puberty with the result that we often witness the unions of December and May, and I have known old Marwaris of 60 and 70 marrying girls of 10. If civil marriages are permitted, such scandals are likely to diminish, and finally disappear with the advance of education and the growth of healthy public opinion to which it will give rise.

40. The Hindu Widows' Remarriage Act passed as far back as 1856 remains practically a dead letter, because the widow can find no husband in the caste, because of the caste rules prohibiting such marriages, and there is no law to enable her to marry out of caste. The Government is at any rate bound to enact a law to see that this reforming measure is not reduced to a dead letter which it has been for want of a Civil Marriage Law.

41. In the same year in which Maine introduced his Civil Marriage Bill, he had also introduced his Bill to suppress the female infanticide prevalent in the country.

It was then agreed that the heavy expenses of marriage and the dearth of boys in the caste had led to that evil practice. Law may punish, but cannot prevent a deep-rooted custom which persists unless its root cause is removed. There is no means of removing it except by permitting civil marriages.

42. On the other hand, it will assist even the most orthodox of Hindus, in that it will afford indisputable proof of marriage in every case where it is registered under the Act. The Hindu Law of marriage is uncertain and is mostly customary. Marriage customs vary in different castes, and the law reports furnish many examples of cases in which the factum of marriage and the consequent legitimacy of the issue has failed to be proved for want of reliable evidence. The Civil Marriage Act will furnish an indisputable contemporaneous record of marriage of which every sensible person in Europe knows the value.

43. With the advance of education the necessity for registration of all marriages will soon become established.

It is only a question of habit, and I know my countrymen will readily avail themselves of the opportunity which this new Act of the Legislature will give them to perpetuate the evidence of a solemn act, upon the proof of which may depend the honour and happiness of their own progeny and the preservation of their estate.

44. But the immediate advantage of such measure is not to be looked forward to in the number of inter-caste or inter-racial matches; but rather as marking a stage in the social advance of a people for ages caste-ridden and priest-ridden, submissive and obsequious to the command of authority and oblivious of their own right to pick and choose their lifelong friends.

45. It is not in this actual result that the Bill is fraught with great potentialities. Its value rather lies in its recognition of the theoretical equality of all races and the possibility of intermarriages and inter-relationship between them. This will greatly promote mutual sympathy. A few inter-caste and inter-communal marriages will also take place mostly amongst the educated classes. And these will cement the bond of sympathy between the two castes and communities. At present, our lives are spent in watertight compartments. We may have, it may be, our bosom friends amongst Mahomedans and Christians, but our friendships cannot develop into alliances. Each race preserves its exclusiveness by a fancied notion of its own superiority. It is jealous of the progress of another race. These inter-marrying races have for ages thrown India open to the attack of foreign powers. And India is as weak to-day as it ever was before in its history. The fact that British guns protect us from external aggression and internal strife is entirely due to the presence of a superior power, the withdrawal of which may immediately bring into play those disintegrating forces which have made India a prey to foreign invasions. All lovers of our country must realize this essential source of its weakness. Nationality means unity. Unity is not possible without the recognition of equality. Equality implies th enjoyment of that elementary freedom in the matter of food, friendship and marital alliance which is the birth-right of every civilized being.

It is a curious fact that we Hindus have no history in the modern sense, and I am not surprised that we have profited so little from the want of history of the past,

46. True marriage implies a love-match. This is not possible within the narrow viniculum of caste. The Civil Marriage Act will be a great social emancipator. It will add to the individual happiness by enlarging the field of selection, of destroying the artificial barriers raised by religion, sect or caste.

47. Biologically, love marriages have proved to be superior to marriages arranged by third parties, as racial experience has shown the superiority of the progeny of the former.

48. The love-match will produce a national solidarity not otherwise possible. It will transfuse a new life into the scattered and antagonising bodies, thus transforming them into a new organic whole, strengthening and solidifying the confused and chaotic mass into a homogeneous whole.

49. It will further tend to minimize the evils of early marriages, since all marriages under the Act can only be contracted between parties who are both adults at the time of marriage. I need hardly dwell on the evil of early marriages and child-widowhood. Those who still cling to this ancient usage need not feel alarmed at the advent of a reforming measure which will not interfere with their practice. But, nevertheless, it will set a new standard of social life which those who so desire may profit by.

50. One great effect of this measure of national reform would probably tend to improve our religion, for a new nation will need a new religion. We can never reconcile political progress with religious stagnation.

Some of those who will listen to reason would welcome the measure, but ask me to solve the question about succession. Suppose, they argue, a Hindu boy is married to a Mahomedan girl, what law will the issue be subjec to? To which I reply: Such marriages are possible now and have, in fact, taken place. Many

Hindus and Mahomedans have married European ladies; what is the law of succession applicable to their issue? It will continue to be the law applicable to those who contract such mixed marriages under the Act.

My Bill, if passed, will, and then, primarily, benefit the reformers of all classes and communities without detriment to the interest of their orthodox members.

Effect on Mahomedan Law.

51. I have hitherto confined my observations to general considerations. I may now briefly advert to the effect of my Bill upon particular sects. I have dealt with the orthodox Hindus in the preceding discussion as they appear to be its main opponents. Adverting next to the Moslems the position appears to be as follows:—Under Mahomedan Law marriage is a civil contract, and as such it comes within the fifth dictum of Sir James Stephen's before set out (para 15) namely, that every one has a right to marry under the contract law and that Hindus and Mahomedans, if they cannot intermarry under their religious rites, have still the right to marry under the common law. Even under their religious law there appears to be no bar to intermarriages between Hindus and Mahomedans. Such is the view of Ameer Ali, who says: "The Mahomedan Law recognizes the lawfulness of unions between Moslems and non-Moslem females belonging to all moral creeds .... It is a mistake to suppose that under the Mussulman Law, a Moslem may marry a woman belonging to the revealed faiths *only*, by which are meant Islam, Christianity and Judaism. Marriages are allowed between Moslems and the freethinkers .... A Moslem may, therefore, lawfully intermarry with a woman belonging to the Brahmo sect. Nor does there seem to be any reason why a marriage with a Hindu woman whose idolatry is merely nominal and who really believes in God, should be unlawful. The Mogul Emperors of India frequently intermarried with Rajput ladies, and the issue of such unions were regarded as legitimate, and often succeeded to the Imperial throne—what the Mahomedan Law requires is that any such union should not lead to the introduction of idolatry in a Mahomedan household." [1].

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[1] 2, Ameer Ali's Mah. Law (3rd Ed.) 183.

52. I have already remarked that Hindu-Moslem marriages are at the present day customary though not common in Hyderabad. And as Hindu reformers eschew idolatry and are monotheists, there is no reason why more matrimonial alliances should not be formed, which I hope this measure will enable without reference to the archaic personal law upon which two opinions are possible. However, as according to all views, a Mahomedan can marry a Christian, or a Jew, there is no reason why the Legislature should not enable him to do so.

53. The first objection that I hear upon every lip is that the Bill is opposed to the Hindu *Dharm.* In the first place, the Bill is primarily intended for those who have renounced that *Dharm,* and it is useless to appeal to them in the name of *Dharm* which they have abandoned. In the second place, it is not true that the Bill opposes any cardinal doctrine of Hindu orthodoxy. Manu expressly authorizes inter-caste marriages[1] as he recognizes love-matches, or Gandharv marriage, and marriages by capture[2], which all postulate inter-racial marriages. Those who appeal to the Shastras have a broken reed to rely on. There remains custom. Now, custom sanctions intermarriages amongst Shudras and intermarriages amongst the Dwijas are locally sanctioned as in Hyderabad, Malabar, Nepal and the Punjab. Inter-caste marriages are, therefore, not foreign to Indian customs, nor are they opposed to shastric authority. It is true that in places where Brahminical influences are strong, inter-caste marriages are deprecated as affecting the purity of blood. But this is only a local prejudice and it should not guide our action on large questions affecting the welfare of the nation.

54. My Bill is, therefore, supported by the highest of shastric authority which recognizes mixed marriages. But I do not wish to take advantage of an argument, because I do not support my Bill upon the authority of the Shastras, but upon the authority of reason. It is the arc of the covenant of modern democracies, and to it I appeal for my Bill.

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[1] *Ib.* III—26, 32 [2] III—33.

55. In the Hindu State of Nepal and in its adjoining British territory, inter-caste marriages between the Brahmins and Kshatriyas are customary and common. Inter-caste marriages are permissible in Malabar while in the State of Hyderabad Hindu-Mahomedan marriages are customary and viewed with no disfavour.

56. Inter-caste and inter-racial marriages have been legalized by the Civil Marriages Act of Baroda and Indore. In the face of these facts it is mere mockery for the orthodox conscience to feel still shocked at the measure which legalizes what is legal under the Shastras, and in many places sanctioned by custom and which, again, has received the *imprimatur* of two Hindu States inhabited by typically conservative Hindus.

57. The Hindu society have to thank the Privy Council for strengthening its ranks by declaring its dissenters as still Hindus.

58. In this connection it is permissible to enquire how those bigots of the religious dogma expect to found democracy upon their exclusive creed. If they are unyielding in their rigorous adherence to the time-worn system which places the non-priestly castes in perpetual servitude to the privileged hierophants of the faith, how can they expect their co-operation and support in carrying on the Government of the country and in defending its shores. If it is for the Brahmins to command, and everyone else to obey; obedience must depend upon their volition, which is only possible if their equal rights are recognized and their own interests safeguarded. A selfish policy; founded upon ignorance and fear can scarcely outlive the intellectual renaissance which the Western education is producing in the country. Privilege must now yield to trust the equality of all people vouched for by the and law can no longer be thwarted by religious sanction. Those who aspire to escape from political thraldom must be ready to concede social equality, otherwise political freedom, even if it comes, will not be worth many weeks' purchase. For the internecine jealousies which have hitherto deterred the goddess of Liberty to enter the portals of Hindustan will drive her out of the land, for she will not abide with

people who are bigoted, narrow-minded, unjust and rooted to their blind superstition. A ruling race must be a chivalrous people. Will my friends rise to the height of the occasion?

59. The real objection of the orthodox seems to be that the Bill is a legal recognition of heterodoxy, and therefore, a danger to them. It is a thin end of the wedge, which, if suffered, would gradually destroy all orthodoxy. It can, therefore, tolerate no deviation from the orthodox faith, nor tolerate a facility for secession therefrom. All other objections are factitious and intended to mask the real prejudice based upon religious intolerance.

60. Now the orthodox must remember that lapse from true orthodoxy have been brought about by their own bigotry. They will tolerate no foreign travel which has become a necessity. They will permit no interdining and drinking with people of other caste or creed, which again is an irrational restriction upon individual liberty. The iron rules of orthodoxy are based upon pure individualism and the absence of any social obligation beyond the narrow vinculum of caste. Education has shown the hollowness of this mode of life, and the orthodox may as well check the course of the Ganges with a teaspoon than thwart the march of reforms which must take their course along the line dictated by reason and the altered view of life presented to the people by exposing the country to the world competition. To the orthodox then I say: Reform, or you will go to the wall. You cannot oppose reforms and continue to live in your primitive isolation, for the world won't let you lead such a life, however suitable it might have been to another age.

61. Some object to it for no reason other than that it involves a change. The ancient Greek asked every day for something new. The ancient Indian asked as he still asks for something old. He is suspicious of all innovations and objects to them because they are innovations, even if they are otherwise unobjectionable. All reformers have to reckon with this deep rooted conservatism of the people. And my answer is that it is only by repeated strokes of the reformer that the dormant life in the East will be galvanized into new and vivid activity.

Western education and Western thought is awakening the East out of its long torpor. Everywhere I see signs of a new life sprouting out of the seemingly dead faggots of the past. If by Divine dispensation India has now been brought into the vortex of modern civilization, it is our duty to adapt ourselves to our new environments. We cannot close our doors to the battering ram of progress. Our outlook now is different. We are aspiring to be a world power. How can we achieve our purpose unless we courageously assimilate into our system all that makes for strength and solidarity?

62. Another class of objectors recognize the utility of the measure, approve of its principle, and applaud its nationalizing mission, but fear that the masses are yet too backward to appreciate and follow it, and therefore oppose it till the masses receive sufficient enlightenment to approve and welcome it. But the best enlightenment that the masses can receive is to see the measure in actual practice. They will remain wholly unaffected by it so long as they choose to ignore it. And I take this objection to be in reality a strong agreement in favour of the Bill.

63. Some orthodox Hindus feel that if the reformers wish to contract civil marriages, why should they still call themselves Hindus, as if Hindus possessed some special monopoly in the use of that word. I have already explained that it is not the Hindu reformers, but the Privy Council which has declared the reformers as Hindus, and the orthodox Hindus should feel obliged to the Privy Council for restoring to them a body of men, but for which the Hindus would have been all the poorer.

Objections considered.

64. I have not been able to focus any other specific points of objections to my Bill. There are those who are intolerant of all reforms and look askance upon every movement which swerves howsoever little from their traditional faith.

65. To them no reason can influence, no argument can convince. There are those who though disposed to yield to the inevitable, are still anxious that the Bill should

not imperil their orthodoxy. To them I say: "Do not fear. If you wish to remain orthodox, my Bill does not touch you. It is an additional freedom available to you if you want. If you do not want it—it leaves you alone."

66. It is said that my Civil Marriage Bill will somehow shake the faith of orthodox adherents in their religion. All countries outside the influence of Hinduism have such marriage law in existence, but can it be said that they have impaired their orthodoxy.

67. Then, it is said that if Hindus are free to marry Mahomedans, what will become of our Hindu race? It is sufficient to say that the existence of a civil marriage law in Britain has not destroyed the nationality of the Englishman, Scotsman, Welshman or the Irishman; why should it destroy any more the nationality of the Hindu?

68. Moreover, what is the meaning of nationalism if it does not transcend the narrow limits of one's religion? All nationalism is territorial, and my Bill will remove one more bar which has hitherto kept the Indian races apart.

69. I have thus every reason to press forward my measure as launched in the true interest of the Nation. To a large and important section of the community it is a necessity. To the rest it should be unobjectionable, if not useful. If passed, it will afford certain evidence of marriage, promote love-matches, reduce the scandal of dowry and marriage expenses, ensure better selection of mates, promote domestic happiness, reduce racial antipathy, create a new bond of mutual sympathy, consolidate the strength of the educated classes, ensure monogamy and discourage infant-marriages, remove them from the baneful influences of middlemen, and remove the anomaly that Indians are in this matter more free in all other countries than their own.

The Life Laid Down.

By Mabel H. Pepper.

BOOM!—THE deep and solemn sound, echoing across the silent listening Sussex downs, startled the white winged gulls rising and falling in sleepy security on the heaving waves beyond the pebbly beach. The Huge crowd stood in hushed reverence around the veiled memorial as slowly regularly the minute guns boomed out their solemn message to the listening ears

Far out at sea, stormy clouds piled in huge confused masses on the horizon, threatened rain ere long. But inland, over the gently swelling downs, the winter sun shone with genial brilliancy, lighting up the white marble dome of the *chattri*, standing high on the hillside, approached by three tiers of steps, and facing East. Looking away across the vast blue ocean, to that glorious unchanging East whence had come the gallant brown man in his thousands: of all castes, classes, and callings—"True to their salt" to face danger and death at the call of their King.

At the foot of the steps, three large slabs of granite set in a platform indicated the spot where "after their baptism of fire in Flanders the heroes who died received the last sacred rites of their religion" and passed on from "the stress of the doing, into the peace of the done."

A gentle breeze murmured fitfully by; and the dried grasses and herbs rustled softly, emitting a faint, pungent odour.

To an young British officer standing in the crowd,—himself a pathetic figure on crutches—the breeze spoke. He heard in it the soft sibilant whisperings of the dead,—those valiant men whose ashes hallowed the spot—

"Thine the life won
And ours, the life laid down.'

Yes! And laid down only too often in actual ignorance as to the reason why! It sufficed these simple loyal souls that the "Sirkar" needed it.

Kismet! Better to die doing one's duty than to live dishonoured.

The Mayor was speaking. He said "The debt we owe the Indian troops is great indeed."

Involuntarily the crippled officer glanced at the woman standing beside him, and obviously in his charge.

Close against his elbow she meekly stood. A quaint little figure wrapped in a *saree*—rather conspicuous amongst the crowd, seemingly the only Indian woman there; although turbanned heads surmounting swarthy, serious, bearded faces, mingled with the ruddy English countenances and absorbed in the ceremony however she was oblivious of the glances straying in her direction.

Her eyes were fixed on the *chattri*, and the big tears rolled unchecked down the softly wrinkled brown cheeks The little trembling hands were clasped on the withered breast.

The Mayor ceased; and all eyes were fixed on the graceful soldierly young figure standing cord in hand, ready to unveil the lower portion of the Memorial. But the Prince paused first to answer in his usual eloquent way, the speech just finished.

While the crowd listened, however, the thoughts of the young officer wandered down the ladder of years to the "Long ago": when as a wee laddie with "lent white locks" he had been the nursling of the little Indian ayah now weeping silently beside him.

He saw again the roomy thatched bungalow, where as a sturdy youngster, the son of the Colonel, he had dwelt, and romped and played, and been the pet of the whole regiment.

He recalled his own two special admirers, Dhuleep and Rugbar, twin sons of the old ayah.

He remembered their merry games together and how the two tall boys submitted to the little Sahib's rule and domination—even submitting laughingly to his pulling off their puggrees to see the iron ring confining their long locks, and twitting them with, being "girls." The memory of their sports—and especially of the "Soldier, Soldier," and war games they played with great zeal.

He recalled their dismay and grief when "Chota Reggie Sahib" bid them adieu with tearful bravado, and was shipped Home, and the mingled joy and pride with which they greeted his return as a full-fledged young "Sub" early in 1914. Then came the war!

With it came splendid rally of all India to the British. The rush across the sea of the Indian Army to take its place side by side with the British......Ah! What was the Prince saying in his clear ringing tones? "It is befitting that *we* should remember, and future generations should *not* forget, that our Indian comrades came when our need was *sorest.*

Yes! Truly! When there were but the remnants left of that immortally glorious, unconquerably "contemptible little army," who, perchance, without the Indians, might all have perished at their posts, in their dauntless efforts to stem the onslaught of the German hordes; a fact only too frequently forgotten already.

With the Regulars, the Indians alone bore the brunt.

Brown arms linked with white arms, brown men standing shoulder to shoulder with white men formed a barrier no 'Hun' could pass; while over them waved the Union Jack, and behind, screened by the dauntless line "Britain girt her armour on."

He remembered the wild charge on that raw January morning when he took his men "over the top" in a mingled roar of shouts, whistling, laughter and the oaths which were really prayers, and the clash of arms.

Fighting madly on—and on—and then * * *
He lay in the slowly gathering twilight; amidst dead and dying, a shattered, half-dazed creature scarce knowing whether he were living or dead.

Beside him was a huddled-up dark mass, but Reggie was too tired even to look at it; his dull uncurious eyes rested languidly on a ragged figure crawling slowly, with painful pauses over the shell-tortured earth toward him; a scarred face looked into his own, and then Rugbar's voice, cracked and hoarse, whispered huskily "Oh chota Reggie Sahib—have they killed *you* too?" The poignant grief in it recalled Reggie's fading senses.

"No, No! Rugbar," he ejaculated in a voice which seemed to him to come from far away, and he tried to laugh; a weird uncanny sound—"Hast seen, Dhuleep?"—he managed to whisper.

Rugar had sunk face down on the ground, either too tired, or too wounded to hold up longer, and there was no reply at first.

Presently he stirred and raised his head, his eyes travelling in mute reply beyond Reggie.

Then the boy realized that the dark, huddled mass lying by his side was Dhuleep. Not dead, however, for his fine dark eyes travelled incessantly from Reggie's face to that of his brother.

With an effort Reggie put forth a hand to touch him, but it dropped lifelessly in a moment, and the three comrades lay there together in silence, each too spent to move.

Then firing began again. Far off at first, it came even nearer, and Reggie dimly conjectured "A counter-attack."

The noise roused Rugbar; again he raised his head and seemed to listen—and then very, very slowly dragged himself up against Reggie and fell across his prostrate form. "Let me rest here, Reggie Sahib," he muttered.

Reggie laid a faint hand on the matted head, too weak to protest.

Then Dhuleep stirred, groaned, lay still, and then with a mighty effort moved. His fine face bespattered with blood and mud, his long hair loose and sodden on his shoulders, he too crawled forward "'Tis thus we play the war game, chota Reggie Sahib," he croaked—"we Sikhs!" and with a sudden convulsive movement he too fell across Reggie.

The firing—shouting—was all around them now. Reggie heard the tap—tap of machine guns—then a bomb exploded somewhere near and he swooned away.

It was night when he recovered his senses. Night—and a victory won! Over the battlefield lanterns glimmered and danced. English voices muttered and whispered, ambulance parties were at work.

Reggie tried to shout, a faint wavering cry—but it reached the ears trained to listen, and over the ghastly ground a party came racing up.

They paused undecidedly and raised their lantern. "Not here," one man said; "all dead. Let's look further on."

"No! No!" Reggie gasped and tried to move beneath the load on him.

The man stooped down. "Good God!" the exclamation wrung from him was almost a prayer. He fell on his knees and gently raised Rugbar's mangled form.

"Riddled with bullets!" he muttered evidently screening his officer. "Poor fellow, poor fellow!" He laid the body reverently down and turning raised Dhuleep, who uttered a faint moan as his body was placed tenderly on a stretcher and borne away.

"They were both lying on their officer and trying to protect him," the man remarked to his mate, and then bent to Reggie.

"Leg blown off," he whispered softly, but Reggie heeded not. He had fainted again.

Then the long, long painful period in hospital, during which he learnt that Dhuleep still lingered—a shattered wreck; and was being tended with loving care at the Pavilion in Brighton. Finally came the day he was discharged; and his first act was to hasten hot foot to Brighton, taking with him the old mother, who had waited with week Eastern patience for his recovery, her only solace being the story of her son's heroism and sacrifice which Reggie never tired of telling.

The doctor and nurse were at first very reluctant that Dhuleep should be disturbed.

"The boy is dying fast," they objected. "Any excitement may prove fatal."

But Reggie persisted. Pointing to the mute pathetic face of the old mother, he once more repeated the oft-told tale, and wound up "We *must* see Dhuleep ere he passes on."

The doctor's eyes softened as he looked at the pair. "Well, well," he said at last." The boy is lovely. He will be cheered and heartened by your visit, and to know his sacrifice has been so much appreciated—and it is—" he paused. "Ah well, ah well; come along," he finished, and with a sympathetic smile for the trembling old woman he led the way into the room where Dnuleep lay.

A pathetic small figure in a cot by the window turned his eyes languidly at the sound of the opening of the door and the light of joy flashing into the dying face repaid the doctor.

"Chota Reggie Saheb!" he whispered rapturously, weakly, then paused—his startled eyes dilating as he took in the significance of the crutches tap tapping their way across the floor.

"Oh the leg—the leg!" he moaned. "Oh God! Oh God! did we not save him then?"

Covering his wasted face with his trembling hands the Sikh soldier-boy wept.

Wept! Not for his blighted youth, his own life fading fast away; not for his gallant twin lying out amidst the dead in Flanders; but because they had not availed to save their adored officer, an old-time playfellow, from all harm.

Reggie stooped down, drawing away the feeble hands, and with quivering voice spoke such words out of his full heart that Dhuleep's tears dried, and a faint gratified flush rose to his sunken cheeks.

"'Tis well, then," he murmured "Rugbar and I—content—true to our salt—we Sikhs!"

Then after a pause, while they stood listening to his laboured breathing—

"And what of the old mother, Reggie Saheb? The man enquired laying his feeble hand tenderly on the bowed old head.

"She is with me for evermore," Reggie declared. "She is as my own mother now—even as thou Dhuleep and Rugbar are my brothers," and he held out his hand and Dhuleep clasped it close against his loyal heart.

"Brothers!" he exclaimed. "Yes, verily, what matters black skin or white, brothers? Yes, chotta Reggie Sahib."

The old mother crouching beside the bed, laid her grey head meekly on Reggie's feet, and sobbed quietly.

The dying boy's eyes looked away into the distance, far across the sea.

"It is dawn in India now," he said dreamily. "The sun shines everywhere. Its beams light up the Golden Temple. There is great glory everywhere," then rising with sudden strength, "Rugbar!" he cried joyfully, "My brother! Rugbar!' He threw out his arms in a glad gesture of welcome, and then sank slowly back * * *

The sudden hoarse sob which escaped Reggie startled him into a realization of where he was. Had the Prince heard? He seemed to pause and glance that way. Had he noticed the little Indian woman? Who knows?

If he did, he would never forget the sight of that pathetic old brown face.

The breeze had blown back the *chudder* somewhat and ruffled the silvery locks round her temples. Her lips firmly sucked in and compressed to control their pitious quivering, yet the unrestrained tears streaming down the worn face—"Rachel mourned for her children."

She stirred as Reggie sobbed, and put one withered hand softly on his arm, whispering soothingly as she was wont to do in years gone by when hushing his baby tears. "*Butcha, Butcha* Don't cry." He took the little hand in his, and they both listened to the concluding words in the clear boyish voice—"One corner in England, where their memory will ever remain." Then the Prince pulled the cord—and in a riot of colour—blue, red, and white, with the golden star of India glinting in the sun—down came the Union Jack—that sacred flag—to keep which flying the Indians laid down their lives.

"From this *chattri*," said the Prince,—"as from the Memorial gates at Woking, where sleep our brave Moslem comrades—a wave of good-will will ever pass to India."

On the word the trumpets blew; the guns rattled out their last honouring volleys over the sacred spot.

The roll of drums, the pealing notes of the Last Post, echoing and re-echoing over the startled downlands, sounding like a mingling of pride and sorrow told England how her gallant sons were honoured. It was over. The brown mother dried her eyes. Death comes to all, but there is always the Beyond. Her sons had died nobly. She too felt the mingling of pride and sorrow for her gallant dead.

Chota Reggie Sahib had cried. Her lads were dear to *him* too.

Ah, let us not forget the bond—the unbreakable bond which *must* for ever bind us now.

Let us in moments of friction realize *our* brotherhood too. Let us recall the mutual sacrifice when Black for White, and White for Black we stood linked together shoulder to shoulder, and held the honour of Britain safe against fearful odds.

" Journal of Indian Industries and Labour."

Summary of the Contents of Volume I, Part II.

THE second part of volume I of the "Journal of Indian Industries and Labour"* contains much that is of interest. Sir Thomas Holland contributes an article on the principles which govern the grant of mineral concession in India. His discussion of the grounds on which the mineral policy of a government has to be determined, explains the reasons for restrictions which are apt sometimes to appear unnecessarily irksome to those engaged in the development of the mineral resources of a country. The article concludes with a very useful summary of the rules for the grant of prospecting licenses and mining leases which are at present in force in British India.

An interesting account of the Rajputana salt industry, with particular reference to the salt works on the Sambhar Lake, is given by Mr. P. C. Scott O'Connor, an officer of the Northern India Salt Revenue Department, who has studied the history of Government control over salt production and has had considerable personal experience of the actual work of producing salt for the market.

Mr. J. W. Meares, in an article entitled "The Hydro-Electric Survey of India," explains in a lucid manner the potentialities of India in the matter of sources of water power. He discusses the various methods by which water can be harnessed in order to produce power for the development of industries and the provision of public conveniences without interfering with its function of irrigation. An account is given of

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[*] "Journal of Indian Industries and Labour," volume I, part 2, 152 pages. Calcutta: Superintendent, Government Printing, India Price, Rs. 1-8-0 per part or Rs. 4-8-0 per volume of four parts.

the origin of the hydro-electric survey of India, of its results up to date and of the limits within which its work is confined. Mr. Meares' remarks on the proper utilization of electricity will be of use to those who have to weigh the comparative advantages of this and other sources of power.

Mr. Clow contributes a thoughtful article on the subject of "Factory Children and Education." The history of legislation relating to the various restrictions on the employment of children in factories is given and the comparative merits of the two schools of thought, one of which favours the prescription of educational texts before employment and the other the putting of compulsion on employers to provide education during the period of employment in a factory, provides an interesting contribution to the discussion of this difficult subject.

The subject of "The Hide, Skin and Leather Trades and Boot and Shoe Manufacturing in India" is treated by Sir Henry Ledgard, who was until recently the Honorary Adviser to the Government of India on Boot Production. A detailed account is given of the methods introduced into the manufacture of boots for the Army in India during Sir Henry Ledgard's short term of office. The article concludes with a summary of the position of the leather and boot industries in India at the present time.

An interesting address on the subject of chemical research for the development of industries in India, which was read by Dr. E. R. Watson at the last meeting of the Indian Science Congress, is reproduced as an article in the Journal. Dr. Watson pays particular attention to the possibilities of producing in India the essential munitions of war which he claims should be the foremost consideration in the industrial policy of the country.

An outline of the present position of technical and industrial education in Bengal is the subject of a short article by Mr. W. H. Everett which deals with education under the heads of civil engineering, surveying, mechanical and electrical engineering, mining, weaving, commercial education and art.

Other items of interest are a summary of information regarding industrial disputes in India during the first quarter of the year, miscellaneous notes on various subjects, including the bleaching of shellac, the investigation of cotton stalks as a paper-making material, three short notes on subjects of industrial interest contributed by Sir Alfred Chatterton and a statement showing the kind, quantity and cost of stores purchased in India by Government during the three official years ending 1919-20. A new feature of the Journal is the publication of reviews of recent publications.

A notice announces that eight bulletins of Indian Industries and Labour have now been published and that seven more are in press.

Hindi Lyrics of Bihari Lal.

If a piece of poetry does not appeal to the heart and shake it gently with its tremulous music, it ceases to be poetic. The intensity of feeling and the melody of expression are elements that lend enchanting grace to a poem. Yet in all the effusions of the poetic muse there is nothing which mirrors the singer's heart as a lyric song. The Hindus have developed this peculiar form of music to a pitch of artistic perfection.

The poetic muse of India is essentially lyrical. The Hindu masters of song, when under the æstrus of Beauty or the inspiration ot Love, have been the consummate inventors of lyric harmonies. From the time of the singers of the *Rig-Veda* downwards a Hindu has revelled in sweet lyrical strains. Even our Epic and Dramatic poetry seems to reach a peculiar excellence in its lyrical interludes. When the individual inspiration is strong there is much in our Epic and Dramatic poetry that is surcharged with the spirit and aroma of lyric sweetness In Kalidas every charming verse has the rhythm of a dainty lyrical inspiration. The verbal witcheries of *Jaya-deva* in his *Gita-Govinda* weave a spell over our hearts; the sweet strain of his devotional lyric lingers in our ears. The love-song of Radha gushes out of the fulness of heart, and finds a setting in scenes, brilliant with blossoming trees, fragrant with flowers, gay with the plumage and vocal with the song of birds. In the whole range of Hindu poetry there is no more charming creation of rhythmic art than the *Gita-Govinda* of Jaya-deva.

From our excursion into the realm of sweet Sanskrit song we pass on to a no less happy world of lyric creations of a later age. We experience the same delirium of joy when we turn from Kalidas to Tulsidas and Suradas, the two tallest trees in the magic garden of medieval Hindu poesy. Judged by the extent of their influence on the Hindu mind, they are the greatest poets of modern India. Judged by the canons of literary art, their poetry is encased in a frame so delicate that every fibre of it is alive with feeling and tremulous with radiant thought.

These two great masters of Hindu song had many successors, the most famous of whom was Bihari Lal of Jaipur, whose Satsaiya, or collection of seven hundred detached verses is, according to Dr. Grierson, one of the daintiest pieces of art in any Indian language. The same critic points out that it is in its detached verses that the genius of Indian lyric poetry has reached its full perfection. Yet these detached couplets are dominated by a single sentiment of love which runs like a golden thread in a necklace of gems. These brief quatrains are beautiful miniatures, each portraying by means of a few lines drawn by a master-hand a little picture complete in its art, coloured with all the richness which a copious and sweet language could give. Each verse is one whole—an entire picture—frame and all. Many of these lyrics contain only twenty-six syllables. Dr. Grierson, who is full of admiration for the dainty word colouring of Bihari Lal, did not attempt to render these beautiful verses in English lest he should spoil the original by weakening its conciseness, and by rounding off the polished corners of its many jewels.

Shiva-Simha, in his commentary on the Sat-sai named Saroja, says 'So wondrous is this book that I have read no less than eighteen commentaries upon it, and yet am not surfieted. People call it an 'Akshara Kamadhenu,' or "Wishing-cow of Syllables," and, in good sooth, each syllable of it can yield all desires. The poet Bihari Lal, in one of his couplets, has indicated the beauty of his style by saying that the verse of the Sat-sai, though apparently short as an arrow of a huntsman, pierces the innermost core of the heart:—

सतसैया के दोहरे, ज्यों नावक के तीर ।
देखन के छोटे लगैं घाव करैं गम्भीर ॥

In fact, Bihari Lal writes music for his words. His diction is so sweet and chaste, and his command over the resources of a rhythmic language is so amazing that he may well be compared with Shelley and Swinburne. In his hands a short couplet with its wonderful verbal melody sounds like the violin of Narada. The first emotion of one who studies his work is that of wonder at the richness of his diction, his charming alliterations, the fine excesses of his verbal harmonies -- resulting in the chastened music of his affluent verse.

It is not only the form but also the substance of his verse which grips the heart of a reader. He has tuned his lyre so as to adapt it to the theme he sings. His own conception of poetic art is as lofty as any expounded by the fellow-artists either in the East or the West. In a charming couplet he says :--

तन्त्री नाद कवित्त रस सरस राग रति रंग ।
अनबूड़े बूड़े तर जे बूड़े सब अङ्ग ॥

They sink in the scale of being who have not felt the rapture that goes along with the sound of a lyre, the enchanting strains of music and poetry and the exhilirations of love ; they swim who are immersed in the enjoyments of these fine arts.

The poet Bihari Lal was really a worshipper of Beauty for beauty's sake His love of beauty though expressed in sensuous forms was spiritual at bottom. His artistic enthusiasm created word symphonies which are unrivalled in stateliness and sweetness. In his susceptibility to the impressions of beauty he was not much unlike Keats and Morris. He is absorbed in the loveliness of objective beauty. Its delineation was a passion and an appetite to this great artist of the Beautiful. His work is compact of tenderness, emotional ecstasy and poetic fervour. He thinks with Shakespeare that the man who has no music in himself, nor is moved by the concord of sweet sounds, is fit for treasons, stratagems and spoils.

The circumstances which led to the production of the Sat-sai are singularly interesting. Tradition says that the King who patronized Bihari Lal was Raja Jai Singh Mirza of Amber (1693—1743). Raja Jai Singh having married a girl-wife retired into the inner apartments with her, leaving the administration of his kingdom to his ministers. In course of time the affairs of the State fell into inextricable confusion for want of the guiding hand of the master. The minister consulted Bihari Lal who suggested the following device which was carried out. He wrote out the famous verse of the Sat-sai which alludes to the immature age of the bride:—

नहिं पराग नहिं मधुर मधु नहिं बिकास इहिकाल !
अली कली हिं बँध्यौ आगें कौन हवाल ॥

'There is no pollen; there is no sweet honey; nor yet has the blossom opened. If the Bee is enamoured of the bud, who can tell what will happen when she is a full-blown flower!'

This verse was concealed amongst the flowers which were spread out every day on the bed of the happy spouse. In the morning the paper remained stiff amidst the withered petals, and bruised the King's body. He drew it out, read it, and at once returned to a sense of his responsibilities. He then held a public court and amply rewarded the author of this charming verse.

The theme of the Sat-sai is the delineation of love between a hero and a heroine in all its multiform moods. In this bouquet of poetic flowers there is also a little sprinking of verses containing neat bits of proverbial philosophy. But the whole collection is close-knit by the silken tie of the sentiment of love. In its deeper meaning and truer setting the sentiment which pervades each verse of the Sat-sai represents the Soul's sincere devotion to something afar from the sphere of our sorrow—

The desire of the Moth for the Star
Of the Night for the Morrow.

The subject of these verses is religion—religion of the most ardent and genuine description. Radha is the human soul led by the inspiration of love to surrender herself to the service of her sovereign Lord.

Hence the Soul's devotion to the Deity is pictured by Radha's self-abandonment to her beloved Krishna who waits with loving out-stretched arms to receive the worshipper into his bosom and to convey him safely across the seemingly shoreless ocean of existence to the haven of eternal joy and communion. The very first verse of the Sat-sai strikes the key-note of the whole poem clearly indicating that the love-song of Bihari Lal is inspired by a higher spirit. Though he revels like a chartered libertine in the imagery and moods of sensual love; he is, at the same time, conveying a message of the spiritual verities of life. The criterion of all true art lies in its suggestiveness. A poem may appeal to our senses, but if it does not carry the mind beyond the mere sense-impression, it loses all interest. Bihari Lal's picture of love is wrought out of the facts and feelings of our sense-absorbed humanity, but it carries with it an unmistakable suggestion of a loftier love than this world dreams of. Like every great artist he is fully conscious that though heard melodies are sweet but those unheard are sweeter. The seen suggesting for ever the unseen beauty and opening out a vision of new loveliness as yet unconceived · this is of the essence of all true art. The Sat-sai of Bihari is an outpouring of a higher love, a revelation of a loftier vision, despite its sensuous strain and imagination. He rendered emotions with a power and richness in which exquisite feeling and sensuous symbolism have equal part.

It is an extremely difficult task to render Bihari's sweet verses into English so as to reproduce an accurate impression of the poet's art on the mind of the reader. We, however, call a few couplets from the Sat-sai as select specimens of the poet's great art, and leave Bihari to the judgment of a literary critic.

इन दुखिया अँखियान को सुख सिरजोई नाहिं ।
देखत बने न देखते बिन देखे अकुलाहिं ॥

'Joy has not been vouchsafed unto these sorrowful eyes, for in the great gusts of seeing, they are unable to see, and without seeing they are in a curious perplexity.'

जिन दिन देखे वे कुसुम गई सो बीति बहार ।
अब अलि रही गुलाब में अपत कटीली डार ॥

'Those days of the spring time are gone when flowers gladdened thy sight. O humming Bee! There now remain in the rose only thorny and leafless stalks.'

इहि आसा अटक्यौ रहैं अलि गुलाब के फूल ।
हुइ हैं बहुरि बसंन्त ऋतु इन डारन वे फूल ॥

'The Bee remains clinging to the root of the rose in the hope that flowers will blossom again on these stalks in the spring-time.'

To a Daisy.

By E. M. Holden.

Blossom of a brief December hour
Meadow-sweet with such a shining face,
Snowy frill with rim of rosy dower,
And gold boss a hundred florets grace!

Star, upon the wintry lap of Earth,
First and last of all the flow'ry train!
At this season of our Saviour's birth,
Who shall weave the Child a daisy-chain?

Innocents, with rosy lips of love,
Starry eyes and robes of snowy ray;
Circling with their Angels from above
Round the Babe that in a manger lay.

Present-day Problems of Humanity.

I.—The Dawn of the Twentieth Century.

By A. Balakrishnan Nambiar, M.A.

In the history of civilisation, in the history of the onward march of the human race the twentieth century has dawned with the most astounding innovations and the most cataclysmic happenings. Beginning with the Russo-Japanese War which foreshadowed the great awakening of the East, the century has witnessed a series of bewildering changes and incidents that reached culmination in the outbreak of the great German War and in the outrages of Bolshevism.

The remarkable progress of science and the resulting incredible inventions, the repeated shocks which this growth of science has given to religion almost undermining the foundations of faith, the tremendous growth of population and the baffling problems to which it has given rise, the accumulation of wealth in the hands of the few capitalists, the consequent poverty and sordid wretchedness of the many, the rise of the labour class and the dawn of socialism, the rapidity with which certain nations have come to the forefront of the world's activity, the volcanic force with which upheavals of humanity have taken place in certain parts of the globe the recklessness with which thrones have been crushed to pieces, the cruelty with which dynasties have been swept away from the face of the earth—all these are features of the twentieth century features indicating the lava-tide that is surging beneath the waves of humanity.

The discerning mind can perceive behind these apparently diverse incidents and events, movements and tendencies, one main undercurrent, one subterraneous force manifesting itself in manifold aspects, working itself out in different places under different conditions.

There is an inter-relation and inter-dependence apparently invisible and imperceptible. Yet in reality running through all these facts and phenomena, working its results silently yet potently. If this is borne in mind the inter-relation and inter-connection between such facts and phenomena, as for example, the publication of Dr. Bradley's "Appearance and Reality" and the experimental researches of Dr. Sir J. C. Bose, the Ulster rebellion and the Punjab riots, the British Railway strikes and the Mill strikes in India, the Bolshevic movement of Russia and the agitation for Home Rule in India, the one thread running through these diverse facts and phenomena can be discerned with perfect clearness and marvellous accuracy.

Science has progressed with lightning speed and civilisation has advanced at incredible pace. "The old order changeth yielding place to new,' wrote the poet. But the old order is not "yielding" place to new. Yielding implies submission and slowness. Changes are not slow and submissive, but catastrophic and revolutionary. The old order is being demolished with terrible fury and at inconceivable speed. It is not evolution that is going on, but it is revolution. The distinction between evolutionary changes and revolutionary changes is that the one is slow, steady, and permanent, while the other is sudden, catastrophic and unstable. The changes that have taken place since the dawn of the twentieth century are revolutionary in character. This indicates a most unhealthy state of affairs, and it requires careful examination into the causes and conditions, the currents and tendencies, that have brought about such changes, to find out the remedy, and to root out the evils.

As stated before, the discerning mind can perceive behind these apparently diverse changes and happenings one strong undercurrent, one furious lava-tide surging beneath the seething waves of humanity. And this undercurrent is nothing but the inherent passions and emotions, the ideals and aspirations that stir the human heart, emotions and aspirations that manifest themselves in different ways under different conditions

(*Continued on page 60.*)

" East & West."

"East & West" has a mission, to bring about a larger understanding between men of all races and creeds. It treats life as a whole and aims at a symbiosis of all nations.

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(*Continued from page 58.*)

and in different places. The water is the same everywhere possessing the same chemical properties, made of the same atomic constituents, but when it runs smoothly over small stones and silvery pebbles you have the sweet murmuring mountain stream with its poetic charm and musical symphony, when it falls from a mountain height to rocky depths it comes down with thundering force and you have the awful spectacle of an inspiring waterfall, and again when it flows over broad plains you have a mighty expanse of water with its colossal, calm and imposing beauty, and again when the same water lies frozen on the tops of lofty mountain peaks you have the entrancing spectacle of "snowy summits old in story" rising in grandeur and sublimity upto the very heavens and as if conscious of the fact that they reflect the Almighty's own glory and majesty. It is the same water that gives these diverse spectacles. So too, it is the same emotions and aspirations that give different manifestations and produce diverging effects.

About a century and a half ago, the populace in India meekly witnessed the execution of one of their most influential countrymen, the execution of Nund Kumar during the regime of Warren Hastings. The mob witnessed the spectacle with gaping mouths and returned to their homes in dumb sorrow. But recently when an insult was thrown at a popular leader, when Gandhi was arrested, the whole mob rose as one man and the most serious riots ensued which necessitated, according to the view held by the Government, the proclamation of martial law. The same emotions of grief and horror raged in the minds of the people when they witnessed the execution of Nund Kumar. But conditions were different at that time, and so the result too was different. Conditions have changed now as the events testified.

Dr. William James published his monumental work on psychology in the year 1890. The very first statement he makes there is that a tree does not feel any pain when a man begins to chop it. And the scientific world accepted this fact as truth at that time. But the questioning spirit of a J. C. Bose refused to believe it recently. And to-day he has experimentally proved that plants and trees do feel pleasure and pain even as animate beings do.

During the close of the nineteenth century that great apostle of Catholicism, that noble champion of faith and devotion, Cardinal Newman, carried on a vigorous campaign in defence of a tottering religion. He advocated piety and devotion with a vigour and sincerity unexampled in the life of any previous preacher or prophet. He tried his best to instil religious faith into the minds of a generation of withered and dried up souls. But he failed to achieve his end because his creed did not satisfy the logical and intellectual demands of the age. This logical and intellectual demand has to-day found expression in the work of Dr. F. H. Bradley, who has proved by a system of arguments, clever and subtle, in reasoning and irrefutable in its logical force, the existence of a Supreme, Eternal, All-pervading Absolute.

Bradley's book of monumental worth, his "Appearance and Reality" apart from its philosophical and speculative value is important as reflecting the intellectual demand and tendencies of the age. It is significant of the tide of thought that is surging beneath the waves of humanity. So also is the achievement of Dr. J. C. Bose significant. And so too are the Punjab riots significant. Each is an expression of the passions and emotions, the ideals and aspirations that are stirring the minds of the masses to-day. Each is an expression of emotions and aspirations modified and controlled by the conditions and characteristics of the present age—conditions and characteristics far different from those of any age and never dreamt of by any previous generation.

Now what are these conditions and characteristics that so modify the ideals and aspirations of the people as to make them manifest themselves in such entirely different and marvellous ways, and methods? The answer to this question will give us the clue to understand the events and incidents that have happened recently and will enable us to form a connected and comprehensive view of the chain of causes and tendencies underlying these diverse phenomena, and will also enable us to consider and consolidate some of the most baffling problems that have been raised by the occurrence of these events and incidents.

Ours is an age that has seen the forces of nature controlled and regulated by the will of man, an age that has witnessed the triumphant conquest of time and space by the thinking faculty of man. Incredible inventions have been realised A significant idea that occurs in the mind of an intellectual being, a notable utterance that escapes the mouth of a great man is flashed through the air and along the cables to places hundreds and thousands of miles away and is circulated in print to all the corners of the globe. It is an age that has witnessed the accumulation of inconceivable wealth in the hands of the enterprising few and which has created an unquenchable greed in the minds of the less enterprising many. It is an age that has seen science battering the gateways of religion, an age that has seen the whole fabric of ancient society torn to shreds, an age that has witnessed the solid structure of the creeds and beliefs, the traditions and ideals built up through the process of centuries shaken to its very foundations. All these conditions and characteristics of the present age and all the problems to which they have given rise may be conveniently classified and considered under four headings, namely, "The Rise of Socialism," "The Political Awakening," "Morality and Religion," and "Ideals and Aspirations of Humanity." And it is the aim of the present writer to expand these and consider them in detail in a series of four articles that shall follow in due order.

From Iqbal.

غزل اقبال

۱ بملازمانِ سلطان خبری دهم زرازي
که جهان توان گرفتن زنواي دلگذاري
۲ بمتاعِ خود چه نازی که بشهر درد مندان
دلِ غزنوي نیرزد به تبسمِ ایازي
۳ همه نازِ بي نیازي همه ساز بي نواي
دلِ شاه لرزه گیرد زگداے بي نیازي
۴ زستیزِ آشنایان چه نیازو ناز خیزد
دلكي بهانه سوزي نگهی بهانه سازي
۵ رهِ دیر تختهٔ گل زجبینِ سجده ریزم
که نیازِ من نگنجد بدو رکعتِ نمازي
۶ زتغافلِ تو خامم برهِ تو نا تمامم
من و جانِ نیم سوزي تو و چشمِ نیم بازي

(Translation.)

1. Let the tidings of this secret be carried to the king, that a world can be conquered with a touching melody.

2. Pride not thyself over thy wealth, for in the city of Love, the heart of a Mahmud is not worth the smile of an Ayaz.

3. All his pride to want nothing, all his possessions to have nothing! The heart of a king trembles from a poor man who wants nothing.

4. What humble demands and coquettish refusals arise in the conflict of lovers! The tiny heart that

would burn all excuses; and the glance which makes excuses!

5. I scatter a bed of roses from my forehead bowing in prayer on the way to the infidels' temple; for my worship overflows the limits of a couple of prayers of the faithful.

6. Owing to Thy neglect I remain imperfect on Thy path—I and my half-smouldering spirit, and Thou with Thy half-opened (half-attentive) eyes.

Middle Europe.

By Violet de Malortie.

Hail son of Astrœus! Thou mighty foe
That smote the golden triad of the year,—
Whose sad demise had forc'd the pitying tear;
Yet, from the secret treasures of the snow
Unnumber'd millions came to deck her bier—
Frost hush'd the woods and bound their fairy streams;
But, lo! a straying sunbeam touch'd the rimes
Which rang in minor strains unearthly chimes
Amid this pallid pageantry of dreams,—
And rainbow'd through the mist these Arctic climes—
Rosied its icy pearls; Celestial light
Bath'd the white pines—until a leaden'd sky
Shroud'd our silent world, then, by-and-by,
Sullen and starless fell the heavy night.

Honey-Dew.

A Selection from the Sayings of Sujata.

Weave a circle round him thrice,
And close your eyes with holy dread,
For he on honey-dew hath fed,
And drunk the milk of Paradise.

THE Light, the Love, the Laughter, the Joyance mean more to me than I can say; but that which brings me to the rapture of surrender, that which compels my adoration, is the Stability, the Movelessness. That is the measure of His Love!

The disciple is not persecuted for the sins that are imputed to him; no, it is for his sweet lovableness, for his one-pointedness, for his devotion, for his rightness, for His truth.

He knows my little private predilections; sometimes He ignores them utterly; sometimes He uses them in unspeakably beautiful ways.

It is nothing in myself that gives me joy; it is my awareness of my Lord.

Our part is to be ready for the sword, should He see fit to arm us with it, no less than for the festal wreath.

Why should we not dream, so be it we know the worth of dreams; can drop them and stand ready, whether for battle or for making merry at the least quiver of His lyre!

When talk flows from the heart the lightest jesting glows with possibilities.

I never agitate now; I accept conditions.

"The path men take from every side is Mine." I could not walk in childhood the path that those about me walkt; the God they told me of repelled me, froze my being. I turned aside. I reacht out upon every hand for loveliness, built all the beauty that enraptured me into a Face, a Form, and worshipt It. And then the wonder hapt—that Form lived, moved, smiled, spake; and nothing in the whole world mattered then.

How to mock beautifully; how to laugh so that the light of laughter add to vision and not blind; how to jest so that the prudent catch the deep ringing note of love, and realise how poor are Earth's economies—teach me that lore, O twinkling Father Star whose joyous radiance fills the Spheres!

When children want a blaze they burn their toys; we elders who profess to love the fire, sit on in cold and darkness, hugging ours. If we could only bring ourselves to part with our possessions, to heap them on the hearth, to put a match to them, the leaping flames would banish cold and darkness both, and set our slow hearts dancing with their glee and madness.

If I might choose, I'd really love the office of King's Jester. I think it would be great to fill the heart of a King with laughter.

Why must we not think that which we do not know? Because it makes for error. It is the sin against the Holy Ghost. It shuts out—shuts out so effectively that were the Master's self to use the form of one we are misjudging, even His glory would be to us as darkness.

The poet is no cauldron of emotions at the boiling point! He has climbed past that or he would be no poet. He developed his emotion-strength in other lives: to-day he uses the experience of ages past to fan the flame in others. He moves them because he is himself unmoved.

It takes us long to learn that while we seek we have not, and that as soon as we begin to give, all things are poured out at our feet. But once we get a glimpse of that transfiguring truth, we follow its gleam even through pitchy blackness; no other ray of Glory can be to us what that is.

Sometimes I wonder how much we fail the Master. I know that He has other instruments of service, and yet—can we keep Him waiting to "see of the travail of His Soul?" Can our inertness and neglect delay His work? Does the Master actually depend on us- His human servants to the extent of waiting for our service?

One can see the flame, the outer tongues of gold, glowing fiercely red towards the centre, changing almost imperceptibly to blue and back again to red and gold—gold hot to very whiteness; and in the heart of all that wonder is He Who radiates the glory; yet to us there is but blackness, darkness, empty Space. Well, for us that in some inexplicable way we still have power to sense the throb, the beat of the Eternal Heart of Love itself; the pure, invisible Essence, whence all this has come!

Get to the place where you are perfectly unconscious of the approval of another, or his disapproval!

This "I" of mine must be no more to me than any other "I"; I must become unconscious of "another"; all "others" must be verily myself. My Brother Striver, once we begin to think thus, how-so imperfectly, believe me, it will not be long before only by an effort we observe difference at all.

It is the purity of one's desire to help that makes one really helpful.

Creation being from within, it needs no building of Earth; all beauty comes to birth at its appointed hour. What we here call failures make really for creation, while what we call success makes for the breaking up of forms.

Be real, and the real in others flies to meet you.

Even here, at the low level I have climbed to, the air is fresh, exhilarating in comparison with that in which I struggled long. I should not go back thither were heaven my reward, much less this world!

O Guru, the more I realise myself, the more do I rejoice in you!

"Then welcome each rebuff"—the open eye perceives that there are no rebuffs for the man within the veil; nothing but opportunities for fresh experience, for proving powers, for testing progress made.

A fair serenity at all times, and in all conditions, enables Him to look through us, to assure "others Whom also He would bring" that verily He is.

His stillness is motion in its most exquisite form; His seriousness holds in it the essence of all mirth and laughter.

Never, I think, shall I betray my dream; that—that alone—is what I live for. But if it be not true? If it have no reality, then I have none. I am bound up in it. I go to find it. In some world or other I shall still exist until I reach it; for the seeking, the living towards it in the inner heart of me is I. I am my Dream, that Spark of the One Fire, that Thought of the Eternal.

I am no garden flower. I am of those that shoot up in the bush or by the hedgerow to brighten spots that only the fairies and the angels visit. I have dreamed daringly of peeping through the ground in some secluded spot where He will one day walk. It might be that His feet would press me, and be cooled and eased after much walking on the dusty road; and very great would be my joy that day.

My name is a secret; I live free in the wild places of His demesne.

" Do first what must be done "—yes; but that word "must" speaks in a different language for every human Soul!

I hear much talk of "duty" and of "pleasure"; neither word means very much to me. The things I long to do are the things that seem unnecessary, the beautiful things, the graceful things, the things that add charm to life, that make the world sweet for heavy-laden souls.

I think I understand why souls that do not know the Oneness sin. They think that they can bear the shame, while a loved one reaps the fruit alone. Shortcomings such as that, love-motive must surely be accounted unto men for righteousness ; for in them truly God is giving Himself, suffering for the world he loves.

" The Region of Mixed Righteousness"—O, admirable term ! Most fearful weaknesses I find within me, yet, all as real as they, is the radiant loveliness that has ever led me on to struggle, fight, subdue, explore, and understand far past the boundaries of my World of Bondage.

How can I think the way is ever gloomy when Master is the Way ?

Words are like cut gems—they change as we hold them thus or thus. It is only foolish dissipation that is evil ; the business of the God-intoxicated one is verily to dissipate his fine accumulations of spiritual wealth ; to give—lavishly, prodigally ; for what other end his age-long saving ?

If we are always waiting upon Him in our hearts, it matters little how outside judgments go.

Why do we dwell on darkness, which is but a background for the Light ? Why do we pick a few notes from His Song, and shut out the myriad others that draw these into harmony ? O fools and blind !

Guru, my prayer for you this day is that you be permitted in some sort to realise a little of that joy which you have brought to Earth, your share in the glad Sacrifice.

Our loved are ever with us, for Master can be reacht at any time, and they are all in Him.

Quietly, patiently, without a murmur, O my Guru, you " take what cometh" and enjoy it. I would fain be like that ! If Master stood beside me at this moment, and bade me choose the life I liked, I should ask Him to bear with me a little longer, and to set me the task that just is His choice, not mine—not mine.

A soul that is brimming with God's love can devote mind and body both to service, can sweep all, with never an exception, into its broad embrace.

To mutilate is the spirit of the age ; our mutilations are deliberate, and are called economies. If the great artists had not learned to bear all, to forgive all, they could never have endured our desecrations of their presentment of Beauty, Truth, and Love.

Some day, O Guru, I may be allowed to make souls ready to profit by your care. How I should revel in the task ! They should go forward all wrapt about with my great love for you, eager to catch your eye, eager to hear your voice. One day we shall work thus together,—surely, surely ; and the world shall ring with the laughter of our flock !

Even Master cannot bring out beauty from the block He carves without a chisel.

Need we put on airs with our advancing years and be portentously serious over our work and our responsibilities ? Could we not do the one and face the other without the burdening sense of being so important ? If we could but keep our child-like naturalness, what fun it would all be ? Life is ever an adventure to the mind that keeps its youth.

The Great Festival was over. I had tried to reach the Centre, but had brought back little beyond a sense of something having happened in my inmost self. The day's routine began. In some way I was conscious the things were being better done than usual. I seemed " at leisure " to attend to anything that called ; nothing worried me, no interruption jarred, no crassness wearied. All was His work ; I did it with the tools I happened to have by me, not even wasting strength on a wish that they were better ; and yet at the same time never was I so aware of the need of making my tools sharp, of keeping them bright and clean. The business aspect of it all struck me most forcibly. Thinking it over later in the quiet evening hours, I was aware that a very gracious blessing had been outpoured on me in that seemingly featureless period of meditation. Of course, Life is business ! Christ said it was His Father's business ; and if it is His, it must needs be also ours.

The Charm of Poetry.

By Annesley de Silva.

WORDSWORTH has finely described poetry as "the impassioned expression which is the countenance of all science," and in this line he has expressed a profound truth, for poetry, religion and philosophy revolve round the same centre, and differ like comets and fixed stars only in the orbit they describe. "The strongest part of our religion to-day," says Matthew Arnold, "is its unconscious poetry." Yet very few there are who prize the breath and finer spirit of all knowledge, or think it capable of higher uses and destinies. But assuredly there will come a time when people will begin to realize more and more that the whole world is full of poetry, that the air is living with its spirit, and that waves dance to the music of its melodies, and sparkle in its brightness. For what is poetry but an art of expressing various ideas in emotional and rhythmical language, of substituting shadows and lending existence to nothing. Nay, it is even more than this, in the deepest sense of the word, it is an "inspiration." We cannot seriously take metre and form as the true criteria of poetry. Independent of these, and quite independent of composition, that which moveth the heart most is the best poetry, for it comes nearest unto God the source of all power. Hence, however much a poem may fall short in metre and composition, if the message embodied in the lines be true and sincere, if it goes direct to the heart, we cannot hesitate to call it good poetry. But to lisp in numbers the soul must be free from self-consciousness, a state of mind such as is portrayed in the following lines :—

"I started once or seemed to start in pain
Resolved on noble things and strove to speak
As when a great thought strikes along the brain
And flushes all the cheek."

This is the poetic mood, and once the writer is in this mood he is "born again"—

> "And as imagination bodies forth
> The form of things unknown, the poet's pen
> Turns them to shapes, and gives to airy nothing,
> A local habitation, and a name."

Whatever may have been his calling or occupation, with whatever ambition he may have clothed his soul, all these fall away, and the man becomes an inspired child, inspired with "a crainless renown of light" which is poetry.

It is only poetry of the very highest poetical quality which alone can charm and delight us; and to thoroughly appreciate its charm and power we must read it, and feel it in the verse of the master, rather than try to distil it in the prose of the critic. Plato has said that poetry comes nearer to vital truth than history, and we arrive at truth through poetry, hence the best poetry must possess in an eminent degree truth, and seriousness. But superiority of diction and composition should also be present. Lines such as the following impress us by their charm in both style and diction, and serve as an infallible touchstone for detecting the absence or presence of high poetical quality:—

> "O thou that with surpassing glory crowned
> Look'st from thy sole dominion like the God
> Of this new world, at whose sight all the stars
> Hide their diminished heads, to thee I call
> But with no friendly voice, and add thy name
> O sun! to tell thee how I hate thy beams
> That bring to my remembrance, from what state
> I fell, how, glorious once above thy sphere,
> Till pride, and worse, ambition threw me down
> Warring in heaven against heaven's matchless king."

In these lines the power of Milton's art is remarkable, the rhythm and diction flawless. The charm of his poetry consists in its elevating influence, and it becomes all the more elevating when it breathes the thoughts of religion. The Milton of poetry is, in his own words, "the man of devout prayer to that eternal Spirit that can enrich with all utterance and knowledge and sends out his Seraphim with the hallowed fire of His altar to touch and purify the lips of whom He pleases."

Some poems there are which derive their charm chiefly by the way the pictorial and musical power are interfused, so that each seems born of the other. In poems such as these we see the hand of the supreme artist who preserves clearness of outline and distinctness of colour, with the least sacrifice of melody. Bounded as is my space, I must find room for an example of this by Keats, an example far too beautiful to be omitted.

> "Happy is England! I could be content
> To see no other verdure than its own,
> To feel no other breezes than are blown
> Through its tall woods with high romances blent.
>
> * * * *
>
> Happy is England! sweet her artless daughters,
> Enough their simple loveliness for me;
> Enough their whitest arms in silence clinging,
> Yet do I often warmly burn to see
> Beauties of deeper glance, and hear their singing,
> And float with them about the summer waters."

Like the nightingale of Gongora, Shakespeare has many tongues, and he sings many tunes. He is a great painter of nature, a great delineator of character' a master of absolute vision. 'His diction may be compared to some elaborate monument of the finest Gothic architecture, in which the superficial glance loses itself in an inextricable maze of sculptural detail, and fantastically fretted ornamentation, but where a close examination shows that every pinnacle, every buttress, every moulding, is an essential part of the construction.' The following is a gem from his works:—

> "'Tis her breathing that
> Perfumes the chamber thus, the flame o' the taper

Bows towards her, and would under-peep her lids
To see the enclosed lights, now canopied
Under these windows, white, and azure, laced
With blue of heaven's own tinct

* * * *

On her left breast,
A mole cinque-spotted, like the crimson drops
In the bottom of a cowslip."

Poetry is music in words, and Wagner confirms this by claiming poetry as the handmaid of music. This brings us to the domain of song, those little dew drops of celestial melody. A song ought to be pure and simple, and above all, it must go straight to the heart. In this respect Burns towers above the rest. We cannot pass by these piercing pathetic lines of his poetry.

"We twa hae paidlit i' the burn
From morning sun till dine,
But seas between us braid hae roared
Sin auld lang syne."

What a depth of poetic quality and passionate melancholy there is in the following:—

"Had we never loved sae kindly
Had we never loved sae blindly,
Never met or never parted
We had never been broken-hearted"

Campion, Marlowe, Ben Jonson, Herrick, Carew, Lovelace, Suckling, were superb song-writers They have enriched English literature with jewels of perennial lustre. During their time England was in the heyday of Elizabethan song-writing. Who is not acquainted with the following from Waller?

"Go lovely rose,
Tell her, that wastes her time and me,
That now she knows,
When I resemble her to thee
How sweet and fair she seems to be?"

Indeed, sometimes the masters rise to strains above themselves, strains which the bard himself can scarce outdo. Such was Ben Jonson:

" Drink to me only with thy eyes
And I will pledge with mine
Or leave a kiss but in the cup
And I'll not look for wine."

Marlowe delights us by his musical tornado. In his lines "Come, live with me and be my love" he has given us ample proof of it. If we want colour, delicacy and refinement we must turn to Tennyson, to his description of Aphrodite, a marvel of elegance.

" Idalin Aphrodite, beautiful
Fresh as the foam, new-bathed in Pophian wel's,
With rosy, slender fingers backward drew,
From her warm brows, and bosom her deep hair
Ambrosial, golden, round her lucid throat,
And shoulders, from the violets, her light foot
Shone ivory white, and o'er her rounded form,
Between the shadows of vine-bunches
Floated the glowing sunlight as she moved."

All poets sing of love. In fact, it is their central theme; it occupies their thoughts more than anything else; it permeates their whole being. Browning is pre-eminently a poet of passion, singing of the old theme in a new melody. The opening lines of his Pauline are, I think, a fitting conclusion to the "Charm of Poetry"—

" Pauline mine own, bend over me, thy soft breast
Shall pant to mine—bend o'er me thy sweet eyes
And loosened hair, and breathing lips, and arms
Drawing me to thee—these build up a screen
To shut me in with thee, and from all fear,
So that I might unlock the sleepless brood
Of fancies frcm my soul."

The Silver Thread.

(Concluded from June number.)

PART II.

I MUST have slept all night upon my knees; I had not moved. Near to my disengaged hand, lay some crumbs that looked like flecks from a broken ceiling. The door was open, and a flood of light found entrance. Wheeling round to survey my surroundings and to pull myself together, to my surprise in the sunshine stood a peasant child. She was about nine or ten years of age, with large blue eyes and golden hair, very pleasing to look on—the embodiment of grace, youth, and fearlessness. This vision of living beauty for the time being banished every other thought. The child was clad in white, her limbs were shapely, her straw hat was circled with forget-me-nots—which became her well—they matched the forget-me-not blue of her beautiful childish eyes.

Upon her arm was slung a basket which appeared weighty and certainly well filled. There was a curious look of enquiry on her face. She seemed as if she was trying to remember something of which, for the time being, she was not quite certain, but I soon found out that her thoughts were all for me. Presently, without invitation, to my infinite surprise, setting down her burden, she placed her arms round my neck, and held up her face to be kissed.

The idea of such a sweet little companion to greet me on awakening, and to share what seemed like prolonged solitude, was truly delightful. She explained her appearance by saying, "I am sure that you are hungry, you *must* be, for I am a little late. Mother would have come herself, but it is washing day. Mother has put up some new-laid eggs, a pot of her best butter, and Nancie and I have gathered our prettiest plums all for you, because we *know* you love fruit above all things. You are hungry, arn't you?"

"Very." I said willingly—it was the truth, so much so that even I began to feel I might be appropriating some one else's breakfast; hunger's power is strong, so I braved the situation.

Having already taken part in this delightful drama, I decided to play it out, come what way. I listened but there did not seem to be any one else about—no sound of life either around, or above my head.

The scent of sweet briar, and other aromatic leaves and flowers scented the early morning breeze. Three pigeons cooed on the roof-ridge, a babbling brook lisped over the stones. Though it must have rained hard in the night, the weather was now quite fine.

"You shall soon have your breakfast," said my dear little companion as she untied her hat, hung it over the back of the chair, and then retired from sight. The crackling of wood told me a fire was being kindled. Very soon the daintiest of meals was set, which she invited me to partake of without delay.

I urged her to join me in this repast; but to this she would not consent, somewhat surprised she seemed at this invitation. She made her excuses saying that time was short, and that she had much on hand for my comfort. So she busied herself with dusting brushes, and set everything in order, even to the replenishment of oil in the Oriental lamps. I am afraid I only undid her work, or multiplied it, for by the time the room was made neat, I had cleared off all the eggs, butter, tea, fruit and bread placed at my disposal and then she had to clear it away. "Ah!" she exclaimed reprovingly, "you have not slept as usual on the couch. How often you forget to go to sleep the right way? I have found you out again"—clapping her little hands together,—"I know, because you have not dis-arranged the coverlet."

What good Angel had directed the steps of this charming little maid to this lonely spot to work for me and chatter to me? I know not. When all was once more in perfect order, she re-adjusted her straw hat, and then lifted from a peg a small satchel of fine tools, which she handed to me as if this was an ordinary occurrence, and proposed that we should set out for the Church together at once—without delay. I had no alternative but to follow her, and we left the hut.

Her childish familiarity puzzled me, but children are sometimes fearless of utter strangers. We were both young, and this new situation was a delight to us.

I had no idea until I closed the door what an altitude lay before us. There was no pathway on this side of the hill, and boulders stood out in gaunt relief; on the barren ground were tufts of knot, and rush grass, sea-lavender, and other sturdy starved vegetation buffetted about by the wind. Sea-birds arose and wheeled over our heads, while the peewit's cry and the skylark's song made an occasional accompaniment to the ceaseless undertone of the sweeping wind. The long low-built Church with its low square tower nestled like a lion couchant along the summit of the hill. Its outline was lost in festoons of flowering ivy turning to fruit. The crumbling tombs and headstones were covered with lichen of many shades, and the headstones and crosses were falling at different angles.

The gate swung and creeked on its hinges, and as we walked up the weedy path, the bell that on the evening before sounded like a knell warned us that it was the 8th hour.

The sweet child walked beside me, and playfully insisted on sharing the burden of the bag of tools by securing one of its handles that she had interlaced within the other. We entered the Church together. She had found the key that was hidden in the ivy. Inside the Church it was dark by reason of the growth of leaves over the stained glass-windows. Everything was damp, neglected, dirty and worm-eaten. Two or three small birds were flying about the chancel, making their entrance and egress through a broken pane. There was neither an altar-cloth nor flowers. No altar books or anything to show that reverence and love for this ancient sanctuary had been bestowed upon it for years.

By subterfuge I had to find out what was expected of me, and why we had carried up tools to this deserted place ; but on asking many cautious questions I learnt that my mysterious host was engaged on the work of carving faces of saints and angels over the vestry door, and that I, in my companion's eyes personified the sculptor, in so much that this little person who sometimes filled her mother's place as caretaker had mistaken me for the other man, whom she had seen only twice. I was in point of fact about the same height and colouring as my host. But the child seemed so perfectly satisfied with her surmises. I felt positively afraid of setting her right on the subject. The only thing I could do on the spur of the moment was to indulge in deceit and play out this drama to the last.

Being well up in Art, I tried to do my best—to reveal the truth to this trusting little maiden could not be thought of for a moment. Besides it was all too delightful and romantic to leave out of my diary that when written, I decided to send it to my mother.

So I took up the work that I was urged to commence without delay, tampering with the sculpture as gently as possible, restraining my hand above all things desiring not to injure or alter the artist's design. I worked at the leaves and flowers, and the crown of gold that surrounded the faces beneath them.

" Let me see," she said presently, " how Mr. Stonemason is progressing." She selected a ragged, worn out hassock, and then mounted it in order to bring her eyes on a level with the square stone support.

I pointed out my work, and tried for her sake to make much of it, using my knowledge by imparting technical terms that she could not possibly understand, only wonder at, and in this way I succeeded in retaining her good opinion of my abilities to the last.

"Very nice indeed, Mr. Stonemason. How long will this take you to complete? Could you stay a week and finish it? Our dear Priest has been here lately. It was he who told us that you were expected."

"Me?" I enquired, in a tone of surprise that I did not intend to exhibit.

"Yes, you of course. You are our mason, our sculptor and architect, or something very close, and we have been waiting some time already. Mother said you would not be much longer before you came; she was sure that you passed our cottage last night. Did you?"

"I was thinking deeply," I answered, "but I expect I did."

"You did pass ours without coming in. Why did you not stop and let mother know you were in the neighbourhood?"

"Something happened on the journey which absorbed my mind. I am very sorry that I am so very forgetful."

"Well, you see if mother had not been certain about it, you would not have got any breakfast. She sent me up with food in case she saw aright, and if you had not forgotten to bar the door, I might not have made you hear me."

"And everything would have gone wrong," I exclaimed in a mock sorrowful tone.

"But instead," she remarked, "it has all come right.' Here the childish face, radiant with joy, looked fearlessly into mine, and she clasped her little hands together saying, "I am so glad you came, oh! so glad, but please get on with your work; I must be in school by half past nine, or I shall not get my certificate for punctuality."

* * * *

Again we stood at the door of the hut. She had returned with me for her basket. This was the crucial moment; would my host be there, expecting his meal, or an explanation of its non-appearance? Luckily there were no signs left of my having partaken of it. It had all been cleared away and washed up. But no, still the hut was silent and untenanted, the mystery would have to be solved presently. I felt grieved that I must part with my little good angel. She was very sweet of manner, perfectly fearless of me, and confident that I was the host instead of a stranger guest. I did not remember ever having anything to do with children in my life before; certainly not of the peasant class. My companions had been either old men, or young apprentices, or aged caretakers, all more or less indifferent to those about them. The loneliness of the place was somewhat oppressive, not another living soul within hearing, and for this reason I risked everything.

As I exchanged the tool-bag which, she still insisted on carrying, for her neat basket, I slipped a crown piece beneath the spotless cloth that had covered over the viands.

"Good bye, Mr. Stonemason," she said demurely, "in two years' time I shall have left school, then, if you want any one to work for you, I can come altogether." Mother says girls must not expect their parents to keep them always at home, so she is going to teach me how to be useful, and learn a little of every thing: cooking, needle and housework. I love this pretty spot because I can see the roof of mother's cottage through the trees. I feel I *would* like to work for you, you must be so *very* clever."

I took her little hand, and held it in mine and in the gravest way, sealed the compact saying--

"Well, I shall certainly not be able to live *here* without you, so please remember this promise. *I* shall not forget it. Before we part, tell me my nearest and best road to the next station and the village."

"Stoney Mount is five miles from here. Mother's cottage, you know already, is the last house in the village, but Master—Sir—how forgetful you have grown!"

An inspiration seized me.

"Have I? But don't you think I have grown older?

"You mean since last summer. I did not know you then to speak to. You were always talking to our dear Priest about the archway, that's all. But you are not quite the same."

"Well, little maid, I must tell you that I have gone through a great deal of anxiety, and I have had a bad illness which has impaired my memory."

"That is exactly what mother said. She was sure something had changed you. You looked different last night. She said she thought you must have been ill—but listen, the school bell is ringing. Good-bye, Sir, Please let me go."

So I had unwillingly to releave the soft warm little hand I had secured as it fluttered in my own, and watch her run down the hill. In the distance I saw her join another solitary maiden, and make for the building—a good mile away on the deserted moorland—designated THE SCHOOL.

Left alone, a panic seized me. I turned towards the hut and entered, collected my belongings, and then sought for my cycle. The machine was in a dim shed, with a skylight obscured by a cloth. In one corner there was a small telescope, and on the walls and on a low table there were charts of the heavens beautifully drawn out. Upon an Indian carved brass-stand there was a large crystal carefully covered up in wash-leather together with certain foot-rules of many materials and transcribed with cabalistic signs and minute measurings. On the walls there were some wonderful models of hands in wax and plaster and among them, on investigation, I thought I detected, strange to say, a model of my own, for I recognised the impression of an antique ring my mother had given me to wear when I came of age. Some particular blessing was attached to it that would follow the possessor through life. How had my host obtained this model? This spot was full of surprises and mystery. There were a few sacks lightly stuffed with hay or straw in one corner of the shed which looked very much as though they had been slept on. A case of fine tools like those used by chasers of metals, with some loose precious stones and minerals lying near. The case was upon a half-curtained shelf. The door had some mystericus fastening, but it had been left ajar as if for my benefit.

As I gathered all my scanty possessions about me, (my valise had been sent on to the station where I was to have made my first stand), I bethought me to seek my host and bid farewell to Stoney Mount, perhaps for ever. I did not have much hope of gaining freedom again for some time.

"Friend," I said, "whoever you may be, Farewell! "I am going!"

This I said aloud, but it did not meet with any response; only an echo from the hills, so I wrenched the door open that was beside the fire-place, which I naturally concluded must lead to an upper chamber or inner room.

To my infinite surprise, except for the room in which we supped last night, there was only a small kitchen. Nothing else, these alone constituted the shelter. Silence greeted me everywhere. I was utterly alone with the Beautiful Face beaming with love and resignation upon me. I knew its worth. I had learnt the secret merit of good painters. I resolved if ever I grew rich, I would purchase that masterpiece at any price. I gazed long upon the Representation of my Saviour, trying to find out the sequel of the uncertain future in order to fathom, which of all those varied Heavenly expressions that the master-hand had portrayed were reserved for me—love pity, mercy, long suffering, complete surrender to the Will of the Father God. I could hardly tear myself away, yet the solitude was terrible. Aroused at last from my reverie, I heard the ring-doves cooing in the porch. They seemed to aid my destiny by their plaintive notes to which I gave this interpretation:

"Come," oh, come away, manfully brave the future!" Like them I obeyed, arose and followed the path below their flight as they wheeled to distant and unknown destinies, and pastures, new and unexplored.

PART III.

AFTER I visited Stoney Mount and carried out the programme of the memorable holiday, a series of unlooked-for events crowded into my life. It had always seemed more or less full of mystery, for I never could quite understand many things that happened, or why I was forced to accept such constant work with utte strangers, instead of having a home to return to, when the hours of my occupation were over.

My boyhood had been fairly happy. I had been placed at a good school, and the masters had all been just and kind, even if severe at times. But I often had to spend part of my holidays away from home, and I now believe my father was extremely jealous of my mother's love for me.

I constantly found her with an open locket containing my own portrait as an infant, which seemed to have a great fascination for her; so once I asked her why that picture made her unhappy; was she disappointed in me now I was growing up to be a man? Her vehement behaviour on the occasion frightened me into never repeating the question. Turning her beautiful dark eyes full upon me, brimming over with tears, she said in a whisper "Oh, you do not know all; you must not know; you could not understand," and then she caught me violently to her breast, and wept as though her heart would break.

Boy-like I hated this sort of scene, and for ever after remained silent. I tried to comfort her, and assure her how deeply her love was appreciated and returned, adding somewhat bitterly, "Father is a hard man. I will give you, dearest mother, all the love that I feel."

When my school-days were over, my father determined to make a change in our lives. First of all he apprenticed me to a taciturn master, who I found out later was in some way distantly related to the family. By the terms of my indenture, he undertook to teach me the art of restoring valuable pictures and the frames in which they were preserved. This man was a cunning old Jew. He had acquired the most persuasive manner towards his clients. No one crossed his path, or stepped into his store, without parting with money, or giving an order that rarely failed. When I was first apprenticed, he treated me like a son; he often invited me to his house, and thoroughly instilled into my mind the value of true works of Art. His home was full of treasures. He had 'a sleeping partner,' and two other pupils at first, to whom he promised instruction in various branches of his profession. But in the event of their failing to grasp his tuition, he dispensed with their services at the end of six months, without a fee on either side. Few, need I say, stayed and fulfilled their time-limit. They all left, one after another, being quite unsuited to digest the secrecy of the knowledge that was essential to complete their training.

For some reason or other he took a fancy to me. In fact, I had caught the spirit of his craft and soon proved useful in many ways, particularly in mending and restoring the valuable old prints and carved frames. I could imitate the patterns with wonderful accuracy until it became almost impossible to detect the new addition, or where the fresh gold leaf and lacqueur had been laid on, or scraped off.

In time, my service became so valuable that my master allowed me to accompany him everywhere—to stately mansions, country seats and residences belonging to the nobility all over England, since few who possessed these rare paintings were incautious enough to part with them out of their houses; and by what I learnt in after years was thankful that this had been the case. He hardly ever permitted me to leave his presence. Whenever I had courage enough to ask for a holiday, he always refused, because he said suavely we had some distant and delightful journey to accomplish together. We were, in fact, seldom in London. This I ventured to think was an expensive arrangement, but I found out in time all our expenses were covered by the clients whom he visited. My salary was 9/6*d.* a week. He never paid anyone in gold, for he could not part with it when once it had passed into his possession. Nine shillings of my salary he extracted weekly on some pretence or other, or else he compelled me to use it out of sheer necessity. I had always been a bookworm, and 6*d.* a week would not go far to satisfy my thirst for knowledge. However, on every possible occasion I refreshed and satisfied my longing at old bookstores, of which many abounded near to where we lived. Occasionally I picked up for a few pence damaged, damp-stained old prints, or odd volumes which I concealed in my travelling bag, the only possession into which he did not pry.

In time we travelled abroad together and saw much of the Continent. It was my good fortune to study glorious collections—lovely buildings, beautiful scenes, and interesting people. This life inspired me with a true passion for Art—an inheritance I had received from my beloved mother. It had only slumbered in my soul during boyhood, when Greek, and Latin, and Algebra and other items of learning were being hammered into my brain, that could not absorb and digest this form of mental cultivation. But in the fair lands of Italy and France, Florence, and other centres of Art my mind grew and flourished, and a fever of love for it consumed my very being. My master was amassing enormous sums of money by his ingenuity and crafty cleverness. Why should not I also some day?

Then the greed for gain laid hold of me. I longed for money as a dying man longs for a draught of cold water. This longing tainted and crept into every other thought, and the passion for possessing some of these glorious works of Art and grand conceptions of past genius gained complete mastery over me.

Why should others enjoy what I was dying for to obtain? I had helped my master and thrown all my energies into his service by reason of a keen perception that was my birthright. Moreover, I discovered a secret process for endowing modern picture frames with the semblance of age, by means of certain chemicals, and carbonization produced by decayed vegetable ingredients. This discovery I imparted to my master who listened, granted, grew silent, and then finally tried and adopted the treatment— but for this he only paid me by more consideration, and companionship.

During my travels I fell deeply in love with a sweet Italian maiden of high-born parentage. She in her turn became passionately devoted to me.

Our meetings were always clandestine and very brief. In one of the ancient mansions I had sometimes worked alone in a small library, half furnished. The windows looked out upon a secluded garden, much neglected. This spot the little maiden preferred above all others, and she repaired hither daily in order to study the poems of Tasso, and other authors of her native land. Sometimes she worked at beautiful embroidery for the Church, and the vestments of the priests.

Though I was often shabbily dressed and very dusty, her eyes of love soon discovered that I was well-born and educated, that some wave of Fate had altered my life, and that I had not been born to work in this position. Alas! one fatal afternoon our trysting-place was surprised by an irate duenna, and I was forthwith promptly dismissed. My master was warned not to allow me to accompany him again during the remainder of the contract unless in his presence. I was not to be left alone when at work in the study.

This would have broken my heart had not the damazella vowed to love me until death, and wait all her life, even if we never met again—we were both desperately in earnest and both young, very young.

Shortly after this distressing incident, another event of great importance altered my career. Like many other ambitious people, as I said just now, I craved for riches, and plainly saw that without money, nothing could be done. I was driven nearly insane with the desire for gold, for I firmly believed if I only possessed sufficient money I could accomplish everything and win the love I sought, or anything else I set my mind in possessing. I had excellent health, extraordinary talent, and a true heart. What more could a young man desire? Well, suddenly as by a stroke of lightning my prayer was granted, and beyond all my wildest dreams riches came to me from three different sources—sufficient to carry out every dream of my lifetime.

Often during my apprenticeship it was my lot to repair and put in order a curious old-fashioned house, standing in lovely surroundings amid the Scotch mountains, where soft blue and pink peaks framed in a high background a wealth of trees and vegetation, a winding stream clear as crystal, like unto liquid amber babbled over pure white stones. The stream ran through the grounds in front of the old stone mansion, and everything that grew within that walled enclosure matured to perfection. White sea-birds often swooped down to the waters' edge, and the lingering twilight of a summer's day merged into moonlight. The house was full of old masters. Those lined the walls and crowded out the handsome papering of each available space and niche. I learnt more about my profession there than all the other places that we visited together.

In time I found out through an aged servitor that there was a mystery connected with this house. Many of our own family had been born in it, but whether it still belonged to any relatives, or if it had been sold, or mortgaged he could not tell me. At present, an eccentric old man was its sole occupant. He was compelled to live there owing to a poll-deed in the conveyance of the estate. I fancied I had seen this inmate on more than one occasion in my master's office, in close converse, although he prowled about and watched me closely while I was in the house working, he never looked my way when he was on my master's premises. This beautiful neglected home was my ideal, my envy to possess. It was an ambition that gnawed at my heart, and crippled my capabilities.

Often and often I prolonged as far as ever I could the work set for me, in order that I might contemplate the absolute perfection of the surroundings. If I was caught in this act, the crabbed old man would hustle and dismiss me off the premises. Tears would sometimes dim my eyes when I saw the very rats and ground vermin find egress to the premises that I was forbidden to linger near. Birds built in the branches, and yet the shade of the stately trees was denied to me. Often I would turn sick at the sound of fowls' revelling in the garden-produce and at sight of fruit dropping from overladened boughs, downtrodden by rabbits and devoured by starlings, yet not one single plateful of

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‘East & West’

is India's leading Review and the only Review in Asia that can claim equal popularity amongst Europeans and Asiatics. This statement has a moral for Advertisers.

(*Continued from page 88.*)

superfluous fruit was offered to quench my thirst for a taste of summer's abundance—I, the underpaid servant of an avaricious Jew! This old tenant loved to torment me, and chuckle over attaining a ripe old age, in order to keep the rightful heir out of it all as long as possible.

Well, it is mine now; and all my dreams and ambitions are realised. I have made it the most perfect home a young man ever possessed, or poet dreamed of. I have sufficient money to gratify every wish and want. I am my own master, having bound myself only by a deed, not to divulge any secrets and trickery of my Jew master's professional training. This promise I keep by never giving it a thought. So precious however did he consider all he had imparted, that instead of my paying him compensation for having to leave his service before my time was up, he pays me to keep 'as silent as the grave!' Moreover, in time my master became one of my benefactors. Shortly after I left his service, he summons me to his bedside and makes a confession of having constantly opened my mother's letters and extracted money from them. This he accomplished by weighing every one that came to his office for me. No wonder I had often thought it strange she did not think of me in this way. My beloved mother must have thought me ungrateful. Well, when he died, I found that this crusty old man in the possession of the beautiful home was my master's nephew and that he had only lived there as caretaker during my master's life. The home was mine by virtue of inheritance—the only—'the elder' (as it was in the will)—son. My master left me all the beautiful oil-paintings he had from time to time added to the collection. For the term of twenty years I was to enjoy the interest of all his gains. This legacy he felt would fully compensate for his debt to me. My invention had brought him almost a fortune at the end of twenty years, the capital was to go to an 'association for impecunious Jews.' There was only one word in the will that troubled me—why the eldest son? I had never had or heard of a brother; my mother and father must put this right; and why my father had not inherited this glorious property? But I was too deeply in love with it to care to work this out, as it was to be mine; it was sufficient and I feared to raise any question that would deprive me of it. . . . . . .

Happy! No, I am not a happy man. Would to God that I were! I am absolutely alone in the world. All that made the sunshine of my life are gone. My beloved mother has been snatched away to sojourn in another land; my companions are all scattered; my cunning but kindly master is dead, and the few friends I could enumerate have passed out of my life.

Why are our eyes unsatisfied when there is so much beauty to look on, our hearts paralysed when they should beat?

Often and often when standing at the portals of my home, how I long to hear some familiar voice to add harmony to beauty! No. Fate has brought me gifts in one hand and withdrawn dearer possessions with the other.

Oh! how lovely our lives might be if the wheel of Fortune had stopped or gyrated just a little sooner or later. How Love might have gladdened our lives and Success our ambitions? Riches might have been more wisely distributed, in order to fling chances to the many, that only fall to the few. We do not know the why and the wherefore. No answer echoes through the Silence. We must wait until the great Morrow gives us its surprising revelation!

When all my affairs were settled, I journeyed to Italy again in order to seek and wed the high-born maiden of my youthful dreams, to whom I had handed over as a deed of gift the first and only passion of my life. *There* I found, alas, nought but desolation!

The mansion was deserted. Rank weeds hid the path up to the great iron gates. The bridle-paths were overgrown. Silence reigned. Nothing daunted, I scaled the old stone-wall, and fought my way into the garden enclosure that faced that sacred window, where we had spoken our vows to each other, and stolen glances that had touched each other's hearts; where we had clasped hands while making loyal compacts, and swore fidelity to each other, until death should part us.

Hunting about to find the nook where she often at, on the moss-grown stone-seat I found her little sedition of Tasso's *Jerusalem Delivered*, together with a silver pencil and note-book. These were spoilt by time, although encased in a dark leather cover of many colours, tooled in with gold. Yes, her dear name was on the flyleaf and there were notes written in her childish handwriting on the margin of the poems, and there I found another relic—a precious relic too—a few lines *to me.* Lines of farewell, telling her sad story—all our dreams were ended. She was to be wedded to another, one of her own class—no mere artist's assistant. She had been constrained to leave her home against her will, by a proud Count who owned a crumbling castle, in whose imagination alone was it really of any value. No one would listen to my darling's entreaties, or her convictions of the suitability of *our* vows and aspirations.

She had found out information concerning my parentage of which I knew nothing, for on the paper she left it was written 'that my father had been a celebrated painter, the father who was living was a step-father, my own having died a terrible death—the effect of an accident—and that his name was Gioji. All this corroborated with the lawyer's statement when I came into the property. Her farewell words were too sweet and sacred to repeat here. These were for me alone.

* * * *

The above event set a seal upon my resolutions. I returned to England, and in order to quiet my mind and leave my lovely surroundings for a time, since I had no one to share them with me. I determined that I would visit the strange locality I had discovered more than ten years ago, and interview my interesting quest whose history was deeply touched with mystery.

I had not only become rich, but famous. As my master had worked, so I worked, even though there was no necessity to do so.

I became an Art critic, and in course of time was made an Hon. Fellow of many of the principal Art Societies of Europe. I was invited to noblemen's houses and was constantly received as a guest within residences where in former times I worked only as an apprentice. Luckily these noblemen and rich connoisseurs did not recognize me ; in fact, they had always passed me by without a word, or thought, or even a nod, instead of a 'Good morning.' I had touched my forehead to them in the past. In spite of my hard taskmaster, I kept up my good and classical education, that I was foolish enough at one time to ignore, and acquired cheap and old volumes, by going without meals when I was younger or when some kind visitor walking through the picture galleries pressed a douceur upon me which I accepted gratefully enough at the time.

So much for the power that was in the possession of gold; no wonder I had gone nearly unreasonable over the lust for it. One day I received a request for a sketch of my life for a literary Art journal, adding that a portrait of myself and a picture of my present home would be considered an additional favour. Money soon seemed to make me famous. I frequented every public sale-room and thereby recognized many masterpieces that had passed through our own hands, and many a frame that had received my treatment and had maintained high prices and were great favourites. Still I was much sought after among all classes for some reason or other: for favours, for name on public subscription lists, or for general interest. In a fit of conceit I granted the request of the editor, gave him what information I could, and then thought no more about it. Just as I was starting for Stoney Mount, this memoir was published so I bought a copy to peruse on the journey.

Some Secrets of Happiness.

By Cosmos.

MANY books nowadays deal with the absorbing subject of Mind-training, and one of the most enviable of all conditions — an attitude of *constant cheerfulness* — appears to be within the reach of every one. It is a wonderful power, this, of unassailable cheerfulness, a very wonderful power— and the question arises: How can it be obtained? And how made permanent and lasting, not to be upset by the first trial?

It is a newly-discovered fact (and herein lies a great secret), that all the sunny states of mind can be made permanent in a short space of time, by learning to go to sleep with high and joyful thoughts in your mind, and by summoning an intense cheerfulness that rejoices your whole being. If you go to sleep like that, your subconscious self-will carry on the joyful state, and during sleep much will be accomplished.

"The result will be that the subconscious will express cheerfulness and wholesomeness at all times, and it will become second nature for you to have a sweet disposition, a sunny frame of mind, and an attitude of perpetual joy. This method may seem too simple to be of value, but any one can prove through a few weeks of trial, that this method will produce the desired results, and will, with more continuous practice, actually transform mind and disposition to such an extent that the mind will henceforth live in constant mental sunshine."

TAKING PEOPLE AS THEY ARE.

This is not an easy thing and yet, if we can but learn to take people as they are, what an enormous amount of irritation we should be saved! Everybody, or nearly everybody, jars on everybody else in some way; the most charming people on earth have their little failings and annoying ways. Many a husband is aware of this in his wife—many a wife has felt it of her husband.

Nobody is perfect, else Earth were not Earth. The best thing to do is to try and overlook whatever it is that annoys us, and take people *as they are!*

THE POWER OF APPRECIATION.

Appreciation has a great drawing power of its own, and the power will only disclose itself with a little practice. Try it and see.

"To cultivate the mental state of appreciation we should eliminate all tendency to fault-finding, crticism and the like, and we should make a special effort to see the worthy qualities in everything and everybody with which we come in contact. A lack of appreciation tends to give the mind a false view of things, thereby preventing the acquisition of the best that life has in store."

"When we value those things that are worthy of our appreciation, we become possessors of a wider consciousness of true value, and our minds gain in worth and are raised by this means."

FAITH IN YOURSELF.

The Power of the Will has been immensely talked of and written of for years now, indeed you can scarcely take up a paper without coming on some allusion to healing by Faith, the effect of Mind on Matter, or some such subject. You know that if you have a pain in any part of your body, and your mind is allowed to dwell on it, that pain is very likely to *in*crease, and certainly won't go away in a hurry. Well, the Mind has the same power in the *opposite* direction; it can *de*crease your pain—transmute it—and, in some cases, drive it away altogether.

WHEN YOU THINK YOU CAN DO A THING YOU FIND YOU CAN.

What a wonderful vista of possibilities this fact opens out to you. Isn't it worth trying? I daresay you have heard it before, but this time, try it yourself. Say "I will be"—not "I can't—I don't feel as if I could—I might be able to, if" etc., etc.

" To have faith in yourself and in your work is to cause all the powers of your mind to become elevating, expanding, and constructive in all their actions. Faith always tends to build, and it builds the loftier, the perfect and the more worthy. Doubt, however, retards and retreats ; it is a depressing mental state that we cannot afford to entertain for a moment. But such a state can be removed at once by cultivating faith ; and as we proceed to get faith, we should by all means get an abundance of faith, for in all efforts that aim for great results we cannot have too much faith."

Quotations are from Christian D. Larson's writings.

Are National Arbitration Courts Feasible?

By G. Annaji Rao, M.A., B.L.

SINCE the day the National Congress decreed that recourse to the British Indian Courts by its followers was undesirable, in the national interests, the Indian people have awakened to the fact that the Government Law Courts are an extremely costly and dilatory means of obtaining justice. At the same time the prompt organisation of National Tribunals is a matter of supreme moment, as being one of the chief constructive parts of the National programme.

It is apparent at the outset that the first essential for the success of such Tribunals is to possess a machinery through which its decrees can be enforced. In this connection it must not be forgotten that a co-extensive machinery to enforce decrees will not be tolerated by the existing ruling Power so long as it retains its Sovereignty; at the same time, under existing conditions and under the present creed of the Congress, I understand it is not the intention of the Congress to destroy that particular Sovereign prerogative of Government but only *to ignore it.* The Congress has merely so far decided to *ignore* the existing Law Courts and will probably administer justice to its followers in the National Tribunals to be appointed by itself. Evidently what the Congress thus hopes for is that the moment its decrees are passed by its Tribunals called Arbitration Courts, they will be obeyed by the judgment-debtors. We are in duty bound to point out that this is not likely to be always so, though in the early enthusiasm of the National consciousness it may happen so. It is also likely that such decrees will be quickly obeyed by ordinary litigants where both the opponents are rich, and see the fairness of the decision of the Tribunal or the futility of appealing further. But in every country there is a class of judgment-debtors which is unable to pay up decree at once and which requires constant pressure of Civil warrant to enforce payments under the decree. There are still others who, though able to pay at once, believe the judgment against them to be unjust and hope to prolong the litigation, either to gain what they believe to be the ends of justice or want through spite to make an opponent lose as much again in prolongation of costly litigation as is gained under the decree. As against the perversity and spite inborn in certain individuals, and as against the stubborn judgment-debtor, who cannot see the reasonableness of paying except under pressure of Civil warrant, the perfunctory Arbitration Courts of the present day offer no safeguards. Once the National Congress Tribunals are organised and placed on a sound basis, the necessity of some sort of peremptory sanction to enforce their decrees will soon be felt.

Now this sanction can be secured and the National Tribunals can be placed on a permanent basis if the Congress unbent a little and recognised instead of ignoring the sovereignty of the existing Power in the land. The present insistence of the Congress to ignore the British Indian Law Courts altogather and to settle the monetary and other disputes among Indians by private arbitration though it may have been effectual in a good number of cases, where both sides are fair-minded and enthusiastic in the National cause, is bound in other and equally large number of cases to be ineffectual for the chief reason that the National Tribunal lacks the power to enforce its decrees. Numerous instances might be given where such arbitration decrees are ultimately rendered futile by the stubbornness of one of the parties which is usually the one conscious of its strength to withstand social odium and even ostracism, which two are till now the only means wherewith a Tribunal can enforce its decrees. I know of at least one curious instance of an influential landowner, himself an ardent Nationalist who had served as Village Arbitrator in numerous village disputes and who was well known for his fair-minded justice, who nevertheless contested every inch of technical ground in execution proceedings in a British Indian Law Court, where he had personally to obey a decree for possession and a heavy amount in mesne profits passed by certain other arbitrators in favour of his own nephews. The Arbitration award was one for partition of lands and for mesne profits and the award had been made a decree of the Court. The nephews in view of their uncle's respected position as Village Arbitrator waited till the last day of the three years allowed by the law of limitation to enable their revered uncle to obey the award decree, but when at length the execution proceeding was filed, the uncle contested it on every available technical ground. I am citing this instance merely to show that an organisation when once reduced to a system must provide for all contingencies and for all sorts and conditions of men and must be complete in itself so far as human foresight can go. In the above cited instance, the nephews had originally filed a regular Civil suit and had gone to all the expense thereof, but the suit had subsequently been referred to arbitration and as award thereon had been made a decree of the Law Court. But in the event of a private settlement as is desired by the National Congress at present, merely a decree is provided for and the matter of the sanction to enforce it is left entirely to public opinion and social ostracism, both of which as has been stated above, are very weak sanctions when the defaulting party is influential, wealthy and at the same time cantankerous.

I therefore take the liberty of making the humble suggestion that the National Congress, instead of calling on the Nation to ignore the existing British Indian Law Courts, should utilise them as far as these may be necessary. The chief benefits expected from the National Tribunals are: (1) cheapness, (2) speediness, and (3) certainty. The present British Indian Law Courts are not cheap, they are not speedy, and on account of the uncertainty of judgment in appeal they are not final and certain. If everything went on smoothly, the agreement to refer to arbitration, *if executed before the actual stamp is spent for filing a law suit* in a British Indian Court ought to ensure cheapness.

The speedy trial of the case by the *panchayat* or arbitration ought to ensure expeditiousness, and the arbitration judgment, if there is no visible defect vitiating, the same ought to be final and beyond appeal.

As regards the agreement to refer to arbitration, the existing Civil Procedure Code makes due provision for the same and if the National Tribunals simply followed these lines, the existing Law and Law Courts would be themselves sufficient to afford cheap, speedy and final judgments *to those who are in need of them*, and Congress Tribunals need only guide the litigants along the Chapter on Arbitration Proceedings. But the trouble is that litigants rarely care for these three essentials of justice, though outsiders make the most of them while airing their view-points in a polemic discussion. My fifteen years' experience of British Indian Law Courts has shown me that even Arbitrators can be as dilatory as British-Indian judges; in fact, several judges and *munsiffs* had to admonish the *paid arbitrators* to be more expeditious! (a case of *Et tu, Brute !*). It has also shown me that the administration of justice whether by British Indian Courts or by private arbitration is the most trying of human experiences—(you can never please both sides !)—and that many an arbitrator's simple, and God-fearing award has been attacked in a British Indian Court on the ground of its having been vitiated by fraud or corruption alleged to have been practised by the successful litigant. As for the arbitration judgment being final, I am sure the particular type of cantankerous litigant I refer to will never be snubbed by the word finality. He will hang on to the proverbial straw in order to carry on his refreshing game of litigation.

It is worth repeating once again that the administration of justice is a prerogative of Sovereign Power and it can be exercised both with safety and dignity only by the Sovereign Power. Sometimes even that Sovereign Power, with all its paid myrmidons to enforce its decrees, and with all its careful provisions of law for meeting all contingencies and emergencies, finds itself helpless unless backed up by the fair-minded and well-meaning section of the litigant public, fully conscious of its Civic rights and duties. The administration of justice in the private chambers of private individuals or by stray tribunals, un-co-ordinated with a recognised Central Authority may render temporary relief to a certain section of the people, who even without such mock courts could probably have again become friends and settled their differences. But to meet a genuine heckling litigant with his own intricate weapens of standardised legal procedure it is my decided opinion that British Indian Law Courts are eminently fitted. To every honest, God-fearing and even notoriety-fearing citizen, the very publicity and dilatoriness of these Law Courts are deterrents to litigation for litigation's sake. But to the man who takes law these intricacies and difficulties and their consequent notoriety and mental gymnastics afford a certain zest to life which can be compared only with the eagerness of the war-horse for the battlefield.

The running of parallel judicial Tribunals is therefore fraught with the grave difficulties mentioned below, *viz* :—

1. The work of these Tribunals will, in many cases, turn out futile where their interference is specially most needed, *e. g.*, in the case of the persistent and cantankerous litigant, for want of the necessary sanction —unless the decrees of these Tribunals are passed as Arbitration awards and unless these awards are subsequently made decrees of some British Indian Law Court.

2. Unless the Sovereignty of the British Indian Law Courts is thereby acknowledged, the average citizen or villager who is induced to lessen his respect for the British Indian Courts, will perforce show scantier respect for the new Tribunals, when he sees the latter unable to enforce their own decrees speedily and with certainty.

3. In any event the administration of the Criminal Law will have to be left in the hands of the Sovereign Power which will certainly not tolerate its exercise by

the Congress Tribunals, when, therefore, nearly half the legal administration, *viz.*, its Criminal Law branch, has to continue to vest in the British Indian Courts, it is idle to expect to see the prestige of those Courts lowered by merely refraining from attending those Courts. Congress workers can at best be faithful to their creed only by refusing to help either the Government or the unscrupulous litigant public in their travesties of justice while abusing those Courts—which is what every clean-minded Government expects a clean-minded citizen to do—using the Courts to administer justice, not to *abuse* them!

If the three difficulties mentioned above are guarded against as suggested herein and if the Congress Tribunals merely performed the work of purifying the administration of justice by lessening litigation, by encouraging arbitration and by discouraging chicanery, perjury and abuse of Law Courts they will have performed that highest form of a citizen's duty, which every honest Government expects its subjects to undertake.

Having thus suggested the advisability of basing the success of these new Congress Tribunals on the bed rock of the existing British Indian Courts in order that the latter may the better help us in the final execution of the Tribunal decrees, let us see with what materials these Tribunals are going to work for the due administration of justice, *i.e.*, for the proper trial of a suit up to decree.

Now it is well-known that every Law Court needs a judge to adorn the Bench, and also that it appreciates even if it does not need a Bar from which the pleader pleads the cause of a helpless litigant. It being the primary object of a Congress Tribunal to save the cost of litigation, a nominal fee of a few annas (8 as.) ought to suffice. for the institution of a plaint and I suggest that in the case of suit below Rs. 50 in value, no pleader ought to be encouraged to appear for a litigant. The plaint itself may well be in the form of a *muchalika* or agreement to refer to arbitration before a particular Congress Tribunal in which the parties have confidence, it being, of course, understood that the Congress organisation appoints a network of such Tribunals over the country and assigns to each Tribunal the limits of its jurisdiction. It is recommended that the aforesaid plaint should contain the chief points in dispute between the claimant and his opponent. [Query : - What would happen if both or either of the contesting parties do not agree to this procedure? The Tribunal, it is evident, has no power to enforce the attendance of a defendant, nor that of a witness by a summons to attend before it, nor can it pass an *ex parte* decree except on a trial undertaken after reference made to it by both the parties to the suit]. The trial and the award will no doubt then follow, the award will then have to be duly made a decree of a British Indian Court, if the judgment-debtor failed to obey the decree within a week after its promulgation. This would save the institution fee in numerous suits, and would no doubt expedite business—where such referred suits are few.

We now come to the second point essential for the success of these Tribunals, *viz.*, their cheapness.

The cost of administration of justice is due first to the cost of construction of the stately Law Courts, secondly, to the huge pay of the judiciary, which is though essential to keep it above corruption and, thirdly, to the scale of fees awarded to pleaders. The first two of these are met from Court fees, leaving the litigant himself to provide for the third item. Will it be possible for the Congress acting as a Centralised Body to minimise the cost of such litigation by cutting short any of these items, and yet keep the administration of Civil justice within the bounds of impartiality and dignity associated with the Sovereign function of a State?

It seems to me that nothing is impossible if the Nation makes a common united and sustained effort. A Westernised Government no doubt requires massive buildings to keep up its dignity, though the same may add hugely to the cost of administration. The Congress

Tribunals on the other hand can save the cost of erecting buildings by holding their Courts in the maidans, under banyan trees or in a temple, a church or a mosque as suits the parties. A Congress Tribunal needs no elaborate clerical staff as its legal forms will be of the simplest. The Tribunal's judges need not be heavily paid as the Nation has long ceased to entertain the Western myth that high salary and incorruptibility always go together. But the Congress will, all the same, have to maintain a judiciary supported by moderate clerical and superintending staff with regular salaries. To meet these, a scale of fees, though much lower than the one now in use in British Indian Courts, will have to be enforced. And if it is the intention of the parties to save the pleader's fees, all that is necessary is not to make the cost of engaging a pleader recoverable from the losing party.

A further difficulty may arise if it is strictly enjoined that none but persons or bodies holding a special licence from the Congress should constitute such Arbitration Courts, since the Civil Procedure Code has no partiality for Congress Tribunals in particular, and since there is no sanction in existing law to penalise the constitution of other Courts not authorised or sanctioned by the Congress. But it is hoped that the Congress by taking the foremost initiative in the establishment of such Tribunals will make them so attractive that rival Courts may not arise and create fresh difficulties. To ensure the success and popularity of the Congress Tribunals and also to inspire public confidence, it is recommended that all the Arbitration Courts in the country be organised thoroughly by the Central Congress Committee and a uniform procedure be adopted in all the Courts with the common vernacular Hindi as the National language, if so approved.

I hope it is not due to the impracticability of competing with existing British Indian Law Courts or to want of sufficient workers that the National Congress has as yet not organised these Tribunals or co-ordinated their activities with a Central (Judicial) Committee of the Indian National Congress.

Buchholz in April.

By Violet de Malortie.

Day breaks! the aery turbulence of night
Has left the cloudless Heaven a silver face,—
The very world seems leaping into space
Lost in an ecstasy of pure delight.

Half in a dream I see the giant hills
Peopled by birds—until their forest trees
Form one Æolian harp tuned by the breeze
To hymn Gods praise. Meanwhile sad silence fills
The twilight of the woods, but here, a spring—
Fresh from the mountain's heart—long wash'd the snow,
And there white starry blooms wave to and fro,
Softly as summer night-moths on the wing.

O tender wind-flowers would that I could be
As near my spring of life, as thine to thee.

Wine of Love.

By Puran Singh.

I have no love for wine,
    Nor ever I kiss the cup,
These red, red eyes of mine,
    Nor of the Bloom of Vine.

In sleep I met my God,
    He kissed me rose, my Master!
His Light is on the skies,
    His glow is in my eyes.

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EAST & WEST.

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EAST & WEST.

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FROM CLOUDLAND.

The Imperial Conference.

THE Conference which has just been holding its sittings and is about to disperse, is another expression of the desire to seek Imperial unity, but like the League of Nations its accomplishments remain vague and uncertain. The idea of a united Empire implies united control and united responsibility. The idea is attractive, the truth, that human happiness in future will need a united world, is asserting itself. but to nations used to warfare and feuds it seems impracticable. Unity is impossible unless nations, great and small, are prepared to merge their separate selves for the common good. It is said that the Conference passed under review foreign questions which are engaging the attention of the British Government. From what angle of vision has the Conference reviewed them? The status of Indians in South Africa still calls for settlement. The position of Indians in Kennya is deplorable. The Ministers have shaken Mr. Shastri by the hand but they have refused his fellow-countrymen the right of equality which it implies. They talk cleverly of existing barriers and of the inherent right of the people to arrange their own affairs. The fact is that in spite of a changed world the old ideas rule the minds of the statesmen. and that is why their aspirations for a commonwealth of the British Empire remain vague and undefined. The circumstances, however, are working for a change and the Conference spent a great deal of time in strengthening material forces which are breaking down the barriers such as closer communications between all parts of the Empire and better distribution of news. This part of the work of the Conference will certainly bear fruit. What we need is a clear perception of the fact that like trade, emigration and immigration are ruled by forces which automatically control them and that no other control or barriers are required. The British Empire must feel unity of will and purpose if it is to become a united whole for the peace and prosperity of the world.

The Irish Settlement.

THE Conference which the Prime Minister held with the president of the "Irish Republic" marks a great advance towards an understanding between the two countries. It implies recognition of the Irish Republic; and in spite of the Conference having dispersed without any tangible conclusions, the chances of Irish settlement are undoubtedly good. There is a general desire in both countries for honourable peace but the difficulties are enormous. The basis of the Conference has not been made public, but it can be no other than the (a) acknowledgment of Irish independence, (b) the establishment of a common partnership based on common interest, and (c) the unity of Irish people.

The Congress Programme.

THE Congress leaders met and discussed their future programme. Mr. Gandhi wisely refused to countenance civil disobedience. He is much too far-seeing to jeopardise the success of his movement by associating it with civil disobedience which must inevitably end in violence; and violence might destroy the movement which he is piloting towards nationhood. There are two items in Mr. Gandhi's programme which I cannot understand. His hostility to Government is inexplicable to me. He condemns a going concern, while at the same time asserts, that he is opposed to a system and not to persons; but it is persons who run the system. The system can be modified and reconstructed as the minds of men working it change. How does he wish it to be modified and reconstructed? He has not put forth his proposals to make the system less Satanic. Perhaps unconsciously he believes in Omar Khayyam's

> Shatter it to bits and then
> Remould it nearer to the heart's desire.

The past experience of men and nations belies the possibility of any such achievement. France tried it, America tried it, and Russia in trying to discover a new way of social well-being finds itself in the grip of starvation. Love, not hate, is the sovereign remedy, and hostility, even though it serves a political purpose, is entirely out of place in a programme which Mr. Gandhi claims is based on love of India and humanity. The burning of foreign cloth may be a symbol, but it is out of date in a modern world which is so interlinked that even most self-aggrandising nations are driven to feel the need of a world State. The idea, that a self-governing India must be self-providing also, is good, but a self-providing India need not shut itself out from the trade currents of the world. Let India produce to its utmost capacity but let it also give and take freely, so that India's growth may bring human happiness and material prosperity. Surely, Mr. Gandhi does not propose to isolate India from the world.

The Royal Visit.

Mr. Gandhi has declared his opposition to the visit of His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales on the ground that he represents a system which he cannot uphold. But is it so? Is he not stretching a point against the Prince? To refuse to welcome a guest is against all Eastern ideas, ancient and modern, and the boycott of the visit is more likely to hinder than to further any political purpose. In ancient times men who fought during the day feasted together at night. Why should not our people see the Prince and welcome him? He is the son of our King. He is coming to India to greet us and to know us. Are we to turn away our faces in sullenness and prove that political ideas are more to us than good manners? It would be a sad thing if we allow political considerations to override natural amenities of life. There is no reason why India while asserting its freedom, should not give a rousing welcome to our Royal guest and remain on most friendly terms with the English people and other European nations.

Infallibility.

MR. GANDHI certainly does not wish his cause to be supported by anything but truth, but in a particular case he gave his sanction to a malicious statement likely to create hatred. He approved of a man miles away from him in thought and feeling unconsciously condemning men of great purity and aspiration of thought. I am sure he does not believe that an end justifies any means and merely because a man supports his political creed, he rises above all moral and material obligations.

Famine in Russia.

THE ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY has received the following message from Patriarch Tikhon. "There is a famine in Russia. A great part of our population is doomed to hunger and death. The corn of many provinces, formerly the country's granary, is now burned by drought. Famine breeds epidemic. Most generous aid is needed immediately. All other considerations must be cast aside. The people are dying and agriculture is dying because the population is deserting homes, lands, fields, farms, and is fleeing eastwards crying for bread. Delay spells unprecedented calamity; send immediately bread and medicine. Pray that God may avert His wrath." We hope the call for help will receive a prompt response in all parts of the world.

Strikes and the Future of Europe.

A EUROPEAN friend writes: "Here we have had a postal strike. Strike, strike and terror everywhere are in the land. Red terror, white terror, green terror. There are not so many colours in the rainbow as the terrors which trouble and kill humanity in these days. The strikes are ever present here. The trains have not been running for a month. The workmen earn a deal of money, but it is not enough for them; they demand more and more, while they reduce hours of labour, now when they ought to work day and night with redoubled energy in order that the ruined life of mankind might possibly be brought back into some little order. They strike. The tremendous income and little work during the war have intoxicated the ignorant, brainless, and befooled crowd. They amuse themselves, drink hard, eat, drink and brutally terrorize over everything which is better and nobler than themselves."

The Whirlpool.

"I THINK this is the whirlpool of civilization. Civilization reached up to its climax like an ocean wave; there it foams, whirls, roars that it may suddenly crash down with its whole mass into the depths. The World War and this "Peace," are hardly other than the whirling and foaming of European civilization on the crest of the wave. Civilization! How proud is our West of this civilization whilst under its name the human soul has been betrayed by a greedy endeavour for external effects, for appearances, for sensations, for material results; a race in which one human soul hopes to gain happiness on the ruins of another. Civilization at present is like opening floodgates of ideas which are shattering the harmony of life and throwing humanity into discord, dividing man from man."

The Tree of Life.

BUT this evil like all evil, is God's servitor for good, in this beautiful world which prepares it for something better. I think civilization is levelling the ground for a larger understanding of life:—

Joy is the flower of the tree of life;
From it all petals their colour take;
In autumn ripens the fruit of care
And holds the seed of life,
So speaks the sage.

Civilization with its simmering ideas, competitions, discoveries, pursuits of effects, cruelties, has brought into existence the means of its own betrayal; and who knows that thus it is preparing the ground for the seed of love and understanding which will in the future work wonders for individual and human good.

True Civilization.

By culture, I indicate that particular process of development which is not for outer appearances but which makes the noblest and best in us rulers of this earth. Right living does not reject the material means of life, but it does not hold them as the highest, as stepping-stones to reach spiritual heights. True civilization will not reject the results, but with still more powerful rhythm march toward them. Meantime, it does not take off its eyes from the search for ultimate causes and exploring remote distances of existence.

Life is a rhythm, pulsation, trouble—quiet, shock,—peace, up-down, down-up, light-shadow, heat-cold, good-evil, love-hatred, waving in a great infinite ocean always towards God.'

India's Place in the Society of Nations.

India! I can only dream of her sometimes, and pity her—the powerful India which is not conscious of its power. The great sages of India never thought that the earthly society of men should not be built on abstractions, on metaphysical ideals, but on actualities, on practical virtues, on the work of citizenship and on responsibility. The Hindu sages have enriched the world of human thought with marvellously beautiful principles, but alas! they forgot something, which alone is capable of employing the divine power hidden in men for orderly development of humanity. They forgot the ideas of a worldly State. Their overpowering idealism estranged men from the State, and the duties to the State. Worldly State, national independence, freedom, common well-being,· these things did not move the Hindus. Is there any movement towards material realisation, I wonder, awaking a sense of earthly responsibility in the millions of India who since thousands of years have not realized that they have to live on this earth also and owe a debt to the world?

A Dry India.

Pussyfoot Johnson is soon to be with us. It will be his business to dilate on the evils of intemperance and the curse of drink. At the same time we are sure to be treated by the opposite party to a lurid description of the vices of prohibition. What are they? Prohibition is no longer a novelty. It has now been given a trial in America and Canada. It is not an unmixed boon. No one, of course, should expect it to be. The courts are congested with cases of illicit possession and moonshine whisky. One learned judge was heard to complain that the new law had converted very many law-abiding citizens into evildoers. Much valuable time is taken up with trying to discover how a man came to be in possession of whisky in his home, the existence of which he pleads he was unaware of. Every other house is supposed to possess a still. Moonshine whisky, fire-water if you like, is the drink of the day. You can imagine how busy the police are kept. It is so hard, so irksome to enforce the law. Indeed, to carry out the law a "dry squad" has to be requisitioned. They see to it that prohibition is not a dead letter. They justify their existence often by the number of prosecutions preferred. Imagine what happens particularly if the police are not above suspicion. The avenues to corruption or "graft" are innumerable. Not a pleasant prospect for India.

Main Difficulty.

What is more, the main difficulty has not been mentioned. It is notorious that under prohibition the traffic in drugs or dope is tremendous. Men cease to drink whisky only to fall victims to the still more deleterious habit of drugs. We have then the dope-fiend. Think, too, of the invidious position of doctors. Usually under prohibition it is possible to secure drink on a doctor's certificate or prescription. The result is that excessive pressure is brought to bear on medical men. Abuses are bound to ensue. An unscrupulous doctor has a veritable gold mine placed within his reach. The profession is degraded and practitioners are constantly dragged into court. Here is a resolution passed by the Medical Association of British Columbia. "There is at present a large demand for liquor, whether for medical or other purposes. The medical prescription is the only method whereby liquor can be obtained. This has led to undue pressure on the physician and has become an intolerable nuisance to the medical profession." The profession, therefore, demands that it shall be entirely relieved of the responsibility of dispensing liquor. The drug-fiend is the great obstacle to prohibition; but the danger has really been greatly exaggerated. The Chief of Drug Control in Pennsylvania reports that a large proportion of the people who become addicted to narcotics are of the class who also drank liquor. He is strongly of the opinion that the average man who drank liquor before prohibition is facing the proposition as a good sport and despises the drug addict. Such a man would not think of substituting drugs for liquor.

The other Side.

THE drawbacks of prohibition are many. It may not prohibit. It may take millions of officials to make a country dry. Still, on the whole, those best qualified to judge are of the opinion that it is a measure for the better and not for the worse. It improves a country, whatever be the discomfort of certain individuals. There is no need here to refer to the disease and vice of the streets closely associated with liquor. These tend to disappear when drink disappears. A good deal of proverty is eliminated. With the decrease of proverty, crime goes down too. There is an all-round levelling up of efficiency.

Are we then to force men to be sober and efficient? It all looks like a serious invasion of individual liberty. Whether there is to be prohibition or not, the first reform is to improve the quality of the liquor consumed. The next is to improve the surroundings in which it is consumed. On one thing in America all were agreed. That was that the open bar had been abolished and must remain abolished. Efforts to retrace the steps of prohibition have ended with State control, as in British Columbia and Quebec. Evidently they believe that there are two classes of men on this earth and that each should allow the other to live.

Lincoln's Verdict.

LINCOLN, who neither smoked nor drank, had a large and generous heart. He has paid a sympathetic tribute to the drunkard. "In my judgment, such of us as have not fallen victims have been spared more from the absence of appetite than from any mental or moral superiority over those who have. Indeed, I believe, if we take habitual drunkards as a class, their heads and their hearts will bear an advantageous comparison with those of any other class. There seems ever to have been a proneness in the brilliant and warm-blooded to fall into this vice. The demon of intemperance ever seems to have delighted in sucking the blood of genius and generosity. What one of us but can call to mind some relative more promising in youth than all his fellows, who has fallen a sacrifice to his rapacity?" This may be an additional reason why we ought to save such men from themselves either by State control or by prohibition.

Now that a beginning has been made, if prohibition be a liberal reform, we may arrest it and check it and modify it, but stop it we cannot. Greater and more surprising changes in the world have recently been wrought than the abolition of indiscriminate and excessive drinking. Prohibition is making progress. If we object to it, there is one way to meet the danger. We must rob the traffic of its flagrant abuses. We must keep our eye on the working of State control. There is one way to play into the hands of the prohibitionists. That is, to attempt to obscure the issue by arguments about drugs and the difficulty of enforcing the prohibitory law. Under prohibition you will find it no easy task to get a decent drink.

Cash Certificates.

AN esteemed friend writes:—"On March 9th, 1917, the Director-General of Posts and Telegraphs issued a postal notice about cash certificates. It was expressly said therein that the amount due would be paid on presentation. There was only one clause, in which any mention was made of the Postmaster-General's permission being necessary. It ran as follows: "The holder of a certificate may not transfer it to another person, except by permission of the Postmaster-General of the Circle in which the post office of issue is situated." In the whole notice as well as in the notification published in the Postal Guide for April 1917, it was not said that if a father bought a cash certificate for his minor son as guardian, he would not be paid, either at maturity (that is, after 5 years), or earlier, *without the permission of the Postmaster-General.*

Moreover, there was nothing in the Postal law or rules to lead the public to believe that guardians would be under such a disability.

The Savings Bank Act.

In the Government Savings Banks Act, 1873, section 10 lays down:

> "Any deposit made by, or on behalf of, any minor may be paid to him personally if he made the deposit, or to his guardian for his use if the deposit was made by any person other than the minor, together with the interest accrued thereon.
>
> "The receipt of any minor or guardian for money paid to him under this section shall be a sufficient discharge therefor."

Rule 2 of the Savings Bank Rules, in accordance with this section, allows the father or mother who has made a deposit, to withdraw it on certifying that the amount sought to be withdrawn is required for the use of the minor. Neither has to seek the permission of the Postmaster-General before applying for withdrawal.

It was not said in any notification in 1917 or 1918 about cash certificates that a father or mother buying a cash certificate as guardian would have to take such consent, before asking for payment.

The Changed Rule.

But in the October Postal Guide for 1919, appeared for the first time the following rule:

> "2 (2). A cash certificate purchased in the name of a minor cannot be discharged during the minority except by the minor's *legally-constituted guardian*. The Postmaster-General and the Director-General have, however, discretionary power to allow the *natural* guardian to discharge cash certificates during the minority up to the face value of Rs. 500 and Rs. 1,000 respectively, without the execution of an indemnity bond by the party concerned."

In the Postal Guide for April, 1921, the limit of Rs. 500 has been increased to Rs. 5,000, and the Director-General is authorized to pay the *legal* guardian, amounts exceeding that limit.

The Question.

Now I ask, in all seriousness, how, under any law, a father who bought under the notification of 1917, can be, retroactively, subjected to the disability imposed by this Rule 2 (2)? Who has made it? Has it been made by the Director-General and carelessly passed by the Government of India, or has it been made by the Government of India, without any suggestion from that officer? Is there any provision in the Contract Act under which the Government can introduce a term in the contract, in October, 1919, which was not within the contemplation of the parties in April, 1917, when cash certificates were first offered to the public and bought? Does the Government itself understand the distinction between *legal* and *legally-constituted* guardians? Does it know that under both Hindu and Mahomedan laws the father is not only the *natural* but the *legal* guardian of his son? Does it expect the humble public who deal with Post Offices and buy cash certificates to understand all the distinctions in Rule 2 (2)? Is this not a clear case of breach of faith? But the inarticulate being affected, the papers have said nothing and the Government think all is well, and they do not modify the rule.

The Kingdom of Service.

By Jean Roberts.

> "The more a man gets to know
> Of his own life's adaptabilities
> The more joy-giving will his life become."
>
> —From Robert Browning's *Cleon.*

The present strife, that is the outcome of the restlessness and turbulence left by the great war of this century, is recognised as the result of the struggle of Democracy for ascendancy. It is a strife that leaves the present Peace nothing but its name. The struggle came inevitably; strife was avoidable. Had the aim of Democracy been what it professed to be—Equality, resulting from the freedom won for each individual citizen, or member of a State,—the movement would have progressed without bloodshed or heart-burning to a victorious fulfilment.

Equality is a noble aim if it is pursued single-heartedly, with a lofty Ideal in view. The pursuit of it exercises power in man; the fulfilment of it crowns him with greater power.

The pursuit of an ignoble aim—self-aggrandisement clutching at power for self's sake—enfeebles man's higher nature, develops his lower animal nature, induces envy and hatred, and makes strife inevitable and equality impossible. The struggle, whether nobly or ignobly carried on, is for power. True, royal power, to which every man may attain if he wills to grain it, makes for peace, and the equality of a high standpoint, in contrast with the levelling down of a debased Democracy. Every man is heir to a kingdom though not all men are conscious of their heritage. He who acknowledges his birthright and lives in conformity with his heritage, realising that the gifts of mind, body and spirit of which he wins possession by pursuit of his Ideal, are to be used for the good of his fellow-men, is a king, reigning by service. Such service makes for equality by stimulating others to pursue the same course, gain possession of themselves, give out their power for the benefit of mankind.

There can be no perfect service where no perfect Ideal is perceived and pursued; but mankind in the person of every man and woman has a full, perfect and all-sufficing ideal in a right conception of the work of the Creator-Spirit of the universe.

With all reverence we say that the Creator *serves* His creatures. The limitless power of that Self-expansion of Life, which inspires us with life, is Love. Love exists by giving itself out and communicating to others as much of itself as they have capacity to receive. Capacity is enlarged by willing reception of love, and love is enriched by giving to others from itself. Dante in his *Commedia* brings out this truth.

In the *Paradiso*, Canto X, Dante puts into the mouth of S. Thomas Aquinas that true love grows by loving—*verace amore che cresce amando.*

The Creator serves His creatures because the Creative Spirit of all things visible and invisible is Love, and Love exists by giving itself out and communicating itself to others, thereby enriching itself, being incapable of diminution or impoverishment.

Love alone of all forces is omnipotent. The power of nations, races, communities and individuals is great in proportion to the putting forth of love in service. The amount given out in the service of the creature is the measure of the amount absorbed from the Creator. In other words, it is the measure of the server's capacity for love, but it is not a fixed, immutable measure, it is continually enlarging itself by emptying itself beneficently; a witness to this truth being the rise of nations by service to mankind in the development of civilisation. The result of the service of benignity is progress towards perfection. The result of tyranny, which is power perverted, is decay. It is power evolved from self's force used for selfish ends, exciting hatred and thwarting the work of love. Decadence in racial and national life and in individual character is as inevitable a result of selfishness as progress is of service. The consequences of service and of tyranny need not be final. Nations rise and fall, character developes towards perfection or degenerates; but "where there is life there is hope" is more than a truism, it is truth. So long as there is the will to serve in ever so small a remnant of a fallen nation, life remains in that nation It may be only a spark, but the breath of desire will fan it into quickening warmth, and gradually the place lost by a people in Civilisation is regained. And the presence of one unselfish man in a debased community has an influence analogous to the working of a health-germ introduced into a diseased body. Hence we see the value of personal royalty; of the sovereignty of a man's will in accord with Love's omnipotence, over the passions, instincts and tendencies of his lower nature. Self-control implies self-knowledge, and that knowledge gives insight into the lives and characters of others. Insight induces sympathy, the power of swaying others not by coercion or arbitrary rûle but by the suasion of love.

Government without sympathy is apt to become autocratic, despotic and even tyrannous, whether it be domestic, scholastic, or national, even when the ruling power is beneficent and aims to serve the governed. Possibly we have all smarted under the dominant management of a kind and well-loved personage who has not imagination enough to realise that human beings differ in taste, temperament and character; and that which causes friction and oppression in a small sphere works the same havoc in a larger, and is the secret cause of discontent and revolt. The power that rules and would serve needs the elasticity of imagination and sympathy to avoid hampering the freedom of those under its rule. Freedom *is* impeded even by the rule that combats slavery when that rule deprives the persons aided of all volition and choice. State control benevolently exercised may easily enslave and degrade a people by reducing men and women to the level of puppets, their lives to a series of mechanism. The service of rule ought to have an aim as definite as the aim of true education. It should work with the purpose in view of discovering the faculties and gifts of those ruled and served, of developing these characteristic gifts and allowing them free exercise for the advancement in progress of both the individual and the community or State. This is equality, this bestowal upon every man of the right of self-expression. This is freedom; it is the breaking up and removal of all that hinders volition and fetters and cramps individual gifts.

The license to do what every undeveloped and untrained man wishes to do for the pleasing of himself, whether it hurts his fellow-men or not, is wrongly called freedom. It is one of the worst kinds of slavery, leaving men bound by the chain of their lower nature and of selfish passions.

This brings us to the *austerity* of Love. Infinite tenderness is not incompatible with a severity which, if exercised by tyranny for selfish ends, might be called cruel, and indeed is often denounced as cruelty by those who do not understand its purpose. Love does men service by preventing them doing what would imperil them and lead to deterioration of character.

Restraint, checks, obstacles in the way cause pain and irritation of mind and are apt to induce obstinacy and revolt.

Disregard of restraint and impediments results in calamity, a calamity foreseen by Love and avoidable by means of obedience to love's methods, but often *mis*-regarded as vindictive judgment. There is an old Hebrew story of a prophet bidden to avoid a path he was wont to take. He disobeyed the prohibition and was slain by a lion in the way. The story is often used to press home the doctrine of punishment following disobedience. We prefer to see in it Love's prevision of peril in the way and attempt to save the prophet's life. Not that Love refuses to punish. A swift penalty for wrong done is Love's method of preventing crime and saving many lives and reputations. The kingdom of service belongs to this world and aims at the progress and perfecting of mankind in this and succeeding generations; but it has a future beyond this present stage of human existence. Love is immortal and renders service, not only to develop gifts and faculties usable in this world but in order to quicken and develop qualities which will expand and be exercised in a larger life beyond the ken of our senses, surpassing the limits of our present physical and intellectual life, but of which we catch glimpses through the veil of Mistery, illumined by the stars of faith. Through this veil come at times strains of music, the language expressing truths beyond our present powers of speech to enunciate but made audible to us by the rhythm of poets and the melody of musicians who are Kings in the ministry of Service.

Malabari's Poetry.*

By **Dr. Irach J. S. Taraporewala,** B.A., Ph.D.,
Bar-at-Law, Professor of Comparative Philology in the University of Calcutta.

ધન ધન ગરવી ગુજરાત! માતુશ્રી મારી રે!
નિરખી વદનકમળ રળીયાત, ગાઉં બલિહારી રે.
ઘણે વરસે, દેવી સાક્ષાત્! ભેટ થઈ તારી રે,—
નડી અડચણ દશ ને સાત, ધારી અણધારી રે.
પણ એકે દિવસ મારી માત! ન તુજને વિસારી રે;
ગાળી નાંખી આ ઝુરતી જાત, વિરહ સંભારી રે.
જોગ થયો હવાં, નહિ ભ્રાંત, માતુશ્રી પ્યારી રે;
મળ્યાં નેત્ર નેત્ર સંગાથ, આંખ બન્ને ઠારી રે.
અર્પ્યાં પુષ્પ નમીને, સુપાત્ર! અલ્પ ઉપકારી રે,—
પુત્રભાવથકી કહું માત્ર, આરતી ઉતારી રે!
(અનુભવીકા).

(TRANSLATION.)

Hail! hail! Glorious Gujarat! Hail, O Mother mine! Looking upon thy beautiful lotus-like face, I sing thy praises.

After long years I have met thee again seeing thee face to face, though many were the obstacles both expected and unexpected in the way.

But, Mother mine, I had not forgotten thee even for a day; this weary body of mine has wasted away remembering the separation from thee.

Now there has come reunion with thee (no delusion this), beloved Mother mine; mine eyes have met thine and both my eyes have been satisfied.

With salutations I offer thee flowers, O worthy one!—a small offering; I have only performed the *Arti* on thee with all the devotion of a son. *(Anubhavika.)*†

The heart of every Gujarati-speaking person thrills in response to these noble lines. In these Malabari has shown the main inspiration of his life, a passionate and

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[*This article was specially written by Dr. Taraporewalla for the Sir Asutosh Mookerjee Jubilee Volumes and has been published with the permission of the Commemoration Committee.—ED. *E.&.W.*]

† The English renderings are not translations but merely free paraphrasing. The beauty of the original cannot be reproduced.

deep love for the land of his birth. No poet of Gujarat has sung of his land in more inspiring words or with deeper feeling. For Malabari, above all, was a son of Gujarat and devoted to the service of his Motherland. Though he belonged to a race, which in his days (and even till recently) regarded itself as different from the rest of the Indians, still he never regarded himself other than as an Indian; and even his language is not the "Parsi-Gujarati," but the purest type of the standard language of Gujarat. In fact, Malabari was the first Parsi writer* to take up definitely the so-called "Hindu" dialect for the expression of his deepest emotions. He has acquired such a facility in the use of this language that when he tries to write in the "Parsi" dialect, he is not always successful. Sanskritised words, which Parsis would characterise as "Hindu words" often creep in. By using the standard dialect of Gujarat he led the way for a number of Parsi writers and his greatest service in the field of letters has been the drawing together of the Parsi and Hindu races in the service of their common mother-tongue. His writings are not numerous—his life was too much occupied with his work of social service and other activities—and we must admit that he has not received his due from the people of Gujarat; at any rate, he is chiefly remembered for his social and other activities rather than for his literary work. Two reasons may have contributed to this neglect. In the first place, being the first Parsi to write in the Hindu style, his Hindu contemporaries, on the one hand, were not inclined to take him seriously, while, on the other, to most of the Parsis his writings, even to-day, are, as it were, in a foreign tongue. The second reason for the neglect is undoubtedly the fact that his political creed was not advanced enough for the young men of his day, and of course to-day most people would regard him as hopelessly "old-fashioned." Yet it was he who was accused of "sedition" by the Director of Public Instruction in Bombay for his poems ગુજરાતનું ભાવી ગૌરવ and આપ મરે બીન સ્વર્ગ ન જાય.† It is unjust to run down a great writer for the reason that he devoted all his energies to the cause of social reform rather than to that of the Indian National Congress. Malabari had his limitations, but to deny his literary merit or to doubt the sincerity of his patriotic fervour is less than justice. I well remember him in his home at Bandra and I used to half-fear and to half-shrink from the short, strange-looking personage. He was very silent and very rarely did he open his heart to any one except to his intimate friends. I personally venture to doubt if any friend of his except, perhaps, Mr. Dayaram Gidumal* knew his inmost thoughts and aspirations. It was this silence of his that gave rise to many misunderstandings regarding him, but he was too deeply engrossed in his work to care for what people thought or said of him. He has occasionally put down his inmost feelings in some of his poems and they are most valuable in helping us to form a true estimate of the man. He was a true follower of Zoroaster in that he spent his life in *working for others*, heedless of the opinion of the world and heedless of what his own reward might be.

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* In the 19th century.

† *The Future Greatness of Gujarat* and *Self-Help* (lit. *We cannot go to heaven unless we die ourselves*). See below also.

Malabari has written most of his poems in the standard dialect, and a few in the Parsi dialect and also a few in Hindi. The latter two varieties show a distinct sense of labouring. His language in these is palpably not spontaneous, though two at least of his finest poems are in these dialects. His best work, however, is in the dialect popularly called by his co-religionists "Hindu-Gujarati." When we remember how scanty was the education he received and under what difficulties,† our wonder is all the greater at the purity of the language he uses. He was a born poet and thinker, not a mere rhymster. Of course the language he uses gets more polished with practice, but from the beginning one can clearly mark out the poet.

For convenience we shall divide his poems into various classes according to their subject-matter. They all reveal to us a great and essentially good soul, working silently at his appointed task, never caring for the opinions of others, but at the same time an extremely shrewd observer of human nature who could penetrate all outward hypocrisy and sham. As an observer of Nature, too, he is precise and accurate as many of his metaphors show, but what most appealed to him was humanity, and though he penetrated beneath, and understood at their true worth all outward shows, he still had a warm heart for his fellow-men.

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*Of the Bombay Civil Service, now retired, and still living at Bandra. The best account of Malabari's life is from his pen.

† *B. M. Malabari* by Sirdar Jogendra Singh, Chaps. I-II.

Poems purely descriptive of natural scenes are few, but throughout his life he had the keenest appreciation for the grand and beautiful in nature. He was a lover of the sea all his life and his home at Bandra is within sight of the western ocean. The fresh clouds of the monsoon coming across the trumbling waves have assuredly inspired the સાગર સ્તુતિ in his નીતિ વિનોદ:

સાગરસ્તુતિ

(રુચિરા છંદ)

સાગર! તારી શી બલિહારી! અપરંપાર સુમાર કયો?
શક્તિ ન્યારી ચિત્ત ચિતારી, પૂર્ણ વિચારી છક્ક થયો!
ભરતી ઓટાનો નહીં તોટો, સાચો તર્ક સદાય રહ્યો,
પળમાં મોટો, પળમા છોટો, બની પરપોટો ગુમ ગયો.

* * * *

મેઘતત્ત્વ વળી વેગ કાપતાં ઠેઠ ચઢી આકાશ મળે,
હેતવડે સૌ ક્ષેત્ર ખેતીનાં નેત્ર નકી ખીલ્યા નિકળે.

(નીતિ વિનોદ.)

(TRANSLATION.)

Oh Ocean, how great thy splendour, what limit can there be to thy wide expanse. Imagining within my mind thy grand powers and meditating thereon, I have been struck dumb with awe.

Thy ebb and flow is unending, but thou art ever thy very true self. Now thou art great, now thou art small, and sometimes thou art hidden in a bubble.

* * * *

Clouds laden with rain come rapidly across thee and fill up all the sky; under their downpouring love the fields of corn spring up verdant before our eyes. *(Niti Vinod.)*

The following description of a storm at sea from વિલ્સન વિરહ is vigorous, but the language is distinctly of an earlier period and consequently not nearly so polished as in the later writings:

સમુદ્રમાં તોફાન*

(રોલા)

પવન છોડી કુલ ધ્વજા, ગજાવે તુફાન ભારી,
સાગર પાડે ચીસ, દેખી વાયુની સવારી. ૧

મોજાં નાસાનાસ કરે ત્યાં વારા ફરતી,
નીચે મચ્છ ગભરાય, ઉપર ઉછળતી ધરતી. ૨

જ્યાં વાયુનું જોર પાણી શું કરે બિચારાં!
નચવ્યાં નાચે નાચ, ફરી ફરી ગોળ કુંડાળાં. ૩

ઝાઝ ઉડી પછડાય, સિંધુને હૃદય અતીસે,
ઘાયલ થયલો મગર, જેમ તડફડતો દીસે. ૪

વળી કામાતુર ચંદ્ર પાણીપર મોહિની નાંખે,
આકુળવ્યાકુળ પ્રિયા જોશ એ કેમ સાંખે? ૫

મસ ગજાવર વ્હાણ, દિસે કણ એવો નાનો,
જેમ ગગનવિસ્તાર વિષે એક તલનો દાણો. ૬

ક્યાં એ રજના ભાર? પહાડ જ્યાં પિગળી હાલે,
ધન ઈશ્વર! તુજ જોર, વ્હાણ તુજ સત્યે ચાલે! ૭

(વિલ્સન વિરહ)

(TRANSLATION.)

A Storm in the Ocean.

The wind unfolding all his banners has started a roaring storm the Ocean shrieks when he perceives the onslaught of the wind.

The waves rush hither and thither there, the fishes down below are bewildered with the world tossing up above.

Where the wind is strong, what could the poor waters do? They dance as the wind makes them, whirling round in huge whirlpools.

The ship is tossed up and down heavily upon the bosom of the ocean and looks like a wounded whale splashing about.

And the love-lorn moon throws his enchantment on the waters: how could he bear to see the tumult within his beloved (ocean)!

The huge big ship looks very small, as if a small grain of sesamum was set upon the surface of the sky.

What would be the worth of this speck where mountains are dissolved and tossed about? Glory to Thee, O God! and to Thy Power! The ship sails trusting in Thee.

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*ડાક્ટર વીલસનનું પોર્ટસ્મથને બારેથી ઉપડી જવું અને રસ્તે તોફાનનું નડવું.

The love poems scattered through his works are the reflection of the deep and happy love which had crowned Malabari's life. In those early days when marriages among Parsis were arranged by the elders without any reference to the child-couple. Malabari had the good fortune to marry for love. The union was a happy one and Malabari was a devoted father and husband. The following two gems (both from વિલ્સન વિરહ) are exquisite specimens of Gujarati love lyrics :—

ભરતારનો શોક અને ચાંદાને અરજ

('ઓધવજી ! સંદેશો કહેજો શ્યામને'–એ ચાલ.)

ચાંદા ! રે પ્યારીને જોતો આવજે,
વિયોગનો અનુભવ તો તુજને રોજ જો;
સંદેશો કાંઈ કહે તો વ્હેલો લાવજે,
બહુ મુજને ભાવે છે રૂદનમોજ જો; ચાંદા ! રે૦ ૧
મારી ગતિ તું કહેજે ચાંદા ! પ્યારીને,
વિરહચેહમાં બળે રાતે મુજ અંગ જો;
દીસે ડગમગ ડોલે હૈયું હારીને;
પ્યારપાંખ વિણ ટળવળ કરૂં અપંગ જો; ચાંદા ! રે૦ ૨
હે ચાંદા ! જવ આણે તારી ચાંદનિ,
ચંદ્રમુખી મારીને કહેજે એમ જો;
કમળકલા વિણ મુજ મન તૃષ્ણા રહે ઘણી,
ચકોર હું ચાંદા વિણ જીવું કેમ જો ? ચાંદા ! રે૦ ૩

(વિલ્સન વિરહ)

(TRANSLATION.)

A Petition to the Moon.

Oh Moon! do please visit my beloved; for thou dost experience daily the pain of separation. If she sends a message, bring it to me quickly; I am very fond of the luxury of tears.

Tell the beloved, oh Moon! my condition, how all night my body burns in the furnace of separation; and during the day my heavy heart is tossed about owning defeat; without the wings of love, I thirst after her, unable to fly to her.

Oh Moon! when thou dost bring thy moonlight with thee, tell thus to my moon-faced one: there is great yearning in my heart after the beauty of the lotus; I am the *Chakor*, how can I live without the Moon? *(Wilson, Virah.)*

વરસાદને અરજ

(ગરબી—ચાલ ઉપર પ્રમાણે.)

અંધારીમાં આવે જવ તું મેહુલા!
ઝરમર ઝરતાં તારાં નિર્મળ નેવ જો;
તે ટાણે ભૂલીશ મા રે મુજને ભલા,
ગતિ મારી સાચવજે ગરૂઆ મેઘ! જો; અંધારીમાં૦ ૧

જે વેળા તું પ્રીતમના મિલાપથી,
ધરતીનું ઉર જળમય થઈ ઉભરાય જો;
તે વેળા મુજ હૈડું, વિરહતાપથી,
બળી બળી નિજ આસનમાં જ સમાય જો; અંધારીમાં૦ ૨

વર્ષા! હું તો પડિયો તારે આસરે,
શીતલ સંદેશા મુજને સંભળાવ જો;
બેહું ઘોર અંધારૂં મુજ દિલમાં ખરે,
હે વીરા! મુજ વિયોગવિષ ઉતરાવ જો! અંધારીમાં૦ ૩

(વિલ્સન વિરહ)

(TRANSLATION.)

When thou arrivest, Oh Rain! in the dark night, thy clear streams downpouring steadily, at that time do thou not, indeed, forget me, Oh gracious Rain! have pity on my condition.

What time the heart of this Earth overflows in crystal streams upon meeting thee, her best beloved at that time my heart, burnt up by the fire of separation, shrinks to a cinder within myself.

Oh Rain! I am come to thee for refuge, bring thou to me refreshing messages: on my heart, indeed, deep darkness has descended; O gracious one! conjure away the poison of separation in me.

(Wilson-Virah.)

In another poem in નીતિ વિનોદ entitled સુખદુઃખનો સાથી he says:—

સુખદુઃખનો સાથી

(દોહરા)

* * * *

માતાની મમતા અને સ્નેહ પિતાનો સાર,
પૂર્ણ પવિત્ર જ તેથકી છે પત્નીનો પ્યાર.
વૈભવ આજે આવશે, વળી કાલે વૈરાગ;
અબળા પ્રબળા થઈ તહીં; ઝીલશે અડધો ભાગ.

સંસારે શત્રુ ઘણા, સમજુ સદન પ્રધાન;
સફળ વાસ તે સ્વામીનો, નિર્ધન પણ ધનવાન.

* * * *

બળે જુલમના અગ્નિમાં, ચઢે ત્યાગથી કાટ;
વળ ખાધેલો પ્રેમ એ, નવ છોડે મરડાટ.

(નીતિ વિનોદ)

(TRANSLATION.)

The Companion of Joy and Sorrow.

The tenderness of the mother and the affection of the father,—fuller and holier than either is the love of the wife.

Prosperity might come to-day, and adversity to-morrow, but at all times the weak woman shall become strong and bear half of the burden.

In one's life one meets many foes, but if the ruler of the home is wise, that man's life is a success : even though poor, he is rich.

* * * *

Even though burnt in the fire of domestic tyranny or corroded by indifference, the knot of this love does not loosen its grip.

(Niti-Vinod.)

The inconsistencies of love are well pictured in the poem પ્રીતિ કરી પસ્તાઉ*, a beautiful piece in his સંસારિક. Among other things he says of the "ocean of love" that :—

ઉષ્ણ પ્રેમસિંધુમાં બૂડતાં, શીત પરસેવે ન્હાઉં,—
પ્રેમદા! પ્રીતિ કરી પસ્તાઉં.

(TRANSLATION.)

I plunge in the hot ocean of love, but get bathed in a cold perspiration—O Love-bestower ! I love and then repent.

And then he says that no matter where he wants to lead the beloved, he himself is dragged by her :

પ્રીત રીત વિપરીત જ એવી, તાણું કેરી ક્યાં તણાઉં?—
પ્રેમદા! પ્રીતિ કરી પસ્તાઉં.
તો પણ પ્રીત છે પ્રબળ મોહિની, વશ થઈ વળી મલકાઉં,—
પ્રેમદા! પ્રીતિ કરી પસ્તાઉં.

---

* I love and then repent.

(TRANSLATION.)

The ways of love are so inscrutable ; I try to pull, but am myself pulled down—O Love-bestower! I love and then repent.

Yet love is a powerful enchantment; even though I surrender myself utterly to it, I am glad—O Love-bestower! I love and then repent.

The final summing up is the best verse of the whole poem :

જીવનથી મીઠી, કડવી મરણથી. પ્રીતિ! શા ગુણ તુજ ગાઉં ?—
પ્રેમદા! પ્રીતિ કરી પસ્તાઉં

(સંસારિકા.)

(TRANSLATION.)

More sweet than life, more bitter than death, O Love! how can I sing about thee ?—O Love-bestower! I love and then repent.

(Sansarika.)

The સૃષ્ટિસમસ્યા in સંસારિકા is an address by a woman to her shy but ardent lover. The choice of the rhythm and measure no less than the language itself thoroughly harmonises with the subject. A few verses may be quoted :—

સૃષ્ટિસમસ્યા

(પદ)

રસ પાતાં રસ પી લે,
  રસિકડા! રસ પાતાં રસ પી લે. (ટેક)
રસબસતો આ વસંતબહાર જો,
  ફૂલફલાદિ ખીલે,—રસિકડા! રસ પાતાં૦

* * * *

આવ ભ્રમર! ગુંજારવ કરતો!
  કુંજ કુંજ તું ભમી લે,—રસિકડા! રસ પાતાં૦
રસિયા! લાડસહેલી લાડીને
  રોમરોમ અહિં રમી લે,—રસિકડાં! રસ પાતાં૦

* * * *

વ્હેલો આવ, પણ જઇશ ન વ્હેલો,
  હૃદય સદૈવ વસી લે,—રસિકડા! રસ પાતાં૦

દે આલિંગન, મધુરૂં ચૂંબન,
  સૂંદર અધર અમી લે,—રસિકડા! રસ પાતાં૦
લે લે, લેતો જા, રસદાતા!
  દઇ એકી, બેકી લે,—રસિકડા! રસ પાતાં૦

. . . .

મરવૂં તો, અમી પી મર, મધુકર!
  મરી ઝટ ફરી જનમી લે,—રસિકડા! રસ પાતાં૦
અનાયાસ આ સુપ્રિસમશ્યા
  સમજ, ચતુર! સમજી લે!—રસિકડા! રસ પાતાં૦
(સંસારિકા)

(TRANSLATION.)

The Crown of Life.

Give me the wine of love to sip and sip it, too, thyself. Beloved, give me the wine of love to sip and sip it, too, thyself

This is the time for spring to bloom, when love overflows all nature, when flowers and fruits blossom forth. Beloved! give me the wine of love to sip and sip it, too, thyself.

. .

Come unto me, thou buzzing Bee! Wander at will from bush to bush Beloved! give me the wine of love to sip and sip it, too, thyself.

Beloved! thy loved one is mad with love of thee, play with every hair of mine. Beloved! give me the wine of love to sip and sip it, too, thyself.

Come thou soon, but depart not soon; dwell for evermore in my heart. Beloved! give me the wine of love to sip and sip it, too, thyself.

Clasp me within thy dear embrace, give me one sweet kiss as well, taste the sweet nectar on my lips. Beloved! give me the wine of love to sip and sip it, too, thyself.

Take them, take them, O Giver of Love, take all my kisses, take them away: for every once you touch my lips, twice on thy lips I fain would dwell. Beloved! give me the wine of love to sip and sip it, too, thyself.

. .

If thou must die, O Bee! first taste the nectar sweet and then depart. And after thou hast passed away, hasten to come to me again. Beloved! give me the wine of love to sip and sip it, too, thyself.

O Clever One! this Crown of Life thou canst easily understand, try to understand it then. Beloved! give me the wine of love to sip and sip it, too, thyself. *(Sansarika.)*

Silent love and hearts broken by separation are described in many poems, some of them full of deep pathos. In one place the poet asks for the gift of forgetting the beloved so that his mind may be at rest. The whole philosophy of love is put in a few lines in the "Marriage Blessings" (લગ્નાશિષ.)

લગ્નાશિષ

("સલામ સૌને વ્હાલ, સાંઈઓ! સલામ સૌને વ્હાલ."—એ ચાલ)

સુખ આશિષ વરસાવ પ્રભુ! તું સુખ આશિષ વરસાવ.
મહોબતના અંકિત જીવડા રાખે તુંપર ભાવ. પ્રભુ! તું૦ ૧
એ જોડાં વચ્ચે જગજીવન! શુભ સંબંધ નિભાવ. પ્રભુ! તું૦ ૨
પતિપત્નીના નિકટ ધર્મ તું, બન્નેને શીખાવ. પ્રભુ! તું૦ ૩
જે એના હું હાથ જ જોડું, પ્રાણ તું પ્રભુ! જોડાવ. પ્રભુ! તું૦ ૪
એ મહોબતને હું અહિં નોંધું, તું ઉપર નોંધાવ. પ્રભુ! તું૦ ૫

(વિલ્સનવિરહ)

(TRANSLATION.)

Marriage Blessings.

Shower down happiness and blessings, O Lord! shower down happiness and blessings.

May the two souls united in love and devoted unto Thee, O Lord! shower down happiness and blessings.

Between this couple, O Lord of the Universe! maintain ever this holy bond; O Lord! shower down happiness and blessings.

Teach them both the mutual duties of husband and wife; O Lord! shower down happiness and blessings.

I join merely their hands, O Lord! do thou join their souls as well; O Lord! shower down happiness and blessings.

I register this love down below, do Thou register it above; O Lord! shower down happiness and blessings

(Wilson-Virah.)

Quite in accord with this high conception of wedded life is his idea of childhood. The child to him is God manifest in human body, for he sees in every child the બાલકૃષ્ણ, the Enchanter (મોહન) of all hearts. Says the poet in બચપણની બલિહારી :—

શિશુ! આશિષ મમ લે જ્યાં હો ત્યાં, ગાઉં કીર્તિ મોહનની,*—
શી કહું બલિહારી બચપણની?
(સંસારિકા.)

(TRANSLATION)

O child! wherever thou art; my blessings go with thee; I sing the praises of the Enchanter. *(Sansarika.)*

One of the finest of Malabari's poems is the *Lullaby* (હાલરડું) contained in his વિલ્સન વિરહ. Some of its verses may be quoted, and quite appropriately it is to be sung to the measure of the well-known Gujarati song—માતા જશોદા ઝુલાવે પુત્ર પારણે (Mother Jasoda rocks her baby (Krishna) in the cradle).

હાલરડું

(ધોળ)

("માતા જશોદા ઝુલાવે પુત્ર પારણે"—એ ચાલ)

ઝૂલે ઝૂલોને રૂપાળા મારા લાડીલા!
જાયા જનમથી જયજય જનુની અંગ;
શુભ ઓચ્છવની વરણવું શું હું લીલા?
જાયો બેઠો જ્યારે હસતો જનક ઉછંગ. ઝૂલો૦

* * *

હવે ડહાપણની બનાવું રૂડી ઘંટડી,
વ્હાલો વગાડી કરે રે રણુરણુકાર;
સુણી જીવડો ઠરે માતાકેરો બે ઘડી—
જેમ માળી સુણી ભ્રમરગુંજાર. ઝૂલો૦

* * *

આંખે કાજળ લગાડું રે વિવેકનું,
નજર લગાડે નવ જગન્મોહ ડાકણ;
પાપજાળમાં ફસે નવ પુત્ર જગભણી,
મંતરી મંજન કરૂં તુજ નિર્મળ નેન. ઝૂલો૦

* * *

નિદ્રાખોળે હવે સોંપું મારા ધોરીને,
પછી ખોલીને હું પ્રભુ ભક્તિદ્વાર,
માનું પાડ પ્રભુ તારા કર જોડીને,
હું સોવાસણના ફળ્યા છે અવતાર. ઝૂલો૦

(વિલ્સન વિરહ.)

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* શ્રીકૃષ્ણનું બાળસ્વરૂપ મોહન; તે રૂપે બાળ-બાળીકાની સ્તુતી.

MALABARI'S POETRY.

(TRANSLATION.)

Lullaby.

Rock-a-bye in thy cradle, my pretty little darling ; from thy birth my little one has been the greatest pleasure of the mother's heart. How can I describe the thrill of holy pleasure I feel when my darling, seated in the father's lap, smiles ?

I will now get made a little bell of wisdom, and my darling will ring it, tinkle, tinkle ; hearing this, the mother's heart will be full of joy, just as the gardener rejoiceth at the buzzing of bees.

To his eyes I will apply the collyrium of modesty, so that the witch of earthly attractions may not cast her evil eye upon him; in order that my son may not be caught in the net of sin in this world, I will prepare a powder, and chanting a spell over it, will apply it to his clear eyes.

Now I will hand over my precious to sleep, and then opening wide the doors of my devoted heart I will, with hands joined, pour out thanks to the Lord, for fulfilling the yearnings of a happy wife.

(Wilson-Virah.)

The proverb says "Still waters run deep," and so also did Malabari's friendships. He never was outwardly gushing, or demonstrative, but when he chose a friend, he clung to him through good and ill. And the dearest to him of all was Mr. Dayaram Gidumal. Mr. Dayaram has enshrined the memory of Malabari in his admirable "Life" of the poet, and Malabari has in noble words given a glimpse of what he felt for that comrade of his heart. Of all his poems, perhaps, this is the most truly autobiographical ; we hear the heart of the poet beating in every line of અદ્‌ભુત મિત્રભાવ (from સંસારિકા)

અદ્‌ભુત મિત્રભાવ

(મનહર)

કેમ અને કયારે મળ્યું મન તારૂં મારી સાથ ?
દિલ સાથે દિલ મળ્યું, હાથ મળ્યો હાથશું ?
બેના એક કયારે અને કેમ બન્યા નેક મિત્ર ?
તારામાં સમાવા પ્હેલાં મારામાં સમાત તુ ?

કોણથી કથાય એવો દૈવી[1] એકતાસ્વભાવ?
બેના એક થયા પ્હેલાં એકના બે થાત શું?
હા, કશું અશક્ય નથી સર્વશક્તિમાન! તને,
એકના બે કરી બતલાવે જગતાત! તું. ૧

એક ધર્મ, એક કર્મ, એક અધિકાર બેને,
એક કિરતાર, તારનાર એક જોઉં છું;
એક જ સંસાર, એક આચારવિચાર બેને.
એક અહંકાર[2]–તારામાં હું મારો ખોઉં છું;
આવેશો ઉદ્દેશ એક, વિશેષ કહું શું બીજું?
ઐક્ય–અવલોકનમાં ચિત્ત ચટ્ટ પ્રોઉં છું:
ઉમંગતરંગે ઉછળાઈ. હું સમુદ્ર આંહિં.
શાંત સુવદન તું શશિ ઉપર મોહું છું. ૨

શી એ મિત્રતા જ? જેમાં જોઈ ન જુદાઈ કાંઈ;
ભલી જ ભલાઈ. ભાઈ! તારીથી તણાઉં છું:
ત્રાહિ ત્રાહિ જગત તવાઈથી પોકારતો હું.
આવી તારી શીતલ છાયાતળે ભરાઉં છું;
શાંતિ શીખવી તું નિવૃત્તિયે મન શુદ્ધ કરે,
એ તારા અપાર ઉપકાર નિત્ય ગાઉં છું:
મિત્રનું ચરિત્ર ચિત્ર અલ્પ આ ચિતારી અત્ર,
એકત્ર સંગાથ તું બની પવિત્ર થાઉં છું. ૩

શા હું તારા હૃદયવિસ્તારના વિચાર કરૂં?
કેમ વર્ણવું વીરા! ગાંભીર્ય મુખારવિંદનું?
કેમ અને ક્યારે તારે મારે પ્રીતિપાસો પડ્યો?
હું ગુર્જર ગુંજકર,[3] તું કમળ સિંધનું.
ધન્ય મિત્રતા એ, સગા ભાઈથી સવાઈ એવી;
દયારામમાંહિં[4] દેખું દયા મધ્યબિંદુ હું;
ના ના, એ ભાટાઈથી[5] સુગાઈ કાં ભરાઈ જાય?
તારામાં સમ્યો હું તો, તું પોતે પણ હું જ છું! ૪

(સંસારિકા.)

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[1] કુદરતી, ઇશ્વરી. [2] પોતાપણું. [3] ભમરો. [4] દયારામ ગીદુમલ. [5] ખોટી સ્તુતી.

(TRANSLATION.)

Wonderful Friendship.

When and how did thy mind and mine unite together thy heart and mine, thy hand and mine? When and how did we two make one, O good friend? Couldst thou have been absorbed in me or had I become absorbed in thee? Who could describe such natural union of tempers? Before we two were made one, could not the one have split into two? Ah, nothing is impossible to Thee, O Almighty! Thou canst make two out of one, O Heavenly Father!

I see but one duty, one action, one aim for us both; one God and one Saviour, but one life and one mode of living and thinking for both, and but one personality—thine—in which I have lost myself, one enthusiasm and one aim, what else could I say? I get my mind entirely absorbed in contemplating our oneness, and like the oceans I toss up my waves of yearning towards thy serene face—my moon.

Oh, what friendship! in which there never was seen disparity! I am attracted, O my brother by thy extreme goodness. When I am wearied completely by the worries of the world, I come and take shelter under thy cooling shade. Thou dost teach me to be calm and dost set my mind purified upon the highest paths. Such endless obligations of thine shall I ever sing about. I delineate here this poor picture of my friend's virtues and being united to thee, I feel myself sanctified.

How shall I fathom the fullness of thy heart? How shall I describe the depths seen in thy lotus-like face? How and when did the gambler Love bring us together—I a bee of Gujarat, and thou a lotus of Sindh? Blessed be such friendship, exceeding by far even brotherly love: I see in Dayaram only the centre of *daya* (love). Nay, but why dost thou, disdaining such flattering words, hide thyself? I have been so entirely absorbed in thee that thou art my very self!

(Sansarika)

A great social reformer, who had spent all his life in the service of his sisters in India, might have been expected to write a large number of poems on the subject nearest his heart. But the poems on this subject are comparatively few in number and some are doubtless in imitation of the greatest Gujarati writer on the subject—Narmadashankar. Though Malabari's heart was responsive to other's grief, and though he always wept with those in distress, still the woes of the child-widow could not possibly have come home to him as they did to Narmadashankar, and this emotional difference is clearly marked between the two poets.* There is deep pathos and true sympathy certainly in Malabari, but we must admit the superiority of the Hindu poet in this particular. The most pathetic of these poems is એક પાપી વિધવાની અરજ from નીતિ વિનોદ.

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* As can be seen by comparing Narmadashankar's આખર દીન આવ્યો આખર કેમ ન આવ્યો and Malabari's વીધવાનો ઉદ્ધાર.

દૂર કરને પ્રભુ ! દુષ્ટ પાપને; નર્કકુંડથી નાથ ! ઉગાર,
ખરો તું આધાર; કહું કયા બાપને ?

* * * *

ન્યાય તારો નિયમિત પાંસરો; સજા પાપપ્રમાણમાં થાય,
હૈયું હારી ખાય; કહું કયા બાપને ?
તોપણ કરુણાતણા ભર્યા સાગરો; દયાદાનનો દીપક દાતાર,
ગરીબ પાળનાર; કહું કયા બાપને ?

* * * *

સોળ વરસે રંડાપાનું દુઃખ દઈ; ખુનીઓએ અપાવ્યો વૈરાગ્ય,
ખુંચવી સુખભોગ; કહું કયા બાપને ?
સ્વામી સરખાનું સુખ સુકઈ જઈ; કાદવ માટી મ યાં છે અથાગ,
લાગ્યા બહુ ડાઘ; કહું કયા બાપને ?
વેચ્યું જોબન રહી વશ કામને; નહીં જાણ્યું જતું દરબાર,
બોળ્યો અવતાર; કહું કયા બાપને ?
દુઃખ હૃદયનું કહ્યું મેં બહેરામને; માગી લીધું. અહો તારનાર !
કરો અંગિકાર; કહું કયા બાપને ?

(નીતિવિનોદ)

(TRANSLATION.)

The Cry of a Fallen Widow.

Take away, O God, this wicked sin; save me, O Lord, from the pit of hell; Thou art my only support! to which other Father may I complain?

* * *

Thy justice is regular and straight; punishment should be proportionate to the fault; but my heart misgives me: to which other Father may I complain?

But thou hast filled oceans with Thy Compassion; Thou art the glorious Bestower of Pity and Charity, Thou art the Father of the humble: to which other Father may I complain?

* * *

At the age of sixteen they plunged me in the misery of widowhood, and the heartless people enforced on me renunciation of all pleasures; they took away from me all enjoyments! to which other Father may I complain?

The waters of my wedded happiness dried up and boundless mud and dirt remained, these have stained me all over: to which other Father may I complain?

Yielding to passion I sold my womanhood, I knew not I would have to undergo the Judgment, I utterly spoilt my whole life: to which other Father may I complain?

I have opened my afflicted heart to Behram (Malabari), and I pray earnestly, O my Saviour, take me once again unto Thee.: to which other Father may I complain?

(Niti Vinod.)

The greater portion of Malabari's poetry may be classified as "moral and didactic." A very sharp satire runs through them all. He lays open the sores of public and social life in words that give straight and hard-hitting blows at the evils aimed. This straight talk is possibly one of the reasons why he never became really popular among those whose follies he thus mercilessly exposed. He was always impatient of the tyranny of the "little tyrants" invested with brief authority. Thus he says of the petty official of the village police:

સિપાઈડો.

સત્તા તારી બળો, સિપાઈડા! સત્તા તારી બળો! (ટેક)
અલ્પ સત્તા, કુદી કુદી ગજે વગજે, જાણે ઉડતી જળો,
સિપાઈડા! સત્તા૦
ગ્રામશાંતિ પહેલે સંહારે, સુખમાં પેસી સળો[1],—
સિપાઈડા! સત્તા૦
પછી રંક ઘસડે ચોકીએ, માગી લાંચ નવ મળો.—
સિપાઈડા! સત્તા૦

(સંસારિકા.)

(TRANSLATION)

May thy authority perish, O petty policeman, may thy authority perish.

* * *

You are the first to destroy the peace of the village, eating through its contentment like a canker; and then you drag the poor people to the court. if you do not get the bribe you demand.

(Sansarika.)

Upon the flattering હજુરયા (courtier) too his lash is well and truly laid: he calls him પેટે ચાલતો કીડો તું પાપી પેટ પાપથી ભરે, *i.e.*, "thou art a wicked worm, creeping on thy belly, which thou fillest with thine own wickedness"

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[1] સુખમાં સળારૂપ પેસીને દુઃખી કરે તે.

(Sansarika), and he ends up by saying that he would ultimately be smothered in his own filth and poison—વખત આવ્યે તું પાપી પણ વિષ પોતાને મરે, *i.e.*, "when the time comes, thou too, oh wicked one, shalt be swallowed up in thine own poison" *(Sansarika)*.

The ગોસાંઇડા (the saint in outward robes only) and the બગલો ભગત (the saintly crane* or the hypocritical saint) of which humanity has so many specimens, gets a few choice words from the poet:

બગલો ભગત.

ભજી લે બગલાભગત! પાત્ર[1] તુજ ભજી લે બગલાભગત!
શ્વેત[2] વસ્ત્ર ધારી, બની સાધુ, બેસે તુ કેવો સ્વગત!
પાત્ર તુજ૦
સંતસાધુના સાયા હેઠે, લૂંટે ગામની ઇજ્જત;
પાત્ર તુજ૦
પરમહંસશું[3] મૌન[4] ધરે તું? ફૂંકી ગાંજો મધત;
પાત્ર તુજ૦
શુદ્ધિ આવતાં ડહાપણ ડહોળે, પણ નહિ બોલે મહત;
પાત્ર તુજ૦

. . . .

દુધમલ બાળક જવે મોઢાંડે, ગટગટ ગળતો રગત;
પાત્ર તુજ૦
પરમાર્થનું પ્હેરણ પ્હેરીને, સમસ્ત ઠગતો જગત;
પાત્ર તુજ૦

. . . .

માતપિતા સ્ત્રીબાળક વેચી, કરવા નિકળે તીરથ;
પાત્ર તુજ૦
(સાંસારિકા)

(TRANSLATION.)

Play thy part, oh saintly crane! play well thy part, oh saintly crane!

Putting on white clothing, with a pious face, how self-satisfied thou dost sit? Play well thy part, oh saintly crane!

Under the robes of the saint and the sage thou dost filch the honour of every one. Play well thy part, oh saintly crane!

Thou sittest silent, (in meditation) like the holiest sage—but after smoking *ganja* till thou art intoxicated! Play well thy part, oh saintly crane!

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*The crane apparently stands in meditation, but no fish escapes him; hence he is the type of the hypocrite.

૧ નાટકનો ભાગ. ૨ સફેદ. ૩ જેણે પોતાની સર્વ ઇંદ્રીયો વશ કરી હોય તેના જેવું. ૪ મુંગાપણું–મ્હોડે બોલવું નહીં તે.

And when thy senses return, thou dost pretend to expound wisdom—but never dost thou speak without payment. Play thy part well, oh saintly crane!

* * *

With a face like that of a suckling infant, thou quaffest deep draughts of blood! Play well thy part, oh saintly crane!

Putting on the robe of philanthropy, thou deceivest the whole world. Play well thy part, oh saintly crane!

* * *

After selling thy father and mother, thy wife and children, thou goest forth on a pilgrimage. Play well thy part, oh saintly crane!

(Anubhavika.)

But, the poet humorously remarks:

પણ બગલા ! ભૂલા મૂર્ખોને, ત્હારી હશે કંઈ અગત;
પાત્ર તુજ૦
માટે વહું બગલા ! બલિહારી, ત્હારે એ આવશે વખત;
પાત્ર તુજ૦
(અનુભવિકા).

(TRANSLATION.)

But, oh crane, thou must needs be of some use to guileless fools. Play well thy part, oh saintly crane!

Therefore, oh crane, I sing thy greatness,—but even *thy* time (of reckoning) shall come. Play well thy part, oh saintly crane!

(Anubhavika.)

(To be continued.)

Our Military Requirements.

By Arthur Gordon.

By inviting certain members of the Extremist, the anti-British Party, tojoin in the deliberations on problems of a military nature, Government acted with a wise diplomacy, not always noticeable of recent years. That the opinions of men like Gandhi, Lajpat Rai, and Bepin Chandra Pal—however valuable where intricate points of Law or disputed religious observances might be concerned—would be of any weight. or bear the impress of knowledge, concerning the matters under discussion could not reasonably be expected. Their help at a Conference on the Military Requirements of India would resemble the algebraic symbol "X," in that it would be an unknown quantity. Still, true patriots as the personages named claim to be considered. must perceive the necessity for guarding India from invasion from abroad. from disturbances within her gates. Gandhi. with characteristic optimism, has dismissed the former of these dangers in simple fashion. He declared that India would live peaceably and—most remarkable of deductions—less quiet folk would not attack a country whose inhabitants were too proud to fight or of too placid a disposition to do so. Since these eminent agitators were asked to take part in so important a gathering of Army and Civil experts, assisted by certain Indians of moderate views and fairly loyal in their allegiance to the King-Emperor, a humble scribe may be permitted to put on paper a few suggestions on a fairly important item on the list of Military Requirements. After all, those who pay the piper have a proverbial right to call the tune, although selection of instruments and performers lies beyond their jurisdiction. In enunciating the following pleas for the retention—as single battalion stations—of sundry Cantonments marked for abolition by the authors of the Kitchener Scheme, we may not succeed in convincing the experts at Army Headquarters, but will be fully rewarded for our labour if His Excellency the Commander-in-Chief will condescend to glance at the not very long statement here made in support of our prayer for the several Cantonments hereafter mentioned to remain as such and to be once more occupied by units of the Indian Army.

In fairness to the Army men who wish to see the military eggs ensconced in a few baskets the larger centres - the arguments brought forward to support that view of the situation will be duly enumerated. This we do all the more readily because of their intrinsic weakness. Having dealt with the *pros* for the withdrawal of troops from Cantonments hitherto occupied by either a British or an Indian unit, we shall lay the *cons* before the reader and solicit his impartial judgment on the matter under dispute.

Lord Kitchener acted on the most laudable motive, a desire to increase the efficiency of the fighting machine of which he was the head, but somewhat ignored Civil needs and the grounds for making preparations to meet an enemy within, not outside the borders of India, ready for sudden and effectual action. Unfortunately, he had no acquaintance with India and its numerous problems till landing at the Apollo Bunder as Commander-in-Chief and was not one of those natures ready to seek for, or accept, advice. The glamour of a great name has prevented many critics from seeing, far less commenting on glaring defects in the Kitchener Scheme, so this portion of it—the collecting troops at a few centres instead of posting them as heretofore at convenient distances over the whole of India—has been permitted to pass unchallenged.

First, among the arguments against the single battalion Station is the perfectly just remark as to the advantage Officers get from being quartered along with other Arms of the Service in that they personally belong to. There is also the creation of a healthy spirit of emulation among all ranks, keen to make their own particular corps distinguished for smartness on Parade, good shooting on the Range, or in one or other of the various forms of Sport in which the soldier and his

Officers evince so wise and eager an interest. This twofold difficulty is not hard to overcome.

Classes of Instruction could be formed for senior officers in a Division or Brigade—those whom the handling of a mixed Force chiefly concerns—and, held at stated intervals, things would proceed on the same lines. As for inter-regimental sporting competitions, assaults-at-arms and so forth, the increased railway communications—shortage of rolling stock and coal strikes will not be permanent evils—will enable them to visit stations easily and outings of this kind will, we believe, add zest to matches between different corps.

Next come gloomy forebodings as to troops spending two years—the probable period of a Relief in its new abode—and consequently suffering from deterioration in discipline and general smartness. Away from big Field-days, in a state of splendid isolation from Brigade or Divisional Headquarters, from the instructive presence of a General and his Staff, slackness would set in and efficiency be impaired. We decline to share fears of anything so terrible happening but prefer to rely on the Commanding Officer and his Regimental Staff, also on the Company Officers—British or Indian as the case might be—for keeping those under their charge up to the mark and making them as good, if not better, soldiers as men in other parts of the Command. That eagle-eyed personage, the Inspecting Officer, might pay surprise visits occasionally to these small Stations and could not fail in detecting shortcomings on the part of Officers or the rank-and-file. This would mean the erring individuals having to "give their reasons, in writing" and a *mauvais quart d'heure* from the Commanding Officer concerned.

Again it has been urged that the necessity for maintaining these "outposts of Empire" has, to a great extent, disappeared, owing to easy communications between Headquarters and not-very distant Cantonments. But we doubt if—let the emergency be ever so urgent—troops could arrive from a centre fifty miles away in time to prevent trouble. They would assuredly restore order and, we hope, mete out condign punishment if that be called for, but to prevent destruction of life or property they could hardly be present on the scene. Were the line left unobstructed, the telegraph wires intact, it would be a generous estimate to picture even a Company covering the said fifty miles in a briefer space of time than three hours, and long before the expiration of that period a little group of Europeans—less than a dozen in number and the loyally disposed Hindus or Mahomedans—would have fallen victims, perhaps escaped with life while property had vanished. The force from Headquarters could avenge but would, we hold, be too late to prevent a tragedy of this sort.

Let us now enumerate the advantages, both from a Military and a Civil stand-point, of retaining existing Cantonments and occupying the barracks at present lying empty with troops, an entire unit or even a detachment. From the tax-payers' view of the matter come several cogent reasons on behalf of the one battalion Station and those who pay the piper are proverbially entitled to call the tune, though the business of choosing instruments and performers lies beyond their jurisdiction. Take, to begin with, the cost recently incurred in building barracks and constructing Lines for the corps raised during the war. Dealing with only one Province, the U.P., accommodation was provided for troops at Sitapur, Rae Bareli, Shahjehanpur, Etawah and Allahabad. Now that Peace has been, after a fashion, restored, the question arises as to the ultimate fate of the buildings in question. Are they to be maintained in good repair, waiting, like Mr. Micawber, for something to turn up, some occasion for again providing the empty structures with tenants? This would mean a "recurring charge" on the Army Budget and benefit nobody save perharps the P.W.D. subordinate entrusted with the duty of keeping the barracks in proper order and who might derive from the performance of this task the means for buying a motor-bike, sending his family to a decent Hill boarding house for the season, or some equally agreeable method of disbursing hard-won rupees. In a large Station like Allahabad, with an energetic Municipality ever expanding its sphere of activity, the barracks might be taken over by the Civil authorities, but in the other places named this contingency is not likely to occur. Unless troops are stationed in these Cantonments, what alternative remains save to sell the barracks by auction, for the mere price of the material employed in their construction. Quite possibly the same contractor who was responsible for making the Lines—and must therefore be cognisant of the true value of his work—might buy them for the bricks, wood, and mortar but the price he gave would contrast rather ludicrously with the amount paid by Government for the said barracks. In one Station alone we believe over five lakhs was spent and is the public to have no more adequate return for so big a sum? In Sitapur and Shahjehanpur other military interests seem to demand the presence of troops for their due protection in the event of any disturbance never an improbable event in these days of unrest and unscrupulous agitators. In the former Station an Aerodrome was established just prior to the War and is, presumably, still in existence, if not used by the Flying Corps at this moment. In Shajehanpur the Headquarters of the Army Clothing are settled the transfer from Alipur to the U. P. Workshops Cantonment having finally been decided while the works of the long-delayed Sarda Canal will likewise be fixed in Shahjehanpur, additions to the commercial life of the place which already boasts of a Sugar Factory at Rosa five miles out—a Government Weaving School, and, so we learn, a contemplated branch Factory of the Imperial Tobacco Company. Etawah and Rae Bareli ceased to be Cantonments about the time of the Mutiny though troops were quartered in both places for several years succeeding the troubles of 1857, so a case for reviving their past connection with the Army is not so strong as that of Sitapur and Shahjehanpur occupied by a British unit till about fifteen years ago. Circumstances, however, indicate the *presence of an Indian regiment as more feasible under the altered conditions of these Cantonments.

Another financial argument in favour of a more liberal distribution of the forces in India is that the presence of a large body of soldiers, British and Indian, in one centre is apt to exhaust the local ability for supplying the stores needed for rations and in housing the men, and the S. & T. are accordingly compelled to get the necessaries from outside, providing contractors with a good excuse for charging higher rates than if the articles required were procurable on the spot. In smaller stations no such increase in price would be encountered and purchase and sale would prove mutually beneficial to the local merchants and to the Government.

If on financial ground the occupation of some of the deserted Cantonments is desirable, it is still more important from an administrative stand-point. Thanks to massing troops in a few big centres, also to reliefs being carried out by rail instead of by road—a time-honoured custom and one of the most delightful and health-giving experiences of the soldiers in India--we have permitted a generation of Indians to grow up without personal knowledge of an Army being in the land. The proximity within a mile or two of regular troops exercises a commanding influence on all but the most violent of demagogues, and further imparts confidence to loyal, law-abiding people.

Recruiting too would receive a welcome impetus from closer acquaintance between civilians and sepoys being created. When the many small privileges and extra emoluments within reach of a well-behaved and efficient soldier were known to Indians in search of suitable employment, and the superior degree of *izzat* enjoyed by Indians clad in the King's uniform, enlistments would become fairly frequent. At all events a closer understanding between the soldier and the general Indian public is greatly to be desired and certainly will not be achieved by keeping the regiments bottled up in a few big stations. Of course discrimination in the posting of corps is needed still. Army Headquarters may be trusted not to put temptation needlessly before a Pathan regiment by sending it to the Rohilkhand Division where the

Mahomedan population has the reputation of being turbulent and prone to yield to outbursts of religious fanaticism, nor a Brahmin unit to Kashi or Prayag. Garwhalis and Gurkhas do not find the climate of Rohilkhand and the submontane Districts of Oudh particularly trying, for the heat is seldom excessive, the 100° (hot wind) rarely blows, and from October to the end of March life in that part of the United Province is distinctly pleasant, so far as the weather and temperature are concerned. Thanks to the B. N. W. Railway stretching its numerous "feeder lines" across the Terai, like the spreading tentacles of some gigantic Octopus, the men can reach their homes in the Hills of Cumaun, Garwhal, or Nepal, without much trouble and without much expense.

Do not the arguments against the abandonment of these old Cantonments outweigh those brought forward by persons desirous of massing regiments at chosen centres? It has been presumptuous for a humble "civvy" to write on a military subject, yet this question of occupying small stations with an armed force concerns the Civil Administration very closely, while it possesses real interest for all Europeans scattered abroad. We can but hope that the remarks here set down may catch the eye of Army men, infinitely better qualified to do proper justice to the subject—the retention of certain Cantonments as quarters for an unit, or even part of one—than the present scribe has been able to achieve.

Immortality of Soul in the Light of Modern Science.

A critical review of the modern and the historical evidence on this subject and defence of the laws of Karma and Rebirths.

By Sher Singh Sahni.

I.—FOREWORD.

FROM time immemorial ring these eternal queries, "*If a man die shall he live again?*" "Hath man a soul?" If so —of what is it made, whence hath it come, and whither shall it go? Shall it live after the body, or shall it dissolve at last and be no more? The answer has always been the echo of man's wish. If one's life has been one of peace and pleasure, he has viewed elsewhere his soul's fruition and eternal joy. If he has been doomed to penury and want, he would look askance at other worlds where fate sits grim and gruesome. There are some who care not whether life continued or no, but the bulk of mankind however has always believed in the existence of soul and its continuance after death. Whatever be the ultimate dictum of science on these problems of vital interest it is interesting to find that at no time and at no stage of civilization men have been able to divest themselves of the notions regarding the immortality of soul; it is indeed the *most persistent* of all the primitive conceptions of mankind.

The doctrine of immortality of soul is as old as mankind. Let us try to study the occurrence and evolution of this idea in different nations and at different times of history. Undoubtedly, *the aborigine* knew but little of the existence or otherwise of a distinctive personal soul, but in his dreams he would sometimes see those whom he had seen in the living body amid the activities of earth and he therefore concluded that the departed still lived. It was therefore that he supplied his departed companion food and raiment on the edge of the grave imagining that the dead would return at night and partake of the worshipper's hospitality. The aborigine's conception was naturally shadowy, vague, ephemeral and indistinct. The notion grew with the advancing civilization until it developed into vividness and clarity haloed with a spiritual illumination and sweetened with divine flavour.

To begin with *the Chinese*, we find that Confucius, the sage of China, who edited the canon of *Shun*, the most ancient writings known to the Chinese, enjoins the worship of "Six Objects of Honour" among which are "the spirits of sages and worthies of ancient times." More ancient than Confucianism was Taoism, for Lao Tse, its founder, was a very old man when Confucius began to teach. Tao's religion is surcharged with all manner of spiritistic ritualism. Legge in his learned work, *The Religions of China*, remarks that "the dread of spirits is the nightmare of the Chinaman's life, and to this dread Taoism panders." Tao's successors amplify the vague notions held by Tao. Chaung-Tse, otherwise known as Butterfly Chaung, who lived in the 4th century B.C. writes, "Death is the commencement of life." We find, therefore, that even in Chinese literature there are several steps of evolution of human conception of immortality. Chaung-Tse goes further and gives a realistic description of Purgatory where, as he says, souls sojourn and are purged, much in the same way as the Roman Catholics describe the Purgatory.

The Hindoos had very clear ideas about the after death condition. They believed in the immortal life and aspired for it. In the 9th chapter of the *Rigveda* occurs the following beautiful verse :--

> "Where there is eternal light in the world, where the sun is placed in imperishable world, place me, O Soma !
>
> "Where king Vaisvata reigns, where the secret place of heaven is, where these mighty waters are, there make me immortal !"

Max Muller in his work *Theosophy or Psychological Religion* puts down in brief the belief of the Hindus. He says, "There is unhesitating belief among the Brahamans that the soul does not die when the body dies; there is the firm conviction among them that there is a moral government of the world and the fate of soul hereafter is determined by its life here on earth; to which was added as an inevitable corollary that the fate of soul on earth must have been determined by its acts of a former life."

Buddha's philosophy of *Nirvan* lays emphatic stress on doctrine of the immortality of soul, for as the Buddha states the soul's true home is the World-Soul, in which soul is ultimately absorbed after complete purification through cycles of birth.

The same conception seems to have prevailed in the West. The *Druids*, for instance, used to build cromlechs on the bodies of the dead. The remarkable thing about these cromlechs is that the bodies were not interned in a supine position, but sitting with their legs bent towards their chins and their hands across their knees, much in the same way as the Tibetans bury their Lamas. Louis Elbe in his book on *Future Life* thinks that Abbe Worsinsky of Hungary made a genuine discovery when in his discourse before International Catholic Conference in 1901, he declared that this strange custom can be prompted only by a belief in resurrection.

The Egyptians held similar views. Indeed, the other-world life appealed so much to them that Petronius, who was disgusted of it, said, " The country is so thickly peopled with divinities, it is easier to find a god than a man." When the Egyptians embalmed the bodies of the dead and built beautiful pyramids over these mummies, it was evidently under the pious hope that the soul that had relinquished its body, would after a cycle of time come again and rejuvenate the dead body.

The Avesta, the Bible of the Parsees, attaches first-rate importance to the question of the soul's immortality.

The Greeks were equally firm in their conviction regarding this doctrine. Socrates and Plato seem to have been fully conversant with the philosophy of the Hindus, and their philosophy is consequently much the same as that of the East. Thus the Hades of the Greeks corresponds with the "Narak" of the Hindus, with its usual paraphernalia in charge of Pluto.

Abraham taught the Jews of one God, and Moses of "I-AM" JAH-VEH when they vaguely conceived of immortality. *Jesus* gave a vivid conception of life after death and the Kingdom of God in Heaven. Paul the Apostle preached of the resurrection of the dead for he said, "Now, if Christ be preached that he rose from the dead, how say some among you that there is no resurrection of the dead ?"

The views of *the Prophet* were similar and equally pronounced and definite. Mohammed preached of the day of Judgment when the dead shall rise and render their accounts, the faithful being admitted into the Paradise and the sinners cast into Hell.

The same is the teaching of *Nanak*, the latest saint of the modern times.

In short, there is practically no race or religion which does not afford some evidence of this common belief. Taking into consideration the concurrence of views some philosophers have argued that a general occurrence of this kind tends to endow the teachings of primitive philosophy, with the authority of an original revelation, as if primæval man had been favoured with an insight into the problem of the invisible world which we cannot now regain.

The sceptics or the "*cautionists*" argue that because a thought has persisted in human consciousness from time immemorial, it does not follow that it is true; errors persist as well through ages as do truths, for man is so subject to subjective and subconscious influences that he must be on his guard lest he think that to be true which is but a residual trace of antecedent racial experience.

Let us study what is the bearing of the latest discoveries of science on this subject and how does our knowledge of science modify, confirm or contradict these ethnic thoughts of the ages.

For many ages has man regarded this subject to be *too holy* to attempt its scientific analysis. Indeed such research was regarded to be a most futile and sacrilegious effort. It was considered to be too holy a field of enquiry to tread upon. In those days of mysticism and faith, people pictured to themselves soul in the same light *as kernel is to the shell* that surrounds it. Functionally, the kernel is related to the shell, yet it stands apart and independently of it. The kernel is essential to the nut, for it cannot exist without kernel; the kernel is indeed the seat and centre of the life of the nut, and yet the shell and the kernel are two distinct substances which can exist apart and do not have any real connection. Similarly, soul was regarded to be very much like kernel and the body like the shell, the two co-existing and co-operating for some time but being, nevertheless, two distinct and separate entities.

Fortunately, the current of public opinion has changed, and it is permissible to attempt solution of this problem in any way one likes. Indeed, the problem of the existence of soul after death is the problem which is in the forefront of all other problems and much valuable spade work has been done in a very short time.

The very first thing that strikes a man in the street, when thinking of soul, is that *it is something other than matter*, something more subtle and ethereal. The philosophers have therefore regarded soul either as an emanation of the Infinite Substance or the Divine breath into the newly-formed embryo at conception, or an actual spiritual body fully organised as is the physical body, a sort of psychic replica of the physical organism. This view is sometimes expressed more clearly by differentiating it from matter. Thus Prof. Noah Porter in his book *Intellectual System* says that "All material phenomena have one common characteristic—they are discerned by senses. The acting Ego is not only known to be immaterial, but it distinguishes its own actings, states and products from the material substance with which it is most intimately connected. The soul is self-active. The matter is itself-inert."

This differentiation of soul and matter into something active and inert served no useful purpose, for the latest discoveries of Science have invested matter with unthought of porperties. It would not be amiss to go a little further and see how modern research has altered the whole outlook and confused this so-called boundary between matter and soul. Matter used to be defined as something possessing gravitative attraction, or as something perceivable by senses, and so on. The oldest speculations about the ultimate constitution of matter were made by Kanada, followed later on by the Epicurean School and Democritus. These philosophers regarded matter to be composed of particles or atoms which were considered to be indivisible. When we compare the guesses of these philosophers and poets of the past with the ascertained and confirmed results of the modern scientists we are almost bewildered to find an amazing similarity in conclusions. The scientists of to day do not look upon matter as they used to do : that is something opaque, crude and inert but they consider each particle of matter a colony of still finer particles, the latter dancing with tireless energy in a uniform and well ordered rhythm. One scientist computes the number of these minute particles in a thimbleful of hydrogen gas. He finds that there are no less than six trillion molecules in this small space To afford us some idea of what this means, he says " If a printing press were able to print every day a lexicon containing 3 million letters it would then have to work continually for 64,000 years in order to print as many letters as there are contained in molecules in a thimbleful of air. It is now definitely proved that matter exists in such finely divided or subtle form that not only is it invisible to the naked eye but also to the strongest microscope- the ultramicroscope -In fact, it has now been proved that there is no space in nature which is not peopled by fine invisible particles of matter. *Prof. Crookes* succeeded in reducing a vaccum to the millionth atmosphere, and running an electric stream through it thus demonstrating that even in as best a vaccum as is possible under laboratory conditions there is sufficient matter—invisible matter —for the passage of the current. Matter is therefore, not necessarily a something perceivable by senses.

The latest discoveries of Science have gone further and proved that these small particles of matter are not composed of matter in the sense we have been taking matter *but that these particles are composed of electricity.* Thus Sir William Crookes remarked in 1903, "For nearly a century men devoted to Science have been dreaming of atoms, molecules, ultramundane particles and speculating as to the origin of matter, and now to-day they have got so far as to admit the possibility of restoring the chemical elements into simpler forms of matter, or even of refining them altogether away into ethereal vibrations of electrical energy." Sir Oliver Lodge has expressed himself identically. "The fundamental ingredients of which the whole matter is made up is nothing or less than electricity, in the form of an aggregate of an unequal number of positive and negative charges. When we look up to Radium and its unending stream of electrified radiations we are most assuredly led to believe that matter is not after all inert but that it is, on the other hand, a storehouse or a fountainhead of energy from which it used to be differentiated. Startling as such conclusions may seem, they are nevertheless true. The result of modern discoveries has been summed up in the following words: *Matter is Potential Energy. Energy is Kinetic Matter.*

The modern discoveries therefore clearly demonstrate that the so-called distinction between matter and soul, *viz.*, "the popular conception of the former being something inert and the latter as something active does not represent Truth and nothing but Truth." Let us study rather critically some other popular conceptions about the soul.

What is the seat of soul? This is a question which most of us may have put to ourselves and tried to answer. The guesses are too numerous to describe. Some of the Greeks had very ingenious notions about the seat of soul. Gritias the Sophist regarded blood as the substratum of soul. Others have regarded the lungs, the liver and the heart to be the home of this illusive visitor of heavens. The modern anatomists are inclined to think that the brain or the nerves are the special residence of soul. There are others who have assigned to it a more secluded corner, *viz.*, the pineal gland. None of these guesses, however, is worth consideration as none is based on evidence or experimental data. The fact remains that whatever be the final nature of this substance the soul, it is known to permeate and be present in each living cell constituting a body during the lifetime of that living creature and that no special part of the body can be proud of being the only host of this welcome guest.

Does soul have weight? This is a question which will no doubt interest all, but only very few could hazard a definite reply. Obviously, we would all say, that if the soul is immaterial as we all think it is, then it should have no weight. This indeed is the popular conception and probably nearer truth, but there are certain experiments of practical nature which do not confirm this impression. These experiments were made by Dr. MacDougall and are fully described in the *Journal of American Society for Psychical Research* (1907). The doctor weighed the body of man before and after death in several cases and found that there was a considerable difference in weight not accounted for by any known channels of loss. The method of experiment would be clear by taking an actual case which the doctor tried. The doctor selected a man dying of tuberculosis. He purposely selected such patient as this disease produces great exhaustion and generally death occurs with little or no muscular movement with the result that the beam of the weighing scale could be kept more perfectly at balance and any loss occurring noted. This particular patient was under observation for about four hours before death lying on a death-bed arranged on a light frame-work built upon a very delicately balanced platform beam scales. The patient was practically moribund when placed upon the bed. He lost weight slowly at the rate of one ounce per hour, due to evaporation of moisture in respiration and evaporation of sweat. When the patient expired, and suddenly coincident with his death the beam-end dropped with audible stroke hitting against the lower limiting bar and remaining there with no rebound. The loss was ascertained to be ¾ of an ounce. *This sudden "drop"* in weight was not due to evaporation of sweat, etc., because that had been ascertained to be 1/60th of an ounce per minute. The bowels of the patient did not move ; if they had moved, the weight would have still remained on the bed except for very slow and inappreciable loss by evaporation. Similarly for the bladder. There remained one other source of loss, *viz.*, the weight of the air contained in the lungs which was expelled at the time of death. Getting upon the bed and putting the beam at actual balance and artificially inspiring or expiring of the air had no effect. Even if we deduct the weight of the air normally included in the lungs we cannot explain this phenomenon. Thus, for instance, the weight of a cubic foot of air at ordinary temperature and at sea-level is 1¼ ounces. The average capacity of a lung is up to 250 cubic inches but taking it to be 300 c. in. to be on safe side the weight of this air would come to 1/6th ounce granting that all the air is expelled. It would therefore be still inexplicable to account for the sudden loss of ¾th of an ounce at the time of the death. Is this the weight of hypothetical soul substance ? This is a typical case, and the doctor found similar results in several other cases. We cannot draw any definite conclusion from this, because weighing of a human body reveals similar other interesting but equally inexplicable phenomena. Thus, for instance, it is known that a telegram received communicating a very sad news of sudden loss or bereavement causes appreciable loss of several pounds in a few days, although the patient may be, throughout that period, eating his regular allowance of food. Similarly, there are cases when the patient have been known to take on more weight than the food consumed by them. Whatever be the significance of these experiments, these experiments are very interesting. If the difference in weight can be explained away by some such ordinary considerations as given above, the case pertains to ordinary physiological cases. If, on the other hand, this difference is due to the weight of soul, we have a new field of problems open to ourselves, *e.g.*, Does the soul-substance of one man weigh the same as that of another man ? What relation, if any, exists between the soul-substance of men, beasts, birds and other creatures. Is the soul of an avowedly able man like a poet, philosopher or prophet heavier or lighter than other ordinary people or what? If this soul-substance be regarded to occupy space co-extensive with the body of the person concerned and thus calculating its weight per unit of space, does it weigh heavier or lighter than air and other gases like hydrogen, *i.e.*, does its weight correspond to any known gas spread over the same space, or that it is some other form of matter like or unlike ether, etc., etc.?

Allied to this question and equally fascinating is the other query, *viz.*, *Can soul be photographed?* Perhaps we could not answer this question as easily as the other question, *viz.*, *Can soul be seen?* Obviously of course none of us has yet seen soul as distinct from body and the probabilities are very strong that what has been the case in the past the same will remain true in future. Starting on this axiom, that the soul cannot be seen by eye, we are naturally led to conclude that the soul cannot be photographed inasmuch as the camera generally captures such objects or bodies as are perceivable by senses. This, at least is the popular idea of the working of the camera, and it would be considered a foolish or vain attempt to try to photograph something which cannot be seen or what is not real or material. Is this conception correct? No it is not. The camera is known to disclose innumerable things that are quite invisible to the naked eye, or even to the eye aided by strongest telescopes. Thus, for instance, we can see but a few hundred stars in the sky with our naked eye; with the aid of telescopes, we can see many thousands; but with the aid of the photographic camera, we can see on the plate as many as 20 million stars: Here then is a direct evidence that the camera can observe things which we cannot see. Perhaps, this would not appeal to us much because we could argue that these stars are after all material and as such they can be photographed. The case is different in the case of the image in a mirror. This image is, as we all know, not material for it is composed of reflected vibrations only from a material and tangible body, and yet the camera is capable to photograph this non-material and intangible image. Can it photograph soul? This is the question that we have put to ourselves. Dr. Baraduc of Paris has tried to answer this question and his conclusions are published in his book published in 1908. It was at the end of 1907 when Nadine, the wife of Baraduc, [illegible] away, giving vent at the moment of her death to three gentle sighs. Dr. Baraduc had prepared a camera beside the bed of his wife, and at the moment of her death photographed the body and shortly after developed the plate. Upon it were found three luminous globes resting a few inches above the body. These gradually condensed and became more brilliant streaks of light, like fine threads, were also seen darting hither and thither. A quarter of an hour after the death of his wife, Dr. Baraduc took another photograph of the dead body. Fluid-cords were seen to have developed encircling these globes of light. An hour after the death another photograph was taken, when it was seen that these globes of light had condensed and coalesced into one. After three hours these globes were not found round [illegible] body. Dr. Baraduc later on learned from automatic writing that this luminous ball was the encasement of the Madame's soul which was still active and alive within it. It was asserted that as the days progressed the encircling cords were one by one snapped, and that the spirit more nearly assumed the astral body facsimile to the earthly body. Dr. Baraduc's experiments have not been followed by others and as such cannot be considered conclusive, but the recent evidence afforded by "*spirit-photography,*" *thought-photography*, such as it is, tends to confirm the preliminary researches of Dr. Baraduc. If an astral body of some sort exists, it must occupy space; and being space-occupying must, *a priori*, be material enough to occupy it! Whether or not this material is sufficiently solid to reflect light waves and make an impression on the sensitive plate of the camera, is an aspect of the problem still open to debate but there cannot be any *a priori* objection to such hypothesis.

The spiritualists condemn the idea of imagining soul to be something material, semi-material, but facts are facts and no amount of speculation can take away the least from the importance of conclusions based on well-known facts. However, we are still not very confident of the facts stated above, and there is much field for patient research in this direction.

Last though not the least, we come to a still more important and complicated problem which may be regarded as the crux of the whole modern research, psychic or physiological or chemical. It is this, *Is soul a separate entity from body, or is it a phenomenon of what we call the living body? i.e.*, is it something which can exist as well apart from this physical body as alongside of it, or is it indissolubly associated with body which it occupies, and without which it ceases to exist being but a sum-total of the physiological activities of this body? This, as I say, is the most important problem, for if what we call soul is but a physiological phenomenon, of a living body without which it is doomed, then there can be no question of the immortality of soul, or its survival after death, or its reincarnation, etc. If, on the other hand, it is something separate from the body, which it occupies for a short time during its earthly sojourn, and which it may as well cast off as one may cast off an old garment, then the vista of enquiry open, *i.e.*, we may well ask whether this dissociated soul, *i.e.*, just separated from body continues to exist in this astral form or that it resumes some other physical form by donning a new garb: does it continue to feel interested in its past relations, friends or acquaintances, its past property, etc., and does it or does it not correspond with those whom it has just left on, what would then be this side of earth? These are very interesting problems and which concern us most materially, but, unfortunately, there is and cannot be consensus of opinion on these vital problems. Let us see what are some of the most outstanding views on these problems of interest and much dispute. The popular and the prevailing idea of the masses is that the soul does exist in some form in the other world or worlds. The *man in the street* does not trouble himself to assign the why and wherefore of his belief. He has inherited this belief from his father and fore fathers and therefore what his predecessors believed must be true and should be accepted without demur. Well informed *priests, clergy and religious teachers* or their followers are not satisfied simply with the folklore of the ages; they try to justify their more or less well-founded belief by referring to several so-called arguments.

Thus, for instance, it is written in the Vedas, the Bible and the Quran that the soul is imperishable, and, therefore, what other more reliable evidence is necessary! There are others who argue that the wisdom and justice of God guarantee the self-realisation of personal beings whom He has created, or that it is morally necessary that inequalities of existence on this earth should have moral equivalence in previous birth, and its logical corollary that the good and the bad acts done during this life on earth should be compensated during the life which comes after death. There are then the *poets*, or men of poetical turn of mind, who argue of the existence of a life hereafter by referring to analogies faintly pointing to this conclusion. Seeing the snake cast off its old slough and glide forth renewed, he conceives that in death man but sheds his fleshly exuviæ, while the spirit emerges regenerate. He beholds the beetle break from its filthy sepulchre and commence its summer work, and straightaway he hangs a golden scarabæus in his temples as an emblem of future life. Having watched the silkworm, as it wove its cocoon and lay down in its oblong grave apparently dead, until at length it struggles forth, glittering with rainbow colours, a winged moth, endowed with new faculties and living a new life in a new sphere, he conceives that so the human soul may, in the fulness of time, disentangle itself from the imprisoning meshes of this world of larvæ a thing of spirit-beauty, to sail through the heavenly airs. Convincing though these arguments may seem to some people, they have no real value in logic. One may just as well conclude that because the silkworm metamorphoses, therefore all other worms should do the same which we know is not only wrong but absurd. Whatever be the nature of argument employed to convince the ordinary public of the existence of soul after death, there is no doubt that this belief is very well spread and is genuinely believed and acted up to.

(To be continued.)

The Future of the Novel.

II. Interview with Lucas Malet.

(Conducted by Meredith Starr.)

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"It seems to me that if the novel is to be worth anything it must reflect the thought and the whole tendencies of its own day. There are only a few stories. We re-tell them perpetually, but we re-tell them as modified by immediate social, moral and spiritual conditions.

"I think that there is not sufficient leisure at the present time to produce very good literature in the form of the novel. But I think that when conditions are stabilized again, which they must be if civilization is to continue, leisure will return and then we may get the literary novel of the past, but it will be literature in harmony with the new conditions.

"Just at present we are tired, both emotionally and physically. What the people now want is a form of story-telling which will amuse and soothe, and a little excite them. Five to ten years will probably elapse before any one stream of tendency sufficiently declares itself to create a positive school. And until then I think we must just have patience with the situation, and each writer must work on his own lines without bothering. The event will declare itself.

"There appear to be two distinct strains at present. Firstly, a rather gross realism, and secondly, excursions in too purely imaginative and romantic regions, showing strong spiritual instincts. As an example of the latter strain, one may mention Lord Dunsany, for whose writing I have a most profound admiration. These strains might develop into two very definite schools. But one must bear in mind that we are not yet out of the wood and that further social and economic complications may arise which would have a profound influence on every form of art.

" Meanwhile, the film is certainly exercising a bad effect upon much of the popular fiction. Authors are writing with one eye on the cinema, in hopes of the enormous profits which cinema alone can give. This leads to scamped and crude work as the film is, after all, still in its infancy and is designed to appeal at present mainly to the semi-educated mind.

" In the present chaotic state of things it is a very hopeful sign for the literature of the future that writers of great distinction in style such as Conrad, Maurice Hewlett, Edith Wharton, and among the younger men, Hugh Walpole, command an increasingly large and devoted public.

Daughters of Lilith.

By Jessie Annie Anderson.

Lust-Spinners—paid or wed—
From their poisonous mouths they spew their spleen
Over the purest head.

East, West, North, South, aslent,
Threads to enmesh the high with the low
Limed from their lips are sent.

Grossness is all their creed :
And their blackest of spleen is for spotlessness
Winged for the spirit's meed.

They spew that men may think
All women are sisters in lustfulness,
All but spawn of the sink.

Watchful, sensual, slow,
They weave their skeins for the soul of man,
Twisting it to and fro.

Their net spreads broad and wide,
And the tainted, adrowse, sink to their den,
Slimed over soul and pride.

Narada Sutras.

*[Translated with notes into English
by a would-be Devotee.]*

FOREWORD.

WHAT is the need of another translation of Narada's aphorisms on Devotion when already two good translations exist with commentaries? And why should the third translation and commentary be added by an inferior thinker and writer who himself is reluctant to add to the miseries of the much-suffering reading public? He is aware of his literary and intellectual shortcomings, of his want of method and poverty of style. But something compells him to present the results of his brief labour to his friend who may withhold it or give it to the public.

The aphorisms already translated have few errors of rendering, and though this one may avoid some of its predecessors' mistakes, it does not claim to be free from error itself. But the aphorisms are a mere excuse for presenting a view concerning the positivism of Devotion which has been growing and taking shape in his own mind much handicapped by the materialistic speculations of science and philosophy, and, though he has come to see that neither science nor philosophy have a right to stand in the way of the elementary facts of sensation and feeling, which include Love and Devotion, all the same the old habit of materialistic thought ever rises like a demon and frustrates the exercise of the natural intuition of Love. When feelings have to be experienced which touch one on all sides, the phantoms and cobwebs of intellectual speculation hinder them, till one can compell these phantoms by an effort of the will to cease There are ways of compelling the vain images to cease, but the path is difficult on account of the weaknesses of one's own nature and will; and so one always feels as if one is barred more or less from exercising one's birthright of the function of these natural intuitions, even by the automatic activity of a power whose incompetence one has long ago realized. It is to help others in escaping from the soul-devastating tyranny of the intellect—not right reason—that the following introduction and notes are written which can apply to any and every system of Devotion to God, irrespective of its form. Besides, it may help to discover what is essential in these systems by pointing out the need of eliminating speculation and fancy from the base of religious experience. It is possible that this purpose may remain unfulfilled, but it is the hope of its utility which does not discourage the author in sending out these pages.

Narada's Aphorisms on Devotion.

1. *Henceforth we explain Devotion.*

2. That (Devotion) is supreme Love to Him.

[1. Devotion is the word by which we have rendered the original Sanskrit word *Bhakti*. It is derived from the root *Bhaj* which primarily means, to share, to divide. It has come to mean, to resort to, to love, to be devoted to, etc., but the real significance of the term is disclosed by its primary root-meaning as often is the case with Sanskrit terms, especially in earlier Vedic, and even in later Brahmana and Upanishad as well as the philosophic literature to which the various schools in aphorisms and older scholiums belong. The present aphorisms probably do not belong to a very old period, evidently not previous to the older Puranas, such as the Vishnu Purana, but the word *Bhakti*, though representing a late development of emotional religious activity, is after all old enough as we find it in the old scholiums, such as Vyasa's on the Yoga aphorisms, which is archaic enough; and though the earlier worship of the Aryans as represented in the Vedic hymns partakes more of the character of awe in worship, all the same there is surely present in it the element of love in so far as gratefulness for the favours of Agni and Indra, etc., in which forms the Spirit of the Universe was apprehended by the ancient seers, is concerned. No doubt in their worship awe mingled more than love, for their mode of life which was more vigorous and aggressive owing to the level expression of the Divine life in those ages necessitated it; yet, as we have said, there were germs of this emotional experience present in it which became later developed into what is particularly signified by *Bhakti.* In any case, however, there was present a sharing of the Divine life; in other words, an experience of it which was of the nature of Bliss more or less. It is this *experience* which underlies devotion or love towards God. It is not possible to love or desire something, of which we are not *aware*, with which we have not come in some kind of *touch* which is of a blissful nature and which we can thus consequently desire to touch or experience again. In the Upanishads this experience of Bliss is frequently spoken of as the realization of the Spirit of the Universe. When the intellect begins to operate on such an experience it begins to formulate a system of thought, monistic or otherwise, but in doing so the experience is obscured and disputes arise owing to the various points of view adopted according to the clarity of the mind which formulates them. But the experience of this one Existence without the thought of analysing it intellectually is the basis and foundation of all religious consciousness. When, through a silencing of the troubled and troublesome ego, by an overwhelming æsthetic, ethical, or sublime experience, we suddenly come in touch with a great harmony and peace, which we feel *then* to be the very essence of the Universe, its very Spirit, we do actually share in that Bliss and Being; and when that mood of experience passes away, we long to experience it again. Thus what we have shared, we long to share again when divided or separated from it. Thus the Sanskrit word *Bhakti* gives us a clue to its meaning.]

3. And it is immortality itself (lit: Its own-form is immortal).

4. Having found which a man becomes perfected, becomes immortal, becomes satisfied.

5. Having attained to which he wants nothing, sorrows not, hates not, delights not (in any object of desire), strives not.

[3—5. This experience reveals to us the immortal nature of the life thus experienced though it becomes *obscured* through the darkness of our outer material and egoistic nature. Though it seems to vanish, yet the moment of experience reveals its deathless and ceaseless nature which is not the case with other experiences save what underlies them and partakes of that Life, and a faint reflection of which is found in the purer and sublimer forms of even human love as well as ethical experiences. When this Blissful experience becomes at last permanent and established, nothing remains to be desired, and the man who has attained it becomes perfected, immortal and satisfied.]

6. Having known which he becomes intoxicated, becomes transfixed, delights in the Self (Spirit. or himself).

[6. Thus when he becomes intoxicated with its joy in self-forgetfulness, as a drunken man too experiences in an undesirable and Tamasic, dark manner, for the man of devotion forgets himself in luminous consciousness instead of darkness as the alcoholist does, and thus he becomes transfixed (*stabdha*) by the power of that experience and vision; transfixed immovable in marvelling at this wonderful experience of Bliss.]

7. It (Devotion) is not desiring, for it is of the form of control (or suppression of desires).

[7. We desire worldly things only so long as we have not had a taste of this divine experience which makes all such things tasteless. Even these we were desiring because behind them was the promise of this Bliss, but when we have found that that great and permanent Bliss is not of them but of Something else which shines through them, we at last turn to it or Him, and when we have found it, how can we desire those things as we did before ?]

8. Control (or suppression) is the renouncing of the activities of the world and Veda (ritualistic scriptures which aim at the attainment of heavenly enjoyments).

[8. In fact, that experience must result in the suppression and control of egotistic desires. It matters not whether these egotistic desires are of earthly or heavenly nature; we must reject them for we want nothing short of God, Who is the ultimate and real goal of all longings after happiness]

9. And entirely turning to Him (lit : Non-otherness to Him), and indifference to whatever is opposed to Him.

10. Entirely turning (to Him) is abandoning other refuges

11. To behave according to Him in matters of the world and Veda is indifference to whatever is opposed to Him.

[9—11. These are self-evident. What is opposed to God? Nothing really, for the man who sees the working of Divine will in the Universe, but selfishness and desire oppose this vision, and though they are alright for the man who cannot yet see, for the man who wants to see, these have to be set aside as opposing Divine vision, for this man has reached where they are not—his *Dharma*, or nature. But throughout the Universe whatever opposes this Self-realization in any state is opposed to *Dharma*, the law of the unfoldment of that Being. It becomes intensified and defined as man progresses in *Satva*, in clarity—and the law for the devotee becomes Love, and whatever opposes it has to be abandoned by him. As the ritualistic scriptures which aim at heavenly joys also strengthen the self, and prevent God's vision and Divine union, they too have to be set aside by the devotee, for he has found a *Dharma*, a law which is different to and beyond these, consisting in denial of self.]

12. The scriptures *may* be kept (guarded or not transgressed) after the conviction has become strong.

13. For otherwise *i. e.*, before the conviction becomes strong) there is fear of falling.

14. World (*i. e.*, wordly activity) too is till then only, but eating, etc., is necessary till the body is possessed.

[12—14. The aphorism means that ritualistic observances of formal religion, etc., which have an ethical or æsthetic basis are *optional, after* Devotion has been established, but *incumbent* before its establishment in man's life, otherwise the soul may fall from want of morality, etc. The devotee, though he does not need these scriptures and the laws they inculcate, would not transgress them, though he is indifferent to them, being beyond their limited moral codes which are sufficient for the worldly man for he has grasped a law which includes and comprehends them and which they do not comprehend. In Love all laws merge and he becomes through it a law to himself. Thus he would not transgress the wordly laws and not upset the worldly men's balance who do not understand the higher Law of Love. And when he is still not thoroughly established in that law, he would surely not transgress them for that means his own fall. A distinction has to be made, however, with reference to the religious and social usages which through their degeneration and effeteness caused by the misunderstanding and forgetfulness of any original religious teaching, are no longer constructive forces but oppose through their spiritual death the progress of Life. These have been and will be ignored or opposed by those who are seers of religious truth (*see* note on 22nd aphorism). The question will arise why is eating, etc., exempted from the worldly activities. If eating is necessary for a perfected devotee, why should he be exempted from the duties he owes to society? The simple answer seems to be that he has not given up or transgressed any duties in taking refuge in the supreme Law of Love which embraces and comprehends all duties in their highest aspect. But the manifestation of Love is made possible during life by the maintenance of the body by food, etc., unless the demands of Love necessitate the surrender of bodily life as can and does happen in the lives of the great teachers also (*vide* Christ, and Buddha in a former life, etc.).

15. Its (Devotion's) characteristics are described according to various doctrines (or opinions).

[15. By worship is meant acts of surrender to and adoration of God, communion and prayer.]

16. Parasharya (Vyasa) says, it is devotion (or attachment) to worship.

17. Garga says, it is attachment to stories, etc. (concerning the Divine works).

[17. The aspirations and enthusiasm for God raised by listening to stories of the acts of any Divine manifestation or any acts of self-sacrifice and through love for the good of the world which partake really of the Divine as all such acts do. Thus the lives of saints, of martyrs and prophets, or of such great ones who glorify God through their lives, in other words, lesser or greater manifestations of Divine life.]

18. Shandilya says it is delight in the Self (Spirit) without interruption.

[18. Shandilya, as his aphorisms on Devotion also point out, seems to take and emphasise the *jnana*—knowledge aspect. Here, too, really without debating or speculating as to the Nature of Being which is felt in the self as the Great Self, the devotee rejoices in that consciousness. The devotee holds Him as separate from himself to whom he turns with adoration.]

19. But Narada holds that it is offering all activities to Him, and supreme misery (or restlessness) in forgetting Him.

20. And verily it is so.

[19. Narada appears to sum up the outer and inner attitudes of the devotee, by dedicating all activities of life to God, and by the feeling of the supreme need of God as a lover feels for his beloved and without whom he cannot exist. Without such intense want, who would search for and care to find God ?]

21. As was the case of the milkmaids of Vraja.

22. In that case (of great love of the milkmaids) there is no imputation of the forgetting of the knowledge of His greatness (or of the greatness of the Self or Spirit, *i.e.*, it cannot be imputed that the cowherdesses forgot the greatness of the Spirit or Divinity of the Lord revealed through Krishna. Note the resemblance in the case of Mary Magdalene and Jesus).

23. For devoid of that (knowledge of His Divinity or greatness) this Love would be like that of paramours

(*i.e.*, the knowledge of the greatness of God's Spirit or Divinity through any particular manifestation prevents love becoming sensuous).

24. In that (love of paramours) there is not happiness (of the lover) in the happiness of that (beloved), (*i.e.*, devotion is not self-seeking like earthly love but it rejoices in the happiness of others. Note the similitude of Christian Love which 'seeketh not its own').

[21—24. Here is touched upon by the way the legend of the Divine manifestation through Krishna and His devotees in the form of the milkmaids of Vraja. A touchy point of the Puranic faith, thrown into great disrepute, partly by the presentation of the allegory and partly by its misunderstanding. But the fact remains (which is to be met with in the modes of expression of the Biblical psalms also, whose representatives often attack the Krishna legend), that it is expressed in terms of sexual passion, and love. This fact has been pounced upon by the scientists who deal with the psychology of Religion and who think they have satisfactorily explained all religious feeling by showing its sexual origin. The fact is that its origin is not sexual but sexuality is the extreme materialized expression of the creative aspect of Life and thus involves *Ananda* or Bliss, as the Upanishads point out. Thus the real goal of life from its lowest crude mainfestations to the highest religious is the pursuit and attainment of Bliss. Sexuality is one aspect of it, and the higher aspects of Love exclude gross sexuality, becoming more and more ideal by eliminating the element of self and matter step by step. This in its higher, *i.e.*, religious aspects deals with the purer æsthetic experiences. And the purer æsthetic experiences partake of that Blissful touch with the Great Life of the Universe, of God, from which the elements of petty and selfish desires are eliminated and finally absent. It is not acquisitive but is of the nature of self-surrender resulting in the feeling of the 'Peace which passeth all understanding.' Ethical self-surrender, *i.e.*, self-sacrifice, also yields this experience, and the understanding becoming clear and purified finds the same experience in this self-control and surrender of the small and mean questioning intellect after realising its unfitness to grasp the life of which it is a small product. But *Bhakti* (devotion) deals with the æsthetic aspect naturally, and so it is the contemplation of Beauty, Loveliness, Harmony, which, when contemplated, yields this Harmony, Bliss to the contemplating mind. The glorious light and colour of a rare sunset or sunrise, the beauty of a flower, of a tree, of an animal, of a mountain, of a stream suddenly arrests you and overcomes your personal ego, and in that moment the great joy of the great Life and Power of God lying behind these passing appearances dawn on you, overwhelm you, and bathe and saturate your being. There is another light, as if it were on sea and land. The Life of the worlds has revealed itself to you in that moment. You stand in wonder and ecstasy and worship. His voice is heard in the thunder, His flash is seen in the lightning, and it is not merely a dreadful sound and a terror-inspiring flash of light but some underlying conscious unity which is revealed behind, and you become what the materialist despisingly calls an animist, *i.e.*, he who endows the so-called "blind dead and mechanical forces of nature" with a life and soul akin to your own. The Marvellous power of science which credits you with, the power of lending a soul to nature which she does not possess, and you all the time being a tiny and insignificant product of this very nature. Marvellous indeed must be her blind wisdom which this detached fragment of hers somehow endowed with sight, can hardly grasp in its most elementary forms. These "unconscious" processes going on within his body, keeping him alive and conscious, and he unaware of them, and when trying to be aware being hardly able to grasp any of them properly. Methinks if there can be any blindness greater than Nature's, it must be no other than that of the materialist who can ignore this marvel. To return to our æsthetic contemplation:—We find the same feeling aroused by contemplating a manifestation of this Divine harmony in a human form, in human power, in heroic deeds, in deeds of self-sacrifice, etc. Thus we also admire a saint, a prophet, a martyr, a well-wisher of humanity. In all lands monuments and effigies and statues are raised to their memory ; or, if their likeness are not painted in colour or chiseled in stone they are carefully delineated in the accounts of their lives, for men to admire, to adore and thus to help them to grow somewhat in their likeness and to walk in their footsteps. So far so good ; but then come times when men forget the qualities they admired in these manifestations of Divine life which they adored in them, and then begins what is justly condemned as the evil of idol worship. Men incapable of grasping the beauty of such lives, unable to conceive beauty, permit uncouth hands to shape hideous idols to represent those forgotten ideal characters and worship them and sink into the materialism which has lost hold of Life, and as a consequence sink into greater degeneration. In the same way men forget the power and life-force manifested in a prophet and the emancipating and saving character of his teaching, and merely remember his name and begin to quarrel about him with others who profess other prophets, forgetting that their teachings are not radically opposed but have the same purpose. Moses saw the same God in a column of fire or a burning bush which the Vedic seers felt in their *Agni,* but those of their followers who have never felt Him thus can naturally find fault and quarrel with each other.

He who feels the might, the greatness, the loveliness, the harmony of Divine life in anything is a worshipper of the Spirit, but when he forgets, or is unable to feel the living Presence behind the masks of Nature, he becomes a degraded idol-worshipper who needs the relentless iconoclast to remind him that he happens to be worshipping something other than was intended. Thus the reformers who protest against forms without life in religion and social customs have their right and their place. They, do not and cannot attack the worship of the Spirit before whom they too are bowing, but only the misunderstood and effete forms of a degenerated belief, or rather want of belief, which necessarily carries with it all the abuses which absence of Truth and reality involve. The history of all religions and the myriad sects which rise and vanish when rightly read reveals and illustrates this fact: And this fact, the perception of the greatness and Divinity of God's Life, is emphasised in this aphorism. Without this perception Love degenerates into mere sex and adultery, and worship degrades itself into idolatry: and when the Spirit and its harmony are felt, all heresies and infidelities become spiritual as the Sufis, like other mystics so emphatically affirm even from within the heart of a most iconoclastic faith like that of Islam. On the other hand, seeing the absence of this living experience of the Spirit from the ashes of dead and dying faiths arise from time to time Nanaks and Kabirs who proclaim the pure and living faith which they have realized. No wonder that they want to bury the religious corpses from which life has long departed and invite men to drink of the Living Fountain once more. They know that later on men will cease to understand them also, but that is not their concern, they have the sparkling waters of immortality like the seers and devotees who went before, and their only concern is to share them with their fellow-beings.

Thus it is that as worship of Spirit can degenerate into idolatry, so Devotion or Love can degenerate into earthly love by the introduction of the elements of ignorance and selfishness. Against this the aphorist intends to warn us. "Love seeketh not its own," says the Christian scripture, and the 24th aphorism says practically the same.

In reality heresy and infidelity consist in allowing the idea of any other existence—one's own or of anything to intrude upon and to obscure the idea of God's Unity and Universal being. This intrusion the monotheist wishes to efface by the worship of the one God, and the mystic by Love and consciousness of the One Great Life of the Universe.]

25. It is greater than action, knowledge and Yoga even, (methods of mental concentration and meditations).

26. For it is itself the fruit (of these actions, knowledge and Yoga, which are merely means to its attainment).

[25. Actions mean good deeds done unselfishly which lead to a purification of the heart. Knowledge is the exercise of the understanding, the clarification of which leads to the elimination of error and brings one to the attitude of belief in God. It is not real "knowledge," however, which being of the nature of experience is Love or Devotion. Yoga is not here intended to comprehend the experience of God but the process of conduct and concentration, etc., which aim at the contemplation of God which is again the experience of *Bhaktas.*]

27. For the Lord also dislikes the proud and likes the humble (meek). (The devotee is humble through love, while a person may be proud of good deeds, knowledge and Yoga.)

[27. The Lord does not really dislike or hate any one, but through the unfitness of the proud man the grace of God is shut away from Him which flows to the humble. Pride is in itself an obstacle as it is the accentuation of self, which is the antithesis of Devotion. Humility is self-abnegation and permits the non-egoistic selfless spirit to be manifested in the heart. The stream does not flow up but flows down. So does the grace of God.]

28. Some hold that knowledge is the only means of attaining it (Devotion).

29. Others hold that these (knowledge and Devotion) are dependent on each other.

[28—29. It is natural to think that we cannot love a thing of which we have no knowledge and which we do not feel to be desirable. On the other hand, when we have known something about a desirable thing, we desire it more.]

30. But Brahma's son (Narada) holds that it is itself of the nature of fruit.

(*Note.*—This seems to mean that it is not caused by anything else, but is its own cause, or that Love or Devotion is itself a feeling or perception or knowledge of God, and grows from itself. As the following aphorisms show, by knowledge is understood an abstract knowledge, while devotion is real knowlegde, and of the nature of *experience*).

[30. In this case, however, Devotion is an indication of some inner touch of the experience of Divine life, and can be awakened into life by some word or suggestion. And God cannot be known as an object of abstract knowledge, but the feeling of Devotion is the indication of the real touch of experience, and cannot be helped by any steps in abstract knowledge. It is a concrete feeling which is real knowledge.]

31. For we see the same in the case of the royal house, food, etc.

32. By that (mere knowledge of the king or food) the king is not propitiated, nor hunger is appeased. (*i. e.*, one must prepare food before it can appease hunger, and one must serve the king to gain his favour, while a mere knowledge of these will not produce these results.)

[31-32. The aphorism seems to point the difference between abstract knowledge and concrete practical experience.]

33. Therefore that (Devotion) alone must be taken hold of (or restored to) by those who desire Salvation (Liberation).

34. The teachers sing (describe in their poetical works) the means of attaining it.

[33. Hence Devotion is the highest and best path. It is curious that Patanjali's Yoga says the same thing that *Bhakti* is the supreme method. It indicates the state of the mind of those to whom *Samadhi* is nearest.]

35. But that (fruit=Devotion) is (obtained) by renouncing objects of desire, and attachment (or evil company).

[35. When we desire other things and associate with people who desire other things than God, naturally we cannot find Devotion.]

36. And by undivertable turning to (or love for God).

[36. It is not enough to cease to desire other things. That would be merely negative. We must turn wholeheartedly to God.]

37. In the world too by hearing and reciting the qualities (or virtues) of the Glorious Lord.

[37. Before one entirely turns to God but is occupied with worldly things, one must in all activities think of the Divine to rise above the worldly frame of mind and to see the uplifting impulses of Divine life in the cosmos or as manifested in any special manifestation.]

38. But chiefly it is attained verily by the favour of or compassion of the great souls, or by a trace of the grace of the Glorious Lord.

[38. The grace of God or the favour of a teacher of Devotion are indications of the fitness of the individual for Devotion.]

39. But the company of the great souls is difficult to find, difficult to reach, and never failing (or knows no failure when obtained).

[39. Devotees are rare and rare those who can find them. The majority of souls follows the wheel of rebirth in ignorance of God and absence of His true love. This is the eternal hell of the Christians, hell only in the sense of the absence of true salvation in God. But world is content to go on with its small joys and great sorrows in the hope of regaining those joys. Here, too, the impulse is the search for happiness, the search for God, but the beings enveloped in ignorance are not aware of it till through the intense consciousness of suffering they awaken to the True Source of joy and turn to Him.

40. Verily it is found by His favour.

[40. The company of the great souls is dependent on God's favour in reality, for He knows when we are fit to receive His favour through their company, or directly.]

41. For there is no difference between Him and His people, (*i.e.*, the true devotees, the great souls).

42. Accomplish even that, accomplish even that (company).

[41. Through Love the devotees have become identified with the Lord, and His will has become their will. The implication with reference to the would-be devotee is clear.]

43. Evil company should be avoided in every way.

44. Because it is the cause of lust, desire, wrath, dullness (confusion, stupidity), destruction of memory (loss of the remembrance of God), loss of understanding and destruction of everything.

[43. Those who are ignorant of God's Love and act from egoistic motives will naturally accentuate that motive in the man who associates with them and this will result in evil desires which spring from egoism. These increase *Tamas*, darkness, stupefaction and loss of memory, *i.e.*, the loss of the remembrance of God, and loss of right understanding. This destroys man's true object of life, that is one does not pursue it and does not attain to it.]

45. Though these be like ripples, through evil company they become like an ocean.

[45. This refers to the accentuation of the germs of evil tendency by association, till they become overwhelming.]

46. Who crosses, who crosses over Maya? (Cosmic illusion). He who avoids evil company (or attachments), who serves (or attends on) the great soul (or man of great realization), who becomes free from the feelings of mine (*i.e.*, possession).

[46. *Maya* here is the illusion which shuts out the knowledge of God and possibility of salvation. It is ignorance, the root of our egoism. The feeling of mine or possession is the ramification of the feeling of *ego* or I.]

47. Who dwells in a solitary place, who uproots the bonds (or ties) of the world, who becomes free from the three Gunas (the three constituents of phenomenal Nature), who gives up acquisition and preservation (of property).

48. Who gives up the fruit of actions, renounces the actions, and thence becomes free from the pairs of opposites (like enmity and friendship, pleasure and pain, etc.).

[47. This refers to the ideal of practical life at which one has to aim The process of making one's life less and less selfish, and must, if practically carried out, result in its simplification, and reduction of wants. This at the same time leaves the mind free to turn to God and to the spiritual life.]

49. Who renounces the (formal) scriptures also, and finds pure (or unbroken) Love.

[49. The ritualistic scriptures which recommend sacrifices and ordinary rules of moral conduct which result only in gaining the selfish joys of heaven but not a contact with God unless these sacrifices and duties are done without a selfish motive for the good of others. This latter would bring one to Devotion itself and all sacrifices and good deeds would merge in it. Love thus becomes the motive of whatever actions are necessary and the feeling of Devotion becomes in itself the great sacrifice of Love.]

50. He crosses over, he crosses over (the ocean of world or migrations) and helps the worlds (or people) to cross over it.

[50. Such a man crosses over migrations; and has risen out of the eternal hell of ordinary life, and he can help those to cross it who are not satisfied with it and feel the need of true Salvation.]

51. The essence (lit: own-form) of Love is indescribable in words.

[51. The essence of Love is indescribable in words. Because words and abstract thoughts which alone the words convey, are void of the living content of experience. What experience can be conveyed to another, with words, who has not had a similar experience ?]

52. Like the taste (in the case) of (a person who is) dumb.

[52. This is a very apt illustration. Our words about any such experience addressed to one who has no touch of it, do not go beyond the expression of the dumb person who has tasted something.]

53. It is manifested sometimes in a recipient (Recipient=Pâtra, means a fit 'receptacle,' a person fit to receive it).

[53. When a person has become a fit receptacle of Love—which is rare—for the majority unconsciously seek God or Bliss in His passing phases only,—Love is manifested in him.]

54. It (the nature of Love) is free from the Gunas (the three constituents of Nature), free from desire, increasing every moment, unbroken, most subtle and of the nature of experience.

[54. It is difficult to understand how the nature of Love or Devotion can be beyond the three *Gunas* which comprehend the whole of the phenomenal world, including whatever feelings we may have and however refined they may be, unless, perchance, the devotees do not accept the philosophy of the *Gunas*. It seems to me that the Spirit or God is the goal of one's Love and He is the one unchanging Reality, the Principle of True Salvation. Devotion or Love for God through a state of feelings aims at Him and therefore this goal, being the only thing which transcends change and the phenomenal *Gunas* must be the real essence of this Love. It is the thing that underlies this consciousness of the possibility of our union with Him. And hence it may be said to transcend the *Gunas*. This is, however, intellectual groping. The thing to grasp is the fact of experience which though appearing to the empirical or phenomenal intellect as belonging to the phenomenal is in its essence transcendent.]

55. Having reached it, he regards (or beholds) That (God) alone, hears That alone, and reflects (or thinks) on That alone.

[55. It becomes the sole and ruling fact of the life of the devotee.]

56. The minor (or inferior) one is threefold, from the difference of Gunas, or from the difference of the "afflicted," etc. (*Vide* Bhagvad-Gita VII—16, 17, 18).

57. The one preceding (in the verse of the scripture referred to) is better than the one that follows.

58. In Devotion (God) is found more easily than by other means.

[56—58. In its inferior forms Devotion varies according to the degrees of the *Gunas*, in the composition of the devotee's nature. This is described to some extent in the Bhagawad Gita. Then there is the division of the "afflicted," etc. If it refers to the 16, 17 and 18 *shlokas* of the VII chapter of the Bhagawad Gita, then the knower or *Jnani* is left out; and Krishna too says, "the knower or the wise is considered my very Self": but this aphorism does not seem to fit the order of the classification in Gita according to any interpretation of the verse, for this aphorism considers the "preceding" as better than the succeeding. "The afflicted" means troubled in any way by disease or other misfortune; "desirous of knowledge" is the person who, after realizing the fact of the misery of the personal life, seeks to know the path of escape and the way of Salvation. *Artharthi* means he who seeks the object. Others have interpreted it to mean seeker of wealth This interpretation is however not up to much. Even if we accept it the second term remains perplexing in this order. It may be that the apherist had another interpretation which we do not find in the current commentaries. Perhaps they interpreted *Arta* (afflicted) as the person who felt the misery of the separation from God; the desirous of knowledge, he who wanted to know God; and *Artharthi* who worshipped God formally for gaining worldly prosperity ;—this last being *Tamasic*, the second being *Rajasic*, and the first

Satvic. Or it may be the aphorist refers to some other unknown text familiar in his days, but now lost. The last interpretation I have suggested may not be very satisfactory for the obvious reason that devotion is ndicative of direct contact and feeling of God.

59. For there is no need of another proof (in Devotion) for it is itself the proof (Proof=Pramana, the means of knowledge).

[59. For the above reason, when we have direct perception of God, we do not need inference or verbal testimony for finding Him, for we have not found a thing when we are reasoning about it or hearing of it.]

60. And because it is of the nature of Peace and of the nature of Bliss.

[60. Besides, when we attain the Peace and Bliss which are the only goal of the longing of all beings, what more do we need ? When we have found Peace and Bliss we have found God and there is nothing remaining to be searched. Search is want of Peace and Bliss]

61. One should not be anxious in the case of worldly loss, for one has consecrated (or offered or dedicated) the self, the world and the Veda (the scripture which leads to heavenly enjoyments) to the Lord. The Sufis too aim at God alone by indifference to this world and the next.

[61. When one aims at God and has found some touch with Him, one need not, one cannot grieve for worldly loss. One seeks worldly things for happiness and fails to find it in these. How can one grieve for worldly loss when one has found the source of true happiness, Peace in God Himself ?]

62. Till that Devotion is not perfected, one should not give up worldly activity, but one must renounce the fruit (of action) and strive to attain that perfection (in Devotion).

[62. This has been touched on before. The whole of the Gita is an amplification of this.]

63. One should not listen to stories about women, wealth and unbelievers (lit: deniers).

[63. This is obvious. Stories which rouse lust, cupidity and create doubt and unbelief.]

64. One should abandon pride, deceit (hypocrisy), etc.

[64. The temptations of holy life are pride of saintliness, hypocrisy, respect of men ; and ambition to rule their hearts is a subtle and great temptation, and when one succumbs to it and falls away from holiness, one becomes naturally a hypocrite, etc.]

65. Having dedicated all activities to Him, desire, anger, pride, etc., should be directed to Him alone (or in connection with Him).

[65. This is a knotty aphorism. It has been suggested that one should be proud and angry, etc., towards those who stand in God's way or are opposed to Him, for improving them, but it is hardly tenable, and besides this attitude leads to religious intolerance and persecution which have been the curse of religion many a time. And *Kama* (desire) presents a still greater difficulty. though it is not impossible to see some remote application even of this somewhat in the sense of Eugenics, a subject to which the ancient Hindus seem to have directed some attention in their own religious way. Therefore the only other interpretation is that our desires, pride, anger, etc., should be directed towards God. This sounds like blasphemy, but it does not mean it. It means that all our desires should be transmuted into love for God, and whatever pride or anger we have, if we direct towards God inasmuch as we should be impatient to find Him, these passions will be purified and transmuted and will cease and become merged in love of God. The mythological illustrations of Ravana, etc., seem somewhat far-fetched, yet there may be something under them and Christ too said, "Be thou hot or cold, but thou art lukewarm and I shall spew thee out of my mouth." It seems that a passionate man through the transmutation of the energy of passion into Devotion has a better chance according to all religions, than an indifferent and lukewarm. The aphorism seems somewhat obscure to me. Can it be that we are justified in feeling indignation against God for not hastening our vision of Him and can we proudly say, "You don't want to show your face to me. I too will not beg Thee for the vision?" There are instances of some mystics having expressed themselves thus in some moments: for example, Sarmad says: "Sarmad, if He is faithful, He will come Himself; if His coming is lawful, He will come Himself. Why dost thou wander after Him in vain? Sit down; if He is God, He will come Himself." There is a play on the Persian word for God, *Khuda*, which seems to mean literally "self-comer." It may be the devotee finds relief and quiet from his heart's tension in such a temporary exclamation and turns to God with renewed aspiration and finds Him!

66. One should have that love, that love alone which is of the nature of loving (or being devoted to) like ever a servant, ever a wife (to her master or husband) in which the three forms (of the lover, beloved and love) have been destroyed.

(Or it may mean: in which there are three divisions of lover, beloved and love as the object of meditation. And these have to be finally rejected through the identification of the three).

[66] The love of ever a wife, ever a servant. A wife who will not be divorced, a servant who will not leave his master, must feel a sense of self-surrender. Such should be the love of a devotee who in the midst of all the trials and tribulations of life trusts in God's love and is ever faithful to Him. The "three forms" present much difficulty in this aphorism. Love, Beloved and Love: Devotee, God and Devotion have been suggested. Now the word *Bhanga* in the original means 'breaking,' it can also mean 'division' and so the passages can mean "according to the division of the three forms (of the lover, beloved and love) one should love like a devoted wife, like a devoted servant." In this case, not much sense comes out of the aphorism. If, however, we interpret it to mean 'after destroying the three forms (of love, beloved, and lover; or servant, served and service) one should love like a devoted wife and like a devoted servant, it can mean that one should love and serve God with such self-forgetfulness, that

one becomes identified with Him, but the difficulty appears to remain that one cannot love and serve God like a loving wife or a faithful servant after he has lost a sense of the triple division in self-forgetfulness. Self-forgetfulness must be the final stage of absorption and cannot 'precede' it. Or the aphorism may not be so literally taken and should be interpreted to mean that one should serve and love God like a devoted wife and faithful servant with such self-forgetfulness that in the end one becomes absorbed and the triad ceases.]

67. The chief devotees are those who are absolute (lit: who have One sole aim the Lord).

[67. As long as one does not forget oneself and does not solely aim at God, one must remain a minor or inferior devotee.]

68. Conversing together, with choking throats, hair on end, and tears, they purify the generations and the earth.

[68. The Divine emotion is indicated by their tears and lump in the throat and hair standing on end. "Purifying the generations" may mean the future generations as the Upanishad says—"No one ignorant of God is born in his line," or it may mean that their ancestors feel blessed in their own seed in the form of such devotees. Naturally, they have a purifying influence on their surroundings, and though all who come in touch with them may not become perfect devotees, a considerable uplifting influence will be exerted on their generation by the example and contagion of their holy life. Love begets love, as hate begets hate. Both good and evil are contagious.]

69. They make the holy places holy, they make deeds good deeds, they make the scriptures true scriptures.

[69. Only such places are holy where holy men dwell, and the scriptures loose much of their significance unless the lives of the holy do not verify and illustrate them and deeds are either bad or indifferent, or good for a selfish end and therefore not wholly good. Therefore the true devotee alone makes all deeds really good.|

70. For they are full of Him.

|70. For the devotee is full of God, empty of self, and therefore only good and godly things can come from him.|

71. The ancestors rejoice, the deities (fairies) dance and the earth finds protectors.

|71. When a man attains to such a life, everything in nature feels a touch of harmony and joy, and the world in so much finds a saviour and protector. His life spreads harmony and order in the world.|

72. Among them there is no distinction of birth (or caste), learning, looks, family (or descent), wealth, activity, etc. (They are not separated by the distinctions of caste, etc.).

|72. Love alone effaces distinctions of birth, position, knowledge, wealth, etc.|

73. For they are His own.

|73. For they have found unity in God's love and God.|

74. Discussion should not be engaged in (*i.e.*, vain disputes concerning God, etc., should be avoided).

75. Because it affords many opportunities for distraction (or many interruptions) and is undecisive.

|74–75. Discussions being intellectual do not touch living *experience* and are wide of the mark and cannot finally decide about things which can be truly subjects of experience alone. So one wastes time over them and the mind is distracted from God. This refers to vain discussions whose object is not the search for Truth but self-conceit and pride of victory. People who wish to understand the science of life and devotion to God will speak of it to one another's benefit.|

76. One should reflect over the devotional scriptures, and one should perform works which arouse it (Devotion).

[76. Books and hymns which deal with Devotion are helpful, and a life based on love of one's fellows is conducive of Devotion to God.]

77. Having renounced pleasure, pain, desire, gain, etc., and regarding (or awaiting) time (or death) one should not spend even half a moment in vain.

[77. Renouncing pleasure, *i.e.*, not expecting pleasure, or shunning pain, avoiding sensual desires and covetousness, he should await death and not waste even half a moment. Every moment should be occupied by the devotion to and sense of the presence of God.]

78. One should thoroughly observe (or practise) the virtues (or conducts) of harmlessness, truth, cleanliness, (purity), mercy (compassion) and belief. (lit: Is-NESS, *i.e.*, affirmation of the existence of God, soul, future life).

[78. Harmlessness is the principal thing in Yoga also and all devotional systems. It means, not to hurt any being by word or deed, nor to think of doing so. Truthfulness means to speak nothing but truth or to keep silent when it involves harm to others. Cleanliness is defined external and internal by ablutions and pure and wholesome foods which do not make the body gross and unhealthy, and do not involve hurt to other creatures. Compassion or mercy is the feeling of pity for those who suffer in any way and effort for the removal of their suffering, without causing hurt to others thereby. Belief in God, soul and immortality and divine justice.]

79. Always and in every state, and without anxiety one should worship the Glorious Lord alone.

[79. The worship and love of God in all circumstances and all states is the perpetual sense of Divine existence and presence. Thus one can have no anxiety. What anxiety can a real devotee have who believes in or realizes the existence of a supreme Spirit who is Benign?]

80. Being sung (or lauded or glorified) He soon becomes manifest, and causes the devotees to experience (or realize Him).

[80. When we always remember and praise God, He manifests Himself and causes the devotee to realize Him and experience Him and His joy.]

81. Devotion to (the Lord) who is true in three Times (past, present and the future), is verily the great thing, is verily the great thing (or most important thing).

[81. If we take refuge and delight in passing things, we are bound to be disappointed and to experience sorrow. Only God who is true and living in all times, past, present and future, can be a safe refuge for us. All else is unimportant and useless.]

82. This Devotion though of one form (kind) is of eleven forms (1) in the shape of the attachment to God's qualities and greatness (or greatness of qualities), (2) attachment to His beauty, (3) attachment to worship, (4) attachment to remembrance (of God), (5) attachment of a servant (to his master), (6) attachment of a friend, (7) of a beloved child, (8) attachment of a beloved wife (to her husband), (9) attachment of self-consecration, (10) attachment of identification (or absorption), (11) attachment of extreme misery in separation.

[82. This aphorism enumerates the various aspects of Devotion which is only one in essence. Though some of these divisions seem easy to grasp, there are others which seem difficult to distinguish, *e.g.*, Nos. 1 and 3. *Puja* means worship, respect, and in what does it differ from contemplation of the sublime qualities of God, unless it means ritualistic prayer of prescribed form. No. 4. Remembrance too presents a similar difficulty. What are we to remember except the greatness, or beauty, or goodness of God by which it becomes identified with other forms of devotion?]

83. So say Kumara, Vyasa, Suka, Shandilya Garga, Vishnu, Kaundinya, Shesha, Uddhava, Aruni Bali, Hanumat, Vibhishana, etc., the teachers of Devotion who did not fear the world's twaddle, and who are of one opinion.

[83. The great devotees and teachers of this science are here enumerated. The shallow thinkers and critics who do not realize the helplessness of the intellect in dealing with Life and its experience, and who thus consider this really unimportant thing as the supreme faculty in man will naturally run down the sentimental devotees whose faith they do not realize is based on feeling and experience and not on the ever-shifting and varying intellectual beliefs or equally intellectual dogmas, whether of science or of creeds; and the worldly and covetous men will also look down upon the devotees, not knowing that the joys which they seek after in vain in this world are realized by the devotee in God permanently. The devotees, however, knowing the blindness and folly of both these classes, are not affected by their twaddle and continue to walk on the sure path of Devotion and Salvation. Their opinion is one, they are not divided in their idea of Devotion which being based on the fact of experience does not admit of disputes. It is curious that after stating the various opinions of his colleagues Narada should make such a claim of the one-mindedness of all these teachings. But the things about which they seem to hold various opinions are other than Devotion itself about the importance, efficacy and superiority of which they all seem to be in full agreement. The rest is unimportant.]

84. He who believes, and has faith in this teaching of Siva (the Benign Lord, or in this benign teaching), spoken by Narada, he becomes endowed with Devotion, he attains the Most Beloved, he attains the Most Beloved (the Lord).

[84. Full belief in this teaching will surely endow one with Devotion in the degree of one's belief. As long as the vain doubts of the ever uncertain intellect remain and prevent belief, the feeling of Devotion will be suppressed, but right reason which can show the basic fact of experience and knowledge can counteract the doubting and imperfect intellect; and when the WILL takes charge of the mind and stops its useless and uncertain speculations and releases the natural feelings from its inhibitive sway on the one hand and the errors of fancy and imagination on the other, the presence of the great Life of God can be felt in everything and the feeling of sublime awe and adoration will arise in the heart and the sense of the harmony and beauty of that life* and the marvel of its working, within and without, will be felt leading from experience to experience and ecstasy to ecstasy. |

Thus ends the treatise on the aphorisms of Devotion.

Trembles the Bush.

From the Hungarian of Petofi.

Trembles the bush, for on it
Lighteth a little bird.
Trembles my soul because
Thou comest to my mind.
O tiny little maid,
On this big world, thou art
The largest diamond.
Full is the river Danube,
And it may overflow,
And mine heart too the passion
Can scarcely hold.
Dost thou love, O my rose leaf?
I love thee so.
Thy father and thy mother
Can never love thee more.
Together when we were
I know that you did love.
Warm summer it was then,
Now winter, winter cold.
And if you love not now
God bless you still,
But if you love me yet,
May He bless you a thousandfold.

The Cost and Efficiency of Power.

By T. F. Dowden.

When the Creator of All Things invested Humanity with a sense of the 'Beautiful' and certain Powers thought useful for 'materialising,' or grasping possession of coveted things, the Intermediaries—the gods—were furnished with inexhaustible sources of amusement, in observing the use made of wit in pursuit of 'Illusions'!

Then, again—the cost of the Power expended was often out of all proportion to the value found to have been ultimately received; and showed the sense of those who took an accurate measure of the 'Desire' to possess, before expending power on any object, which might prove a pure waste of effort, and even Life!

For—"What shall it profit a man if he shall gain the whole world, and lose his own soul"—lent him by the gods to keep him 'safe' till he returns to them?!

On the other hand, who is there so indifferent to the use of the powers vouchsafed to him that he will not exert them to gain an honest living?

The most effective power to be exercised is evidently that placed within the means of every individual,—if he learns to deny himself, for the benefit of others; to forgive sins; and to heal the sick!

This is a mental Power, economising Physical force, since the same food supplies both energies, interrupt digestion by intense emotions, and health suffers, appetite fails, the body wastes. On the other hand, sloth, with overfeeding, induces sluggishness in the body functions. It is a question of nice balance, how to fuel the body structure; and what mental or physical work to undertake, in return for it. Ignorance or inattention in this matter is at the expense, or waste of Vitality and Power.

In their serious moments the gods sends messengers to humanity, when its game becomes fast and furious. A mandate to—"love the neighbour as yourself," if observed, eliminates all the intensive destructiveness of unkind, uncharitable and ignorant criticism that handed over for violent disposal by the emotions, culminates in exhaustion of power through 'Hate,' 'Fear,' and collapse of the 'Nervous System.'

The gentle art of making enemies is thus easily understood. Also the reason why the most economical and efficient Power we possess, and the value received from the use of it, is that bestowed on us by the inspired Teachers and the Prophets, who show us THE WAY, and how to preserve Friendship,—one of the greatest joys of all.

This, however, is not so easy as it looks. People all around are pressing with their loves and hates; their absurd ideals, and attempts at realising them, in which we stand to incur their hate for not 'co-operating' and assisting.

One of the greatest strains on our wits is to non-co-operate gracefully with the inefficients and marplots,—yet, leave them with reason to love us more than ever before!

For, do we not run the risk of being misunderstood, counted as humbugs, bloated monopolists of power, sly and deceitful miscreants, self-seeking, and working with darkened counsels!

The Prophets of old were martyred for expounding Truth against the Errors of former times. They pointed out the WAY to universal happiness, attainable at any moment by a best use of Personal power in possession of everybody. Modernised, it is called 'Good Will,' and anciently, 'God.Will.'

We are 'safe' in 'intention,' though we may blunder in methods, if we will 'God's Will' in everything. We acknowledge that we are desirous of working

(*Continued on page 88.*)

"East & West."

"East & West" has a mission, to bring about a larger understanding between men of all races and creeds. It treats life as a whole and aims at a symbiosis of all nations.

"East & West" keeps its readers in constant touch with high ideals. It is India's leading Review and goes into every home and every office.

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This statement has a moral for Advertisers.

(*Continued from page 86.*)

in harmony with God's laws, instead of against them. But in the detailed processes of the World's Work and its Government, man has been given wit and wisdom to help himself. He has only to organise sufficiently for the purpose on commonsense principles.

If we want to know what is an efficient organisation just now we are at once shown by the war what is wanted. Reforms of the system will involve changes, calling for self-denial in some directions, that improvement may be productive of increased benefits in others.

The enormous cost of the war has been thrown on Humanity, owing to the faultiness of the World Organisation to prevent it. Some have thought to benefit by the opportunities offering inherent in the faulty system. They may have done so; but the system was none of their creation. Let us look into a few economic details, responsible for wars.

The cost of production through '*machinery*' per unit of outturn in a given time diminishes as the size of the machine increases; because, it not only disposes of more material, but also with greater speed. The Machine does not cost as much more in proportion to its size to construct, or for man power to work, as it produces.

So, if there is competition and a market to supply, the larger business and machinery will compete successfully against the smaller in the matter of prices, and quantity available for offer, if material is forthcoming to work up.

Thus the tendency to increase the size of machinery and organisations for Production is ever-presenting 'attractions,' as long as public demand for supplies continues in any form.

This tendency is the ruling Power in Political Economics; and operates not only to drift Power into 'mass formations' of workers under single directions for innumerable classes of objects, but also to combine the energies of the whole of the masses in independent States for a united National effort to compete successfully in supplying World Markets.

That competition of all States, for this world purpose, would reduce prices to their lowest level, improve qualities, and flood the markets with good things, goes without the saying.

But, for 'World-markets' to be reached, there must be adequate means of 'Distribution' by Sea and Land. In this matter there is the same tendency towards competition, and to use big machinery and huge Trade combines, as in Production.

The effect of the stimulus for Production and Distribution is, to augment that for grasping Political and Economic Power, which by the creation of monopolies, destroys competition; and so, does not necessarily benefit the world of consumers, or the world's workers,—or economise Capital outlay, but wastes Power.

For, by the massing of competitors, it may result, that supplies are so plentiful they outstrip the Local demand for them. In that case the 'useful limit' of competition has been reached; populations may have been unduly augmented; and all the smaller capitalists and investors driven out of the business by monopolistic Capital or Militant Labour. This is an aspect of the prospective cost of Power we must consider, when we propose to place it all in the hands of the Trader and Joint Stock enterprise, to the exclusion of Individualism, and the action of Local Government in developing Production from the Land.

Another aspect of the cost of machinery and organisation is the relative advantage to the world of Locally protected production and distribution, compared with that offered by free and unfettered Foreign Competition.

If we regard the tendency of all Economic Powers to gravitate towards wholesale business operations we may conclude, that in pitting Foreign, against Local Production and Distribution, the competition affords the consumers protection against the monopolists of all description of Powers, including those of Local Associated Capitalists and Union-dominated Labour everywhere.

Foreign Trade and Commerce is handicapped by the cost of long sea and land transport charges, which average goods could not bear, except the prices of commodities at the place of origin were low enough to compensate for the transport charges.

In the projected '*competition*' for Sea Transport, to stimulate 'Foreign Demand' for Local Consumption we see the beginning of future Armageddons, and Local Revolutions, from the impossibility of stabilising currents of demand and supply or the exchanges,—without universal local control over the competition is possible.

Without this stabilisation, the even and continuous supply of food to the populations of the world cannot be guaranteed. Jesus foresaw this, when He embodied in the Lord's Prayer the 'hope' for the daily Bread; and if God's Will is to prevail in its production and regular distribution the Scientists of all Nations will determine to agree THE WAY for it.

Now, in the competition to supply World Demand, the leaders in Capitalism and Militant Unionism of Associated Labour recognise an element in both classes of Powers, that commends them to 'associate and cooperate' instead of quarrelling over the terms of services, and division of spoils extracted from the world of consumers, under projected schemes of monopolistic Powers of coercion,—Wars and Strikes!

It is perceived that producers cannot get a fair cut into the anticipated profits, while they are at the mercy of monopolist distributing agencies for reaching the consumers of raw products, and the utilisers of manufactured articles.

So, both Capitalist and Labourer must everywhere seek to command or secure free power of Production and Distribution for the particular article of commerce in which they deal.

It is this 'ideal' that dominates the Politics of Nations, in endeavours to seize, or command, through agreements and combines, the sources of Production, and the means of Distribution of commodities; and while operating separately for competition in their own lines, to combine Capital and Labour for Competition in reaching consumers and users of commodities.

(1) Evidently the most economical and efficient use of such fusion of the efforts of Capital and Labour would be, when they received the greatest stimulation unitedly, over individual jobs, by the enterprise of individual employers in agreement with their individual labourers, free to engage untrammelled by the Unions in the matter of wages or conditions of service. This would give the greatest stimulus to Local enterprise; and also freedom to labour in choice of work under different employers. Mr. Lloyd George has pointed out this as THE WAY for British enterprise, which works by cash on delivery of Goods.

(2) But the German WAY is quite different; and exploits to the uttermost the system of vast mass organisations of Associated Labour and Capital under the Direction of its Government, and gives long credits in Foreign Commerce.

(3) Beyond this the German Scheme extends to mass formations and combinations with the Financiers of other countries, secretly, or through the Banks and other agencies; thus working independently of the official control of all other Sovereign Governments; as if all the States of the World constituted a single Commonwealth under the rule of Germany!

Here we may begin to realise the place of the Scientific counterpoise to destructive '*Centralisation*' in the doctrine of 'Non-co-operation'! It is open to any Sovereign State oppressed by such Powers, to decline Trade with them, and encourage the competition of others, with whom a choice of a deal can be made available.

So, the world, through the Council of the 'League of Nations,' has before it and to decide on, the merits of the above three Great Powers affecting the Economic Competition of all States; and to reduce the Powers of those taking a mean advantage of all the rest by any unfair System they adopt. This can be done, not so well by taxing their Revenue, but by detaching territory and transferring it to other States, especially those portions containing Mines.

But having got so far, we come up against the great Powers actually in possession of the World's Production and Trade; and especially those, who having suffered least in their economic potentiality during the War, are now prepared to compete with the small Nations on unequal terms, even at the risk of falling out between themselves.

The Madras Mail for February 7th last shows how the Revival of German Trade under her System is proceeding apace; and largely with the connivance of the financiers in the *United States*,—a vast Federation, that suffered least in the war, and holds Europe the Debtor for advances of stores and materials of all sorts,—while the Nations of Europe were systematically engaged in destroying each other.

It would take the Federation of all Europe to balance its economic potentiality against that of the United States at present; and a scheme for materialising it is obviously forcing itself to the front.

Federation would not bar the self-determination of European States in self-government and economic developments; while it would enable the conditions of competition for the Sea-borne Trade to be equalised between Europe and America, by the imposition of Continental Tariffs.

Either this system will develop, or there will be a break up of Empires and Federations of all sorts, under the stresses of huge organised masses, at one time overfed, and at another starved and thrown into collision in Civil or Military wars.

Is it better to await these abnormal conditions, or to anticipate their advent by timely Reforms of the World's System of Work and Government? In one case it means utter destruction and entire waste of human energies and Power, and in the other, sane progress and realising the Kingdom of Heaven on Earth!

Then how are we going to introduce 'World Reforms' of Systems? By a system of 'Wait and see'? or by a little Science emanating from the Bureaux of Responsible Governments? We hope for it from the Secretariat of the League of Nations in which the Wisdom of the 'Looker-on' in all the Small States will be brought to bear if found more convincing than that of the immediate possessors of monopolies of Force and Power of any sort,—coerced by the momentum of embarassing loads of responsibilities under existing faulty Systems.

It happens, that we in India have experience of the efficiency of Scientific Bureaucratic Power, which furnishes sympathetic reliable agents for touch with the people in all directions.

The Government that does this is called Personal because it is not purely mechanical. It carries the Heart and Sanction of the Supreme Authority with it from top to bottom; and it knows all the strains and stresses; and sympathises with sufferers under their inevitable burdens.

The Reforms Scheme admits of representatives of the people getting in Touch with the Bureaux and exchanging information with those in charge of the Offices, discussing Policy, and coming to Resolutions.

The Question of Economic development and work is a purely Technical matter, in which the whole world is concerned. It largely depends like that of Housekeeping, on carefully forecasting costs, keeping good accounts, preserving solvency, and spending prudently on reproductive works.

A defect in this business occurs when it becomes complicated by too many Acts of the Legislature which are left for interpretation to intermediaries not paid by the Government as part of the Bureaux,—Civil Services. The opportunity consequently occurs for 'Litigation' and Baratry; for which enormous fees may be charged by Lawyers and Vakils. It says much for the Honour of these, that it is amongst them the abuses made of the system, not only here but everywhere, are often held up to condemnation. Lawyers are less public advisers than ministrants of an insufficiently developed 'Administrative,' and consequently Bureaucratic System. Improve the Administrative machine and methods, and the Judicial may be improved out of existence. It is *this*, that is in the mind of India when it prefers the old Patriarchal system of rule to the hustle and bustle of elections and the rule of the party politician and the agitator.

Lady Amherst of Hackney, member of the East Surrey County Council speaking at the annual meeting, said,—there was nothing dry about Local Government. It was not only men's work—; "We are all too ready to cry against the Government when things go wrong; but it ought to be—Shame! to ourselves, if we are ignorant."

Suggestions were made as to how women could help; one being, that women should study carefully all Bills before they become law, in order to discover their value and draw attention to obvious pitfalls Another was, that women should familiarise themselves with existing Regulations, and powers of certain bodies, that 'they might assist poor unfortunates who often did not know where to turn for advice." (*Sunday Times*, March 30, 1921).

On the other hand, Lord George Hamilton in a statement to *The Times*, February 14, 1921, said, that in the past too little attention had been paid by Rate-payers to Local Administration; and that when the Authorities were once elected they could—(no doubt under Acts of Parliament)—of their own initiative, raise and enforce any Rate they chose. This is anything but scientific Democratic efficiency in control!

Lord George said, that this apathy of Rate-payers led to groups of 'Sociologists' promoting changes regardless of cost.

Evidently this shows Power being wrongly vested under the Authority of Acts of Parliament. For, neither the Government Bureaux, nor the Rate-payers are seeing to the economic and efficient administration of the public resources. We do not want this system to drift into India.

Here the Government holds the check on the raising of Taxes, and all expenditure has to be Budgetted for, well considered, and finally approved, and Audited by its Officials. This is real paternal administration.

In England the only, and really inefficient check, is through 'Associations' like *The Middle Classes Union* inaugurated in March 1919, to exercise pressure on Parliament;—which in itself is the greatest irresponsible spendthrift of all, through the Party votes of the Sociologists in office with big salaries.

It goes without the saying, that no one gets touch of the Civil Services in England for information or support, except through cumbersome round-about ways, or through some Union or another; and individual grievances can never be heard or considered in their *Administrative aspect*, but only through the Legal; and Rule is practically that of the Lawyers in charge of a Mass Machine, of the intricacies of which they alone know the secrets!

When this is realised in England, as it is in India, it may account for the difference in opinion regarding the value of the Western system of Administration, as compared with that prevailing in India under the British Services here; and whether in order to fuse "the Wisdom, Patience and Simplicity of the East with the Enterprise, Courage, and Strength of the West"* the British system itself could not, with good effect, be considerably reformed to meet that of India at least Half-way!

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* Quotation from Sirdar Jogendra Singh of *East & West.*

The Silver Thread.

(*Continued from last Number.*)

PART IV.

By nature I was ever given to moods and impulses that had to be satisfied, even at the age of thirty years. The desire to revisit Stoney Mount had deepened. Something stronger than an iron chain was drawing me thither again after so many years. It was the power of the Silver Thread of 'the threefold cord which is not quickly broken.'

The map was easily found of the district. It was tinted in parts pale blue, to remind me that forget-me-nots grew there in profusion, also that I had met a child with forget-me-not blue eyes and golden hair, who had made me a solemn promise upon that mount.

Roused by a spirit of curiosity to find out for the mere pleasure of the venture, whether after all this time, the promise to serve me when I needed companionship and help, held good I determined to put this promise to the test; though why, and how she came to confuse me, and recognise me as some one else, I failed to find out. I had not thought much about the incident, having been kept close and hard at work ever since.

I planned to arrive at Stoney Mount exactly on the same day that I had done ten years ago, and, if possible, in the afternoon; having an intense wish to live that experience all over again in every detail. There being no railway accident this time, I arrived earlier, wheeled my cycle up the mount, and soon gained the Church gate. On my way I espied the hut in the distance, and resolved later to seek my interesting host of former years.

What changes had taken place! Instead of disorder in the Church-yard it was now like a beautiful Garden. Many of the grasses were covered with roots and flowers, all were cared for. The ground was rich in patches of colour, the paths were weeded, the gate mended, and the great oak-nailed door was ajar!

A loving hand had evidently laboured there, for a reverence for the Dead was apparent everywhere. By the aid of my note-book the grave that had been opened on the night that I lost my way, was easily recognised. The turf was beautifully green, and to mark the spot, an open book of stone carved with deep lettering, run in with rich yellow metal, bore these words: *To the memory* of my broken-hearted nurse. July 18....

More mystery for me to fathom. After remaining silent for a few moments I bared my head and prayed for the Peace of the Living, and the Dead, to whom that spot by sorrow was consecrated.

Then I entered the Church. More changes there: White matting was laid over the aisles. It was swept and dusted. A soft glow welcomed me. Warmth had been supplied somehow over the altar dressed with lovely flowers, hung three Oriental lamps burning, with founts and shades of deep ruby red; each of the founts were in the form of a heart. From some obscure corner too dark to discern the musician, came the notes of an organ softly played. The theme was Handel's largo—*Rest.*

Mind was full of many thoughts. It was perturbed with vacillations and resolutions. As to my future actions they were unsettled. I was longing for guidance. Kneeling upon the altar-stair and supporting my face with my hands, I poured out my soul to God--the Father God—the only Father I had known, or at least loved. Guidance was sorely needed. I wanted forgiveness for many slips in my youth, for strength in these days of my riches; and a host of other favours that He alone could grant. I projected my thoughts Heavenward. The incense, the lights, fragrance of flowers—peace of the sanctuary.—The invisible waves of soft harmony, all suited my mood well. For a time my soul left its earthly clay, and earthly desire, and the 'Peace that passeth all understanding' was mine.

But only for a time. Would that transport of bliss could have endured longer! It began to wave. My mind travelled at length from Heaven to Earth. It turned to think how the child with forget-me-not soft dove's eyes, must by this time have grown into a mature maiden, and how often of late I had longed for companionship—for some' one to share my beautiful home—to sympathise with me in my passion for Art; to help me to shower my riches and distribute my hospitality wisely among others; to entertain my illustrious guests, and to make the lives about me as successful as my own had been, and was. I knew that love would complete my heaven on earth and I seriously believed the love of this dear little child-visitant would be mine for the asking. Then I wrestled again; flesh and spirit in one long agony of indecision . . . . . .

No! I would not ask this rich gift. I would not ask *her* to become my wife. I believe sincerely in class distinction. I am firmly of the opinion that we should only mate in our own station. It would be cruel to take this step.

So I decided I would leave her as a prize for some honest peasant she had known since childhood, with whom she had spent her school days and early life, who would thoroughly understand and reverence all that was good and beautiful in her nature and personality. She would be happier for leading a simple village life, or, perchance she might remain unclaimed by any one to be a comfort to her aged parents. Still though I had arrived at this course, I would just seek and find her out, put her promise to the test, clasp her hand and seal my unselfish resolution, and perhaps explain everything to her sweet childish untutored mind concerning these serious matters.

I arose from my knees somewhat hurriedly while my mind was settled and convinced. I had, I knew, arrived at the right course of action . . . . . . I had been so absorbed, I had not noticed by this time that the music had ceased. I thought I was alone, but at the farther end of the Church another figure was kneeling.

It was not the being of my thoughts-at first I hoped it were. No, it was the figure of a man about my own age, with dark hair and a bronzed skin. As I passed him on tip-toe, he rose and by the time that I had gathered up my gloves and papers, and seen to my cycle, he was following me. He gently closed the Church door behind him.

Naturally we looked at each other. I knew him instantly. My heart beat wildly. Unable to restrain my wish, I held out my hand to him. so eager was I to know if he were really flesh and blood, or only an apparition!

I shall never forget the look he gave me as soon as our eyes and our hands met. It was for the time being almost divine in its rapture. In after-years when I recalled this meeting it seemed to resolve itself into one expression from that Beautiful Face in Whose Presence and under Whose Influence he spent all his days.

Turning from the Church we conversed together, and I told him I had come because I had been drawn and led hither by some powerful compelling force, over which there seemed to be no control. He thoughtfully led me to his place of abode and made me to understand that I was his guest, as a natural sequence. There was a feverish anxiety in all his actions, and to do me much honour seemed his one aim, yet all the time suppressing his emotions.

The relief was great when I found that he was indeed a human being—no apparition or phantom, playing his shadow over the disc of my life's *camera obscura*.....

How restful the little room appeared to me! Again he housed my cycle and returned bringing with him my gloves and papers and other belongings. Then he led me through the door I had formerly opened and found only a void, he passed me by going in advance up an outside staircase, into an upper chamber. It was a small but spotlessly clean room, with white unpainted furniture: there was a large couch in it, daintily covered with a hand-made coverlet. There were curtains of white dimity, and a box of flowers on the window-sill, just coming into bloom. While I refreshed myself with a good wash I could hear my host preparing a meal. I did not hasten, but looked round and thought what a jolly little place he had made for himself.

The view from the window was splendid. The old ivy-clad Church nestled peacefully on the summit of the Mount. Far in the distance a little village lay half-hidden in the valley. The land was cultivated between one and the other, wherever it could be dressed. The wood in which I had once lost my way stood out in clear outline against the sky. As the sun began to dip, it touched the tree-tops, and burnished them successively with a golden shaft of light.

When the meal was over, he withdrew to the side table. The food was simple, but everything was perfect and daintily served.

Again we sat as of yore, opposite to each other. The gentle FACE of Love and suffering beamed down upon us. It seemed to be attentive to our conversation, for in the midst of it all Love and Waiting and Sympathy were seen and expressed.

My host riveted his deep set eyes upon me portraying the same earnest interest he had shown in years gone by. The heavens were aglow with light, a troop of clouds reflected tints and shadows, as they trailed across the sun's disc. There was going to be a glorious sunset. A band of deep grey cloud was slowly rising. A single planet appeared out of the upper Heaven, which was clear and bright and blue---intense blue. The moon a few days' old, looked like an opal in the vast expanse, and the after-glow softened each fugitive cloud successively with a rosy light.

"Friend," said my host at length as quietly as he could considering the momentous news he had to impart. "ever since we separated this day ten years ago, I have prayed most earnestly that we might meet again here, in this very room, because since then I have made a great

(*Continued on page 102.*)

'East & West'

is India's leading Review and the only Review in Asia that can claim equal popularity amongst Europeans and Asiatics. This statement has a moral for Advertisers.

(*Continued from page 100.*)

discovery—one that concerns you, and all dear to you, as much as myself—but I have already told you a part of my story."

"That is true," I ~~replied~~, "a sad story indeed."

"There is still more to relate," he answered, "and you must help me to verify what I believe I have to-day discovered. At present there is no one to whom I am related who knows I am alive, because as an infant, scarcely ten years old, I was reported to have been killed during a fearful panic that occurred in Italy of which I told you."

"Italy," I murmered, under my breath, but he did not hear me or, at least my interruption passed unheeded.

"Eleven years ago I came here for I was told, that an old nurse who had lived with my mother had settled in this place for some time —Alas! I learnt this too late. Her body now rests in the graveyard on the hill. Those who had taken care of her said, in her last moments her mind wandered and she spoke of her dear dead burnt baby boy who, had she carried out her mistress' wishes and accompanied them to the Circus, might save for her wilfulness, even now be alive and a comfort to his twin-brother."

"So ever since I have prayed in deep faith that if I had a twin-brother I might some day see him. This is my discovery to-day. I will tell you, my guest, who you are. *You* are that long lost brother and your name is Francesca Gioji, and I am Victor, the younger twin by 3 hours. Thank God, my brother lives and is with me at last. By consultation of the stars I learnt all this, and that is why I told you ten years ago. That chair was placed for *you* to occupy, firmly believing that we should meet some day."

Here he leant his face on both his hands and looked across the table with the light of love beaming in his deep set dark eyes.

The news paralysed my tongue; I could not utter a word. How had he found out my real name that I myself had only recently known when I came into my property?

"I learnt much about the history," he continued, "when I cast the horoscope of my life and your own. When I left Italy and travelled to India, many natives assisted me to extend my knowledge of this useful occupation, and when I returned to England I made desparate efforts to find my mother and brother if haply they were living. I heard that my father had perished in saving the life of others in the fire. But all efforts were fruitless; beyond this I could not discover a single-living relation notwithstanding our strange name which I have only just verified. My true mother was reported to have died of a broken heart."

My host stopped to take a draught of water; then he put up his finger as if to emphasize what was to follow. "Her name you gave me," he continued, "as your own, threw no light on the mystery, for I have since discovered that it was the name of your step-father's and not that of our own father's that you bore, for your own father was an Italian painter of some celebrity."

"So this is the sequel to those strange words about the vacant chair," I remarked. "Then why did you absent yourself and disappear until I was obliged from sheer solitude (which seemed like intrusion had I remained) to quit your hut without saying another word?"

"Friend, I wanted to be quite sure before I spoke. I did not disappear when you felt that I did. There was only one couch, and that I resigned to your use. I could not rest because, like yourself, I had that day travelled many miles. I was the only mourner of the dead and silent nurse. In my confusion, and misery, and agony of mind I had left in her cottage ten miles distant or where we halted, a valuable consignment of jewels from a London firm. This necessitated an early start as soon as it was light, and before any one else was about. The loss of that burden would have deprived me of all my small capital, and thrown me penniless on the world again. My packet was stolen, but the thief was caught on his way to London, which event accounted for the stoppage of the train in which you travelled on the same afternoon up here; as a matter of fact, he was very nearly killed on the line. I hypnotised you because I wanted to take a model of your hand, and copy the motto on your ring. Our hands are identical in every detail save one which I will touch on presently. Before leaving you for the night I tried to lift you on to the couch but failed. You, brother Francesca, have no need to relate the story of *your* life. I have read it in the journal you left in the Church porch with your cycle. But wait, I am not yet satisfied: presently we will ratify my convictions by the mouth of a stranger who I feel sure will identify you, if you are really my long lost brother."

Suddenly I grew convinced. His vehemence changed, his passionate demeanour forsook him and an expression of the tenderest yearning over-spread his face.. For the moment I felt I was being drawn towards him, though I had been sceptical and forcing myself to observe extreme caution. Wondering if solitude had unhinged his mind: but on consulting the latest letter of my mother found that the word that had been obliterated was long enough to have spelt out 'surviving' son.

Then my eyes were at last opened. I exclaimed, "I do see a likeness but I cannot yet absolutely identify you. Is it because I wear the short beard? I do not, as a rule, only lately when travelling to save time—presently if you wish I will shave it off."

"Would you," he said excitedly, it might make a difference and help identification. You, my beloved guest, have many blessings—wealth, success, genius, and the priceless possession of a mother's love. I have none of these. I have lived 30 years without them. Eleven years in this solitary hut, working for God, and my daily bread. I have voluntarily given my services to the Church. I am guardian of the graveyard and custodian of the simple belongings of the Church, and served at the Holy Eucharist. This hallowed edifice is my daily care. My world, and the gate of Heaven for me. I have but one blessing in store and that you will share, but the truth of all I have said must first be proved . . . . . .

Gaining his permission I left him and mounted to the upper room to shave off my beard. Presently he stole in and stood by my side facing the glass. There was no denying that we were the exact image of each other. Dark hair and eyes and sunburnt skin, and possessing every other attribute twins could display. The heavy eyebrows, the even teeth, the low broad foreheadd, the firm set mouth. The same square shoulders, and back slightly bent.

We stood there a moment in silence convinced that it was a reality. Here the clock struck seven. My host started. "Late again", he said, "I have been absent too long already. My work has kept me away from Stoney Mount three whole weeks. I have much to arrange before to-morrow—Come with me!"

As we passed through the quiet downstair room the Beautiful FACE over the mantelshelf, where the soft rosy light of the Oriental lamps, always well trimmed and burning were shedding their aura, beamed down upon us. I thought I detected Love and Pity in the sweet, sad Eyes, as well as Sympathy and Consolation. In silence I bowed before IT, my heart was too full to frame even a prayer of gratitude displacing the fateful chair almost tenderly I felt prepared to follow my host—*anywhere.*

(*To be continued.*)

The world understands me not.

From the Hungarian of Petofi.

The world understands me not!
It enters not its head
How can be of two kinds
The song of a single man?
How in this moment can he sing
Of woes that burst the heart,
Who only one moment ago
Was merry and rejoiced.
I am a man. also a citizen,
How happy as a man!
And as a citizen my heart
What bitterness contains!
And tears of joy I shed
When I think of my beloved,
And tears of agony I weep
When to my land I turn.
Within my breast is love,
A bouquet of flowers,
And for my head, love of my land
A crown of thorns.
Thus on my lute can fall a drop
Of blood from my wounded brow,
And from the flowers of my bouquet
A fragrant leaf floats down.

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FROM CLOUDLAND.

The Vagaries of Exchange.

IN March 1920, we gave a view of the vagaries of the Sterling Exchange and the Rupee in an article which was composed before the publication of the Currency Commission Report. The general principles propounded in that article are applicable to the circumstances of to-day and illustrate their truth by such application.

We may begin by summarising here the conclusions then reached. Public opinion seemed to charge Government with a deliberate raising of the sterling value of the Rupee in the interests of British exports to India. We declared that the interests of the Finance Department were not clearly on one side and that Government had no option but to follow the rise in the value of Silver. We argued of that if Silver rose from 26*d.* to 40*d.* an ounce the exchange need not go up to more than 16*d.* per Rupee; for the amount of Silver in a Rupee is roughly ⅖ths of an ounce; therefore the Mint value of the Rupee or the free market value of the Rupee could not exceed ⅖ths of 40*d.* which is 16*d.* But when the value of Silver rose rapidly from 40*d.* to 89*d.*, unless the sterling value of the Rupee rose from 16*d.* to 3/-, it would have paid the holders of Rupees to melt them down and export the Silver in payment of goods imported from Gold-using countries. Such a melting of Rupees could not have been prevented by

Government owing to the high profits and India would have been denuded of currency—the Silver currency which people outside towns alone would care to look at. To prevent that catastrophe it was asserted that it was the duty of Government to anticipate the catastrophe by declaring exchange to follow the rise of Silver. The fluctuations of exchange depend only within specie limits, as they are called, that is, 2 or 3 or 4 per cent. on the fluctuations of exports and imports, that further fluctuations must be attributed to the fluctuations in the value of currency metals which are influenced largely by the money demand for them but are also influenced by costs of production, by discoveries or exhaustion of mines, and by metals and jewellery coming out of the hoards in times of famine, or going into hoards in times of prosperity.

The Test of Principle.

It is a singular illustration of the truth of the underlying principles in the above argument that they could be applied to the fluctuations of the sterling value of the Dollar. People will tell you that the Dollar fluctuates because of this and that turn in trade demand of American goods, or by America of European goods, or again that the need to pay Indemnities will influence the sterling value of the Dollar. And this would be true if there were a free flow of currency metals between the exchanging countries, but true only to the extent of some 2 to 4 per cent. Roughly about 19 Dollars have Gold weighing one ounce, and 31 Gold Sovereigns would weigh about 8 ounces of Gold. When there was free mintage of Gold and free export of Gold the price of Gold was 77/6 for unrefined and 84/6 for refined Gold, and there was as much Gold in 4·86 as in one Sovereign. Therefore, with a free flow of Gold between England and America the parity between Dollar and Sovereign was $4·86 to a Sovereign. If American exports exceeded American imports and if other liabilities to and by America brought the Dollar into great international demand, the surplus of payment could of course be done by Gold, and therefore the largest value of the Dollar would be the par value plus the cost of transmitting Gold to America, which in pre-war days might not exceed half a Dollar per ounce, or 12 cents per Pound sterling. Since the war, freight and insurance together might have perhaps doubled, so that with a free flow of Gold the fluctuations might be between 4·60 and 5·10 Dollars.

Fluctuations.

To account, therefore, for the present fluctuations which have reduced the Pound sterling sometimes to less than $3·40, one must look elsewhere than to trade movements and the need for payments, and one discovers that in the fact that the English currency is no longer a Gold currency at all, that Gold itself is no longer 84/6 per ounce but has been as high as 117/- per ounce. This is to say, that the paper currency of England is to that extent depreciated. When Gold at 84 6 is quoted at 117 in paper, it means that a Sovereign has depreciated with regard to Gold to the extent of 138·5 to 100. Therefore if the Gold Sovereign be $4·86, the Paper Sovereign would be about $3·5. Fluctuations due to trade may conceivably take it down to 3·25 or raise it to 3·75.

On the day on which these notes are written the price of Gold is 111/ and the highest value of the Dollar has been 4·05 which again is in accordance with the theory.

Parallelism of Prices.

THE parallelism then between the variations in the sterling price of Gold and in the sterling price of the Dollar may be taken to have been established. It cannot be complete because we are of opinion that it is not that the sterling price of Gold determines the sterling value of the Dollar, but that the *expectation* of price of Gold determines the value of the Dollar and the expectation may prove wide of the mark. Moreover, some people may, for their own convenience, wish the value of the Dollar to fluctuate in one direction not indicated by the actual value of Gold and they may for a short spell give a twist to the market value of the Dollar. But subject to this distorting factor the parallelism cannot be disputed.

The Determining Factor.

WHEN there is a parallelism between two events A and B, one cannot say off-hand whether A determines B or B determines A, or whether A and B are both jointly determined by some third event C. Therefore one is not surprised to hear that men who have to deal with exchange consider that the sterling value of the Dollar determines the value of Gold and not *vice versa.* The same question arose over thirty years ago when the Royal Commission on Bimetalism had to explain the fall in the sterling value of the Rupee. Most people were sure that it was due to the discovery of new Silver mines and fall in the cost of producing Silver and therefore fall in the value of Silver as compared, not merely with sterling, but with things in general. Sir Robert Giffen was equally sure that the fall was due to a tremendous new demand for Gold as a money commodity and as a commodity required for the Arts and that it was Gold which had appreciated and not Silver that had depreciated. There were others who thought movements in both directions had taken place and that the actual observed result was a register of the two movements. It is our old friend, the Principle of Relativity. Applying these conceptions to day one observes that Gold has risen in sterling value less than 40 - since the pre-war days, whereas commodities in general are to-day about 2½ what they were before the war. So that if Gold has appreciated with regard to sterling, it has depreciated with regard to commodities. Again, it is not merely the United States Dollar which has appreciated with regard to sterling, but the Dutch Florin, the Swedish Krone, the Mexican and Manila Dollar, the Japanese Yen, the Valparaiso currency, and if we suppose that it is the appreciation of the Dollar that has determined the value of Gold, what is to prevent us from supposing that it is the appreciation of these other currencies which have also determined the present value of gold; and yet these currencies, though appreciated with regard to the Pound sterling, are each *differently* appreciated, so that they cannot all determine the value of Gold. Moreover, the United States Dollar itself was appreciated with regard to sterling when it was tremendously depreciated with regard to commodities in the United States and its appreciation with fluctuations keeps up to about the same extent when the Dollar with regard to American commodities is recovering. It is a more intelligible and much simpler proposition to suppose that the Dollar varies in its sterling value because the United States Dollar is a free coin and is exactly worth its weight in gold, no more and no less. If there was a free coinage in England in Gold there is no reason to suppose that the English Gold Pound would not return to $4·86 plus or minus 25 cents either way, as the variation due to the state of international indebtedness.

Correct Decision Needed for Correct Thinking.

A CORRECT decision on this point is absolutely essential, not merely for correct thinking but for correct action. If you think that the Dollar determines the rice of Gold and that itself is determined by financial manœuvrings and by manipulations of bills of exchange and movements of commodities, you will not be able to take any sets of measures at all either to stabilise exchange, if it were desirable, or to restore the Pound sterling to its correct value in Dollars. On the other hand, if you consider that bill for $1,900 means only an offer to buy or sell 100 ounces of Gold, then you will realise that the exports and imports cannot affect exchange to more than 25 cents and that the only action that would restore the Pound sterling in its relation to the Dollar is to increase the purchasing power of the Paper Sovereign of England and bring it nearer to the purchasing power of the Gold Sovereign, and what is true of the English currency is true of the still more depreciated currencies of other European countries. It should be added that this argument does not recommend deflation or restoration of Gold currency as Sir Robert Peel did four years after Waterloo. Deflation may, or may not, be desirable and people may hotly debate about its advisability, as they hotly debated after Waterloo: but there can be little question that if it be desirable to increase the Gold value of an inconvertible £-note, which is the same thing as to increase the number of Dollars that a £-note would command, the convertibility of the £-note would have to be completely restored.

Theory and its Application.

THIS is perhaps the most suitable place for a little theoretical discussion before we pass on to the application of the principles in the case of the Rupee.

One enquires why City men, men experts in financial discussion, will talk about the value of the Dollar being the independent determining factor and Gold being secondary and the dependent variable. And the answer is simple. Enquiries into exchanges started at a time when the currencies of most countries were made of the same metal, when currencies therefore had more than local values and where therefore the variations in value between two places depended entirely on international indebtedness. That kind of variation in exchange still persists within the limits of one political area as, for example, between London and Edinburgh, or Bombay and Calcutta. The theory had to adapt itself to the case of exchanges between countries which had currencies of different metals, for example, Gold and Silver. And it was easy to adapt it to the fresh condition because the actual value anywhere of the currency was the value of the constituting metals for the purposes of the Arts; in fact people used jewellery and coins indifferently for purposes of ornamentation and of hoarding. In recent history for a long period of years the ratio of the value of an ounce of Silver to an ounce of Gold remained practically constant—1 to 15½; and then disturbances came into view with violent fluctuations in the Gold value of an ounce of Silver. The next step in this history was the discovery that currency might be a 'token' currency. That is to say, it might be given by Governmental action or by the credit of its issuer, a value entirely independent of its intrinsic value. And this led to the application of the theory of exchange as between a paper currency and Gold or Silver currency. As long as the paper was convertible so long it was possible for remittances to be in metal by the simple process of converting paper into the equivalent metal; but soon enough in most places the paper currencies became convertible for obvious reasons. When that was the case the value of the paper currency in foreign countries was entirely dependent on the credit of the issuers; and that credit would depend upon how quickly and on what terms the foreign holder of the paper currency of a given country could convert it into commodities in demand in his own country. The theory of exchanges as applied to paper currency was most ingeniously applied in India to creating a metallic 'token' currency and by limiting its issue to give it a higher value than Silver, about 2 5ths of an ounce in the Rupee, could bear in the open market. The Rupee was stabilised at 16*d.* even though Silver fell from 40*d.* an ounce, which is the equivalent of 16*d.* to the Rupee, to even 26*d.*

But English financiers and economic writers, having had for a century an uninterrupted Gold currency of their own and for quite a long time before the war experiencing a free Gold currency in the United States, got used to the idea that the variation as between Dollar and Sovereign had nothing to do with the variations of Gold, because both the Sterling and Dollar value of an ounce of Gold remain fixed under the circumstances of freedom of movement and of minting. Therefore the variations which they see and have seen are the variations due to the movements of commodities of travellers spending money, or shipping charges and of the adjustments of international indebtedness generally. Accustomed to think in those terms in the pre-war days, they continue to think in the same terms now. But we may note three stages.

(*a*) The stage of exchanges between countries with the same metallic currency and which has more or less the same value everywhere, namely, the value of the composing metal. Here we note that the limits of variations in the ratio of exchange are small, perhaps about 2 to 4% not more than the cost of transmission in insurance of commodities which have a very high value for their weight.

(*b*) Exchanges between countries of different currencies *but both metallic* and which have values entirely of the constituent metal. Here the fluctuations would be the same if as between Silver and Gold before 1870 there is a fixed ratio of the values, that is to say, the only fluctuation of the exchange between the currencies would be the fluctuations due to international indebtedness, and the limits of this fluctuation would be the cost of transmission and insurance one way or the other. But when, as after 1870 with Silver the fixed ratio disappears, then the limits of fluctuation are not merely two or four per cent. due to the cost of transmission of metals but the further fluctuation in the relative market values of the two metals, regulated, it may be, as in the case of the Rupee in India, by the conversion of one of the currencies into a 'token.'

(*c*) The exchanges among countries some of whom have pure 'token' currencies without inherent value. This is the case now generally prevailing in the world and the limits of fluctuation here are very wide indeed, depending entirely upon the credit and wisdom of the issuing authority. The depreciation may be, as in the case of Russia, to $\frac{1}{1,000}$th part of the old ratio or it may be only 70 of the old ratio, as with the English Pound sterling. The credit of the issuer is in itself not a psychological quantity only, but depends upon the wisdom with which it issues currency for the duty that currency has to do.

From this theoretical consideration we conclude that the fluctuations of the Pound sterling in terms of the Dollar are much wider than the fluctuations permitted by (*a*) and that where movements of commodities and international indebtedness alone determine these variations, and that to account for this wide depreciation in the Dollar value of the Pound sterling one must look to the previous depreciation of the Pound sterling in terms of Gold because of the practical inconvertibility of the Pound sterling into Gold. This depreciation of 'token' currencies is most conveniently measured in terms of the appreciation of the value of an ounce of Gold as measured in these depreciated currencies.

The Prime Mover.

THE argument so far, though built on unverified data, quoted from memory, is not entirely in the air, is not without practical application. Whatever inaccuracy may be in the figures of sterling prices of Dollar and Gold, the framework of the argument will stand unmodified, and our practical measures will be different according as we give priority to Gold or to the Dollar as the original variation. If the Dollar be the prime mover, nothing that we can do can alter its sterling value threepence beyond par; for we know that that is the extent of disturbance due to excesses of trade movements or international debt adjustments; and we know nothing else beyond fluctuations in its intrinsic metal value to cause any further change in its sterling value. We may not forget that the Dollar has been, since the war, greatly depreciated with regard to things in general; and even to-day, with depression of trade, Gold is about two-thirds of its pre-war purchasing power. So that the high rise of the sterling value of the Dollar cannot be accounted for by any change originating in the Dollar itself, since both Dollar and Gold have fallen in real value. But, we have seen in the case (*b*) above considered that where two currencies have different intrinsic values, the fluctuations in their exchange ratio may be as wide as the fluctuations in the relative intrinsic values; and in the matter of the Pound sterling and the Dollar, it is the Pound sterling which has depreciated, for assignable reasons, in reference to Gold as well as to commodities in general. One sees the considerable reduction in the world's monetary rise of Gold, and one is prepared for its great reduction in purchasing power; one observes the great inflation of the English currency and one understands the still greater reduction of the currency's purchasing power. The depreciation of the Pound sterling with regard to the Dollar is the direct consequence of its depressed purchasing power generally—more in the home country than abroad; and because the Dollar and Gold are both depressed also to a less extent, the depreciation of the Pound with regard to Dollar and Gold is less than with regard to things in general.

Deflation the only Remedy.

And if the cause be evident, the machinery to be manipulated, if appreciation in the Dollar value of a Pound sterling be desired, is also evident. Appreciate Gold by restoring its old monetary duty that will appreciate the Dollar with regard to things in general and therefore with regard to other currencies as well. But if you do that, you have to deflate the swollen currencies of the world as well; the purchasing power of the Pound sterling can only be restored by economising its monetary use. The practical measure seems to be for Great Britain to borrow in the United States gradually a certain number of millions, to be paid in Gold, till the complete convertibility of the British paper currency be re-established. As prices fall, and superfluous paper comes in, through payment of taxes or otherwise, this superfluous paper would not be forced into currency, and to cover Government disbursements, further loans or taxes would have to be arranged. The important point is that the sterling value of the Dollar cannot be very different from the sterling value of its Gold, and that no manipulation can maintain an altered ratio between Dollar and Pound sterling, unless the purchasing power in their home countries of Dollar and Pound sterling, not merely with regard to things in general, but with regard to individual articles of trade, conform to this new ratio—allowing for the cost of transit of articles to and fro; and that these purchasing powers can only depend on the regulation of the size of the currencies and the credit built upon them. And seeing how much American business and finance have suffered from the bar to exports and incitement to imports that the present exchanges seem to give, it would seem absurd to make any Machiavellian machinations of the American people responsible for the present 'favourable' position of the Dollar. Finally, the "stabilisation" of exchanges would involve the concurrent stabilisation of the ratios in different countries of the prices of individual articles, the release of the movements of currencies from manipulation to satisfy needs of Governments, and the stabilisation of the relative values of the constituent metals of currencies. Also the exchange ratios would have to be between all countries such that no advantage could be gained by buying or selling indirect bills.

The Metallic Currencies.

As long as Silver or Gold is requisite to give confidence or credit to currency, so long the sterling value of the rupee would be such (*a*) that the market quotation of the metals constituting the currencies should not tempt the melting of coins, even though melting and export of metal be penalised by law; (*b*) that the rupee value of all commodities in India and the values of the same commodities elsewhere, should not be such that exports or imports in a greater measure would be induced by the mere rates of exchange; (*c*) that with free minting the sterling price of an ounce of Silver should be the equivalent of the sterling exchange for Rs. 2½ plus or minus an allowance of small variations due to adjustments of international payments due on account of trade, freights, debts, travelling expenses, etc., and (*d*) that the size of currency and credit founded upon it should support, but not more than support, the prices of commodities in India.

Where there is no free minting of the rupee, the sterling value of the rupee has sometimes exceeded its intrinsic value by as much as 60% so that if the same factors were present now as permitted this appreciation of the rupee over its Silver value, even with the present price of Silver, it would be possible to keep the rupee at 2*s.* With Silver at 38*d.* the intrinsic value of the rupee would be 15·2*d.* and its appreciation by 60% would add 9*d.* to this, and make the rupee worth 2*s.* Or by putting an *ad valorem* duty on the import of Silver its price to India might always be kept at 60*d.* an ounce, so long as the market value of Silver did not exceed this figure.

The Closing of the Mints.

THE factor which permitted the maintenance of the Rupee at 60% over its specie value was the closing of, the Mints. If the prices of commodities in general in India could be reduced then for purposes of foreign trade, exchange would have to adjust itself to the new prices; exports would be stimulated by the low prices, rupee bills would increase in demand, and the buyers of rupee bills abroad would not be able to send Silver in payment, owing to the closing of the Indian Mints, therefore the rupee would gradually rise above the specie limit, if prices could be reduced. The closing of the Mints reduced the volume of the circulating rupees and of the credit based upon them, and even if the quantitative theory of prices be wrong in the sense that doubling the currency doubles average prices, yet continued reduction of currency will gradually reduce prices. But it is a very painful process for all producers and borrowers; the ryot in India got less for his grain, and had to pay his debts, revenue and rent in the appreciating rupee. But the pain *had* to come somehow, the country had undertaken vast *sterling* obligations, and *Gold* had appreciated. By adequately reducing currency and credit, so as to reduce prices in general in India, the exchange value of the Rupee might be raised almost indefinitely above the specie point. The fluctuations of exchange have kept pace with the fluctuations in the sterling quotations for Silver for the last two years; when exchange has gone under *24d.* the quotation has always kept above the quotation for Silver; just now it is 13% over. That it is not 60% over must be accounted for by the redundancy of currency to maintain the high war and famine prices: that the Government do not put the pinch as in the 90's must be attributed to the reluctance of Government to have recourse to measures otherwise inexpedient, politically or economically. The sterling value of the Rupee cannot move with perfect parallelism with the sterling value of Silver, as the Dollar does with Gold, because the Dollar is Gold and little more, while the Rupee is a regulated token coin of Silver. Nevertheless, the value of the Rupee is founded on the value of Silver.

which moves independently, sometimes going up with the world demand for its monetary employment, sometimes going low when famines compel Silver coins out of hoards in China and India. And, as in the matter of the Dollar, so with the Rupee; no official or business foxiness was responsible for the appreciation of Silver or of the Rupee two years ago. When the real value of the Pound sterling came down to 30% of what it was pre-war, the real value of Silver even at 90*d.* was no higher than the lowest pre-war. It was unintelligent pedantry to wish to stabilise the Rupee at 16*d.* when the real value of the 16*d.* was about 5*d.* pre-war, or to whine piteously that the Rupee went up to 34*d.* when the purchasing power of the 34*d.* was about a shilling pre-war. The Government did not, it should be repeated, force up the exchange, they only followed Silver, and in so doing, they did not really appreciate the Rupee. The Rupee at 17*d.* to-day is equivalent in the real value to about 8*d.* pre-war; if Government regulations of currency and credit could raise it to 24*d.*, those 24*d.* would still be really worth less than a shilling pre-war. That would seem to indicate a real inflation of currency in India—not necessarily meaning a swollen volume of currency too big for pre-war requirement; it might only mean turgid credit grafted on the currency or more probably a breakdown of the machinery of credit and business and therefore the drying up of the duties that normally fall to Indian currencies.

The Failure of Currency Committee's Recommendations.

The Currency Committee's recommendations have not worked out; they probably could not foresee the tumbling down of prices of all articles in all countries, below cost, and therefore could not foresee the lapse of Silver. They could not foresee the famines which bring Silver out of the hoards and extinguish business and art's demands. The critics pat themselves on the back that what they foresaw has happened, and seem to connect some of the miseries of the present situation with the unfortunate omission to follow their advice, and yet the critics were wholly, grossly wrong. Government indeed have wished to fix the Rupee at 2*s.*

Gold, but if the rupee were 2*s*. Gold to-day, those 2*s*. would not purchase more than 1*s*. pre-war. What is important to business and the public is not that exchange should be stable or that prices should be stable, but that purchasing power should be stable and of this the critics have been blissfully oblivious. One word remains to be added. Though the Government of India did not *force* up the rupee, though they would not have raised the real value of the rupee if they had succeeded, yet it must be confessed that the appreciation of the Rupee would have been very convenient to them and that they would have been human enough to believe the convenient to be also the right thing. They had made over large sums to Local Funds to ensure the success of the new Reforms; perhaps they foresaw the upset of the Budget which came in the effort to provide for increased Government costs, and of the costs of living, and they have confessed that they wished to forget the burden and discontent of fresh taxation. They looked to Exchange to carry them out of their difficulties.

The Meaning of the Movement.

IN the paragraphs that follow a very keen and unbiassed observer points out the meaning of the new movement, its potentialities and perils. There can be no doubt that minds of men in India are greatly stirred. The desire for self-government and nationhood has taken birth and people are not prepared to think rationally. Catastrophic changes rarely achieve stability and democracy even in the West is still on the trial. Gandhi's movement, though spiritual in essence, is seeking material and political results and that is where it has to face failure or to lose its spiritual significance. On the spiritual side the doctrine of non-violence and non-co-operation with wrong, is full of wonderful potentialities; on the material side, the strengthening of national barriers, the rejection of modern tools and achievement of poltical victories is not likely to increase human happiness or strengthen the new tendency for a larger international understanding. Indeed it might perpetuate old wrongs and old hates, and strengthen national boundaries from which humanity in a peculiar way is at present seeking escape. Spirituality is self-effacement, which expresses itself in our love of our neighbour which seeks in establishing a brotherhood of nations. The dreams that still haunt Mr. Gandhi are transfused with all the beauty and glory of love, and darkening shadows of caste and creed might obscure them momentarily but cannot endure for long. Gandhi is anchored in strength, but his followers are only seeking through strife material gain; the upheaval, of which the paragraphs speak, is real, but it remains to be seen whether Gandhi's influence will dominate the forces of disorder and hold them in leash or discover, when it is too late, that he has unbound wild forces working disaster and ruin instead of increasing human happiness.

India in 1920.

Mr. L. F. Rushbrook Williams rightly remarks that "every Indian, no matter how Westernised, will ever retain in his heart of hearts a reverence for asceticism. Even educated Indian gentlemen who play a prominent part in public life cherish before them the ideal of worldly renunciation and retirement to the practice of individual austerities. Furthermore, the insistence of Mr. Gandhi upon the supremacy of soul-force in opposition to material might, his advocacy of national fasting as a means of influencing Government, his conviction of the irresistible power of passive resistance, have all three their logical basis in the ancient Hindu doctrine of *Dharma*, that is, the application of moral pressure to another through physical austerities, deliberately endured by oneself. Hence it is that to Indians of all classes Mr. Gandhi, of lowly birth though he be, who stands forth not only as the perfect ascetic but also as the perfect exponent of Hindu tradition, makes an appeal of well-nigh irresistible force. Even those who are most profoundly convinced that his political opinions are unsound, unpractical and even disastrous, can rarely be found openly to criticise, far less to oppose, him. During the whole of the year 1920, the tendency of the time has been to place a premium upon Mr. Gandhi's opinions . . . . Against the all-dominant tide of Western materialism, Western might and Western achievement, Mr. Gandhi stands before the injured national pride of many of his countrymen like a rock of salvation. He embodies an other-worldliness essentially Indian, a spirit the West does not possess, a plane of detachment to which it cannot hope to aspire. Hence it is that his behests have the influence of semi-divine commands, and even those whose intellects are too keen to be dominated by his sway can rarely be found to resist the appeal which he makes to their inmost heart."

Gandhi's Influence.

If during the whole year, 1920, Mahatma Gandhi's influence was so great, can it be said that in 1921 it has abated? On the contrary, has it not increased enormously? In a very short time, he was able to collect a crore of rupees for his Swaraj Fund, women making him a present of their ornaments, and even the humblest sending him their mite. It was said his appeal to the students was a failure. But the Vice-Chancellor of the Calcutta University, at the meeting of the Senate on September 24th last said recently, that between 40,000 and 50,000 boys below the college age, had left the schools, that three or four thousand college students had given up their colleges, that the reduction in the University examination fees would be Rs. 2,63,000 during the current financial year, that no doubt the non-co-operators would feel elated, but the resultant effect on the University would be "disastrous" "for, obviously, a University cannot be maintained without funds." The Vice-Chancellor is Sir Ashutosh Mookerjee, and his testimony ought to carry the greatest weight with the Government.

The Marwaris.

It is a thousand pities that some Anglo-Indian papers do not give correct news as to what is taking place in this country. Any one, for example, who reads these papers alone, would think, that the Marwari merchants of Calcutta had refused to listen to Mahatma Gandhi's Swadeshi appeal, but quite the reverse is the truth. It was supposed that because the President of the Marwari's Chamber had pointed out certain important facts, the merchants would give the go-by at once to the Mahatma's advice. The wish being father to the thought, has been misleading many Anglo-Indian journalists. The decision is still in the balance.

The Great Upheaval.

THE truth is that there is a great upheaval, and, during the September session of the reformed Councils at Simla, there were speeches made which show what is in the air. The Mahatma, with a bare loin-cloth on, reminds one of Peter the Hermit. Peter was despised, but was he a failure? He had the stature of a dwarf and he was emaciated by austerities, but "his heart was on fire," says the *Encyclopædia Britannica* in the article on the Crusades. "His vehemence carried all before him." Mounted on his ass, this humble man did what no other man had been able to do, and thousands rushed to the Holy War to die. Urban had told them, "Sufferings and torments more excruciating than any which they could picture to themselves might await them, but the agonies of their bodies would redeem their souls." Similar advice was given by the Mahatma to the Indian passive-resisters in South Africa. The Government, there, was as incredulous as our Government now is, but Gandhi carried all before him, and the objectionable Act had to be repealed. He was not listened to, when he said he would not rest until the Rowlatt Act was repealed, and what has been the fate of that Act? We repeat there is a great upheaval, and the sooner it is recognised the better.

The Feeling of Nationality.

SIR JOHN SEELEY has said: "If the feeling of a common nationality began to exist in India only feebly, if, without any active desire to drive out the foreigner, it only created a notion that it was shameful to assist the foreigner in maintaining his domination, from that day almost, our Empire (in India) would cease to exist." The Mahatma knows this full well, and, in various ways, he and his followers have been rousing this feeling of a common nationality. The above extract is reproduced on the very cover of C. F. Andrews' *Indian Independence: the Immediate Need*,

The New Era.

It is a sign of the times that the fifth paragraph of the Address which the Bombay Municipality has voted to the Prince of Wales runs as follows: "You, Sir, come amongst us at a time when a new era has been recently inaugurated . . . .. Under the guidance of our Viceroy . . . we look to the future with eager anticipation. The political advancement of the country has been accelerated by the great war . . . The inevitable result is that there is diversity of opinion in the body-politic, and that many believe that the country is already ripe for a more democratic form of government . . . . We are confident that India will soon be unreservedly admitted to the Councils of the free and unfettered nations comprising the British Empire, and that we shall stand side by side as equal partners therein with the great dominions of Canada, Australia and South Africa."

The Problem.

If the Englishmen in India would look the facts in the face, they would see that a great deal depends upon them. The Government has naturally its own countrymen in view, and there is the Indo-British Association which an Indian publicist has pronounced to be neither 'Indo' nor 'British'. Let the Englishmen in India ask themselves *whether it would be a good business proposition to go on spending one half of the whole revenue of British India on the military and the other half on the jails, to be provided for the thousands and tens of thousands when the Mahatma decides the time is ripe for civil disobedience.* Should the mistake of South Africa be repeated on a large scale? Should the mistaken policy which has given a De Valera to Ireland be followed in India? There is a large number of Indians now who are still in favour of the British connection. But there is a great upheaval. And some way must be found to stabilise the Government.

The Perils Ahead.

It is said the Ali Brothers do not desire to be released from jail except by a *Swaraj* Parliament. Their associates are of the same opinion. On September 22, according to the papers, about sixty Ulemmas, attending a meeting of the Executive Committee of the Jamat-ul-ulemma, passed the civil disobedience resolution. The leading non-co-operators at other places, it is said, are disciplining themselves for carrying out the resolution, when Mahatma Gandhi gives the word. The movement is becoming a spiritual movement, and, unless Englishmen in India say to their Government that they do not wish the jails to be filled with those ready to disobey, and that repressive measures rarely achieve any success, and that the only remedy is to give India the full status of a self-governing country, with only such safeguards as may be *absolutely* necessary, there will be scenes like those which took place in South Africa, but on a terribly larger scale. What has been the result of repression in Ireland? The English Government is seeking new ways of peace and has been offering much more than ever Parnell, or Grattan or Redmond dreamt of demanding.

English historians tell us that when Charles I resorted to a forced loan, resistance was almost universal, even though the clergy, except a few, preached "passive obedience." John Hampden's name is dear to Englishmen, but he was imprisoned for his protest, and "he never afterwards did look like the same man he was before." He refused to pay ship-money, and the news of his resistance thrilled through England. He is described by Green as "a man of consummate ability, of unequalled power of persuasion, of a keen intelligence, ripe learning, and a character singularly pure and loveable," and every one of these words applies to the Mahatma. "I am for Thorough," said Strafford. Let us remember how that policy failed.

India's Parliament in Session.

By 'Viator."

THE Session which has just concluded has been marked by a great advance when it is compared with the course of events at Delhi. Both in the Council of State and in the Legislative Assembly the first unfamiliarity with parliamentary institutions has now been overcome, with the result that a new atmosphere of confidence pervades both Houses. It is hardly necessary to state that there has been no change in that admirable spirit of co-operation, both from the official and from the non-official side, which was the characteristic note of the Delhi Session. At the same time it is impossible to shut one's eyes to the fact that in the course of the last Session, the Legislature has assumed a position both in regard to power and in regard to responsibility, which it had not yet won by the end of its first term. No one can have followed the debates in the Council of State and in the Assembly, whether from the floor or the galleries of the two Houses, without becoming convinced that the Government of India Act is virtually superseded already. While the letter of the law under which the Reformed Councils have come into existence may remain the same, the spirit of its operation has already undergone a remarkable transformation. Indeed it has now become plain that the real effect of the Montagu-Chelmsford Reforms has not been so much to produce a comparatively unimportant change in the constitutional law of India, as to infuse throughout the entire administration, at least of the Central Government, a spirit entirely novel. According to the letter of the law, as every schoolboy knows, the Government of India is not responsible to the Legislative Assembly or to the Council of State. Theoretically the Resolutions of India's Parliament have not binding force; theoretically Parliamentary control over the budget is limited to some 60 per cent. of the total revenue. But we find that practice has already departed very rapidly from the narrow limitations laid down by theory. While in law the Government of India is not responsible to the Indian Legislature, it cannot be denied that in actual fact a very real responsibility does exist. This responsibility is none the less far reaching in its operations because it is moral rather than legal. And one remarkable effect of the growth of this moral responsibility is the virtual obliteration of the distinction between the subjects which do and which do not come within the purview of the Legislature. Anyone who participated in the debate on the Moplah outbreak in the Legislative Assembly, or in the debate on the transfer of Aden in the Council of State, must honestly admit that the attitude of Government *vis-à-vis* the Legislature was in each of these cases precisely the same as it would have been had the matter at issue fallen within the category of subjects with which the Legislature is theoretically concerned. But, in fact, the reason for the growth of this responsibility is very simple. In India as in England the hand which grasps the purse-strings rules the State. Even, according to the letter of the law, no money bill for extra taxation can be passed without the assent of the Legislature. The reservation from the competence of India's Parliament of something near 40 per cent. of the total revenue is for practical purposes an inoperative provision. Any practical man must realize that if the Executive is dependent upon the Legislature for 60 per cent. of the Indian budget, the Executive will certainly not venture so to conduct the expenditure of the remaining 40 per cent. as to contravene in any way the wishes of the Legislature. Hence while on the votable part of the budget the decision of the Legislature is absolute, even on the non-votable part of the budget, the wishes of the Legislature are in practice supreme.

It may be interesting to examine, however briefly, the more notable features of the work which has been transacted in the Simla Session. Turning first to the Council of State, we should not fail to notice that this august body is certainly not inferior to the Legislative Assembly in its anxiety for popular liberties. The last

Session has witnessed the raising in the Council of State of three issues of supreme constitutional importance. The brilliant if somewhat erratic genius of Mr. Khaparde was responsible for the suggestion that the Legislature should vote a formal address in reply to the Viceroy's opening speech at the commencement of every session. This suggestion, which is being examined, will in all probability be crystallized into practice ; and any student of constitutional matters will realise at once the immense importance of the initiation of a practice of this kind. To take only one aspect of its future potentialities, we may note that it will enable the Indian Legislature to make itself, even more directly than is at present the case, the mouthpiece of the people of India. Into the address which is presented in reply to the Viceroy's opening speech it will be possible to introduce statements of popular demands, and requests for the redress of grievances. Before long, indeed, we may arrive at something like a parallel to the position of the older English Parliaments, in which the voting of Bills of supply was contingent upon the redress of grievances. The parallel is not likely to be fully developed for the simple reason that the Indian Legislature has already achieved a position of mastery which was foreign to the English Parliament at a time when this system prevailed. Another brilliant suggestion was that embodied by Sir Manekjee Dadabhoy in his motion that the Council should be authorised to receive from the public petitions on all matters relating to public wrong, grievance or disability or to any act of public servants or to public policy, with the idea that such complaints should be investigated and a report made to the Council. This matter, which is more difficult than it looks at first sight has been referred to a Committee. Doubtless the analogy present in the mover's mind was that of the English Parliament. But it may be pointed out that there is a radical difference between English and the Indian Parliaments, in that the former is at least in origin a Court of Justice and not a deliberative political assembly. The third issue was raised by Professor Kale, who succeeded in securing the amendment of the standing orders of the House in such a way that the general features of the budget will come up for discussion. In view of the strong representation in the Council of State of financial and commercial and landed interests it is plain that this body is in a positon to make contributions to the general discussion of India's finances, the importance of which can hardly be ever estimated. Perhaps there may be some difficulty with the Legislative Assembly, which, so it would seem, is prepared to take the position of the House of Commons in all matters where the budget is concerned. But it is obvious that the Council of State does not provide a fair analogy to the House of Lords, being indeed much more closely akin in constitution and character to the American Senate—a body which, it may be noticed, has very marked powers over financial proposals and, indeed, over taxation.

In addition to these important constitutional issues raised in the Council of State the last Session has been noteworthy for the attention paid to Industrial and Commercial affairs. Sardar Jogendra Singh did good service to the country by pressing for the speedy adoption of the Report of the Sugar Committee. His resolution was accepted in an amended form and there is no excuse for the Government to postpone further action. Another important resolution was that of Mr. Lalubhai Samaldas urging upon the High Commissioner for India to purchase his materials in the cheapest available market. This also was accepted by Government; and will, so it may be hoped, have the effect of preventing the rather disproportionate favour which has occasionally been shown to British tenders.

The work of the Legislative Assembly has been more varied and in some ways more exciting than that of the Council of State. As might be expected from its composition it is a rather more impulsive body, and its debates present an appearance of greater vivacity. And although the Council of State can boast half a dozen speakers who would be a credit to any Legislature in the world, the Assembly, as is naturally to be expected from its larger numbers, can certainly supply a larger quantity of oratorical talent. Sir William Vincent and Dr.

Sapru are probably the best speakers in the whole Legislature. And in the last Session their powers were displayed far more frequently in the Lower House than in the Upper. In this connection it is perhaps interesting to notice as affording some clue to the balance of business that the Home Member has transferred his allegiance from the Council of State to the Legislative Assembly. Among non-official members, the contingents from Madras and from Bombay are decidedly stronger in speaking powers than those from the other provinces. Sir Sivaswami Aiyer, Mr. Shishagiri Iyer, Mr. Venkatapatiraju Garu and Mr. Rangachariar constitute a group of extraordinarily effective speakers, powerful alike in defence and in attack. The Bombay side can also show a degree of talent which is certainly not inferior. Mr. Samarth is not merely a brilliant and forceful speaker; he is also extraordinarily well-informed and most ready in debate. Mr. Kamat is an excellent debater; while Mr. Jamnadas Dwarkadas has in this last session added to the laurels which he won at Delhi. Among the European elected members, Messrs Price and Rhodes are decidedly effective. The newly constituted Democratic Party, which will before long exercise a very great influence over the fortunes of debate includes some very effective speakers, notable among whom are Dr. Gour and Mr. Venkatapatiraju Garu. Dr. Nand Lal also makes, on occasions, some admirable contributions to the matter in debate before the House. Among the Muhammadans, Maulvi Abdul Kasim is prominent both for his admirable delivery and remarkable command over English. Both these points he shares with Munshi IshwarSaran, who is by far the most effective of the United Provinces contingent. Bengal is comparatively weak, the only outstanding figures being Mr. Khitish Chandra Neogy, who, doubtless on account of illness, has played but little part in this Session, and Rai Bahadur Jadunath Mozumbar.

Although it would be difficult to claim that the same dramatic interest attaches to the questions raised in this Session as was so notable in Delhi, there have not been wanting occasions when there was considerable excitement in the House. Perhaps on no occasion since its commencement has the good feeling between the Indian and the European members been so noticeable as in the case of Mr. Samarth's very important resolution on the removal of the distinction, so far as the penal law of India was concerned, between Indians and Englishmen. Those who can cast their memory back to the Illbert Bill controversy will realise that a question of this kind is full of dynamite which is ready to explode on the slightest provocation. But although the speeches which were delivered upon this resolution were frank and fearless, there was a noticeable absence of all bitterness, and a studious attempt to avoid the excitement of racial feeling. The acceptance by Government of the resolution as amended by Mr. Rangachariar marked the triumphant termination of a most critical debate. It also precedes, we may hope, the final resolution of one of the most difficult and most thorny questions which have hitherto hindered the maintenance of good feeling between the races in India. Another very notable debate was that which took place on Rai Bahadur Jadunath Mozumdar's resolution for the almost immediate extension of the scope of the constitutional Reforms. Here again the matter was a very delicate one. The Government of India being still a subordinate administration had not the power to accept a resolution of this kind. At the same time it would have been most unfortunate if the Executive had been forced into the position of adopting towards the resolution an attitude of hostility. Many people thought that it would have been quite sufficient had Government made a clear statement of the position, expressed its willingness to forward the opinion of the Assembly to the Secretary of State and afterwards refrained from taking any part in the discussion. But the powers-that-be decided otherwise. Some very powerful speeches were made on the Government side, pointing out the danger of spoiling the advance which had already been accomplished so successfully by any premature step. And as time went on it became clear that Mr. Mozumdar's resolution was too radical to commend itself to the statesmanship and good sense of the majority of the

House. But the amendment of Mr. Jamnadas Dwarkadas which was designed to secure the reference of the whole question to a committee. was a different matter; the House plainly favoured it, and would, had it been forced to do so, have defeated Government upon the question. Fortunately, a *modus vivendi* was found under which Government agreed to forward to the Secretary of State a clear cut expression on the part of the Legislative Assembly that some revision of constitution was necessary before the expiry of the Statutory ten years. Thus the matter was satisfactorily settled. The Assembly had not only recorded its opinion but had secured the authoritative transmission of that opinion to the Secretary of State. The Executive had avoided being placed in a false position. and had conclusively demonstrated that the responsibility for dealing with a resolution of this kind lay rather with His Majesty's Government than with the Government of India.

The good sense and good feeling of the Lower House was triumphantly demonstrated in connection with the proceedings for the election of the Deputy President. On the third ballot Dr. Gour and Sir Jamsetjee Jejeebhoy were exactly equal in votes; and the President gave his casting vote to the latter. This decision, though unpopular with Dr. Gour's numerous admirers, was certainly in consonance with the best interests of the House. Sir Jamsetjee Jejeebhoy. though a public man of considerable experience, takes but little share in debate. On the other hand, his experience of committees and public meetings admirably qualifies him for the position of chairman. But Dr. Gour is one of the most prominent and most effective speakers in the Assembly, and to have imposed upon him even those conventional restrictions which must invest the person of the Deputy President would have been to deprive the Assembly of a very effective and fearless speaker. It seemed at one period of the Session that the validity of the election would be challenged, the more so as some of Dr. Gour's supporters were prevented by unfortunate accident from recording their vote in the final ballot. But when the message came that election had been confirmed by the Viceroy, Dr. Gour at once made plain his position. He congratulated his successful rival and promised him the heartiest support and the most cordial co-operation.

Any survey however brief of the activities of the Indian Legislature cannot but produce the conviction that the country has every reason to be proud of its new Parliament. There are two defects, however, which we hope will shortly be remedied. In the first place there is still comparatively little organization whether upon the Government or upon the official. Parties are, it is true, growing up but have not yet fully crystallized. On the Government side there is far too little touch between the Executive and non-official members, with the result that the Government representative in charge of an important measure frequently comes into the House entirely in the dark as to how he will be received by the various sections of elected opinion. There is, however, a second and still more important point to which the attention of the Legislature might be directed. So far as an observer can judge there is far too little touch between the members of the Legislature and the constituents they represent. Some means will have to be found of enlisting the electorate in the work of India's Parliament, of arousing their interest in its proceedings and of awakening their appreciation of its potentialities.

The English in Ireland.

By An Optimist.

IN the eighth century, Christianity was a powerful force in Ireland, so much so that Irish missionaries took religion and learning to the shores of Northumbria. But in the time of Henry II of England, in the 12th century, religion was at a low ebb, and morality at a discount in Ireland. Ulster, Munster, Leinster and Connaught were petty kingships, and the only living thing in Ireland was really the sept. The Archbishop himself sank into the chief of a sept. In those days of religious and moral decadence, Englishmen used to be kidnapped and sold into slavery in Ireland and that was the reason given by Henry II for war on Ireland. Green in his *Short History of England* calls it a 'pretext' for a reforming crusade sanctioned by Pope Hadrian, against Ireland.

Henry II could not commence the crusade at once. But when civil conflicts broke out in Ireland Dermot, an Irish chief, sought his help, and the English interfered. Strongbow went to Ireland, the English Pale came into existence, and Prince John plucked Irish chiefs by the beard!

Green says: "Had the Irish driven their invaders into the sea, or the English succeeded in the complete conquest of Ireland, the misery of its after-history might have been avoided." But neither of these events took place. The Celtic marauders had their forays and the English indulged in all the "lawlessness, the ferocity and the narrowness of feudalism." There was a chaos of turbulence and misrule.

King John's army stormed the strongholds of the leading barons, and drove them into exile "to preserve even their fealty to the English Crown." But when his army left, there was anarchy again. "Every Irishman without the Pale was deemed an enemy and robber, nor was his murder cognizable by the law...The barons sank more and more into Irish chieftains," even though the Statute of Kilkenny had forbidden the adoption by any man of English blood, of the Irish language or name or dress, had enforced the use of English law and made that of the native or Brehon law, in the Pale, or any marriage of the Englishry with the Irishry, or any adoption of English children by Irish foster-fathers, treasonable ! !

These laws having failed, Richard II. came with a powerful army, and the four over-kings submitted to receive the order of Knighthood from him, and seventy-five chiefs of clans did him homage. But he could not form an effective government, and all traces of his work disappeared, when troubles in England forced him to leave Ireland.

During the French Wars and the Wars of the Roses, Ireland was left to herself.

Henry VIII, took Ireland seriously in hand, and his artillery destroyed strongholds which had been deemed impregnable. The power of the great Norman house of the Geraldines, which had ruled the Pale, was crushed, and only a single boy was left to continue its name. Henry wanted to convert the Irish chiefs into English peers, and he went in for "sober ways, politic shifts, and amiable persuasions," unlike his father who had depended on force only. Whoever accepted an English title and sent one of his sons for education at the English court was deemed a loyal chief, and an indenture was issued to him guaranteeing him in the possession of his lands and in his authority over his clan, on condition of a fixed tribute and loyal service in war-time. In some cases a promise was also exacted that the Chief was to use the English language and dress, and foster agriculture. "Compliance with conditions such as these was procured not merely by the terror of the Royal name, but by heavy bribes. The chieftains, in fact, profited greatly by the change. Not only were the lands of the suppressed abbeys granted to them, on their assumption of their new titles, but the English law-courts, ignoring the Irish custom by which the land belonged to the tribe at large, regarded the chiefs as sole proprietors of the soil."

When her civil wars seemed to come to an end, under the heavy hand of Henry VIII, Ireland was plunged into religious strife. "Ever since Strongbow's landing there had been no one Irish Church, simply because there had been no one Irish nation. There was not the slightest difference in doctrine or discipline between the Church without the Pale and the Churh within it. But, within the Pale, the clergy were exclusively of English blood and speach, and without it they were exclusively of Irish. Irishmen were shut out by law from abbeys and churches within the English boundary; and the ill-will of the natives shut out Englishmen from churches and abbeys outside it...The bishops were political officers, or hard fighters like the chiefs around them; their sees were neglected, their cathedrals abandoned to decay. Through whole dioceses the churches lay in ruins and without priests. The only preaching done in the country was done by the begging friars." Henry VIII was easily recognized as the "Supreme Head of the Church of England and Ireland under Christ," both within and without the Pale. The abbeys and monasteries being dissolved, the only schools which Ireland had had, ceased to exist, and there was no public worship except in a few places. The friars naturally became hostile to the English rule, and the Irish were indifferent to the Reformation. They did not dream any attempt would be made to force the new faith on them. When, therefore, Archbishop Browne began his campaign of "tuning the pulpits" and "plucking down of idols," of abolishing pilgrimages and reforming public worship, when religious uniformity was insisted on, and the sacred Staff of St. Patrick was burnt in the market-place and non-complying priests were cast into prison, there was a rude awakening, and sullen dogged opposition.

With the accession of Edward the Sixth, Protestant fanaticism, which had partly abated during the closing days of the reign of Henry VIII, was fanned into intense activity. The English Liturgy, not a word of which was intelligible to the Irish, was thrust on the Bishops. A translation into the Irish tongue was promised, but the promise was never kept. "Protestantism had failed to wrest a single Irishman from his older convictions, but it succeeded in uniting all Ireland against the Crown." Both the English and the Irish opposed the new prayer-book, and with the accession of Mary, the shadowy form of the compulsory Irish Protestantism vanished into thin air, the mass was restored, and persecution for heresy ceased.

But there was a new danger. Sir Edward Billingham, the Lord Deputy of the Protector Somerset, had by his "rough handling" of the Chiefs roused a spirit of resistance, and Lord Sussex made raid after raid on the northern clans and burnt a cathedral and three churches, and made shireland of the O'Connors' county "under the names of King's and Queen's Country, in honour of Philip and Mary." The land was assigned to English settlers and a terrible conflict arose between them and the dispossessed clans, "which only ended in the following reign in the extermination of the Irishmen."

The plantation scheme showed English aggression was in the air, and the introduction of the English law was not only an interference with the old communal tenure of the tribe, but was found to be an interference with the old Irish law of succession. That was proved in the case of the Tyrone Earldom. During Elizabeth's reign, there was no religious persecution, and the gentry of the Pale had their masses. But the power of the Crown was not based on the consent of the governed but on terror, and there were revolts under Shane and Hugh O'Neill and great mismanagement, when Essex, the favourite of the Queen, was Lord Deputy. The purely English system of government, justice and property was unsuited to the Irish, and "every vestige of the old Celtic constitution of the country was rejected as barbarous," just as in India, the old political fabric, which according to Havell, distributed responsibility evenly from the highest rung to the lowest, was rejected. There were sermons in English to Irish kernes, just as English laws were framed in English for Indians. Visits by the new Irish Earls were considered a marked step in the process of civilisation, just as the residence of Dhulip Singh in England and the visits of Indian Princes to England were considered in our times.

The next Lieutenant, Sir Arthur Chichester, put an end to the tribal authority of the Chiefs, by law, and the tribesmen were made copyholders. "In the same way the chieftains were stripped of their hereditary jurisdiction, and the English system of judges and trial by jury was substituted for their proceedings under Brehon or customary law. To all this the Celts opposed the tenacious obstinacy of their race. Irish juries then, as now, refused to convict. Glad as the tribesmen were to be freed from the arbitrary exactions of their Chiefs, they held them for chieftains still. The attempt made by Chichester, under pressure from England, to introduce the English uniformity of religion ended in utter failure, for the Englishry of the Pale remained as Catholic as the native Irishry, and the sole result of the measure was to build up a new Irish people out of both on the common basis of religion."

The English Council, under Elizabeth's successor, "carried through the great revolutionary measure which is known as the 'Colonization' of Ulster." English historians agree that this was spoliation, pure and simple, not less than two-thirds of the north of Ireland having been confiscated to the Crown and allotted to new settlers, Scotch and English, because of a recent effort at revolt. "The evicted natives withdrew sullenly to the lands which had been left them by the spoiler; but all faith in English justice had been torn from the minds of the Irishry, and the seed had been sown of that fatal harvest of distrust and disaffection, which was to be reaped through tyranny and massacre in the age to come." This is the deliberate opinion of Green, the historian most read, and whom no one can accuse of being anti-English. Richard Bagwell, in his article on Ireland, in the *Encyclopædia Britannica* also says about the plantation of Ulster: "If we look at its morality, we shall find little to praise."

Grattan said once, in a great oration, that if it was intended to make Ireland a slave, she should have been kept a beggar: "win her heart by the restoration of her right, or cut off the nation's right hand; greatly emancipate, or fundamentally destroy." But it was neither emancipated, nor destroyed, nor allowed to have its own way. Birrell tells us that when political wiseacres objected to the Highlanders who knew only Gaelic, having the Bible in their own tongue, Dr. Johnson flew to arms, and wrote one of his monumental letters and the opposition was quelled and the Gael got his Bible. "So too the wicked interference with Irish enterprise, so much in vogue during the last century, infuriated him. 'Sir,' he said to Sir Thomas Robinson, 'you talk the language of a savage. What, Sir, would you prevent any people from feeding themselves, if by any honest means they can do so?" We find Junius also saying in one of his letters, "The people of Ireland have been uniformly plundered and oppressed." Henry II had told Hadrian that his aim was "to enlarge the bounds of the Church, to restrain the progress of vices, to correct the manners of its people and to plant virtue among them, and to increase the Christian religion." He had engaged to "subject the people to laws, to extirpate vicious customs, to respect the rights of the native churches, and to enforce the payment of Peter's pence" as a recognition of the overlordship of the Roman See. That was mere *camouflage*, and the connection which began in such a camouflage became a tragedy owing to the imposition of the will of the arrogant rulers on a people whose language they did not understand, and whom they looked upon as barbarians.

Irishmen discontented with their lot made themselves voluntary exiles, and saw "in the Irish loyalty to Catholicism a lever for overthrowing the great heretic Queen" Elizabeth. There were descents on Ireland, but after the way Desmond was hunted over his country, not a chieftain stirred during the year of the Armada.

Essex's successor, Mountjoy, found himself in possession of only a few miles round Dublin, owing to a revolt of the northern tribes of the O'Neill, and a defeat of the English forces in Tyrone in 1598, but in three years, the energetic and merciless new Lord Lieutenant crushed the revolt. A famine followed on the devastating work of his sword. From 1610 we come to 1632 when Wentworth went to Ireland as Lord Deputy. He played off Catholic against Protestant as the Mussulman was played off against the Hindu in India, to maintain a balance favourable to the Crown. He encouraged disunion in every way, as the late Mr. Hume admitted it had been encouraged in India. He argued, as has often been argued in India, that by right of conquest the whole land belonged to the Crown. His main object was to provide a fixed revenue, and arsenals, fortresses and a standing army in Ireland, in order to overthrow English freedom. "It was a policy," says Green, "which was to end in bringing about the horrors of the Irish Massacre, the vengeance of Cromwell, and the long series of atrocities which make the story of the country he ruined so terrible to tell."

The Irish Massacre took place in October 1641. The disbanded soldiers, Wentworth had raised, spread over the country and stirred the smouldering disaffection into a flame. "A conspiracy organized with wonderful power and secrecy, burst forth in Ulster, where the confiscatian of the Settlement had never been forgiven, and spread like wild fire over the centre and west of the island. Fifty thousand English people perished in a few days .... Tales of horror and outrage, such as maddened our own England when they reached us from Cawnpore, came day after day over the Irish Channel." It was a massacre of Protestants by the Confederate Catholics It was not a war of Celt against Saxon, but of one religion against another. But Green, according to his latest editor in the "Every Man's Library" edition, is apparently mistaken as to the number killed, for the editor says ! "The most probable estimate is some five thousand, though many more perished later by indirect means. The authorities quoted are Gardiner's *History of England* and Lecky's *History of England.* The most moderate contemporary estimate placed the number at 37,000.

Cromwell exacted his vengeance in 1649. One of his acts was the burning of St. Peter's Church where people had fled for refuge. One of them was heard to say: "God damn me, I burn I burn," and nearly 1,000 were put to the sword in the church itself. In the storm of Drogheda, 2,000 were killed and there was a massacre at Wexford.

The Long Parliament and the Protector brought about the Union of Scotland and Ireland with England, both of which before the Civil War, had served as checks on English liberty. Charles II regarded that Union as a nullity in law, and he hoped they might become such checks again. "In Ireland, the dissolution of the Union brought back the bishops to their sees, but whatever wish Charles may have had to restore the balance of Catholic and Protestant as a source of power to the Crown was baffled by the obstinate resistance of the Protestant settlers to any plans for redressing the confiscations of Cromwell. Five years of bitter struggle . . . . between the dispossessed loyalists and the new occupants left the Protestant ascendency unimpaired: and in spite of a nominal surrender of one third of the confiscated estates to their old possessors, hardly a sixth of the profitable land in the island remained in Catholic holding . . . . But the severance of the two kingdoms from England was in itself a gain to the Royal authority."

James II in the hour of his need resolved to replace the English troops, whose temper was unserviceable for his purposes "by draughts from the Catholic army which Tyrconnell had raised in Ireland." Tyrconnell had his schemes of absolute rule, but even the Catholic peers at James's Council table protested, and military officers were unwilling to enroll the Irish recruits among their men. "The ballad of 'Lillibullero', a scurrilous attack on the Irish Papists, was sung from one end of England to the other."

James II was king in Dublin, even after William III was made king of England. In the autumn of 1689, Schomberg had been sent to Ulster, but his landing had infused fresh enthusiasm in the Jacobites, and Schomberg could do next to nothing during the winter. His army was strengthened in the spring by William, while James's was strengthened by Lewis of France. William himself came to Ireland, the Battle of the Boyne was fought, and all hope of national freedon was lost. When Sarsfield's soldiers chose exile rather than life in Ireland and took their departure, the women who stood watching it raised a wild cry and then "the silence of death settled upon Ireland." "For a hundred years the country remained at peace, but the peace was a peace of despair. The most terrible legal tyranny under which a nation has ever groaned avenged the rising under Tyrconnell. The conquered people, in Swift's bitter words of contempt, became 'hewers of wood and drawers of water' to their conquerors, but till the very eve of the French Revolution Ireland ceased to be a source of terror and anxiety to England."

James II, whose cowardice, and desertion of the Irish was one of the causes of their failure, was called by them "Sheemas-a Cacagh," or Dirty James, and Limerick was called by them "the city of the violated treaty," as hopes of religious liberty had been held out but were not fulfilled. The *Encyclopædia Britannica* says: "Perhaps no breach of faith was intended, but the sorrowful fact remains that the modern settlement of Ireland has the appearance of resting on 'a broken promise." There was a paragraph in the original draft of the treaty which would have protected the property of the great majority of Catholic land owners. It was omitted by accident, but nevertheless more than one million acres of Irish land were forfeited and only a small part was returned to the Catholics! The king's favourites and a former mistress of his were granted large tracts of land. "It became the fashion to reward nameless English services at the expense of Ireland. Pensions and sinecures which would not bear the light in England were charged on the Irish establishment and even bishoprics were given away on the same principle. The tremendous uproar raised by Swift about Wood's half-pence was heightened by the fact that Wood shared his profits with the Duchess of Kendal." The Duchess was a mistress of the king, and the difference between the intrinsic and the nominal value of this copper coin, for which Wood had a patent was 40 per cent.

Ireland had been excluded from the benefit of the Navigation Act in 1663. In 1666, the importation of Irish cattle and horses into England had been forbidden. Dead meat, butter and cheese had been also excluded. But Ireland had still her woollen manufacture. That, also William III promised to discourage. Potato cultivation had commenced since 1610, and " this demoralising esculent was already the national food in the time of Charles II." There had been a Parliament for the English colony in Ireland since 1295, and, in 1703, the Irish Parliament begged hard for a legislative union, " but as that would have involved at least partial free trade the English monopolists prevented it." By Poyning's law, England had a vote on Irish legislation, and historians consider it an accomplice in the terrible penal laws imposed by the victorious Protestants who had determined to make another 1641 impossible. No wonder that 450,000 Irish enlisted in foreign armies between 1691 and 1745 alone. No wonder there were famines and secret societies. No wonder that absentee landlordism, the deliberate embargo on Irish trades and manufactures, the systematic exclusion of Irishmen from places of honour and profit, and the exploiting and misgovernment of Ireland for the benefit of England, exposed in Swift's Drapier's Letters, produced their natural consequences. It was Swift who called upon the Irish to disuse English goods in his " Proposal for the Universal Use of Irish Manufactures. "

The American War of Independence enabled the ruling Protestants in Ireland to extort from England in 1782 what they had hitherto failed to extort. The surrender at Yorktown made Lord North exclaim : " It is all over," and in that very crisis the supremacy of England over Ireland was threatened by a political revolt, and the result was the removal of the checks imposed on the independence of the Irish Parliament by Poyning's Act. England had, in 1779, when the French invasion had been threatened, called upon Ireland to provide for her own defence, and the Protestant oligarchy had raised a force of 40,000 volunteers. This force was turned to account, when Lord North resigned, by Grattan and Flood, who demanded for the Irish Parliament full power to initiate legislation and for the recognition of the Irish House of Lords as a final court of appeal. "The volunteers were forced to bid for the support of the native Catholics, who looked with indifference on these quarrels of their masters, by claiming for them a relaxation of the penal laws against the exercise of their religion, and of some of their most oppressive disabilities. So real was the danger that England was forced to give way . . . . for England was without a solider to oppose the volunteers."

In 1785, Pitt introduced his bill to establish free trade between England and Ireland, and do away with all the obstacles to that freedom. He perceived clearly that "much at least of the misery and disloyalty of Ireland sprang from its poverty . . . . And of this poverty much was the direct result of unjust law. Ireland was a grazing country, but to protect the interest of English graziers the import of its cattle into England was forbidden. To protect the interests of English clothiers and weavers, its manufactures were loaded with duties. To redress this wrong was the first financial effort of Pitt; . . . and though he struggled almost alone in face of a fierce opposition from the Whigs and the Manchester merchants, he dragged it through the English Parliament only to see it flung aside by the Protestant faction under Grattan which then ruled the Parliament of Ireland."

The administration and justice of that unfortunate country were in the hands of members of the English Church. The Presbyterians who formed the bulk of the Ulster settlers were, like the native Catholics, excluded by law from all civil, military and municipal offices. The members of the Church of England, the Established Church, formed about a twelfth of the whole population of Ireland. The Presbyterians formed one-half of the whole Protestant population. The government monopolised by a few great landowners of the Established Church cared little for the immense majority of the people of Ireland, the Catholics, who were 'hewers of wood and drawers of water.' To such a length had the system of rotten boroughs been carried that more than sixty seats were in the hands of three landowning families alone. Originally created to make the Irish Parliament subservient to the Crown, these boroughs were made the means of oligarchic rule by the landlords, whose command of them made them masters of the Irish House of Commons "while they formed in person the House of Peers." "Irish politics, says Green, "were for these men a mere means of public plunder; they were glutted with pensions, preferments, and bribes in hard cash in return for their services, they were the advisers of every Lord-Lieutenant, and the practical governors of the country. The result was what might be expected; and for more than a century Ireland was the worst governed country in Europe . . . . Poverty was added to the curse of misgovernment, and poverty deepened with the rapid growth of the native population till famine turned the country into a hell. "One can therefore easily understand Green's remark that "the history of Ireland, from its conquest by William the Third up to this time (Pitt's), is one which no Englishman can recall without shame."

For eighteen years after 1782, the Irish Catholics were held down by the brute force of an oligarchy who were not even fair representatives of the Protestant Englishry and whose co-operation in the simplest measures of administration could only be secured by bribery. The sovereign of Ireland was still the same as that of England, but there was no other bond between the two. When the Catholics claimed admission to the franchise or to equal civil rights as a reward for their aid in the struggle of 1782, their claim was set at naught, so also the Presbyterians'.

The news of the French Revolution naturally caused a stir. In 1792, the Irish Parliament passed belated measures for the admission of Catholics to the electoral franchise and to civil and military offices, but "the hope of conciliation was lost in the fast rising tide of religious and social passion." The Ulster Protestants had their association of "United Irishmen," the Protestant landowners their "Orange Societies," and the Catholics their "Defenders" and "Peep-o'-day Boys."

In 1796 and 1797 the Orange yeomanry and English soldiers "marched over the country torturing and scourging the „ croppies' as the Irish insurgents were called in derision from their short-cut hair, robbing, ravishing and murdering. Their outrages were sanctioned by a Bill of Indemnity passed by the Irish Parliament, and protected for the future by an Insurrection Act and a suspension of the Habeas Corpus." At last the smouldering disaffection burst into a flame in 1798. It was put down by the Lord Lieutenant, Lord Cornwallis who however "found more difficulty in checking the reprisals of his troops and of the Orangemen than in stamping out the last embers of insurrection." Pitt was disgusted. During the disputes over the Regency also, while England had repelled the claims of the Prince of Wales, Ireland had admitted them. The opposition of the Irish boroughmongers to Pitt's proposal to unite the two Parliaments was purely sordid and was overcome by means of a bribe of a million in money and a liberal distribution of pensions and peerages. Those "base and shameless means" were the only means "by which," says Green, "the bill for the Union could have been passed." In June 1800, then, 100 Irish members became part of the House of Commons at Westminster, and 28 temporal with four spiritual peers, chosen for each Parliament by their fellows, took their seats in the House of Lords. Commerce became free and taxation "was proportionately distributed between the two peoples."

Lord Castlereagh had held out Catholic Emancipation as a means of hindering any opposition by the Irish Catholics to the Union. "It was agreed on all sides that their opposition would have secured" the defeat of Pitt's Union bill. Pitt was anxious to redeem the word given by Castlereagh, to substitute an oath of allegiance and fidelity for the Sacramental Test, to concede religious equality to both Catholics and dissenters, and to make provision for their clergy by commutation of tithes. But the treachery of the Lord Chancellor put George III in possession of the plan, and George III said he was bound by his Coronation Oath to maintain the tests, and Pitt resigned in February 1801.

It was not until 1829 that the ministry of Peel and Wellington, owing to Daniel O'Connell's agitation, admitted the Roman Catholics to Parliament, and to all but a few of the highest posts, civil or military, in the service of the Crown.

The English Church in Ireland, a purely exotic growth, existing for the benefit of less than one-eighth of the population in 199 parishes out of 2,428, enjoyed a revenue of £614,000 a year! Gladstone disestablished it in 1869. "The four Irish bishops who had hitherto sat in the House of Lords were deprived of their seats. All beneficed clergy were to retain their places and their net income for life, or commute it for a life annuity and resign their charges."

In 1870, Gladstone carried out land reform in Ireland by means of "an Act which secured to the tenant compensation (1) in the case of being evicted for any other cause than non payment of rent and (2) for unexhausted improvements made by himself or his predecessor. The Ulster tenant-right and similar customs were given legal sanction and something was done to facilitate purchase. Though this was far from being a settlement of the question, it was at least a great advance."

While Gladstone's bill was being discussed, there had been a recrudescence of agrarian crime, and even he had had to pass the Peace Preservation Act " which forbade the use of fire arms in districts proclaimed by the Lord Lieutenant, and the possession of arms without a license, and empowered the police to enter dwelling-houses in search of arms or evidence to prove the authorship of threatening letters, and to arrest any persons wandering about at night under suspicious circumstances. "In cases where it was supposed to be impossible to secure a conviction, power was given to change the venue of a trial."

The Irish Home Rule movement began also in 1870. Its object was to secure by constitutional means "an Irish Parliament meeting in Ireland to legislate for and to regulate all internal affairs (finance included), leaving Imperial questions to be dealt with by the Imperial Government. No one attacked the new movement, then more bitterly than Gladstone!

But Gladstone in 1886, after the Parliamentary Reform of 1884, and after the return of 86 Irish Home Rulers at the first election following the new franchise, introduced his first Home Rule Bill and as a pendant a Land Bill. He was opposed and he appealed to the country and was defeated and succeeded by Lord Salisbury whose Irish panacea was "twenty years of resolute government," and whose nephew, Arthur Balfour, was appointed to give a trial to that remedy. The Phœnix Park murders followed, and "Parnellism and Crime" and the practical acquittal of Parnell by a Commission in 1890. Then came Mrs. O'Shea's divorce proceedings and Parnell's death in 1891.

Balfour had his coercive Crimes Act, but in 1891 he set up the Congested Districts Board to remove the plague spots of dire poverty in Ireland. In 1892, Gladstone returned to power but with a bare majority of 40. In 1893, he introduced his second Home Rule Bill differing from the first in retaining only 80 members from Ireland but with permission to vote only on Irish questions. This measure was thrown out by the Lords by a majority of 419 to 41. Mr. Asquith introduced his Home Rule Bill in 1911, and proposed "to confer on Ireland the government, through a Senate and a House of Commons, of her own internal affairs, with the exception of the Irish Land Purchase Scheme, Old Age Pensions, National Insurance, the Royal Irish Constabulary, and the Post Office Savings Bank, which were to be reserved as Imperial services, the army and navy, treaties and other Imperial subjects would be outside the jurisdiction of the Irish Parliament, which would not be permitted to establish or endow any religion, or to impose disabilities for religious belief." The Lord Lieutenant could veto and the Imperial Parliament could annul or amend. Ulster opposed and armed itself, but the Bill became law, under the Parliament Act, on September 17, 1914. It was really still born. Then came the European war, and Mr. Lloyd George's "consent of the governed" and his

Home Rule Act, and the negotiations with De Valera after use of arms on both sides. In his letter of 20th July, Mr. Lloyd George said to De Valera that there was no part of the world where Irishmen had made their homes but suffered from "the ancient feud between England and Ireland," and he dwelt on his desire to end the long-standing unhappy divisions by proposing that Ireland should forthwith be given the status of a Dominion by which she would enjoy *complete autonomy* in taxation and finance, and would maintain her own courts of law and judges, her own military forces for home defence, her own constabulary and police, and take over matters relating to postal services, education, land, agriculture, mines, forestry, housing, labour, unemployment, transport, trade, public health, health insurance and liquor traffic. But the English Navy was to control the sea around Ireland and Britain, and Ireland was to accord the Navy's essential needs in Irish harbours and coasts, the Irish territorial force was to numerically conform to the military establishment in other parts of the United Kingdom, all necessary facilities were to be afforded for the development of defence and communication by air, neither Government was to impose protective duties or other restrictions upon the flow of transport, trade and commerce between all parts of the Kingdom, Ireland was to assume responsibility for a share of the national debt and the war pensions and an arbitrator was to be appointed from within the Dominions, and the existing powers of the Northern Parliament were to be recognized: it was *hoped* that Ireland would voluntarily contribute, proportionately to her wealth to the naval, military and air forces of the Empire, for which, it was assumed, voluntary recruiting would be permitted throughout Ireland. De Valera on August 10, practically claimed the status of a sovereign State for Ireland, and expressed his readiness to negotiate treaties and agreements as regards the mutual limitation of armaments, facilitation of air and railway communications and smooth commercial intercourse. Such treaties were first to be ratified by the national legislature of Ireland and then by the Irish people as a whole. He was also willing to leave the question of Ireland's liability for a share of the national debt to two arbitrators with an independent third, or alternatively, in the latter case to a nominee by the President of the United States. He was confident that if Britain stood aside the South of Ireland would be reconciled with the North, but he was willing to submit the question to external arbitration. Mr. Lloyd George and his colleagues refer to their oath, on assuming office, which prevents them from recognising an Irish Republic. They naturally cannot accept, also, the intervention of the United States. The Inverness Conference, which was to take place on September 20, had to be cancelled, but there has been further correspondence, and Mr. Lloyd George has invited De Valera to send delegates on October 11, so that another determined effort may be made "to explore every possibility of a settlement by a personal discussion."

What does this outline of the relations between the Irish and the English (in the words mainly of Green and the *Encyclopædia*, not of Froude) show to us, in these days? When a nation like the English finds Ireland a difficulty, what should we infer? There was a time when Ireland was called the Isle of Saints. "Unscourged by invaders," it drew, from its conversion to Christianity, "an energy such as it has never known since." Green tells us: "The science and Biblical knowledge which fled from the Continent took refuge in famous schools which made Durrow and Armagh the universities of the West. The new Christian life soon beat too strongly to brook confinement within the bounds of Ireland itself. . . . Irish missionaries laboured among the Picts of the Highlands and among the Frisians of the northern seas. An Irish missionary, Columban, founded monasteries in Burgundy and the Appennines. The canton of St. Gall still commemorates in its name another Irish missionary before whom the spirits of flood and fell fled wailing over the waters of the Lake of Constance. For a time it seemed as if the course of the world's history was to be changed, as if the old Celtic race that Roman and German had swept before them, had turned to the moral conquest of their conquerors, as if Celtic and not Latin Christianity was to mould the destinies of the Churches of the West.'

And yet such men were looked down upon as barbarians by the English just as the Indians were.

Had Ireland not been invaded, would it have fared as it has fared? Had good government not been considered a substitute for self-government, would even good government have been denied to the poor island? Had there been no arrogance, had there been sympathy, would Ireland have proved a "Difficulty"? Exhibit yourself as a "superior person," and you are not likely to inspire good-will. Force your faith and your laws and customs and language and manners on others, impose religious tests in order to create disabilities and to exclude from all offices and from a share in the government, and you cannot but inspire hatred. Be aggressive and practise spoliation and confiscation, and you crush all faith in your justice and reap the harvest of distrust and disaffection. Break your promises, and then even when you are most sincere and straightforward, you are not believed. Mr. Lloyd George has been, again and again, harping upon his sincerity, but somehow the Sinn Fein do not come round to his view. Protestant Colonies that were planted in Ireland to be a thorn in her side have turned out to be a thorn, also in England's side—for we see how they behaved when there was not a soldier left to oppose their volunteers in 1782. How chivalrous they were to the mother country! Again, when Asquith tried to do justice to Ireland, was not an armed rebellion threatened and an example set which the Sinn Fein have imitated, just as the Congress here learnt from the Ilbert agitation, what agitaton could do. The Englishry in Ireland, also produced Sheridan and Burke and Swift and Bernard Shaw, and how caustic have been their tongues and pens against England's misdoings! In this realm of casualty, ironies of fate, and dilemmas, and difficulties never come without wrong-doing. How different would have been the fate of Ireland, if she had been treated as a sister?

But while Providence takes care that the wrong-doer does not escape, while it takes care to see that as one sows so one reaps, in this world of sequence and effect, the cosmos is never allowed to be a chaos for long, and by-products arise even from evil which make us marvel. The English are fond of legal fictions and constitutional fictions. Pym, for example, resorted to a constitutional fiction when he held that Charles I had abdicated by refusing to act with Parliament. The strength of the English law and of the English constitution arises from such fictions, and these fictions and the meaning attached to the word "goods" show the character of the English. They are materialistic and are for makeshifts and compromises. But there is good in them as in every being. Their pride, fortitude, energy, enterprise, doggedness and reserve, and above all their blunders, have been providentially made serviceable to mankind. Would there have been any Pilgrim Fathers, if there had been no blundering? Would there have been the American War of Independence if there had been no blunders? Would the Irish have emigrated to the United States in such large numbers, if there had been no blunders? Would there have been any war with the Boers, if there had been no blunders? But the blunders have given a population to America and wealth and energy, almost unsurpassed, have given a population to South Africa and Australasia and have been turned into good. Let every religious mind, therefore, feel certain that England's blunders in India also will be turned by Providence into something good for the world, and that suffering has its uses.

"Mind Force."

Thoughts on reading Bergson's "Mind-energy."

By "I-am-Naught."

THE translator of Bergson's Mind-energy says, the problem of modern philosophy is the nature and genesis of unconsciousness, and Bergson says, consciousness "originally immanent in all that lives" and "synonymous with choice" and creation, is a hyphen or a bridge between the conserving memory of the past and anticipation or expectation of the future (because it is called on to make a choice), the present being merely an instant flashing from the past into the future, in other words "a purely theoretical limit." We must foresee and we must remember. There are depths in the unconscious little known. Who could have dreamt that one day America would send "Pussyfoot" to preach Prohibition of Drink to India, or that one day there would be a Negro Convention, which would wire to the Prime Minister of England to give freedom to Ireland, Egypt and India! The children of the enslaved know the value of freedom better than the children of the free, and there are things realised by dolts and dunces which the cleverest cannot realise, and help, often, comes from the most unexpected quarter. But for the Dyers and the Dwyers where would have been Mahatma Gandhi?

* * * *

There has been progressive materialisation or externalisation of consciousness. Bergson says consciousness is co-extensive with life. It "accompanies the nervous system down its whole descent," till the nerve stuff merges "in the yet undifferentiated living matter"—a simple mass of protoplasmic jelly, where it is "diffused, confused, but not reduced to nothing." It has its sleep. Automatism and choice may also be fused into one, or the reaction may be so simple as to appear mechanical, and there may be merely the rudiments of choice, in response to definite stimuli by movements, more or less unforeseen. Even in the vegetable world—even in earth parasites—the faculty of movement is dormant rather than absent. It awakes when it can be of use. What makes it awake?

* * * *

"The rolls of perforated paper . . . . used in the pianola mark out, beforehand, the tunes which the instrument will play." So, says Bergson, "in the spinal cord there are automatic mechanisms set up, each of which contains, ready to start, a definite complicated action, which the body can carry out at will." Give the body a stimulus, and these mechanisms can be set working "by executing a number of inter-co-ordinated movements." In some cases, however, the stimulus moves first to the brain, (which receives every kind of stimulus, and is a cross-way or a commutator, and an organ of choice, and which is in a general relation to all the mechanisms in the cord and motor contrivances), and then redescends to the cord. "The world left to itself obeys fatalistic laws." But life brings "something which encroaches on inert matter," and there is another Lilá-a Lilà of instinct and feeling, of intuition and intelligence, of ingenuity and invention, of individualisation and integration, which installs or rather insinuates *freedom within necessity*. In the fatalistic world there is nothing which is inherently unforeseeable by complete science and mathematics, when consciousness appears there is a zone of indetermination, and there is little which is thus foreseeable. But does all that lies hid in the past disappear? Have we no sensitive plates and gramophone disks? Do the "inertia, geometry and necessity" of Matter—the Inverse of Consciousness and its Environment—cease to be? Is there not an indivisible continuity of the Past and the Future? Is not that One, Who makes Matter determinate, its only free utilizer (as obstacle, instrument and stimulus), in the form of Life? Is He not the only releaser of the springs within it—the only Liberator? Did He not give elasticity to Matter? Did He not accumulate potential energy (convertible into kinetic energy, into movement) in the Sun, from which it was borrowed by plants and from which, again, it was borrowed by animals? Then arose "tertiary substances—the carbohydrates and fats"—the glycogen lodged in the muscles—explosives "fabricated by storing solar energy—to the heroic and thoughtful man of action in a crisis, to which Life applies its spark." . . . . Whence comes "the momentry vision which embraces a whole course of events within one purview"—the powerful word in which he sums up the immensity of a history? Whence comes the power of our sensations to contract or condense "immense periods of what we can call, by analogy, the duration of things." "In its briefest moment," says Bergson, "consciousness embraces thousands of millions of vibrations, which for inert matter are successive. . . . When I open and close my eyes, in rapid succession, I experience a succession of visual sensations, each of which is the condensation of an extraordinarily long history unrolled in the external world. There are, then, succeeding one another, billions of vibrations, that is, a series of events which, even with the greatest possible economy of time, would take me thousands of years to count. Yet these dull and monotonous events, which would fill thirty centuries of a Matter become self-conscious, occupy only a second of my own consciousness!" Is our consciousness a mere phosphorescence or a luminous trail of the dance of brain molecules, atoms and electrons, or an assemblage of will-o'-the-wisps hovering above certain privileged groups of atoms, or the effect of an internal optical illusion? Bergson, at least, says "No." There is what we call *Atma*[*] within.

* * * *

What is the meaning of that old old story of Prometheus? "From the lowest to the highest rung of the ladder of life, freedom is riveted in a chain, which at most it succeeds in stretching. With man alone a sudden, bound is made, the chain is broken." That is Bergson's view. It is not Schopenhauer's, who thinks man himself is bound by Necessity, *so long as he does not transcend his will by* *means of emancipating knowledge.* But practically both agree that there is what Kant calls the thing in itself. Bergson would call it Life. He tells us Reproduction and Evolution are life itself. "Both are the manifestation of an inward impulse, of the two-fold need of increasing in number and wealth by multiplication in space and complication in time; of two instincts which make their appearance with life, and later become the two great motives in human activity, love and ambition. Visibly there is a force working, seeking to free itself from trammels and also to surpass itself, to give first all it has and then something more than it has. What else is mind? How can we distinguish the force of mind, if it exist, from other forces, save in this, that it has the faculty of drawing from itself more than it contains?" Elsewhere he adds that "mind," "I" and "soul" are with him synonymous. Whence can come such a faculty except from the Upanishadic "Purnam"? So, consciousness, by an almost negligible action, for example, by touching a spring can convert physical determinism to its own ends, or rather elude the law of conservation of energy, whilst obtaining from Matter a fabrication of explosives ever intenser and more utilizable."

"Thought is a continuity, and in all continuity, there is confusion. For a thought to become distinct, there must be dispersion in words . . . Just in this way, does Matter distinguish, separate, resolve into individualities, and finally into personalities, tendencies before confused in the original impulse of life. On the other hand, Matter calls forth effort and makes it possible . . . The effort is toilsome, but also it is precious . . . . We are raised above ourselves," and joy always announces that life has succeeded, gained ground, conquered for "wherever there is joy, there is creation, the richer the creation, the deeper the joy." Human life has its goal in a creation which, unlike that of the artist and philosopher, can be pursued always by all men—creation of self by self, the growing of the personality by an effort which draws much from little, something from nothing, and adds unceasingly to whatever wealth the world contains." Hence, it has been said, good government is no substitute for self-government, for, in the latter alone, there can be friction and shock, and the angles can be rounded off, antagonisms worn out, contradictions eliminated, individual wills inserted in the social will without losing their form, and in the latter alone are the highest efforts possible, and the highest community of individual energies and action can reach and produce the highest intensity and grandeur. "To pierce the mystery of the deep, it is sometimes necessary to regard the heights. It is earth's hidden force which appears at the summit of the volcano." My "I" can pass beyond the body "in space as well as in time." We "radiate even to the stars" when we have spiritual *Swaraj.*

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"The mental activity of man overflows his cerebral activity .... Consciousness is tempering itself like steel, and preparing itself for a more efficient action, for an intenser life ... The balloon set free takes the position in the air which its density assigns it ... If there be a beyond for conscious beings, I cannot see why we should not be able to discover the means to explore it. Nothing which concerns man is likely to conceal itself deliberately from the eyes of man." So, my free soul, take heart from even what Bergson teaches, and explore, explore, explore and create something new inside and outside thyself—for the main purpose of consciousness is "the ceaseless bringing of something new into the world."

* * * *

Whence comes our mental life? How does it project itself in space? What is the aspect of that life which is delineated or materialized in cerebral activity? Whence come "halts of thoughts" in the form of ideas? When is thinking reflected back on itself, "like the heat that produces itself in the projectile which encounters an obstacle"? What is the origin of those scarcely conscious nascent movements which translate, by changes of outward direction, symbolically, the thousand successive directions, and sketch out possible actions, of living thought? Why is thinking "essentially a continual and continuous change of inward direction"? Whence come the rhythm of those nascent movements, the rhythm of thought, and the wonderful rhythm of speech—the motor accompaniment and articulation reproducing the rhythm of thought? How does the mind, when we are not awake, lose contact with actuality, with the material things on which it is accustomed to lean? The brain, says Bergson, if you except its sensory function, is an organ of pantomime and of pantomime only. "Its part is to play the life of the mind, and to play also the external situations to which the mind must adapt itself. The work of the brain is to the whole conscious life what the movements of the conductor's baton are to the orchestral symphony. As the symphony overflows the movements which scan it, so the mental life overflows the cerebral life. The brain is the organ of attention to life . . . A badly tied knot may make the whole rope slack . . . A very slight loosening of the cable is enough to set the boat dancing on the waves . . . A loosening of the *tension* or rather of the *attention* to life which keeps the mind fixed on the part of the material world which concerns its action, such is the *direct* result of cerebral derangement." The mechanism being thrown out of gear, "the perfect insertion of the mind in reality" is hindered. There is, then, no equivalence between the cerebral and the mental, no parallelism. The cerebral mechanism merely secures "adjustment to the situation," and precision. It has motor dispositions for evoking recollections, and, when toxins or diseases attack these, there may be progressive aphasia—the first to suffer eclipse being proper nouns, then common nouns, then adjectives and finally verbs, for the function of recall must confine itself to the more easy cases (*e.g.*, directly imitable action) according as the lesion increases in severity. The recollections themselves are lodged in our consciousness. "There is no exact moment when the present becomes the past, nor consequently when perception becomes recollection. Our whole psychical existence is, since the first awaking of consciousness, interspersed with commas, but never broken by full stops. And consequently I believe that our whole past still exists. It exists subconsciously, by which I mean that it is present to consciousness in such a manner that, to have a revelation of it, consciousness has no need to go out of itself or seek for foreign assistance; it has but to remove an obstacle, to withdraw a veil, in order that all that it contains, all in fact that it actually is, may be revealed..... To live is to be inserted in things by means of a mechanism which draws from consciousness all that is utilizable in action, all that can be acted on the stage, and darkens the greater part of the rest." This living is what we call *Rrarabdh*. The brain is the actualising mechanism. It canalizes the influences from without—it limits consciousness — it contracts the field thereof. It primarily masks the past, and then allows only "what is practically useful to emerge through the mask." It extracts from the mind "what is externalizable in movement." It limits the vision of the mind, but also it makes the action of the mind efficacious by keeping our attention fixed no life. "It looks back only in the degree to which the past can aid it to illuminate and preparethe future"—the future of the will to live, not of the antipodal will which is permeated by transcendental knowledge. The brain works: the consciousness feels, thinks and wills. Thus the man of the world is alive, but what he is alive to, the Yogi is dead to. What is day to the former is night to the latter. The Yogi and the Gnani are Vairagis, and they believe that by shutting up their sensori-motor organ, the brain, as it were, by clearing the threshold, so to say, they can remove the obstacle and the veil, and reach the depths of *Atma*, while Bergson says: "Fortunate are we to have this obstacle (the brain); infinitely precious to us is the veil." But Bergson, at least believes, that consciousness is not an epi-phenomenon or a parallelism, that it makes use of the body but is independent of it and survives it—that the two are not united inseparably to each other and have no common destiny. He even believes in telepathy, and says that "we perceive *virtually* many more things than we perceive actually," as around our normal perception there is a fringe of perceptions, and there is also mental endosmosis.

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Whence have we come? What are we doing? Whither are we bound? These are questions which can be answered, if we believe that we are spirits—and not mere movements of molecules, atoms and electrons. Why do mental things not lend themselves to measurement? Why does the true idea push out the false one by its mere weight? Why are all the facts of astronomy, mechanics, physics and chemistry subject to constant relations between magnitudes which vary—to laws? Why, on the contrary are the *same* historical conditions never reproduced? Why does every superfluous or useless organ atrophy? Why do our actions become unconscious "in the degree that habit renders them mechanical." There is truly, "behind the sensible forms of living beings, the inward invisible force of which the sensible forms are the manifestations. On this force we have taken no hold just because our science of mind is still in its infancy." That is the admission of Bergson. Would he have said so, if, like Schopenhauer, he had studied the *Upanishads* and the Mystics of the East and the West?

* * * *

Politicians say there are certain places which are the "hub of things," "nodal points"—necks of the British Empire. Are all hubs and nodal points and necks of Empires like "light-dust", "ocular spectra" and "phosphenes," by which terms physiologists and material psychologists describe the phantasmagoria of dreams? Is not *phenomenal* life itself a dream?

* * * *

Bergson says we fabricate dreams out of sensations, with the aid of our memory and subjective impressions in the night of the unconscious. "The sensations (of shape and colour) evoked by the stimulus of a real light (bright and sudden of soft and continuous like that of the moon), are the origin of many dreams." Dreams may turn outer sounds "into conversation, cries, music, etc." They find it harder to manufacture sounds than shapes or colours. "Tactile sensations, permeating with their influence the images in the visual field, can modify their form and their meaning." You may dream you have wings and are spreading them out and you believe you are thrusting your body forward. "Wake up and you will find that the sensation of effort for flight coincides with the real sensation given you by the pressure of your arm and of your body against the bed."

* * * *

Sensations of "internal touch," especially those emanating from the viscera, and perturbations of the sympathetic system, may give rise to dreams, foretelling the return of serious maladies, in persons subject to them, (*e.g.* laryngi amigdalitis, epilepsy, heart disease). Hence the semeiological value of dreams (in which Artigues and Tissie believe).

* * * *

What is it that lifts the trap-door holding back our memories of the past—invisible phantoms—below, the floor of consciousness in the depth of the unconscious? What is it that materializes them? Union between Memory and Sensation, effected by the mind, which functions even in sleep, and is not *incapable* of logic (though often *indifferent* to it, and reasoning rather too much in dreams but in a detached and disinterested way and without concentration; or parodying the efforts of reason to the verging of absurdity): so thinks Bergson. "Sensation is warm, coloured, vibrant and almost living, but vague; Memory is clear and distinct, but without substance—Sensation longs for a form into which to solidify its fluidity; Memory longs for Matter to fill it, to ballast it, in short, to realize it. They are drawn towards each other; and the phantom memory materializing itself in sensations which bring it flesh and blood, becomes a being which lives a life of its own, a dream," just as, according to Plotinus, (who follows the Sankhya in this matter), a soul perceiving a particular body as the reflexion of itself in a mirror is fascinated, leans forward, falls and gives a beginning of life, to the body by its fall into it. What is perceived in part only serves to evoke the remembrances of the whole–and thus partial realization becomes integral realization—a mere sketch becomes a complete thing—thanks to the active and almost attentive images in the pyramid of memory longing, so to say, for a return to consciousness. "We sleep to the exact extent to which we are disinterested . . . . . Waking and willing are one and the same." Our dream-self, when the sleep is slight, allows some play between sensation and the interpretive Memory—and memories strive to live again, hence fore-shortenings and transformations and panoramas and precipitations of images and the instability and rapidity of dreams. The higher intellecutual faculties are relaxed, *willing* ceases, there is no fatiguing common sense, and no simultaneous tension of sensation and memory without any overlapping. "The dream-self is a distraught-self, a self which has let itself go. The memories which harmonize best with it are the memories of distraction, those which bear no mark of effort." Hence, "the thoughts which have passed like flashes through the mind, or the object which we have perceived without paying attention to them" *i. e.*—insignifiant incidents, are preferred by the dream-self.

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What is the sub-soil of the mind during deep sleep? Bergson does not know. But it distinguishes between a mind dreaming and a mind working in outward sleep. "I believe, indeed, that when mind is creating, when it is giving the effort which the composition of a work of art or the solution of a problem requires, it is not actually asleep. I mean that the part of the mind which is working is not the same which is dreaming: the working part is pursuing its task in the sub-conscious; this task is without influence on the dream, and only manifested at the awaking. As to the dream itself, it is little else than a resurrection of the past. But it is a past we sometimes fail to recognize." Judges and others know the advantages of sleeping on a problem. There are depths of the unconscious which remain still unexplored.

* * *

How do I become a detached spectator of my own actions—detached from time, perception or memory, at will? In other words, how do I feel depersonalised, or automatised? How is a personality split up? Again, there are "complete re-instatements of one or of several minutes of our past with the totality of their content, presentative, affective, active", the recognition coming over suddenly, and as suddenly vanishing, leaving behind it an impression of dream. Or the feeling may be continuous. There are "various heights of *tension* or *tone* in psychical life," depending upon degrees of our concentration on action in this life. There is a higher psychism and a lower psychism; and normal psychical life . . . is a system of functions, each with its own psychic organ, the necessary equilibrium being adjusted by elimination, correction and bringing back to the point. "Step by step, as perception is created, the memory of it is projected beside it, as the shadow falls beside the body. But in the normal condition, there is no consciousness of it." Memory is thus a 'double' of perception.

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Let us weigh this phenomenon carefully. "The unrolling of psychical life is continuous . . . Scores of systems of carving are possible; no system corresponds with joints of reality . . . The present is twofold at every moment, its very up-rush being in two jets exactly symmetrical, one of which falls back towards the past (and becomes memory), whilst the other springs forward towards the future (and becomes perception). The recollection of a sensation is capable of *suggesting* the sensation . . . of causing it to be born again . . . Innate in our mind is the need to represent our whole inner life as modelled on that very small part of ourself which is inserted into the present reality, the part which perceives it and acts upon it . . . Thence our tendency to see in the other *psychical* facts nothing but perceptions or sensations obscured or diminished . . . and in the remembrance an enfeeblement of the image—an attenuated repetition. The Memory seems to be to the perception what the image reflected in the mirror is to the object in front of it.

Our actual existence . . . whilst it is unrolled in time, duplicates itself all along with a virtual existence, a mirror-image . . . The present moment . . . is . . . the moving mirror which continually reflects perception as a memory." A mind, conscious of this duplicating, will be like an actor playing his part automatically or in a mechanical way, moving about on the stage and yet sitting and looking, listening to himself and independently beholding himself play. Does not this give us an insight into God's *Karma* and *Akarma?* Speaking of Him in terms of relativity, He has such a memory of the present, as would be produced in us, were it to rise up instanceously from the unconscious where it must lie, and not merely reappear as a forerunner of action "in the measure in which it can aid us to understand the present and to foresee the future." There is in Him "a compenetration of states which melt into one another and even coincide in immediate consciousness, but which are none the less *logically* incompatible." Such compenetration, says Bergson, is to be found, even on earth, in a person, who has experienced, during a few seconds, a pressing danger from which he has only been able to escape by a rapid series of actions imperatively called for and boldly executed. "It is a duplication rather virtual than actual . . . We act and yet 'are acted.' We feel that we choose and will, but that we are choosing what is imposed on us and willing the inevitable." Reflective consciousness represents these logically incompatible states "by a duplication of the self into two different personages, one of which appropriates freedom, the other necessity: the one a free spectator upholds the other automatically playing his part." Such duplication is "constantly but unconsciously going on" in us. We are microcosms.

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There is a law of attraction in the mental world "analogous to that which governs the material world." . . . . The more the consciousness is developed, the more it illumines the work of the memory, and the more, too, it lets association by resemblance, which is the means, shine through association by contiguity,

(Continued on page 60.)

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which is the end. When once the association has had official recognition in consciousness, it allows the introduction of a crowd of fancy memories, which resemble the present state but may be devoid of actual interest. In this way we may explain why we can dream as well as act, but it is the needs of action which determine the law of recall, they alone hold the keys of consciousness, and fancy memories only slip in by taking advantage of what is lax and ill-defined, in the relation of resemblance, which legally entitles to a pass. So, perhaps. Prajapati, out of the totality of his *pre-pralaya* recollections, admits only those which can offer their assistance to his present action. If there is such a thing as individual attention, if there is such a thing as racial attention "naturally turned towards certain regions of psychical life, naturally turned away from others," there must be a Prajapatic attention. In Prajapati, as in us, the present treads on the future, and the darting forward of his consciousness reveals his life impetus and his mobile equilibrium. In the spring he takes to leap the first obstacle, he is already preparing to leap a second, and so on *ad infinitum*. In us there is occasionally a momentary stop of this impulse of our consciousness "which detaches the present from the future to which it cleaves, and from the action which would be its normal conclusion, so giving it the aspect of a mere picture, of a play which is being presented to the player, of a reality transposed into dream." May there not be such stops in Prajapati also, not occasionally but always? May he not be cognizing and recognizing *at the same time?* We know nothing of the real mechanism in our own case by which one image calls up another, or the non-intuitive passes into the intuitive, or an idea comes out of the unconscious or falls back into it. We cannot, therefore, say what mechanism works in the mind of the Prajapati of our world.

* * * *

Does his thinking concentrate itself in an effort—is it complex—or does his thinking simply lets itself live? Does he merely reproduce spontaneously, or does he voluntarily produce? Does every idea of his develop into multiple images at once? Has he different planes of consciousness? Has he dominant ideas and subordinate ideas and chains of ideas? How does his abstract thought materialize—how does he project his image? Has he a dynamic scheme or any representative or suggestive formulæ? Is he like a skilful chess-player " able to play several games at once without looking at the chess-boards," does he make an effort of re-construction, keeping in mind the power, the bearing, the value, in fact, the function of each piece—having a pre-perception? Is he intuitive or reflective? Does he make any trial efforts? Does he use acquired habits to learn a new exercise? Or does he perceive continuously "as in a mirror the image of each of the chess-boards with its pieces as it appears, with each new move"? Is he like a musician with an ideal but elastic scheme (drawn from himself), something abstract, simple and incorporeal, the elements of which interpenetrate in his symphony, and have their affective colour and tone in their concrete form and in that form react on the ideal which it is intended to express? Does the image "turn round towards the scheme in order to modify or transform it?" Judging from ourselves, we can put all these questions about the macro-anthropos, if there is one. Even anthropomorphism has its uses. It lands us, after all, in a mystery, and there is no way out, except through the path trodden by the Mystics. Logic is of little use there: Dhyan and Samadhi, (especially of Bhakti), and non-egoism are all important.

Curiosities of Banking.

By F. H. Skrine.

MACAULAY'S omniscient schoolboy is, perhaps, aware that the goldsmiths of mediæval London were the unconscious founders of our banking system. They practised pawn-broking on an extensive scale by advancing money to nobles and merchants on the security of plate and jewellery. Then they took charge of their customers' surplus cash, the strong-room being a surer receptacle for things of value than the clumsy oaken chests which figured in the household plenishing of the period. Next they allowed interest on such deposits and lent them to needy customers, charging a higher rate for the accommodation and pocketing the difference. Lastly, the goldsmith added bill-discounting to his business routine. A merchant, A, sold goods to B, who gave him a "bill," or written promise to pay the price agreed on at some specified date. A took this bill to the goldsmith, who credited his account with the amount, less the interest, or "discount" which would accrue ere the bill "matured," *i.e.*, became due. Such, in a nutshell is the mechanism of modern banking, which stands on foundations well and truly laid during the seventeenth century. Although it has long been a distinct profession, the aroma of retail trade clings to it. In familiar conversation a banker alludes to his palatial establishment as "the shop," and deals with "customers" in his "parlour" or across a "counter."

In the thirties of last century a life-like but very ugly equestrian statue representing King George III was erected in front of Messrs. Ransom Bouverie & Co's. bank in Pall Mall, East. One of the partners, a pompous "City Buck" named Thomas Raikes, expatiated at his Club on the nuisance caused by the crowd that stopped to gaze at the latest addition to London's amenities. Among the members present was Lord Alvanley who shared the prejudice then current in aristocratic circles against any form of trade. "I should have thought, Mr. Raikes," he said, "that the statue was rather advantageous to you than otherwise; inasmuch as, while you are standing idle at your own shop-door, it prevents you from viewing, the crowd of customers who flock into the respectable establishment of Messrs. Drummond & Co's. opposite."

The subsequent evolution of banking is beyond the scope of this article; but its principal landmarks may be mentioned. The familiar bank-note, originally styled "Bank-Bill"—a printed undertaking on the issuer's part to pay a specified sum on demand—dates from 1718. At one time many private banks emitted notes of their own; but in England the world-famous Bank of that ilk has secured a virtual monopoly of notes exceeding £1 in face value. Visitors privileged to inspect its Aladdin's cave in Threadneedle Street, E. C., are allowed to hold a thick sheaf of £1000-notes, in order that for a few seconds they may possess wealth beyond the dreams of avarice. For upwards of two centuries all Bank of England notes have been printed on paper manufactured by a private firm whose forbears fled from France to escape religious persecution. Its amazing toughness and complex watermarks are due to a jealously guarded trade secret. Many years ago the theft of a large quantity of this material brought the partners to the verge of insanity. Returned bank-notes are never re-issued, whence their crisp cleanliness, offering a marked contrast with the filthy, microbe-laden scraps of paper which circulate on the Continent. Prior to the Great War notes paid in were reduced to ashes in a metal cage; they are now, I believe, pulped for re-manufacture in another form.

In 1773 a "Clearing House" was established in which bankers exchange cheques and securities, thereby saving incalculable labour and curtailing the amount of ready cash which each would be compelled to keep if it had to meet its liabilities individually. Cheques came into common use at the same period; and the obvious advantages they offer tended to limit the number of large bank-notes. Comparatively few people have handled one for £1000, which is now the highest denomination issued. Of yore it was far otherwise. During the Peninsular War (1809-14) a rough-looking person called at Threadneedle Street and, producing a bulk of sheaf notes; demanded one for £100,000 in exchange. In answer to the queries of an astonished teller he said—"Well, I've made a bit of money by supplying Lord Wellington's army with beef; and my missus has one of your biggest notes, framed and glazed, on the wall at one side of our bed. . . I want another, just to match it!" A few years earlier one of the directors of the Bank of England obtained a £100,000 note in order to pay for a large estate which he had purchased in Yorkshire; and travelled north by post-chaise, with the very valuable document concealed in an inner breast-pocket. On reaching the town of Grantham, he ordered dinner in a private sitting-room of the principal inn, and while it was being prepared he could not resist the temptation of gloating over the symbol of wealth which was shortly to pass out of his possession. He stood with his back to a roaring fire; and at that moment a waiter opened the door, causing a powerful current of air. Unwilling to let a stranger see that he had so much money in his possession, the director hurriedly attempted to replace the note in his pocket. It was torn from his hands by the draught and disappeared up the chimney! In vain was the fire promptly quenched, and the services of a sweep requisitioned; the bank-note eluded search. . . . . Its owner hurried back to London, and obtained a duplicate on executing an affidavit setting forth that the original had been destroyed, and giving security for the amount. Fifty years later the advent of railways rendered the Grantham inn absolete as a great coaching centre. It was, therefore, pulled down by a local builder who had purchased the materials. This astute tradesman was versed in traditions; he superintended the removal of every brick in the parlour chimney; and in a crevice, smothered with soot, he lit on the long-lost note! On presenting it at the Bank of England he exacted full payment by threatening the directors to declare them bankrupt. Such is, indeed, the penalty attaching to default. Long before the derangement caused by War to our whole monetary system, a friend of mine, complained to a west-country banker of his acquaintance whom he met in Threadneedle Street of the incivility shown by some of the Bank of England officials towards customers of no importance. "Is that so?" was the reply. "Please come along with me; and I'll teach those fellows a lesson!" The pair entered the issue department; and the west-countryman, extracting a £5-note from his well-filled wallet, handed it across the counter with a request for gold. The clerk was in no hurry to comply; and after concluding a conversation with one of his colleagues, shovelled five sovereigns towards his interlocuter. The latter casually remarked, "I hope that note is all right?" whereon the clerk hastily grabbed the gold scrutinized the note suspiciously and said, "You'll have to endorse it with your name and address!" "I'll do nothing of the kind," was the angry rejoinder; "My name is enlaced on your note: I'm 'Bearer,' and it undertakes to pay Bearer £5-0-0. Unless I get the money in five minutes by my watch, I'll file a declaration of bankruptcy against your people.' Needless to add, the gold was sulkily delivered without further formalities

I have alluded to the fact that "Banks of Issue," *i.e.*, entitled to emit notes of their own, are a vanishing quantity. A few, however, survive in the remoter counties. A burly farmer entered one of these establishments on market-day, and demanded gold for a £100 Bank of England note. On meeting with a curt refusal, he said, "Well then, perhaps you'll favour me with your own notes to that amount; they're quite as good as Londoners here—if not better." His request being promptly complied with, the farmer shouted—"Hullo, what's this I see on your notes? They promise to pay gold on demand. Now then, young man, I'll trouble you for a hundred sovereigns in return for them, or by Jove, I'll make you a bankrupt!" The threat was efficacious.

The Bank of England differs from rival establishments in disallowing overdrafts. It also expects to make a profit of 6*d.* per cheque drawn on a current account. For example, a customer who draws £200 annually must keep a minimum credit balance of £100, the interest at which, at five per cent., is equivalent to 200 sixpences. But the following anecdote proves that millionaire customers receive amazing consideration from the "Old Lady of Threadneedle Street." Many years ago the British Consul-General at Odessa was visited by an elderly lady, dressed in very unobtrusive fashion, who begged him to obtain Russian gold for a £1000 cheque on the Bank of England. He hinted that the amount being unusually large, he would require some sort of a guarantee that the cheque would be honoured. "You shall have one," was the reply. "Please cable to the Bank with a code word which I will give you, and ask whether Miss Smith is good for a thousand pounds." This was done, and the answer duly came in 4 hours - - "will honour Miss Smith's cheques *to any amount*!"

Sixty years ago every shareholder in a bank was answerable to the extent of his entire fortune for any deficiency that might be disclosed, should his concern "fail," *i.e.*, go into liquidation. The Joint-Stock Companies' Act of 1861 limited such liability to the face value of his holding in shares. The new departure gave a mighty stimulus to the co-operative ideal; and at the present day about 70 per cent. of the business of this country is transacted by companies with limited liability. Another result of that Act and its successors has been the absorption of most private banks by a group of powerful establishments which are thrusting their tentacles into every town in the Kingdom. We see the same process at work in the case of retail shops; and it explains the growth of those stupendous "Trusts" which control the production and distribution of many necessaries. Like all human institutions, the Limited Liability System has mixed results. It certainly breeds greater economy and efficiency in working: but tends to widen the gulf between capital and labour. In unscrupulous hands it may become as terrible an engine of oppression as the monopolies of old time, which enriched

(*Continued on page 68.*)

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This statement has a moral for Advertisers.

(*Continued from page 66.*)

a few greedy courtiers at the community's expense. For the morality of human beings in association is in an inverse ratio to the numbers engaged. Statesmen, officials, company-directors and members of a corporation will sanction actions against which their individual consciences revolt. "So bankers by virtue of their strength in both branches of the legislature, are able to "talk out" any Bill which aims at compelling them to disclose unclaimed balances in their custody. It is a matter of common knowledge that an old-established Bank defrays its entire working expenses from the interest accruing on deposits and current accounts of dead or careless customers. Common justice demands that every banking firm should publish annual lists of cash and valuables in its custody. When will some public-spirited person agitate for this very necessary reform?

Love's Aftermath.

By C. M. Salwey.

Oh for the wealth of a summer's day
With thee among the flowers:
Then gladly would I waive farewell
To life's remaining hours.
Light of my being, why didst thou come
To fill me with unrest,
Of Love's sweet warfare, till I craved
To hide in earth's warm breast?
For in the aftermath of my life,
Led by a stranger hand,
You turned my barren wilderness,
Into a flower-crowned land!
Fain would I leave this beauteous earth:
The cerement of soul,
To be for evermore with thee
In lawless uncontrol.
My spirit presence by day and night
In sunshine or in shade,
Would secretly draw ever near,
Yet n'er make thee afraid.

The New Moon.

TRANSLATED FROM THE HINDUSTANI POEM OF IQBAL.

By U. S.

(1) The sun's bark was shattered, and sank into the Nile of the heavens,
And a fragment still floats on the face of the Blue.

(2) The pure blood of the tints of dusk falls into the sky's basin,
The lancet of Nature has let out the sun's blood.

(3) The evening has recited the preface of the essay of night.
And the ancient sky has on his lips the measured verse of night.

(4) The wheel of heaven has stolen the ear-ring of the bride of dusk;
The golden shoe has fallen from the hoof of the steed of Time.

(5) Has the clerk of nature perchance stumbled and fallen?
So that after spilling the ink his penknife fell on the ink.

(6) Behold the sky is out to beg for darkness,
And comes with a silver cup in his hands.

(7) The musky locks of night are weaving a net,
For there is a shining silver-fish in the water of the Blue Nile.

(8) The tongue of the brush of the painter of fancies is strange,
Strange is the mode of a poet's rainbow-mind.

(9) Thy caravan moves without sound of bells, or perchance the ear of man cannot hear thy voice.

(10) Thou art that traveller who ever wanders round his goal,
Like Qais thou hast ever rubbed thy forehead about the seat of 'Leila (the beloved).

(11) Thy scene of waxing and waning thou presentest to our eyes;
Which is thy land and wither goest thou?

(12) Thy night is pearl-collyrium for mine eyes,
O new moon, thou art the crescent of the drawn of hope.

(13) Thou art like quicksilver in longing after light;
O well! for thy restlessness; thou art mighty impatient.

(14) O star, perfect of appearance, take me along with thee:
The thorn of regrets now keeps me impatient.

(15) I am a seeker of Light, I am weary of this abode,
I am a child with mercurial feet in the school of existence.

(16) Mine eyes need a strange moonlight.
Become thou the perfect moon and bring such a moonlight (which may cause)

(17) The darkness of estrangement to fly from my land,
And turn each atom of the dust of Ind to shine like mount Sinai.

The Indian Stories of F. W. Bain.

By F. Hadland Davis.

MR. F. W. BAIN'S *A Digit of the Moon* was first published in 1898. It appeared without preliminary puff paragraphs and without a series of cleverly-worded advertisements. It happened to be one of those choice books that requires neither of these expedients, and, though it did not set the Thames on fire, or the Ganges, it immediately appealed to the discerning critics, including Mr. E. V. Lucas, and to a small but appreciative public. It purported, like the subsequent volumes, to be a translation from the Sanskrit. The story was so cleverly told, so steeped in Oriental imagery, so full of the wit and wisdom of Indian deities, and, above all, it contained such an insinuating introduction and such ingenious notes explanatory of certain Sanskrit words, that the *tout ensemble* deceived the very elect. Mr. Bain, story-teller and mathematician, was taken seriously. It was thought in academical circles that he had made a new and valuable discovery in Indian literature, and *A Digit of the Moon* was solemnly added to the Oriental Department of the British Museum Library. Eventually it was discovered that Mr. Bain had not translated from a Sanskrit manuscript, and that the question of "translation" was either a joke on the part of the author, or an attempt to see how far Oriental scholars in England would be deceived in the matter. It is rather a pity, now that we have seen the joke, that Mr. Bain still persists in making reference to translation on his title-pages. His books have now been transferred to the large reading-room of the British Museum, and readers will find the following reference in the General Catalogue: "Translated from the original MS. [or rather written] by F. W. Bain."

It is easy to be wise after we have been enlightened. It is easy to say that these entrancing stories are too full of fragrance and colour and charm to have come to us through the dulling process of translation that withers the flowers of thought and makes the perfume of the original less captivating. Only scholars are likely to be a little annoyed by the playful deception, while the very fact that they were deceived is no little tribute to the genius of the writer. The now wise reader with no scholarly pretensions, will see a *double entente* in such a note as, "This is not a Sanskrit translation," or "*Attahasa*, 'loud laughter.'" Mr. Bain, in his introduction to his first story, was determined to deceive us for the time being, for he writes learnedly of *A Digit of the Moon* being the sixteenth part of the *Sansara-sagara-manthanam* ("The Churning of the Ocean of Time"). Having impressed us with notes, he proceeds to tell us that the above manuscript, resembling "a packet of ladies' long six-button gloves, pressed together between two strips of wood about the size of a cheroot box, and tied round with string," came into his possession in quite a romantic and pathetic way. It was the gift of an old Brahman to whom Mr. Bain had rendered some slight service. The Brahman is dead, the author unknown, while the manuscript, as Mr. Bain artfully remarks, "differs from the general run of Sanskrit productions in two very striking particulars—the simplicity of its style and the originality of its matter." Mr. Bain is aware that Sanskrit writers are not remarkable for inventing anything particularly original, and that they are inclined to overload a well-worn theme with an almost irritating display of ornament that renders unity, as we understand it, almost negligible. "Our author," writes Mr. Bain, perhaps laughing heartily, "was an exception. Whoever he was, he must have possessed the gift of imagination." This is self-evident, but now in addition we know that the author still happily lives, that he is able to tell a good story in his introductions and a still better one in the pages that follow.

Edward FitzGerald took liberties with Omar. He invited Hafiz and other Persian poets to the literary feast before he gave his famous *Rubáiyát* to the public. To a certain extent FitzGerald perfumed that poetic potpourri with his own whims and fancies. What he did to popularise Persian poetry, Mr. Bain has done, much more cheerfully, in regard to Sanskrit literature. To read an English translation of the *Sakuntala* is to see, beauty upside down and through the blurred veil of a language that seems to be done up in bandages and splints. Mr. Bain's stories suffer from no such disadvantage. To read them is to gain freedom, and not bondadge, the freedom of the magic carpet that can go anywhere. It is to ride on a cloud with Parwati, the Daughter of the Himalaya, and Shiva, the Lord of Time: it is to see, from the Great God's hair, the love-affairs of many mortals in palace and jungle and highway: to listen to animals that tell droll stories, not unlike those we associate with the *Jataka Tales:* to witness the downfall of once holy ascetics, and to come in touch with the very spirit of old Indian romance. In one of the tales he describes a horrible creature "shuffling on one leg, and rolling its one eye, and yelling indistinctly: '*Underdone, overdone, undone*!'" The words in italics never apply to Mr. Bain's stories. Love, adventure, humour, and glowing descriptions of Nature are all combined in the right proportion. King Shahriyar may have gone to sleep over the *Arabian Nights,* but we could no more doze over these Indian tales than we could slumber in Baghdad while purchasing some rare and beautiful vase. His divinities do not sit brooding above temple altars. They are wonderfully human, as human as Homer's description of the deities on Olympus. They are always whimsically, if fatalistically, interested in love generally. We can appreciate our great men when we have discovered weakness in their strength, and it is part of Mr. Bain's pleasant plan to show the human in the divine. We can meet and converse with these deities without having attained "a high mountain of merit": indeed, their own holiness sits lightly upon them. Blessed with perpetual youth, they are beings that can still love and can still crack a tolerably good joke.

A Digit of the Moon is the most popular of Mr. Bain's books, and certainly the most valuable as far as the first editions are concerned. It contains a famous passage descriptive of the creation of woman, which has often been recited and often quoted. It is sensuous, poetical, apt, witty, and every word is polished with the care of a Lafcadio Hearn, and set in its right place by a master-hand. I do not know any other passage in Mr. Bain's books to equal it for beauty, but I am not inclined to regard *The Digit of the Moon* as his best story. In many ways *The Descent of the Sun* is a better piece of work, while *A Mine of Faults, The Heifer of the Dawn, A Draught of the Blue* and *The Livery of Eve* are all excellent examples of his genius as a story-teller. So far there has been no sign of diminished power—no small merit when we remember the number of stories he has written for our delectation. I have already said that his work has been recognised, where recognition is of most value, and a few years ago he received the distinction of having his Indian tales re-issued in a sumptuous limited edition by Mr. Philip Lee-Warner, for the Medici Society.

Mr. Bain must have steeped himself in Sanskrit literature, and he probably derived a good deal of inspiration from Soma-deva's voluminous *Katha-sarit-sagara*, or "Ocean of Romance-Rivers." He must have wandered through the mazy ways of Hindu mythology and the still more devious paths of Hindu philosophy. While others have been labouring over literal translations, and, with the notable exception of Sir Edwin Arnold, producing results that are anything but reflections of the originals, Mr. Bain has seen the poetry of Hinduism, and made his gods and goddesses, his Apsaras and demons, as real as his kings and coy princesses. He has always told a good story in poetical prose, and if he has repeated that story, with slight variations, more than once, the repetition, besides being strictly Oriental, was well worth while. It is not easy to restrain our praise, and there is no particular reason why we should do so. As Mr. Bain has written: "Alas! where beauty and curiosity, and youth, and intoxication combine, like a mad elephant, where is the cotton thread of self-control?" These words were applied to a certain anchorite, but they are equally applicable to the delightful magic that performs such enchanting marvels in these stories. There are laughter and jewels and flowers in these tales, fair maids and valiant lovers, stirring adventure by lake and wood and mountain, and, presiding over all, playful deities that have a happy way of forgetting their divinity, yielding to curiosity, desire, adventure, and riding across the blue sky in search of love as bees fly in search of honey. It is a Hindu fairy world remote from the restless age in which we live. Mr. Bain sees in Sanskrit literature an unchanging belief in "everlasting incarnation and re-incarnation of the immortal soul in body after body, birth after birth." He has grasped the dreamy beauty of this conception so that "a rugged stony past fades gradually into a picture, blue, soft, and unutterably beautiful, like some low barren island, seen far away in the haze, over a hot and glittering sea."

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An Aspect of Indian Nationalism.

By Abdul Hameed.

FROM the chaos due to the break-up of the Moghul Empire we see India slowly redeeming herself; we see her, as the poet has, grow from more to more and take her rightful place in the Nations; we see her abandoning isolation, and imbibing Western influences; we find her grow during this period of half a century from a disunited unhappy country to a new national consciousness, and therefore to noble aspirations the influence of Western Civilisation did much to dispel the torpor into which the country had fallen, and Lord Macaulay deserves credit as a pioneer for his efforts in this direction. The attempt may have been looked upon at first with suspicion. But it was certainly one to bring India in line with the rest of the civilised world. Indeed the movement, whatever its shortcomings and defaults, was imperative at the time, and there is no gainsaying the fact that its contribution to the making of present India has been considerable. The Literature, the Sciences, and the arts of the Occident opened new ways of thought, new vistas of knowledge, on the one hand they gave momentum to native culture, on the other they created a rage for what was new and curious, later on the movement led to what may be called the meeting of the East and the West for the good in both cultures was blended, and then arose a new consciousness of Mother Humanity. Not that the 'East is West and West is West,' but to quote the poet on,

> "There is neither East nor West, border nor breed, nor birth.
> When two strong men stand face to face, tho' they come from the ends of the earth."

The poems of Shelley, the orations of Burke could not be read without evoking the deepest feelings of the heart. They gave rise to a new spirit of freedom. The struggles of the French Revolution with its immortal watch-words, Liberty, Fraternity, Equality, created new impulses in the

Indian heart. Scientific and literary achievements had no small bearing. The net result of the new movement was to thrill India with a new spirit of life, that exhibited itself in all subsequent movements. To appreciate them correctly it is essential to pay due regard to this force. It was here that the foundations of Indian Nationalism were laid, here primarily that the great edifice—Hindustan of the Hereafter—was reared.

The idea of Nationalism has been growing during the course of half a century and many events, external and internal, have added force to it. The present-day Indian Nationalism is a many-sided movement encompassing all the spheres of Indian life. Its aim and end are to rejuvenate India in consonance with the ideals and visions of modern civilisation, to make her great among the nations, to bring back to this ancient land the glory and grandeur of her mighty past. The ideal of Indian Nationalism in all its aspects, is, in short, the redemption of India. In its social sphere it stands for raising the level of society, helping the depressed classes, and fighting the tyranny of custom. Among its poets it has such stalwarts as Rabindranath Tagore and Mrs. Sarojini Naidu. Among its painters and art exponents it counts Abinendranath Tagore, the founder of the modern school of painting. It has its orators and its political workers. It has taught a high ideal of womanhood. It has manifested itself everywhere in the rising life of the land; its advocates, votaries and followers are working strenuously for the realisation of the dream. Indian Nationalism is a movement for the renaissance of India. It might well be likened unto the Revival of Learning in Europe, where the advent of science from Greece after the fall of Constantinople brought forth as it were the daylight that dissipated the darkness of the middle ages.

The most important feature, however, of the new movement is political. And for the moment Indian Nationalism in its political aspect seems to overshadow everything. And rightly too. For politics is the very life breath of a nation. For no national movement can succeed, no national movement can realise itself, if the nation has not its destiny in its own hands, if it is governed by forces over which it has no control, if the breath for its life does not come from within. Artificial conditions cannot satisfy the natural aspirations of a people. It was realised that India could not work out her future according to her own ideals if the direction were not with her. She could not ameliorate her social position, if she could not pass her own laws and was not free to do so. She could not set up a system of national education suitable to her needs if there was no national government. Thus she was handicapped on every side. The remedy was not to take this thing or that thing piecemeal but to get the essence—the real direction of affairs, unhampered, unfettered. Therefore the crown of national effort was the demand for self-government.

It has been supposed that this Indian movement was antagonistic to Britain. But there is no element of truth in it. It is not against individuals or races that Nationalism is directed: its only aims are self-expression and self-assertion. In its own strength it will be the strength of the Empire; in its weakness and defeat will be an inherent source of the Empire's weakness. It may be that the growth of Nationalism and the coming of the self-government affect certain interests in this country and abroad. But there is no policy more selfish and short-sighted than sacrificing the interests of the whole or a large portion of the human race for your own ends when ultimately it is sure to do greater harm than good. The political creed of Nationalism is the realisation of the manhood of Hindustan under the ægis of the Crown. Analysed it comes to this that India as one race and one nation must grow to the full stature of its manhood, and so far as its own internal affairs are concerned it must enjoy all the elements of sovereignty; there must be no dictation, in short, from without to direct her ways. She must be admitted to the great federation of the British peoples on terms of absolute equality. And in the sphere of foreign, international and common matters she will act in concert with communities, and governments linked together by the British Crown. There is certainly nothing illegitimate in this aspiration. In fact it is an offer to the common Empire by a great and historic people to help the common cause as well as the cause of humanity. Here there is no discrimination between races and interests. All who come within the fold are welcome to share the weal as well as the woe.

As the regeneration of India can only come through its political freedom, the political aspect of Indian Nationalism has come to the fore, perhaps at the cost of many needed reforms. But it is clear that salvation can only be sought from within. It is essential that she *directs* her future policy according to her requirements, her traditions, her history. Only thus will arise a strong, self-conscious India.

India has been regarded as 'the best jewel in the Crown.' And she has proved her worth in various battlefields, where her blood has freely mingled with the blood of the Canadian and New Zealander, the Australian and the Englishmen in immortal comradeship. She has passed her ordeal through fire, she has passed her test through blood. There can be no more sacred sacrifice, no more glowing tribute to her Nationalism than that she is alive to the responsibilities of the Empire, even if it connotes shedding of precious blood for the safety and honour of our common heritage.

Man Came from the East.

By Constance Clyde.

THE two women gazed at each other. It was a moment big with terror and revelation.

Vanished from sight for the moment was the commonplace Anglo-Indian sitting-room in which they stood. They were dealing with something elemental now, and even the man who stood near, the Parsee, the cultured intellectual, the crux of the matter, was himself almost disregarded. It was for him not with him that the girl contended, gazing half fearless, half awestricken at those old eyes opposite her that had seen so much. She was on the defensive, and her hand grasping the back of the chair showed as much in its tenseness.

"You know then who I am," said the older woman.

She was about seventy years of age but she seemed at once younger and older, young in a queer sharp vigour that was probably only temporary, old in her snow—white hair and parchment face covered with a hundred minute wrinkles. Her black draperies seemed to melt into the dimness of the ill-lighted room, and her hand leaning on the carved stick came out of them as through a curtain.

"Yes, I know who you are. You are my mother's mother, and you have lived in voluntary seclusion since my mother was nineteen. You have never seen her since she was an infant."

The other seemed half pleased at the veiled accusation. "Yes, I have forfeited all right to interfere in my family and their affairs. My first sixteen years' imprisonment I could not help; but my second retirement, my refusal to return to England, to be present at my daughter's marriage, to see again the fields and woods of England—that bars me out. That marks me as one no longer fit to give counsel." She turned sharply to the man "Is it not so?"

The man's handsome saddened eyes lowered themselves in formal respect. A love that was almost life to him trembled in the balance of fate, but he kept his composure. All had gone well so far. Elsie won by correspondence had borne well the revelation of his Eastern origin. She had understood what it meant to be a Parsee. "We are considered the intellectuals of India," he had said, "we try to bridge the gulf between the English and the Indians. We are natives among the English, English among the natives." So she had come out to this Madras city, to stay with his mother and his doctor sister. She had realized the simple but intellectual life that awaited her; she seemed pleased at the thought of forming part of this household. "You are more English than the English in some ways," she had said only last night with that happy humour which he so enjoyed when they had read Dickens out loud. And now had come this woman, risen almost as it were from the dead, this woman with her gleaning eyes and straight sword-like mouth to bring his happiness to ruin.

Yet he would fight, though not with bitterness. So he answered her steadily. "Yes, I believe that you have no right now to interfere in Elsie's affairs. I believe that you lost any right you might have had by your long seclusion."

She laughed a little sardonically She was almost as one who played with him, knowing that she could crush him at any moment. "You would have kept me away if you could? You would have tried to hinder my coming?

"Yes, I should have tried to hinder your coming."

"Well, you can fight for your love any way." Her voice seemed to hint at half-unwilling approval."

"He does not need to,". the girl broke in passionately; he is brave, he his truthful, he is wise. What more do I need?"

The old woman laughed again for the first time she looked around; the room with its pianola, its glassed book-case, its bust of Newton and pictures of English scenery—it was so intentional an oasis in the hum and glamour of Eastern life. "Because of this, my girl, because he has learnt the outward culture of Western ways? But even in my seclusion—the seclusion that all think so strange—a certain phease came to me: East is East and West—'"

"No, no, don't say it," cried the girl. Oh! she tried to smile, but the effort was faint. "I am so tired of it,—and I shall hear it—so often. It will not deter you then? I have come—almost from the grave—to tell you my story. You have heard only the outlines of it—sixteen years marriage with a native of India. That is merely how the story has come to you. But surely you can guess what it must have been to me when, widowed and free, I yet could not endure to see England again but buried myself in a convent forever."

"There are cruel men in every nation." Elsie's voice trembled. She felt how fatuous this expression was.

"So speaks the modern girl. My youth was quite different. Ours was a military family. I lived for England and her glory, even when as a child I played with little Ronald Westenholme at crusades and knight-errantry in the beautiful Sussex fields Those Sussex fields—how often I have thought of them in my seclusion, but I could not have borne to see them again. No, I could not have borne it.

"And because I could not have borne it, you must hear my story. Part of it you know, but you must hear it again. Realize me as I was so many years ago a young romantic girl, all patriotism and enthusiasm. To me Englishmen were fundamentally different from other nationalities—do such feelings exist now?—with faults of course, but chosen—chosen not to fall as others might fall. There was a gulf betwixt us and other peoples,—especially those of the East whom it was our mission to help and to save.

"And so I went to India, Elsie, with my dear husband and Ronald and other good friends in the same regiment. Then came my little girl's birth, and her early return to England; she was delicate. My husband died a little later, and before I could return Home, came the Dhatur rebellion.

"You have never heard of that except in reference to myself. It happened long after the great Rebellion, and for certain international reasons was kept secret as much as possible. But you, my daughter's daughter, have heard the story,—how at last it was myself alone far in the depths of Northern India amongst a race wise and great in their own way, but untouched by Western civilisation, Ronald Westenholme my only protector.

"All the others had died in the forced march northwards. Only Ronald remained alive—to protect me, he said.

"You heard of my life there as afterwards I told it to the British party who, years later, discovered the white Dhatur Queen. The Rajah ruling when we came as prisoners was old and wicked; a new claimant held to be an important former incarnation, raised a revolt, killed the unpopular Prince, and came into power. In the *melee* young Westen-holme was killed. How bitterly I wept when later I showed his resting-place to the British rescue party! How many beautiful yet sad memories it recalled to me! There is a tomb now erected to British valour over the place I pointed out to them, and I am glad—I am glad it is there.

"The new Rajah was at first far better than his predecessor. Was I compelled to marry him, or did I merely think it wise? I never told; I shall not tell now. He was kind, and wished to introduce English ways. Even in our marriage ceremony he permitted a few Christian rites, though in the main we had to follow native custom. He swore that I should be his only wife. He kept his oath—for a few years.

"Was it altogether his fault that the great sea of sensuality and tyranny, around him drew him down and down? Sometimes I think I failed him somehow. I gave in too readily to native custom, to native dress for instance and manner for he had wished to do right. He did not give in without a struggle; the better self which I had in keeping sometimes came quite to the fore. Those hours were very sweet to me. I hoped for happier times and strove to keep him—what we English admire. But the forces against me were too strong,—the temptation of absolute power, the indolence of the East, the cruelty and the sensuality. He fell lower and lower; he reached a depth far below that of his meanest subject. Because I secretly sent away a woman whose influence was evil, his rage rose to madness. He swore that I should do *sati* for my long dead English husband. He was ordering me to the pyre, perhaps only in bitter jest, when the British forces came up. At hearing their approach he fell dead of apoplexy, and so, as one of the subalterns put it, saved the necessity of a hempen cord.—That," the speaker concluded, "is the story, briefly as I told it to the British General,—the story of my sixteen years marriage —to a native of India."

She had spoken quietly, composedly, but with the terrible distinctness of the recluse. Leaning on her stick she spoke, her eyes bright yet passionless, never swerving from the face of the young girl. She, spell-bound, had heard as one fascinated. The story had been told her before; it had been told less boldly than now, yet never had it so impressed her. The presence of the woman that had so suffered gave it a reality that was almost too piercing.

Yet even as her hand clung to the back of the chair, her spirit clung to her love and to her resolve.

"I have listened," she said, "I am sorry—for you."

And for yourself? "You are still obstinate—I am still firm."

"And you?" The old head turned sharply to the handsome, composed face of the young Parsee; "you still think that you, an Eastern man, a native of India, are fit to marry an Englishwoman?"

"I believe I am fit," he answered simply.

She drew a deep breath. She raised herself a little from her stick, as one whose strength is returning.

She looked from one to the other, and the sword-like lips parted in a sudden smile.

"Then I give in. You have answered the test. I give you my blessing, my surety of your future happiness.

"I told you, Elsie, how I was brought up, to think of Englishmen as different from men of other nations. They had an innate chivalry which, however they fell, they could not lose. There was an impassable gulf fixed between them and other men, especially men of the East.

"I think differently now, Elsie. I think an Englishman's glory lies not in freedom from sensuality, inertia, effeminacy—if he were free, where would be the glory?—but in this that perhaps more than the men of any other nationality he fights against these evils, not in youth only, but in middle age, in old age,—he dies fighting. Yes, many of them—I do believe it.

"But fundamentally? We are all from the East, my child. Humanity came originally from the Orient, and however far West it travels, it takes the East with it. Perhaps therefore it may be well for you to marry one who knows he is East, and will consequently be less Eastern as we call it for the knowing."

Elsie made a move forward. She almost took the wrinkled old hand half veiled in black swathings. "You approve?" She cried in happy amazement, "I thought you came here to warn me."

"I came not to warn you, but to test you, to discover whether your love were stronger than ancient fear or modern timidity; I see that it is stronger and I know that you will both know happiness; but for the chill times that come and for secret armour against the world I wish to assure you that I who knew fifteen years of torture among the Dhaturs, I am with you; I uphold you."

"But why?" she asked breathlessly: there was an intensity in the other's tones that awed her more than the words. Suddenly an intuition came to the girl's sharpened mind; she found herself clutching the old woman's arm. "What have you come out of the seclusion to tell me,—from far away—*why* are you for me?"

The old woman turned aside; she pressed more heavily on her stick; her gaze wandered. "It is time for me to rest," she murmured, "I am—very weary. All men come from the East, "the East," she mumbled. Then she roused herself, the old animation returned.

"Yes, I will tell you. Did I not come to tell you, if you were worthy? But it is between ourselves, a secret; so much English tradition expects of me. I will tell you how I know these things, Elsie, my child's chlid. Because the man who mentally tortured me those sixteen years, who, beginning well, sunk so low that the most degraded Dhatur had for him only hatred and contempt; that man, though in later years he seemed as native in complexion and manners as any Dhatur;—he was not a Dhatur; he was not an Indian—"

She paused. Her mood had changed now. The slow difficult tears were falling from her eyes.

"They had made him Rajah because he won them to think him an old time Prince reincarnated. He was an Englishman; he was my old playmate, Ronald Westenholme."

The Poetry of Wilfrid Scawen Blunt.

By Samuel J. Looker.

Author of "*John Keats and the Greek Spirit,*"
"*Songs of the Wayside,*" "*Dawn and Sunset Gold,*" etc.

W. E. HENLEY remarked of the poetry of Wilfrid Scawen Blunt. "He has put more of himself and his sole experience into his verse than any writer of his time," and Blunt himself has written in the preface to one of his books, "No life is perfect that has not been lived,—youth in feeling,—manhood in battle,—old age in meditation." It is that note which is found in fullest measure in all his work. The power to present the varied incidents of an adventurous life, of one who more than most has experienced adventures in every quarter of the globe. In reading his poetry we find a vividness of phrasing, gained not so much by the aid of artistry, as by a masculine alertness to the strong things of life. Mr. Blunt has never accepted the heresy that "Poetry alike in substance and in essence, is but a lovely mosiac of beautiful words." He has always sought to embody in his verse something of those adventures of the body and the soul, which every man of intense personality experiences, and desires to record. This is the true mission of art, to portray both the vision of the soul, and the adventures of the body, in such fashion that the record may be read and understood by others, and that critic was right who said that "Mr. Blunt's work comes with the feeling and the fascination of good autobiography."

Early in life the tragic web of Beauty enmeshed his feet. He felt the strange call of the desert in his blood, and his heart was full of a yearning to see the vision of beauty, above the surge and unrest of that modern Babylon that dull men call civilization. He went out from that society and birthright to which he was born and for a time dwelt on the edge of the Egyptian desert, close to the heart of Nature. It was these years of quiet sojourn and meditation near the monuments of an ancient grandeur, these mornings spent watching the dawn rise over the wide spaces of the desert, and evenings in a land where the dark falls so suddenly that it seems as if it can never be daylight again, that coloured his whole life and informed his poetry with a wistfulness and a power that give it a quite unusual value, as the testament of a man of strange moods, who reveals in every line of his writings, an alert mind, an intense power of vision, and a vivid appreciation of the beauty and strange wonder of the world.

Wilfrid Blunt was born in 1840, the son of an English country gentleman and landed proprietor. He entered at eighteen the Diplomatic Service, at first as an attache to the British Legation at Athens, and afterwards for a space of twelve years as a member of other legations and embassies to the various courts of Europe. He married in 1869 the grand-daughter of Lord Byron, and soon afterwards owing to the death of his elder brother, inherited the family estates of some five thousand acres in the county of Sussex, and left the Diplomatic Service to live the life of an English squire.

Mr. Blunt afterwards went to Egypt and became very interested in the Egyptian Nationalist movement under Arabi Pasha, and upon the defeat of Arabi Pasha and the nationalists by Lord Woseley, and the arrest of Arabi, it was solely owing to the exertions of Mr. Blunt, who paid for Arabi's defence out of his own pocket; that Arabi's death sentence was commuted to banishment from Egypt. Later on he took a vigorous part in the Irish Home Rule movement, and having addressed a meeting in Ireland which had been proclaimed by the police, he was arrested and sentenced to two months' imprisonment, which he served cheerfully for the cause of freedom under conditions of great personal discomfort to a man of his gentle nurture and upbringing.

As may be expected from such a man, his poetry has a unique note of challenge both to the old schools and the new. Inasmuch as it is the work of a man who has written poetry as part of the very stuff of his life, a man who is neither a romantic or a realist in the strict sense of those terms, who has founded no school, and belongs to no coterie.

In the study of the poetry of Mr. Blunt we are reminded that poetry is only valuable in so far as it approximates to life, poetry which is a living work of art, and can nourish the intellectual life of man. The best work of Mr. Blunt has been done in sonnet form, he has not conformed to the strict forms of the Italian model, but has invented various forms of his own with varying success. He has even written a number of sixteen-line poems which he terms sonnets, after the manner of George Meredith in his *Modern Love*. It is of Meredith that the poems of Blunt often remind us, but Meredith without obscurity and with his heart upon his sleeve. His most famous work and his best is *The Love Sonnets of Proteus* first published anonymously by the house of John Murray in 1875. Mr. Blunt has a good defence in answer to the charge that he has taken liberties with the sonnet form, and his defence as set forth in his preface to his volume of sonnets. *A New Pilgrimage* published in 1889 is so cogent that a part of it may well be quoted here: "Our critics seem to have decided that no form of sonnet is admissible in English other than the Petrarchan, or, at least, that some precedent must be shown in early Italian literature for each variation from it. Against this assumption of finality on a foreign model the author ventures to protest on the double ground that the genius and scope of English rhyme is essentially different from that of the Italian,—and that for the treatment of a mode-subject the Italian form lacks elasticity, and so is not the practically best. In the matter of rhyme, its greater redundancy and license in the Italian places the English imitator at a clear disadvantage. The Italian double endings, so effective in adding strength, are more difficult with us, and being so, can only be used sparingly without offence to our ears. Deprived of them the ordinary model of the Italian sextet becomes poor and monotonous, for it needs a very strong single rhyme to be recognised at its full value after the usual Petrarchan interval. Of course, the author does not assert that these difficulties have not been successfully overcome by our best English poets. Milton. Wordsworth, Mrs. Browning, and Rossetti, are proofs to the contrary. Yet, when you have mentioned these names, there are probably not a hundred English sonnets in strict Petrarchan measure which are not intolerably dull. Yet why? The sonnet, with the Italian writers of the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries, was the vehicle of their daily thoughts about their daily affairs, as well as that of their profoundest utterances in religion, love and politics; nor is there any reason beyond the trammels of covention why it should not be so yet with us. It seems that our critics are placing on our shoulders a burden heavier than we English poets can bear. They have set at nought the intellectual law on which the sonnet rests, and made it of no practical avail."

The present writer confessess that he is greatly attracted by the power and melody of many of Mr. Blunt's sonnets, there is an English flavour about them which is very pleasing. They are touched too by a tinge of that melancholy which is a part of the poet's temperament, a regret for the passing of beauty, of loved days that may never return, and the approach of inevitable death, when the zest of life, and the high hopes of youth, alike with the meditations of age, are forgotten in the grave. Many of them are cameos of the well-loved Sussex downs and woods, others tell of the wistful charm of the desert, and one remarkable sonnet-sequence "Esther tells of a love affair of his youth, which left its scar upon his heart."

Not everyone who breaks the rules may enter the Kingdom of Heaven, the bane of every great movement, as of every army, is its camp-followers; and we know that prophets are usually very jolly people until they become respectable and win followers. It is difficult to decide whether the so-called advaned writers, or the apostles of the platitude are the greater danger to literature at the present time.

The art of Mr. Blunt is catholic in the sense that he has not disdained to use the old forms, yet at the same time inventing new ones. He has helped to free literature from the trammels of a false tradition, while at the same time making use of that which is of value in that tradition.

The poet's mind often goes back to the past, to memories of burning passion and brave endeavour, of youth and early manhood, that come thronging back to his mind in reverie, but mellowed by time and experience. Sometimes it is the thought of Beauty, the lure of her presence, the urge of desire within his soul to know her secrets, the gratefulness for what is revealed, and the yearning to know what is withheld that moves in his poetry:—

"Only the rising of the winter's sun
Daily more northward as the months moved on,
Only the sun's return along his ways
When summer slackened his first rage outrun.

Only the bee-birds passing overhead
With their Spring twitter and eyes crimson red
The storks and pelicans in soldier bands,
The purple doves that stayed to coo and wed.

These and the shepherds of the waste, the few
Poor Bedouin clansmen, with their weak flocks who,
Strayed through the valleys at appointed days
As water failed them or the herbage grew.

Unwise in the world's learning, yet with gleams
Of subtler instinct than the vain world deems,
Glimpses of faiths transmitted from afar
In signs and wonders and revealed in dreams.

They taught me their strange knowledge, how to read
The forms celestial ordered to Man's need,
To count on sand the arrow heads of fate
And mark the birds' flight and the grey hare's speed.

The empty waste informed with their keen eyes
Became a scroll close writ with mysteries
Unknown to reason yet compelling awe
With that brave folly which confounds the wise"

In these striking and picturesque lines the poet speaks of those days of his life when he dwelt on the edge of the

Egyptian desert in a house with a walled garden, where for several years he dwelt in meditation, and became almost an Eastern in ways and thought. In a most beautiful sonnet also he speaks of this time, it was written during one of the periodical journeys which the poet took from time to time across the desert. It is called *The Oasis of Sidi Khaled*—

> "How the earth burns! each pebble under foot
> Is as a living thing with power to wound.
> The white sand quivers, and the footfall mute
> Of the slow camels strikes but gives no sound,
> As though they walked on flame, not solid ground.
> 'Tis noon, and the beast's shadows even have fled
> Back to their feet, and there is fire around
> And fire beneath, and overhead the sun.
> Pitiful Heaven! What is this we view?
> Tall trees, a river, pools, where swallows fly,
> Thickets of oleander where doves coo,
> Shades, deep as midnight, greenness for tired eyes.
> Hark, how the light winds in the palm-tops sigh.
> Oh this is rest. Oh this is paradise."

The poems of Mr. Blunt are vital because they are an attempt to reveal and revalue the stuff of life. The true artist receives a vivid impression from the outer world, by the power of his genius he takes it and recreates it in the terms of beauty, and in word or colour, stone or line, he makes a work of art, which can evoke in his fellow-men and women something (but not all) of his joy and intuition. The jewels of art are not to be hoarded like a miser's treasures, to glow with their many changing fires only for favoured eyes, they are for the delight of humanity, and meant for the renewing of the spirit of man. The work of Mr. Blunt is interesting because of its vigour and abundant life, because of its humanity, and it would not be true to say that it is perfect work, for it is often careless in finish, yet it contrives to hold the attention and intrigue the mind, owing to its pre-eminent quality of life, and movement. The fine note of enchantment, the desire and quest for vivid life, was shown in his early volume of sonnets. In these sonnets of love there is no maudlin and sentimental note struck. But a manly and vigorous passion expressed with the utmost charm. Poetry, which is rare and distinctive in its appeal.

"You ask my love. What shall my love then be
A hope, an aspiration, a desire?
The soul's eternal charter writ in fire
Upon the earth, the heavens and the sea?
You ask my love. The carnal mystery
Of a soft hand, of finger-tips that press,
Of eyes that kindle, and of lips that kiss,
Of sweet things known to thee and only thee?
You ask my love. What love can be more sweet
Than hope or pleasure? Yet we love in vain.
The soul is more than joy, the life than meat.
The sweetest love of all were love in pain,
And that I will not give. So let it be.
—Nay, give me any love, so it be love of thee."

"So thou but love me, dear, with thy whole heart
What care I for the rest, for good or ill?
What for the peace of soul good deeds impart,
What for the tears unholy dreams distil?
These cannot make my joy, nor shall they kill.
Thou only perfect peace and virtue art
And holiness for me and strength and will,
So thou but love me with a perfect heart.
I ask thee now no longer to be wise;
No longer to be good, but loving me.
I ask thee nothing now but only this.
Henceforth my Bible, dear, shall be thine eyes,
My beads thy lips, my prayers thy constancy,
My heaven thine arms, eternity thy kiss."

"Spring, of a sudden, came to life one day.
Ere this, the winter had been cold and chill.
That morning first the Summer air did fill
The world, making bleak March seem almost May.
The daffodils were blooming golden gay;
The birch trees budded purple on the hill;
The rose, that clambered up the window-sill,
Put forth a crimson shoot. All yesterday
The winds about the casement chilly blew,
But now the breeze that played before the door
So caught the dead leaves that I thought there flew
Brown butterflies up from the grassy floor.
—But someone said you came not. Ah, 'T was true!
And I, I thought that Winter reigned once more."

In sonnets such as these there is a power and a sweetness that is very pleasing, and we recognise the sign manual of a true poet.

Mr. Blunt is one of those poets who touched with Eastern mysticism, has viewed the vain display of the world with critical eyes. From one point of view he is a pessimist, in his varied travels he has seen men all over the earth fast in the evil grip of what is called civilisation, and he has seen the more free races of mankind enslaved by Western machinations, even the free children of the desert held in chains. His alert and freedom-loving mind has been tortured by this spectacle almost beyond endurance, and this mood has been reflected in his poetry:—

"Long have I searched the earth for liberty
In desert places and lands far abroad
Where neither kings nor constables should be,
Nor any law of man, alas, or God.
Freedom, Equality and Brotherhood,
These were my quarries which eternally
Fled from my footsteps fast as I pursued,
Sad phantoms of desire by land and sea.

"Now, it is ended. Sick and overborne
By foes and fools, and my long chase, I lie.
Here in these walls, with all life's souls forlorn
Herded Inwait,—and in my ears the cry,
"Alas, poor brothers, equal in Man's scorn
And free in God's good liberty to die."

The poetry of Pessimism has taken many strange and beautiful forms. The longing in the human heart for rest, the terror of life, the strange desires and disappointed hopes of ambition, have had their counterpart in Literature, which is the mirror of life. Poetry especially, which is of all the arts the most sensitive, mirrors the passing moods of the artist. Many poets have written under the influence of the fear of life, or spurred on by that hopeless quest for the meaning of all our strange eventful history, and have cried in anguish of soul "all flesh is grass." Mr. Blunt has sung of the frailty of life, yet has also sung in unforgettable accents of the beauty of earth:—

"An April morning with the birds awake;
The sound of waters lapping by a lake;
The scent of flowers, the rhyme of dancing feet;
The breath of midnight with the heart aquake.

"Climbing the dunes each morning to behold
The world's last miracle of light enfold
The Eastern heaven, and see the victor sun
Press back the darkness with his spears of gold."

Here is beauty; the dying day with sunset splendour in the West brings sad thoughts to the mind. Beauty and desire walk hand in hand with sadness, and loveliness of colour or form is instinct with a divine sorrow because it may not endure. The greatest poets have known this sadness,

> "In all poor foolish things that live a day;
> Eternal Beauty wandering on her way."

And in reading the poetry of Mr. Blunt we see reflected as in a mirror, fleeting time; which passes unrelentingly, taking golden moments and coloured dreams, flinging them into the limbo of forgotten things. We see a procession of the years, that pass with pain and love, hate and fear intermingled.

Mr. Blunt has made many metrical experiments, among the most interesting are the series of poems entitled *From the Arabic* where he achieves a felicity of utterance in a new form.

> "Love has its secrets, joy has its revealings.
> How shall I speak of that which love has hid?
> If my beloved shall return to greet me,
> Deeds shall be done for her none ever did.
>
> "My beloved loved me. How shall I reveal it?
> We were alone that morning in the street.
> She looked down at the ground, and blushed, and trembled.
> She stopped me with her eyes when these did meet."

He has also written a remarkable poem called *Griselda*, a society novel in rhymed verse. This owes something to Byron's *Don Juan* without a doubt, but is nevertheless a *tour de force* of its kind. Mr. Blunt is also the author of several plays which are of interest to students of his work, but possess little attraction for the general reader. His collected poems were published in a complete edition in two volumes by Macmillans in 1914.

Whatever may be the ultimate standing of Mr. Blunt among the English poets, this much may be said, that his work is informed throughout by that greatest of all virtues—sincerity—and we feel that this is work which the world of literature will not willingly let die.

A Singular Experience.
(Founded on Fact.)

By Arthur L. Delisle, Ph.D.

Author of "*Hungary of the Hungarians,*" "*The Educational Systems of Austria-Hungary,*" etc., Translator of "*Tales from Stamboul,*" and other works; sometime Literary Secretary to the late Professor Vambery, G.V.O. of Oxford and Budapest Universities.

THE story here related will doubtless have a peculiar interest for Anglo-Indian readers in that the chief actor in it—or the hero, if he may be so called—was a British nobleman whose illustrious name is barely concealed under the initial L., while indeed his identity may be correctly guessed without difficulty from the description furnished. I may add further that the account was related to me personally *in loco* by an exalted lady who played no insignificant part in the mysterious tragi-comedy.

* * * *

It was toward the end of what had been a sultry August, when all conditions of mankind, from prince to peasant, were preparing to celebrate with accustomed festivities the anniversary of their beloved Monarch's birth. Boundless hospitality and goodwill prevailed on every hand, and the chieftains set the example, in banquetting and hunting parties, for the less distinguished to emulate on a more modest scale.

The Marquis of L——., a noble of ancient lineage, deemed worthy of a matrimonial alliance with the most powerful Imperial Dynasty in the world, who had filled with distinction various diplomatic appointments abroad, was with his royal consort the guest of the Sovereign Prince of one of the Balkan States.

Signs of approaching storm were evident this early morning as the Marquis, attended only by his coachman, was driving along the country-road some few miles outside the Capital. The sole object of this desultory excursion was the desire to obtain a forenoon glimpse of his host's rural dominions, while yet the dew refreshed the landscape, glistening like diamonds from the soft herbage—with perhaps a thought to the benefit to be derived from the invigorating breezes blowing from the mountains.

The murky aspect of the sky combined with the general atmospheric calm—the wind having suddenly dropped—betokened the proximity of one of those heavy downpours of rain so prevalent at this season in that elevated region.

While seriously contemplating the advisability of returning to the palace the Marquis was aroused to the consciousness of two female forms tripping briskly along somewhat in the rear of his carriage. Ordering his driver to slacken speed to walking pace, the vehicle was ere long overtaken by the wayfarers. A hasty scrutiny in passing, prompted by a curiosity quite natural in the circumstances, convinced the Marquis that they were gentlewomen. Their attire was elegant, albeit ill-suited for trying conclusions with a deluge, conveying the impression that the strangers had assisted overnight at some social function and by some unaccountable mischance had been deprived of a coach for their return.

The ladies being now slightly in advance, the Marquis gave the order to overtake them, and this done, his lordship with his accustomed gallantry begged them to do him the honour of entering his carriage, and to allow him—considering their own lack of protection from the unfriendly elements—to escort them to their abode.

Without discovering the least disposition to explain their forlorn situation—so unusual for ladies of rank (as they appeared to be)—they accepted the Marquis's offer with dignified expressions of thanks and soon were cosily disposed among the downy cushions of the royal chariot.

Indicating the direction of their residence, which they observed was about five miles distant, the coachman whipped up his horses and in agreeable conversation the time passed quickly until——

"Behold our home, Sir!" from both ladies almost in unison brought a delightful drive to an abrupt end.

In the midst of charming woodland, like a pearl set in emeralds, rose above a battlemented terrace the glittering turrets of a marble castle in beauteous Byzantine style, reminiscent of the period when the haughty Moslem held sway from the Golden Horn to the gates of Vienna.

The equippage dashed through the stately portals into the spacious courtyard beyond in the centre of which a fountain of fantastic design—a Leviathan spouting forth from his gills liquid sprays which fell back like glistening gems into a large circular basin, in whose limpid depths disported innumerable gold and silver-fish.

The first to alight, the Marquis assisted down the unknown fair ones and would then and there have taken leave of them, but the invitation to honour their ancestral seat with his presence for a brief hour at least, even had it been proffered in far less seductive accents, was irresistible. Indeed, the air of romance enveloping the whole episode, together with the mysterious charm of this isolated mansion, tenanted apparently only by a couple of frail women, appealed to his lordship's gallant temperament to a degree that in ordinary circumstances would scarcely have been possible. To this consideration must be added also the important fact that the long-threatened storm had just now burst in all its fury. Inky clouds obscured the sky; heaven's artillery roared, rolled and reverberated across the firmament; the wind rose once more to a hurricane, and vivid lightning flashes revealed only a universal mist. The gale tore up the pine-trees by their roots and flung them prone to earth, as in an ill-matched contest between Titans and pigmies. The scene outside the castle walls was absolute desolation, inspiring the timid with terror. The rain descended in torrents, the floodgates of heaven were opened, and soon cataracts were coursing down the distant hills in all directions, until the wide plain was thickly covered with the chaotic forms of crumbled débris.

Without loss of time therefore they sought the welcome shelter of the castle. Through a propylon of white marble, they entered a broad avenue flanked by colossal heroic figures formed of the same pure substance. At the end of this avenue stood the palatial edifice itself, a quadrangular pile with a tower rising from each corner and a finely proportioned dome springing from the centre.

If the exterior had enchanted the Marquis the agreeable impression was not diminished on making acquaintance with the interior. Never were such splendour and orderly neatness before combined. Passing under a magnificent archway and ascending a staircase of the same snowy marble they entered a gallery of vast and beautiful proportions, whose walls, draped with rich silk of Oriental design, were crowded with lovely statuary and paintings, the floor of unrivalled mosaic in fanciful pattern ; columns imitating the palm and the lotus supported the roof of exquisitely carved cedarwood ; nor was it possible to conceive anything lighter or more graceful than the general effect of this wonderful building, crowned with its dome of alabaster, so transparent that an effect similar to moonlight was diffused over the spacious apartment beneath it. The lofty ceilings of the various salons were painted magnificently after a style suggestive of Tintoretto or Veronese ; the walls garnished with Turkish trophies and triumphs, the ample space forming repositories of priceless works of art of prophyry, jasper, malachite, of gold and silver, and other precious stones and metals—as though Eastern and Western culture had combined to contribute their best and rarest to beautify this lonely abode.

The upholstering of the furniture was of the same costly material as the draperies, and the gilding, although evidently several centuries old, was as bright and burnished as any to be found in a modern royal palace.

As he passed along he caught glimpses of other stately apartments and suites of gorgeously appointed chambers. A confused vision of long lines of white marble columns, roofs of carved cedar, ceilings glowing with forms of exquisite beauty, walls covered with life-like figures depicted in tapestry-nymphs and shepherds feasting in an Arcadian scene and mighty mirrors reflecting his own and his fair hostesses' forms; while the ear was delighted with sweet and soothing strains discoursed by invisible musicians.

It was all so wonderful that time sped with fleet wing and his lordship, absorbed in attention as the story of various curious objects was related by his charming cicerones, scarce noticed that the storm had now given place to blue sky and fleecy clouds tipped with gold.

What however especially rivetted his gaze was a golden card-case, with coronet and monogram in rubies and emeralds and diamonds of the first water. The scintillating gems almost blinded him. He begged leave to inspect the jewel more closely; and after replacing it he remarked that he "had seen nothing of the kind more chaste in design or exquisite in execution in all his life." "Indeed," continued the Marquis, "I have seen many exceedingly beautiful things in gold and precious stones, but that case of yours, ladies, is unrivalled and, I should think, inimitable. I know of one thing only that is at all worthy of comparison with it......" And here he drew from his breast-pocket his own card-case, the wedding-gift of his imperial and royal mama-in-law, with the Great Lady's autograph and his own Christian name inscribed thereon in flashing diamonds.

An exclamation of awed amazement escaped from the lips of the women, who in turn held and admired the Marquis's precious possession, at length restoring it to its noble owner.

Expressing his profound thanks to his companions for the pleasure their chance meeting had afforded him, his lordship begged now to bid them adieu. With the mutual exchange of compliments, the Marquis re-entered his coach and was soon bowling along over the plain towards the Capital City, whose sun-kissed spires and pinnacles were ere long described standing out in bold relief against a background of ethereal blue.

Before a range of mountains clad in bright verdure, with still loftier heights behind, whose peaks glittered with prismatic light, rose the city. The river, like a broad blue ribbon, wound through it, covered with craft of all sizes, the water flashing with phosphorescent gleam as it was cut by the swift gliding keels. A worthy capital of a thriving little State, with noble bridges and palaces, domes and cupolas and monuments of marble and granite, gilded columns and minarets, amidst which appeared delightful terrace-gardens, groups of palms with their tall thin stems and quivering and languid crests rising among the splendid masonry. Verily it was a scene to fire the poetic fancy.

* * * *

"My dear Marquis, we thought you were surely lost, or come to grief in some way," said the Prince, grasping cordially the former's both hands. "We were thinking seriously of setting our police machinery in motion on your account. Come, tell us what detained you, dear friend."

"I have been the hero of a most interesting adventure," began his lordship, smiling.

"Indeed!" rejoined in animated chorus a bevy of ladies and gentlemen who had thronged around in anticipation of hearing an exciting story, and in another moment the Marquis was the central figure of a courtly group eager for the recital.

"How delightful!" "Bravo!" "Quite romantic!" were a few of the many punctuations supplied to the nobleman's narration of his remarkable experiences during the forenoon.

"And that card-case———," his lordship was saying enthusiastically; "—even more beautiful than my own! (May I be pardoned the remark, but it is certainly true)—the Queen's most cherished gift! . . . . "Here the Marquis's hand moved involuntarily in the direction of his breast; and a look of blank dismay, of affright even, overspread his handsome countenance *as he felt an empty pocket!*

"You are ill, my dear Marquis," said the Prince sympathetically, observing his guest's ashen pallor but as yet not understanding the cause thereof; "this morning's excursion seems to have fatigued you too much. Let us persuade you to retire to your room and rest for a few hours."

"Your Highness," answered the Marquis gravely, "I have just made the painful discovery that my jewelled card-case is missing. No material loss could be—to me—of such importance as this, on sentimental grounds alone, as it was the gift of my most gracious Sovereign. Until it be recovered—as I earnestly hope it may be—I cannot avail myself of your Highness's kindly suggestion that I should *rest*."

The story of the Marquis's loss and his distress in consequence quickly passed from mouth to mouth through the whole court, producing a state of consternation blended with sympathy for a popular guest.

A quite natural suggestion was to institute a thorough search of the carriage used by his lordship, in the expectation that the missing jewel would be found in some obscure corner thereof. And in this quest not only servants but members of the court assisted, displaying the greatest vivacity and the most zealous enthusiasm. All efforts were however without avail, and a state of unrest and mystery pervaded the whole entourage. Small groups might have been seen here and there discussing in subdued yet animated tones the remarkable disappearance and the chances of recovery of the lost object—the latter generally, in view of all the circumstances, being regarded as sufficiently remote.

"My friend," said the Prince somewhat later, "we all feel your affliction most keenly and share your grief. We hope that your property may soon be found again; but what puzzles me not a little is that—to my personal knowledge, confirmed by enquiries I have just made—no castle, palace, mansion, or dwelling of any kind whatever exists within a radius of many miles around the locality you visited this morning!"

His Highness's declaration was corroborated by some of the native aristocracy present.

"But I must surely credit the evidence of my senses," protested his lordship with pardonable irritation.

"Besides, there is my coachman, who can bear witness at least to the existence of the castle and its inmates, with whom he also has exchanged words."

That worthy servant was summoned, and related a story whose parts fitted with the most minute exactness the narrative of his noble master.

"Most extraordinary!" Remarked Count D——' "I believe I should know the district better than any one else here, seeing that it forms part of my patrimony; but to the best of my belief the only trace of human habitation there is a heap of ruins of a mediæval stronghold."

"Let George (the coachman) drive us back at once to this uncharted castle," cried the Princess. "He can, of course, remember the way, and may be an enquiry of the noble Marquis's interesting lady-friends will result in the restoration of the lost card-case."

Thus the knot was cut, and accordingly a party of vivacious ladies and gentlemen, accompanied by the Marquis himself, drove out at a gallop to revisit the scene of the morning's adventure.

A sharp drive of an hour and half's duration brought them to a spot whereat George declared the castle *ought to be*. No dwelling however—not even a shepherd's hut—was visible, the horizon at all points of the compass enclosing nothing but level maizeland!

Excitement was succeeded by dejection; for all were genuinely sorry for the Marquis's irreparable loss.

Eventually Count D——pointed out the ruins, almost hidden among the tall maize, of the ancient castle already alluded to; and half apologetically suggested to the Marquis that, as they were only a few hundred yards away, they might as well pay them a visit ere returning from their futile quest.

Too depressed to care whither he went, his lordship allowed himself to be led away by the Count, The ruins reached, one may imagine the Marquis's bewilderment at the discovery that *the ground-plan of the now demolished edifice agreed in every particular with what he remembered of the stately marble halls and gilded corridors he had trodden less than eight hours previously!*

Baffled, almost swooning from amazement, he was aroused to the full possession of his reason by the sudden cry of the Count.

"*Eureka!*"
"*What?*"

And rushing forward with an ejaculation of astonished joy *the Marquis beheld his lost treasure innocently reposing on the top of a shattered porphyry column!*

Hush!

By C. M. Salwey.

11th Hour. 11th Day. 11th Month, (November) 1919.

Hush!
A spell is o'er the land,
Let neither foot nor hand
Bestir itself,—This is a King's Command.

Hush!
The dead the living meet
In every town and street,
Then noiselessly pass on with silent feet.

Hush!
Kneel, close your eyes, and pray,
For *you* they won the Day;
But winning raised a debt, your Love alone must pay.

Hush!
When the Christ-Child was born
One glorious Christmas morn
Peace reigned—and Death of Victory was shorn!

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EAST & WEST.

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EAST & WEST.

VOL. XXI.] **November, 1921.** [No. 17, NEW SERIES.

FROM CLOUDLAND.

Welcome to H. R. H. the Prince of Wales.

WE offer sincere and warm welcome to H. R. H. the Prince of Wales. He is the symbol of the unity of East and West, and justice which is administered in the name of His Majesty the King-Emperor. He, the Yuvaraj, has come to India to make the personal acquaintance of his people and to enjoy the sunshine and moonlight of India, her hills and valleys, forests and fertile plains. His Excellency the Viceroy has declared that his Government has no wish to exploit the visit for any political end. But events may call upon the Prince to prove himself an ambassador of peace and high courageous purpose. The Government of India will certainly be ill-advised if it fails to profit by his presence, to make him the messenger of the promise of Swaraj and the high purpose which inspires the Government in India and England. India, we have no doubt, will give their future Emperor a rousing welcome and win him as she won his father.

The Test of Loyalty.

OUR reception of the Prince will certainly be the test of our loyalty, to the ideals which the Crown represents, however distant may be their realisation. The governing idea, to make British Empire a commonwealth of nations, working in equal partnership, independent and free in all matters of internal administration, with a decisive voice in shaping the foreign policy of the Empire, united by the strong ties of common interests, common aspirations and common ideals, to make the world a better place for mankind, must command the allegiance of all reasonable and right-minded men. The heir of the Emperor who stands for the realisation of these ideals deserves unstinted devotion of all classes of people.

A Plea for Truce.

THE presence of H. R. H. the Prince of Wales provides an auspicious occasion for calling a truce. The consultations which the Viceroy has been holding with individual leaders cannot take the place of a Conference. Both in the Council of State and the Legislative Assembly, Members have given notice of resolutions calling for such a Conference; and the reason for hesitation, on the part of the Government, must be made abundantly clear. In human affairs it is impossible to fix any dogmatic limits. Constitutions and governments have to move as the will of the people moves behind them, rapidly or slowly as the prime mover directs. And India certainly is not satisfied. The truce will give both sides opportunities to examine the position and find ways and means to satisfy India and reach definite results. It is unintelligent pedantry to think that all is for the best in this best of the worlds. There was a day when the Royal visit would have sent a thrill throughout the length and breadth of country, but the change that has come over the minds of men needs careful scrutiny. A Conference will provide ample material for finding a peaceful solution. The failure of the reign of terror in Ireland is not without its moral for India. It will be an act of far-seeing statesmanship and immense gain, if H. R. H. the Prince is associated with the settlement; and a settlement must be reached as soon as possible, so that the heart of India may rejoice and the Prince may leave behind him a contented and satisfied people.

What India Expects.

INDIA expects the Prince to play his part, to read even the unexpressed wishes of the people and to meet the popular demand. The people cannot divest themselves entirely from time-honoured ideals associated with royalty. It shows lack of courage to plead, that the Prince has no mission, and that the Government of India does not wish him to take any part in bringing peace to a restless country. It wishes to ignore the crisis that is coming, relying mainly on material forces; and yet who but *the Prince can call the people to bring their grievances to him and to promise their redress.* Such a call will go to the heart of the people.

The Coming Crisis.

THE working Committee of the Congress deliberated for long hours and has definitely decided on civil disobedience in selected areas. Mr. Gandhi is going to initiate it in some district of Gujarat. Mr. Gandhi has always been as good as his word, and there can be no doubt, that he will take action and a body of men will ignore the established laws and court imprisonment. The discipline and self-suffering, if it does not break out in violence, will certainly point a way to self-government through conquest of self; a peaceful revolution to establish the dignity of a people is full of unprecedented possibilities if it is *love and not hate which rules.* It is true that, owing to certain regrettable incidents in Bombay, Mr. Gandhi has deferred taking action on the decision of the Congress, but that he will take action as soon as a suitable opportunity offers, cannot be doubted.

Cause and Effect.

THERE can be no doubt that India has moral, material and spiritual grievances which have remained unredressed through ages. The British Government was full of promise in the beginning, but failed to fulfil its pledges. Men do not live by bread alone, but bread is the staff of life and official reports admit the poverty of the people. The agricultural and industrial development of the country has failed to keep pace with its increasing population. The needs of the people have grown, while the means to satisfy these needs have not grown with them; and the people are in a mood to seek any solution which promises relief. On the moral side, the self-respect of

India has been greatly wounded and her foundations of faith destroyed. Asceticism which people accepted as a virtue, and which won even for a wandering mendicant reverence, has been laughed to scorn. Spiritually too the country has been robbed of its belief by the spirit of the new times; and self-suffering and purification of the soul awakens little enthusiasm. Self-government now occupies the pedestal, and people seek from democracy the cure from all ills. That is why the whole country is stirred and ready to try a new experiment; wisely directed, the movement is full of promise; unwisely led, it cannot but lead to ruin. There is a feeling of expectancy and a feeling of hope and trust in the future in the air, and calls on the Prince and the Government to give it a direction and a lead.

Mr. Gandhi's Movement and its Meaning.

Mr. Gandhi's movement is freighted with meanings of the highest import. The inner meaning of the movement is, that it seeks equality. Equality is not a gift that can be bestowed; it has to be attained by personal self-expression. Perhaps a crude example will illustrate the point. Supposing to-morrow "A" claimed to be equal to Mr. Gandhi, people would laugh at the idea. Supposing to-morrow Gandhi declared "A" to be his equal, no one would accept the declaration at its face value. Similarly, India has been declared to be a partner in the British Empire, but India has to prove her mettle and win equality, to take her place as an equal partner in the comity of nations which make British Commonwealth. True equality means conscious nationhood, economic independence and political self-realisation. Gandhi's movement is working towards the realisation of unity between various classes and creeds by destroying the existing barriers of untouchability of various kinds, which divides brother from brother, and thus laying firm the foundations of nationhood. Hand-loom again is the symbol of economic freedom, and the preparation for self-suffering and discipline—symbols of freedom and liberty which are essential for equality.

The Danger of the Movement.

The danger of the movement is the raising in the minds of people false ideas about the dethronement of authority and civil laws. Gandhi himself seems conscious of the danger that human nature does not change in a day. Even great prophets failed there, that is why he has imposed conditions, but the risk is that the people will forget his conditions and start disobedience. Gandhi seems to be faced with two alternatives; he finds a new tide in motion, and even he could not have dreamt its possibility; if he allows it to spend itself without clear gain, the country may have to wait long before another wave starts; if he lets it move forward, it may accomplish unity, and it seems he is courageous enough to face the danger and trust the future. If all men were as self-disciplined as Mr. Gandhi, there would be no need of any government. People would know how to govern themselves, but it has to be admitted that the brute in man needs control and without control becomes entirely lawless. Mr. Gandhi too will find a truce useful and helpful in the making of an Indian nation.

The Main Points.

Mr. Gandhi has declared that his object is the attainment of Swaraj and the redress of Amritsar and Khilafat wrongs. The Conference could define Swaraj and explore the possibilities of redressing Khilafat and Amritsar wrongs. His Majesty's Government has declared Swaraj as the goal of its effort, and what harm can there be in defining it, and making it conditional as Mr. Gandhi himself has made it conditional? The definition of Swaraj and conditions necessary for its attainment will clear the ground for the discussion of the two other points. There is much regarding these two matters which the Government must take to heart, if it is to fulfil its mission in the world, as the nucleus round which nations of the world may gather to realise economic unity of the world. A government that loses trust loses credit, and like individuals marches straight to moral and material bankruptcy. I am not concerned with Khilafat itself; to me, it seems out of date and an anachronism, but it matters to me a great deal that my government should be unable to fulfil its pledges and place personal gain above faithful promises. The old idea of exploitation of the East by the West is the real wrong which needs remedying and is at the root of Asiatic peril. Mr. Gandhi has shown that nations without arms can offer resistance and attain freedom if they so desire. Turkey as a friend will certainly be more useful than a whole hostile Muhammadan world, and it is this reconciliation which affords key to the solution of Khilafat wrongs. Again, about Amritsar, I am not concerned about individuals. It is quite possible, authority may, at a time, be compelled to use force to prevent greater disasters. The sense of wrong arises from the motive that inspired the action, and the only way to right the grievance is to prove that the Government is prepared to do justice. The release of Martial Law prisoners has been altogether inadequate. Here, again, the Conference will find ways and means to redress the wrongs.

The Moral Question.

THE whole material of grievances has a moral bearing. In India, tradition lays down that use of power without self-purification and moral restraints was wrong in itself. Self-purification has always been the first condition, before the Guru taught his disciple the ways of power, so much so that it passed into a proverb that attainment of power was possible but the man using it was generally an infidel; for pride of power obscures wisdom and laughs at idealism which is often practical wisdom translated into action. "Tilsam Hush Raba" in seven bulky volumes tells the story of rulers somewhere in Persia, who used aeroplanes, explosives and various other implements of destruction made familiar by the last war. These rulers were men without faith and used their powers for personal purposes only. It is said the whole nation was destroyed by Amir Hamza who by the use of a single word (Isamazam) was able to control forces of nature and destroyed the inventions of these people. The same fate is likely to overtake modern civilization, unless it cultivates moral responsibility and makes knowledge subservient to human needs. Reliance on force, therefore, will not bring success, for success means good government, and good government depends on the willing allegiance of the people.

Washington Conference.

THE war and its economic results are driving European countries to find a new way of life. The arming of whole nations has only brought ruin, and Europe finds it almost impossible to recover economic stability without an international understanding. The League of Nations took birth during the war and then America walked out preferring splendid isolation to a membership in the League. It has now discovered that isolation under modern conditions is impossible. The League of Nations implied a world state, and without power its decrees were of little avail. The League is now a concert of allied powers, trying to grapple with the problem: without the necessary equipment of power and education to treat life as a whole, it is not likely to attain much. The Washington Conference is another alternative, dealing with a definite problem only, and may have greater success. The great nations by agreement are to enjoy a holiday for ten years and build no more sea or land armaments. The President of the American Republic opened the Conference in a business-like manner and Japan and the United Kingdom are prepared to consider the proposals. All this augurs well for the future. If the great nations of the world by mutual agreement stop increasing further armaments, the way to permanent peace may possibly be discovered.

The Irish Truce.

THE representatives of Sinn Fein are now in a conference in London to find self-government within the British Empire. In spite of the persistence of Ulster and other difficulties, the chances of settlement are regarded with hope. The Irish people are a brave people and certainly deserve peace and have a right to self-determination like other parts of the Empire. The settlement will form a precedent for settlement of the Indian problem.

The Ideal Government.

"*Aniketa kuti parwara samam.*" If governments were, like God, to look upon this world as their own family, if legislation and administration were based on the central principle, that there is infinity in even the lowest—what a change there would be! Would, for example, more than even one-half of our whole revenue be absorbed by military expenditure? Would Education, Sanitation, Scientific and Medical Research be starved? Would our third-class passengers be treated as they now are? Would there be practically one law for the rich and another for the poor, the man with a long purse having generally the power to cause delay and trouble, thanks to the power and ingenuity of the well-paid lawyers? Would there be such extremes of riches and poverty as we now see, and other in equalities and enormities? Would the administration continue to be top-heavy and outside the lives of the people? Would so little be done to distribute evenly all the God-given bounties? Would not the weight of responsibility from the top to the bottom be shared by all, right down to the foundation of village community?

Resistance as an Aid to Growth.

In practical life, one should not be disheartened by opposition. The English constitution has weathered many a storm, because it makes room for an organised opposition. So, in India, Government should welcome the opposition of a Gandhi, just as Gandhi welcomes persecution and suffering.

There is hardly anything which has not its good side and its evil side in this world. Take, for example, "an abundance of external means, a multitude of points of contact with the world, and a variety of interests." Merz, in his *Leibniz*, thinks these are dangerous advantages bestowed by nature or inheritance upon any individual or nation.

Mahomedan freebooters and pirates, who made the overland route from Europe to India and the coasting line along the shore of the Mediterranean dangerous for trade, were considered worse than a nuisance, during the Crusades. But, if there had been no such trouble, men's thoughts would not have turned to the sea, the compass might not have been invented, America not discovered, and India not made a British possession! Should we say, therefore, the British Empire should be thankful to Islam? May we infer a pre-established harmony from all such historical events?

The Reason for Mahatma's Popularity.

IN the debate in the Bombay Provincial Council, on the separation of judicial from executive functions, one speaker pointed out that the principle had been accepted by the Government of India as long ago as 1898. The Judicial Member, Mr. Hayward, said it would cost from 15 to 20 lakhs per annum to carry out the separation, and he has promised to make a statement at the next meeting. But what strikes one is the old old observation that finance is the key to everything in modern politics. The Indian railways, are, according to Lord Meston, "in the dangerous position of being a wasting asset," and we know in what state the other utilitarian departments are and how fast education is spreading! The sale of the Reverse Councils, the 7 per cent. sterling loan, the recent assertion by Mr. Thakersey that preference to English merchants by the Stores' Commissioner in London had cost India 2¼ millions, the military expenditure absorbing at least a moiety of the Indian revenue, the top-heavy administration, the creation of so many new posts, in spite of the Reforms and decentralisation, the ever-increasing demand for more and more emoluments on the part of civilians and other English employés, the high prices ruling in the country, the hardship suffered by the poorly-paid lower staff who are generally neglected in revision schemes, or not very liberally dealt with, the bribery and corruption due on this account, and the ensuing demoralisation, and last but not least, the inability of the Government to do much for the people owing to their straitened finances, have much more to do with the popularity of Mahatma Gandhi, than is yet realised by Government. The Mahatma has not said a word against modern Western civilisation, half as strong as Sir Richard Gregory in his

British Association address on the Message of Science. "Squalid surroundings and squandered life, instead of improved social conditions and ethical ideals" is the burden of that address. That is another reason for the Mahatma's popularity.

State Prosecutions.

It is right, at this time, to recall what happened when Dr. Sacheverell was prosecuted in 1710 at the instance of Godolphin, whom he had nicknamed "Volpone," in spite of the advice of Marlborough and Somers. The doctor had delivered a sermon in favour of Jacobitism and the divine right of kings, and against resistance and toleration. He had been a fellow-collegian of Addison and a friend of that great writer, but he was an extreme politician. In the *Examiner* and in a large number of pamphlets, Swift, St. John and Prior had abused the Continental War, Marlborough and the Alliance. "Six millions of supplies and almost fifty millions of debt," was their cry. In the article on "England" in the *Encyclopædia Britannica* it is said, that foolish as the sermon was, it was "but the reflection of the folly which was widely spread amongst the rude and less educated classes," that the Whig leaders unwisely took up the challenge, that the trial was the signal for riot, that dissenting chapels were sacked to the cry of High Church and Sacheverell, that the Whigs were dismissed from office, and a Tory ministry came in amidst the excitement. Atterbury, about whom it was said he set everything on fire, had borne a "chief part in framing that artful and eloquent speech which the accused divine pronounced at the bar of the Lords, and which presents a singular contrast to the absurd and scurrilous sermon which had very unwisely been honoured with impeachment." (See "Atterbury" in the *Encyclopædia.*) The English historians, with hardly an exception, denounce the prosecution of Sacheverell as a fatal mistake. At the trial, "the most eminent of the Tory Churchmen stood by his side at the bar, crowds escorted him to the court and back again, while the streets rang with cries of the 'Church and Dr. Sacheverell.' A small majority of the peers found him guilty, but the light sentence they inflicted was in effect an acquittal, and bonfires and illuminations over the whole country welcomed it as a Tory triumph." (Green). It is an error to launch any prosecution for an offence against the State or an offence against public tranquillity, without first considering the state of public opinion, the temper of the public, and the likely consequences of the sentence or the acquittal.

National Debt.

In the *Times of India* of the 4th October, there is a suggestive leader on the subject of National Debts. We are told the National Debt of Austria is insupportable in her present state of disorganization, and that it is "the gigantic National Debts that have brought Europe to her present pass." Credit is crippled and there is no demand for what England or America produces. "But finance is a man-made mechanism; finance, unlike economics, is under the complete control of man. It is here, then, in the financial muddle of Europe, that the cause of British and American unemployment must be sought." Yes, but what about India's Debt? Is it right for any country to live beyond its income? Is it right for any country to have a top heavy administration and a complicated and costly departmental system with any amount of red tape and circumlocution when the bill is so heavy, and all the historical traditions are for distributing responsibility evenly from top to bottom in a simple manner suited to the simple character of the majority of the population, who are agriculturists? Will India be able to pay even the interest, if its lot ever becomes like Austria's? If the mechanism is man made and the muddle is created by man, should not Indian finance, the key to a most everything here, be overhauled?

Sir William Watson in *England's Choice* says:

"Tempest or calm for the mother who bore us
Age-crowned England which shall it be?
Reproach or acclaim in the morrow before us?
Ireland captive or Ireland free?"

May we not apply the lines to India also?

Akbar—the late Hindustani Poet.

Sayyed Akbar Husein—Akbar—about whom an article is to appear in the next number of *East & West*, and who was one of the foremost poets of Modern India, has passed away from the sphere of his earthly labours. While intending to write to him to obtain his permission for publishing the above-mentioned article, news was received of his journey into the great beyond on the 10th of September last, in his seventy-seventh year, after a week's illness. In his letters to his friends he was always referring to his great weakness due to old age and ill-health as an excuse for not writing at length His death has cast a gloom over the large circle of the admirers of his muse, and India has lost one of foremost poets who delighted the lovers of verse with his humour and elevated their minds with his edifying poetry. A short notice of his last moments has appeared in *Shahabi Urdu*, which tells us how he asked for the holy Quran to be brought for him to read, but was unable to see and read it. He seemed unconscious and speechless in his last hour but when his friend, the author of the account of his last hours, recited some verses from the Quran, the dying poet pressed his hand as if in gratitude and acknowledgment and the mute expression of his wish for its repetition. When this was done he again pressed his hand, and was muttering evidently the same sacred verse. It is hoped that the third volume of his poems will appear soon, and the fourth posthumous one of hitherto withheld verses will also see the light. It is said that an able Urdu writer is undertaking his biography, and his most lively and interesting letters will also be published one day.

"Paper Boats."*

THIS little book with a modest title gives us a vivid and delightful picture of South Indian life. Turning over the pages we are struck with the author's choice of subjects—or rather his indifference to them—and the power he has of making all subjects interesting. He does not write from hearsay but from observation and experience. The scenes that he describes are those that he has lived and laboured amidst; and the characters he portrays have glowed in a living heart. In what is familiar and near at hand, he discerns a beauty and a love which are truly ennobling. His keenness of insight keeps pace with keenness of feeling and sympathy for his environment, natural and human. It is reverence, it is love of the world around him that inspires the author and makes his heart and voice eloquent. The finest essays are those which appear under the humble titles of "The Indian Beggar," "On Fisherman," "Arunalem," and "My Grandmother." The subjects are truly among the commonest and the most prosaic, but Mr. Venkataramani has raised them—and with consummate skill to the domain of art. Each of these essays is light and airy, yet sharp and precise in its details. The delicate painting and accurate grouping of the fraternity of beggars and the fidelity with which their ways of life and thought are portrayed reveal an extraordinary insight into human nature--lowly and humble though it may be. The description of the simple virtues and small failings of the fisherman, of the joys and sorrows of the humble but yet high-souled pariah "Arunalam" and of the benevolent despotism of "My Grandmother" are full of tenderness and pathos. Through these living descriptions a buoyant stream of mirth rolls on, but the humour does not degenerate into drollery; it comes forth here and there in evanescent and beautiful touches. The author's prose has an individuality and power of its own and often it rises to the level of true poetry. The descriptive touches with which these essays abound are exquisite and a single phrase or sentence often depicts—and graphically too—a whole subject, a whole scene. In these days of pink and yellow coloured novels, full of false loves, hopes and fears with their locality not on this earth, it is refreshing to come across a book which takes life—as it is and as He made it—and breathes peace and love in a style at once charming and refined.

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*"PAPER BOATS." By K. S. Venkataramani. Published by Theosophical Publishing House. Price, Rs. 2.

The Genius of Hindu Culture.

By P. K. Anant Narayan, M.A.

I.

AMONG the great races who have made vital and permanent contributions to human civilisation and progress, the Hindus occupy an honoured place. The Hindu civilisation is one of the oldest and greatest in the world's history. Historians and scholars are generally agreed in assigning to it a period extending to not less than five thousand years. Looking through the vista of these long years we find that it has had a chequered career and has passed through varied vicissitudes of fortune. Whereas other ancient civilisations like those of Egypt, Babylon, Chaldea, Greece and Rome flourished for a time and then through stress of internal and external circumstances decayed and perished leaving but a few remnants of stone and fragments of writing as memorials of their departed glory; the civilisation of the Hindus has not only escaped the ravages of time and survived the shock of centuries of foreign invasion and domination, but remains invincible and a living force even to this day. This unique phenomenon, coupled with its hoary antiquity and unparalleled vitality, deserves the earnest attention and study of all lovers of India and students of human culture, sociology and history.

Every great nation has a soul, some distinctive individuality of its own by which it stands marked out from the others. Its personality is stamped upon every important feature of the people's life. This inherent disposition, fundamental characteristic, and formative principle is termed the genius of that nation. Egypt has bequeathed to mankind her wonderful pyramids; Greece has immortalized herself by her achievements in the realm of poetry and harmonious beauty of sculpture; the genius of Rome was manifested in her political institutions and systems of law and government; modern Europe and America base their material greatness on the practical application of science and industry to human life. As the ancient nations based the edifice of their respective civilisations on material foundations which are perishable, they have all vanished one after another leaving but a few 'footprints on the sands of time.' But the Hindus built the system of their culture on the bedrock of spirituality, and their social structure has, like an enduring monument, stood unshaken through the rise and fall of empires. As Shri Araivindo Ghose beautifully expresses it: "Its idea of life is that which makes it a development of the spirit in man to its most vast, secret and high possibilities, conceives it as a movement of the Eternal in time, of the Universal in the individual, of the Infinite in the finite, of the Divine in man, and holds that man can become not only conscious of the Eternal and the Infinite, but live in its power and universalise, divinise himself by self-knowledge," etc. The real keynote of Hindu civilisation, the soul of its harmony, is to be found in its constant tendency of spiritual realisation.

There is a widely prevalent but mistaken idea that the tendency to metaphysical speculation or dreamy abstraction has been the dominant trait of Indo-Aryan character. This is belied by past historical facts and developments. They neither neglected nor despised the arts and crafts of civilised life which contributed to the abounding wealth and material prosperity of the country, as testified to by many sources of evidence at different times, and which roused the greed and covetousness of the neighbouring rulers to invade her territories. But the unique glory of Hindu civilisation consists in the fact that, while not ignoring the claims of wordly power and prosperity, it has never made them the sole end of life but has tried to maintain a due balance and equipoise by the subordination of the physical and material to moral and spiritual elements. This spiritual ideal might have been more dominant and visible during certain epochs and dormant at other times but its persistent and recurrent influence has never ceased to mould the activities and institutions of the Aryans. It has furnished them with a noble ideal worth living and striving for, inspired and sustained them even in times of national depression, and saved the national soul from degeneration and death.

The nature of this subtle power and the extent of its influence on national life and its activities have to be established by concrete facts. This spiritual force animates her political life, this spiritual feeling permeates her social relations and institutions, and this spiritual light illumines her literature, science and the arts.

II.

An intelligent and synthetic study of Indian history reveals a remarkable fact of deep significance, *viz.*, that religious and spiritual forces have played a considerable part in the political life of the people. Every great epoch, every important era in the history of India, has been preceded by a wide social and religious awakening of the people, and this previous spiritual preparation and social upheaval have moulded the national soul for the reception of the mighty kings and heroes and the fulfilment of their noble mission on earth. This might appear to be a bold assertion to make but can be verified by authentic facts of history.

After the Aryans came and settled in the Punjab and extended their colonies all through the Gangetic valley and partly in the Dekhan as narrated in the two grand Epics, the first great age in which nearly three-fourth of the country was united under one crown and the people recognised the sway of one mighty Emperor was in the time of the great Asoka in the third century B.C. This political event followed on the heels of the birth and propagation of Buddhism in Hindustan, and it was the unifying influence and spiritual urge of that humane religion that furnished the strength and stability of the Mauryan Empire for a long time. The next momentous political event is the establishment of the

Gupta Empire in the third and succeeding centuries A.D. which attained its zenith under Samudragupta and later on under Harsha, and which forms the golden age of Sanskirt literature. The true explanation of this political resurgence is furnished by the revival of Brahmanism in the third century which incorporated some of the essential doctrines of Buddhism and thereby gradually vanquished its rival and established its supremacy once more in the land.

Then followed for many centuries the Muhammadan invasions and the consequent conflict between the two civilisations and religions, the one of a militant and the other of a peaceful character. The most popular of the Mussulman emperors, the wisest and most enlightened, is by common consent Akbar the Great. The secret of his success and popularity is accounted for by his religious toleration and freedom from prejudice. Though the attempt of Akbar to found and formulate a synthetic religion, *Din Ilahi*, embracing the best elements of the great world religions, apparently failed, his splendid failure has not really been in vain. His spiritual endeavour has won for him the love and reverence of all people for ever.

When the Mughal Empire was digging its own grave under the blind bigotry of Aurangzeb, Hindu power was being resuscitated in Maharashtra about the middle of the seventeenth century by the great hero Sivaji. The sudden union and rise to power of the sturdy but uncivilised peasants living by the Western Ghats under their inspired leader Sivaji would appear utterly inexplicable and even mysterious unless we bear in mind that a widespread social and religious upheaval had taken place in Maharashtra in the previous century by the liberal teachings of such saints and religious teachers as Ramdas and Tuckaram. It is that social revolution that leavened and elevated the masses to a consciousness of their brotherhood and power.

Two centuries later, when the major part of the country had passed into the hands of the British, their last and most formidable foes were the Sikhs in the Punjab. And it is well-known that they were organized into a military confederacy by their spiritual leaders and teachers, *viz.*, Guru Nanak and Guru Govind. Thus the impelling and consolidating force of the Sikh ascendency was at heart religious and spiritual. And a discerning examination of the root causes of the national regeneration and political awakening manifest in the country at present would show that there has been an undercurrent of spirituality at work behind it; because the true pioneers of this modern Renaissance in India are such great religious teachers as Raja Ram Mohan Roy, Dayananda Saraswati, Swami Vivekananda and others.

III.

SOCIETY is a living and growing organism and the genius of a people finds its fullest and freest expression in their social life and ideals. From the earliest times the Aryans in India have planned and consolidated the fabric of their society with great care and forethought with an eye to social efficiency and hâpiness. Therefore it is even to-day in a state of wonderful preservation after the lapse of thousands of years. Hindu social life has been organised and regulated to attain a spiritual end, *viz.*, *Moksha* or liberation from the bondage of life They have accepted as fundamental truths the potential divinity of every human being and the consequent brotherhood of man. The four *Ashramas*, or orders of life, are based on the principle of the gradual development of spirituality and the consequent diminishing of attachment to sensual objects. Though the life of renunciation of the Sanyasin is highly esteemed, they have always emphasized and upheld the sacredness of the Grihasta or householder's life as contributing to active and unselfish social service, especially when he works with the ideal of non-attachment to the result of his work.

It might be said that a deep spiritual feeling permeates the ordering of Hindu social life, its ideals and customs. The caste system, which is the peculiar and characteristic feature of their social organisation, might appear to contradict such a statement. Nevertheless the principles on which the social division was effected by our ancestors were quite sound and equitable; because they were the democratic principles of equality among the members and the economic principle of a true division of labour. These remarks are intended to apply to the caste system as it was in the days of its pure and healthy and not the effete social canker of the present day. That it was a source of strength and vitality to the community is evidenced by the vigorous social life and the economic prosperity of the country in the past. The secret of its efficiency consisted in its elasticity and adaptiveness to changing times and environments and its weekness began when it became rigid, exclusive and inflexible. As long as no sense of superiority and inferiority, no exclusive privileges, and no rigorous barriers, existed among the members of the different castes, it gave stability to their social life and created a feeling of amity, contentment and co-operation among them. And the only peaceful solution to this burning social problem at the present day seems to lie in eradicating its evil tendencies and restoring to it those life-giving elements that promoted social harmony in the days of its early life.

Among the Aryans, woman has always been held in high esteem and honour and has enjoyed a large measure of liberty and power. The Hindu doctrine of Motherhood of God and the adoration of Lakshmi and Saraswati as the goddesses of wealth and learning signify the recognition of the divinity inherent in womanhood. One of the Upanishads boldly declares: 'Where woman is honoured, there the gods are pleased.' They have an important function in the performance of the religious ceremonies of the Brahmans, and in family and social life generally they wield enormous influence unseen of the outside world. In India women like Maitreyi and Gargi have in all ages distinguished themselves by their learning and scholarship, and a few have even composed some sacred hymns of the Vedas. The moral and spiritual influence of the lives of such ideal women as Sita and Savitri and the heroic and self-sacrificing devotion of the Rajput women as wives or Sutees have moulded and inspired the lives of countless generations of our people. The spiritual tendency of Hindu culture breathes also through their ideal of marriage, which is the dearest and tenderest bond between the sexes. According to them, marriage is not a mere social contract or temporary alliance, but a sacrament, an inviolable eternal union of two souls during their life in this world and the world beyond. This holy conception of marital relantionship has invested the domestic life of the Hindus with a peculiar sentiment of sanctity, however, dimly we might be conscious of it in our prosaic lives.

Another institution that reveals the spiritual character of their culture in its most beautiful light is the Gurukula system of education. In no other country in the world have the relations between the teacher and student, the Guru and Shishya, been so cordial and happy as in India,—the loving sympathy of the one and the reverent obedience of the other meeting in fraternal union in quest of Truth in those living temples of national culture. In the forest Ashramas or universities like those of Nalanda and Taxila, where education and boarding were completely free, the students used to live in their thousands to drink deep of the fountains of worldly knowledge and divine wisdom from the lips of their revered and learned teachers. What a beautiful ideal to contemplate! Attempts have been made in recent times to revive the spirit of this ancient system in the educational institutions at Haridwar and Bolpur. All glory to those noble souls that have the vision and the faith to remain true to the spiritual ideal of their ancestral culture!

IV.

THE special genius of Hindu culture has found adequate self-expression in their literature, arts and science. All their genuine creative work has been inspired by spiritual ideals and is suffused with a pure spiritual light. There is a general misconception that ancient Sanskrit literature is confined only to religion and philosophy. While it is true that the volume of religious and philosophical literature is very large, it is really encyclopædic in character and wide and deep as the sea.

The western ideal of 'Art for arts sake' has never found favour with Hindu men of letters. On the other hand, even the vast body of secular literature is spiritual in tone and moral in aim. Their authors have tried to represent the eternal and imperishable elements underlying human life, leaving aside the Vedas, Upanishads, the Vedanta and other works that treat of purely religious subjects, there is a rich mine in the realm of poetry, drama and other literary forms. The two sublime epics, the *Ramayana*, and the *Mahabharata*, besides the grandeur of their plots, the idealism of their characters, and the ethical loftiness of their ideas and sentiments, have furnished spiritual solace to millions of men and women and inspired them to lead good and noble lives. The Puranas also, like the *Vishnupurana*, *Bhagavata*, etc., have exercised a profound influence on the religious and social consciousness of the people. The drama, which aims at a faithful representation of the outer world in miniature, has been made to subserve a moral and ethical purpose in India. Such plays as *Shakuntala*, *Harishchandra Nataka*, *Chandrahasacharita*, *Nalacharita*, *Gita Govinda*, and many others have always stirred the hearts of the masses of the people on account of the deep moral truths and precepts and ideals inculcated by them. Even in modern times such works alone have won an abiding place in the different vernacular literatures of the country as have a spiritual back-ground or spiritual motives underlying them. The universal popularity and appeal of Dr. Rabindranath Tagore are in no small measure due to a happy blending of the mystic and spiritual and idealistic interpretation of life and its complex problems in his poems and dramas.

Art reveals the racial spirit of a people as truly as literature and the Hindus have never allowed the æsthetic side of their being to be starved. But in their pursuit of beauty and cultivation of the fine arts, they have not been content with the expression of mere sensuous forms that gratify the lust of the eye., According to their conception, Art is a manifestation of divinity and its function 'to interpret God to all of us.' The aim of the artist is to see the divine in all things and unveil and interpret the divine nature, the soul, immanent in them. As an eminent critic says: "Hindu art is the child of Yoga, Western art is the child of Science." So, unlike the western ideal that accepts imitation and imaginative representation as their methods of work, the Hindu artist is enjoined to have first *Sakshad Darsan* or a spiritual vision of the object and then *Samyag Gnan* or communion with the soul of the object before he tries to embody it in immortal artistic forms. The dictum of Keats about the identity of Beauty and Truth has been the inspiring ideal of Hindu art for many centuries. The spiritual function and value of all art is emphasized by Sukracharya when he says: "It is always commendable for the artist to draw the images of the gods. To make human figures is wrong and even impious." Therefore the highest and best forms of æsthetic manifestation in India have taken the shape of objects and forms that minister not to human comfort but to divine glory. Her architectural achievements are in her temples like those in Rameswaram and Srirangam, her Chaityas or Buddhist churches as in Karli and Sanchi; her perfect sculptural forms are the images of gods and goddesses in stone or bronze; her masterpieces in painting are those of the Divine Incarnations or saints and heroes who have moulded her religious life as exhibited in the Ajanta frescoes and the pictures of the new Bengal School of Painters inspired by Mr. Avanindranath Tagore; and her most entrancing music is that which pours out the soul-hunger of the Bhakta for divine love in a flood of rapturous melody. Thus the mainsprings of Hindu art are essentially spiritual and idealistic in their motives and methods.

Even Science, which is admittedly a secular subject, has had a religious origin or spiritual bent in India. Ayurveda, which includes in its scope physiology and medicine, is treated as a part of Veda or sacred love. The science of chemistry was unselfishly pursued chiefly by the Buddhist monks like Nagarjuna and Yasodhara in their peaceful, sequestered monasteries far from the madding crowd. The Hindus have generally been believers in Astrology, the science which predicts the influence of the stars and planets on human destiny. And it is well-known that Geometry had its origin among the Hindus in connection with the construction of altars of specified shapes and areas for sacrificial rites.

Says a great modern thinker: "Not in possessions but in ideals are to be found the seeds of immortality."

V.

FROM the foregoing investigation it is clear that the basis of Hindu civilisation is religion and its essential characteristic spirituality. What is the nature of the religion, the soul-idea, that has been the law of its growth and development? India is the cradle of ancient civilisation, and Hinduism, the mother of many religions and creeds. It is universal and all-embracing. It is a unique combination of the noblest religions and the sublimest philosophy, thereby gaining in unity and profundity. So comprehensive is its range that it is suited to men of all stages of development, to the lisping child as well as to the sagacious philosopher. It gives scope for unlimited self-development based on the highest truth, *viz.*, the individual realisation of the unity, nay, identity, of all life. Unlike other faiths, it appeals equally to persons of all capacities and temperaments by providing the threefold Marga leading to the same Brahman, *viz.*, *Karma*, *Bhakti* and *Gnana*. Thus alike to the energetic man of action, to the devotee overflowing with love, and to the soaring thinker and sage, it offers spiritual food, through its numerous ceremonies and sacraments, suited to their inborn nature and tendency. Above all, it has always preached and practised toleration towards other creeds by proclaiming the doctrine that all religions are true and are but varied phases of the same Absolute One. Her giving shelter to the early Syrian Christians and the Parsis, when they were persecuted and driven away from their homelands on account of their religious faith, is a glowing proof of their tolerance and catholicity of spirit. Thus throughout the past, India has shown her pure devotion to a spiritual ideal by emphasizing that the spiritual is the only real.

What is to be the future of this ancient culture? It is the duty of all Hindus to conserve and preserve that rich heritage or Dharma if they are not to commit national suicide. Because it is that national soul or Bharata Shakti that has kept them a living race through the ages. What shall it profit a nation to gain the whole world and lose its own soul? No people can prove false to the spirit of their historic past and live; and the Hindus cannot survive even for a day if they cut themselves off from the sheet-anchor of their spiritual inheritance.

By the dispensation of Providence European and Indian civilisations have met and come into close though sharp contrast in our country. That there are fundamental and radical differences in the ideals and the outlook on life between them is undeniable. The outlook of western civilisation is generally materialistic and commercial and their aim worldly happiness; whereas the Hindu ideal of life has been self-realisation and the attainment of Moksha. To the western mind civilisation and progress mean the making of life more complex, multiplying material wants and comforts and devising measures to gratify them by inventing machines and harnessing the powers of nature; but the Hindus have upheld the principle of simplicity of life, restricting and restraining physical wants and desires, and seeking to find real happiness in inward peace and contentment, in the natural harmony of body and mind and spirit, rather than in the outer world of unbridled sense enjoyment. But it has been asked whether India can, in the present state of her history, remain isolated from the rest of the world and go back to her distant past. That has never been and never should be her policy. The secret of her past vitality consists in her power of intelligent adaptation to her environment and assimilation of materials from outside that are in tune with her spiritual nature and conducive to her growth and expansion.

THE GENIUS OF HINDU CULTURE.

India has played a not inglorious part in the past history of the world and a more glorious destiny is awaiting her. As Rabindranath Tagore recently declared in one of his speeches in Europe, "The greatest event of our century has been the meeting of the East and West,' and it has been ordained in the interests of the higher evolution of the human race. In order to fulfil that sacred function, to deliver her divine message to the world, India should remain unflinchingly true to her national soul, her eternal principle of *Swarajya Sidhi* or spiritual autonomy. 'The whole world,' says Sir John Woodroffe, 'will benefit from a variety of vital self-active cultures.' The western nations, disillusioned by the disastrous horrors of the late devastating war, have realised the brittle foundations on which they had reared their mechanical civilisation, and are now turning to the East for a new spiritual illumination. India has been the teacher of Asia in the past, and to play her part in the new world, she should endeavour, while maintaining her own *Swadharma*, to evolve a higher harmonious synthesis of life by blending her philosophy and their science, her inner life of introspection with their outer life of disinterested social service. That such a balancing of the ideal and the practical, the spiritual and the temporal, is practicable is illustrated by the lives of some of her noblest sons who have imbibed the best elements of both cultures. The saintly Swami Vivekananda has spread the pure light of Vedanta through the western lands; the epoch-making scientific discoveries of Dr J. C. Bose have demonstrated the Vedantic doctrine of the unity of all life in the world; and the mystic and spiritual appeal of Rabindranath's poetry is finding a responsive echo in the hearts of eastern as well as western nations. They are the pioneers of the new era. May we, the children of the Mother, have sufficient strength, insight and faith in our own eternal Dharma so that this ancient *Karma Bhumi* may yet contribute her spiritual wealth to the regeneration and elevation of humanity!

Cacoethes Scribendi.

By Fancis Geldart.

IT may seem gravely inconsistent to write the above words and then proceed to perpetuate the evil by further writing. However, if this be objectionable, it must be admitted there would be similar reasons for stultifying the efforts of many well-meaning reformers. How, for instance, could a temperance advocate succeed if not allowed to have his say about the allurements of drink? He must be permitted to use even intemperate language at times, though we may not approve of the recorded case of that orator, who, to add force to his arguments, exhibited a drunken brother at his meetings as the horrible example. To oppose gambling successfully must also involve illuminating particulars. Indeed one might go further and say that to deal satisfactorily with any subject requires knowledge gained by a pretty close acquaintance.

Of this evil habit of writing I wish to speak, and claim to do so with the authority of a delinquent; but not knowing any other method, must write to show why one should not write. The following are my reasons :—

Writing is so often unnecessary, and therefore wastes the time of the reader; it also tends to destroy his self-reliance thus weakening the intelligence; it leads to much confusion of thought and so to a large extent interferes with moral improvement and true mental culture.

Each of these charges will of course be met by vehement denial.

Writing is frequently unnecessary. The truth of this assertion may be easily proved. Take articles in periodicals or newspapers or passages from books that appear worthy of note. Put these down in a list, and when this has grown to a considerable length, go through the whole, striking out all those things that you have read previously or heard of before. I venture to predict that an honest attempt to find an original thought or idea will prove that such things are very rare indeed. Nor is this to be wondered at.

Long before there was a library at the British Museum, and even before Ptolemy Soter's Alexandrian Library (which collection is said to have contained 700,000 volumes, a portion of which was burned during Julius Cæsar's siege, the remainder when Christian fanatics completed the destruction in 391 A.D.) a wise man had said that of the making of books there was no end, and also that much learning was a weariness to the flesh. Great we may think the loss of these literary treasures, and also that of a later collection ruthlessly burned by the Arabs under the Caliph Omar in 641. Nevertheless we may feel pretty certain that writing after writing of this last storehouse was but a repetition of previous works. It is curious also to note how this final blow to the literature of the times called forth the words said to have been used by Omar to his captain Amru, which will show how in writing thus I am also repeating an old idea, and perhaps taking unnecessary trouble to show the futility of much that is written. For did not the Caliph say :—" If these writings of the Greeks agree with the Koran they are useless, and need not be preserved ; if they disagree they are pernicious, and ought to be destroyed ? "

True, oh Caliph ! I agree with you, and so of course it follows that what I say need not be preserved.

Here though it may be argued that a good thought can never be too often repeated. This can surely not be disputed. There is a difference, however, between a quotation, and what may have the appearance of literary invention. The mere mention of this should remind us that in the name of honesty we ought to write much less than we do. For as Goethe said truly :—

"If I could give an account of all that I owe to great predecessors and contemporaries, there would be left but a small balance in my favour."

By all means let good words be repeated, but that they may lose nothing of their value, they should be rightly attributed, and not wrongly appropriated. If such were customary one evil form of writing would be less common.

There is too another kind of literature that to a greater or less degree may be called unnecessary. Some years ago I was painfully aware—as who could help being?—that many of our fellow-countrymen were very poor, and indeed did not have sufficient food for their health or to carry out their duties. Subsistence was barely possible; such was a palpable fact; to state it is a truism. But a good philanthropist set himself the task of proving this very obvious matter and produced a book replete with arguments, statistics and data resulting from much research. In short, the reader was as he often is, led on to read what he knew perfectly well before doing so Frequently we are cajoled into reading a book that has been written with little or no reason, and feel inclined to repeat the old cynicism and say that in it are "many things true but not new," and consider ourselves lucky if we have not to add that the remainder is "new but not true!"

But there is something more. If what has been said is warranted, there must inevitably be great waste of time in much that is written. In the first place the writer himself suffers. By my side as I write there is a drawer containing an accumulation of papers that rest there and are useless even to the one who wrote, save as a warning. These things have been relegated to this hiding-place, mainly because after reperusal or later knowledge they appear like stolen goods! What time was wasted in writing! What squandering of precious hours if read. Such things must eventually meet the only fate they deserve.

Again it is indeed questionable whether the craze for both writing and reading is nearly so valuable an aid to what I would call intellectual independence as we commonly suppose. For it may be that the omniverous reader loses more than he thinks he gains. Reading may be a stimulant to thought, but like alcohol or drugs lose its beneficial temporary effect; it is not necessarily mental food of a nutritious kind. Unless accompanied by the exercise which the mind gives itself, self-assertion, self-confidence of the right kind is lost: The French writer Sénancour has observed that if one can talk for ten hours on end, one may surely write for two. But what of the man who reads for the greater period, and does not allow himself to speak or think for even a short time?

Schopenhauer very truly observed, "When we read, another person thinks for us; we merely repeat his mental process. . . . . And so it happens that the person who reads a great deal—that is to say, almost the whole day, and recreates himself by spending the intervals in thoughtless diversion, gradually loses the ability to think for himself; just as a man who is always riding at last forgets how to walk." Again as he says in another place: "The man who thinks for himself, is like a living man as made by nature . . . . Reading is thinking with some one else's head instead of one's own.

Put another way Fanny Burney said, "Better are parts without education than education without parts."

In any case it is reasonable to suppose that continual storing of the thoughts of others may bring feebleness and not strength to a mind which is not allowed freedom to venture forth for itself and in its own way.

Again, the immense output of literatare of all kinds will lead the average reader to much confusion of thought. Even if he keeps for a time to one subject, the number of writers and varied views will make him forget what he first read, and the contradictory theories and versions leave him in a condition little better than complete ignorance, so irresolute and undecided has he become. Furthermore, if we consider how few readers avoid diversity, we may realise how impossible it is to retain anything like a true recollection of the matter contained in so many books. One is appalled to think of the thousands of words, or rather the millions of words in the thousands of books!

Being honoured one day by a learned friend who introduced me to the chief librarian of a large library, I could not help expressing my own feelings as I looked at the tiers of volumes surrounding us.

"This quite oppresses me," I said.

"Indeed?" Queried the curator of the volumes.

"Yes," I said, "the sight of so many books always depresses me, as I am painfully aware of my ignorance, which would probably be increased if I attempted to read them."

People recommend you to read much and often, but how in the name of common sense is that going to help any but an admirable Crichton? Most of us being the fools we undoubtedly are, have to thank the writers of books for increasing our foolishness by muddling and confusing our brains.

How ephemeral too is literature, including of course for the present purpose the novel! Think of those millions of books carted away after being sold by the hundredweight! Some may perhaps be sufficiently well-preserved to reach a second-hand shop, but all must come eventually to an ignominious end. Nor is this all, for we must remember that for all the books and articles published there must be many more that never see the light of day. Yet men and women still write. The thought of all this loss is harrowing.

Who would not be touched by the story too of 'Daddy' Crisp whose written tragedy as recorded by Madame D'Arblay was such a failure? Little do we know how much ink this good man wasted before learning the error of his ways; but it was probably not such a prodigal squandering as that of poor Robert Montgomery who paid the penalty of his remarks, no doubt when reading what Macaulay had to say about him.

Why should there be this mania for scribbling? So much purposeless effort seems inexplicable, and it is doubtful if any real explanation has ever been furnished. This at least must be admitted; the prodigality of written words through so many centuries, in different lands, amongst such numerous races is wonderful. We are startled if we think seriously about it. No cessation seems at all probable. Customs, fashions, methods of all kinds wax and wane; morals change for better or for worse; dynasties rise and fall; systems of government pass away, and old-time beliefs become effete; but books, journals, pamphlets, written matter of all kinds show no signs of diminution. To write seems as much part of nature's laws as the preservation of life or anything else.

But seriously—for much of the above is trifling with the question—it is worth while to look into this subject a little closely. Without wishing to be dogmatic, I would suggest the following for consideration :—

All men are endowed more or less with a creative instinct. They have been created and desire to create! Thoughts associated with the wonderland around come to them; they must respond and repeat. But egoism says, I claim these as mine, and my own words will I give to the world. Man feels ideals as rightful possessions and more that he is the author of his own thoughts. He forgets the distinction between author and editor; that he is not really creating, but only putting forth. For the wish is father to the thought and the created one thinks he creates, or at any rate wishes so to do.

Nor must we suppose that this is all wrong. It is a natural desire, belonging to all in greater or less degree, in one form or another—this longing to create. Moreover at times the craving results in that without which the world would be poor indeed. It is as if all mankind had a hunger for genius; but the nine muses seem mean and unwilling to satisfy this hunger. We doubt whether to blame the muses of history, lyric, poetry, comedy, or tragedy for being so much behind Erato in furnishing satisfying food. For after all it must have been discouraging the supply of other things when the demand was chiefly for the erotic.

Beside the instinct to create which with egoism may be considered as mainly responsible for this so-called *cacoethes scribendi* there is another contributing cause. In this mysterious life, replete with wonders, it is not surprising that any should be stirred to the depth of his being with the marvel of it all. From sunrise to sunset, from dreamland to reality, with the amazing profusion of life, the insects, birds and beasts, the actions of fellow creatures, the glimpse of the universe on a starry night, the sights and sounds of pain and joy, the knowledge of life, the certainty of death, it would be strange indeed if thoughts innumerable did not come in overwhelming numbers to the mind. What is to become of these? There is a yearning to be satisfied. They must be registered and preserved. Words fail in conversation. There is too much to be told, and even a sympathetic ear cannot always be tuned and ready to receive and respond. So writing comes to our aid and a record is kept.

Such it would seem are the good reasons for the writing of books and other things that have no end. Vanity is doubtless at times responsible, mercenary promptings but too well known, and there are writings due to the evil love of stirring up and appealing to the passions and wickedness of men! From all such may we be delivered! But of the true writer, whether his work sees the light of day or not, let us not think harshly, and accuse him of this cacoethes. His desire may well be pure and natural; as the artist sketches, or the musician sings, if he is human he will write! Though much seems wasted and unnecessary forbid him not. He was given words to speak, so surely he may write.

As with any gift, impulse or desire, however, there is a good and bad use to which writing may be put. Whatever we may feel as to the evils of this plethora of written words, it must be remembered that responsibility rests with the reader as well as the writer. There is a market for rubbish, a demand for the pernicious, bad taste, low ideals are the cause as well as the effect of inferior literature.

Not very long ago we were shocked and startled to see a flagrant example of this kind of thing. A book displaying almost everything that was bad in style, tone and taste, was purchased by publishers for a sum that would have made some poor author or authoress independent for life. That it dealt with well-known characters and matters of public interest, in no way atoned for its puerile inanity, questionable method, and inferior writing. Whatever the cause of the book's notoriety, there was certainly no excuse for the authoress! Still if people will read and pay for rubbish, what wonder if the supply is forthcoming. It is easier to produce than the better article, and money is often desired if not needed by the writer.

All this, however, is a very old story. But there is another objectionable feature to be mentioned. There are certainly many who for simple bread and butter pander to a depraved market. But what shall we say of those who make the position of these ill-paid ones harder still through competition, though these well-circumstanced could easily afford to dispense with any payment. Had they a message for the world which no one else could deliver there might be some excuse for them, but these exalted personages are too often the chief of plagiarists, and the world could spare them all their labour.

Thus it may be concluded that much writing is to be condemned and much to be commended. The evil habit of writing is not so great as we might think, and blame is to be attributed more to the reader than to the writer.

Bad choice of books, reviews and newspapers does incalculable harm, and the chief condemnation should be reserved for those who use them. Were it not for such as these the temptation to write what is bad would be hindered if not destroyed, the gift of words be purified, and used as the Author of all intended, His purpose be carried out for the uplifting of men and women who speak or write too much and in this world the little specks in His universe, are often traitors to their trust and calling, which is neither to the spoken or written word, but to serious reverent thought!

"The boasted Athenians," said Johnson, "were barbarians. The mass of every people must be barbarous where there is no printing."

But as Macaulay answers him :—

"An Athenian citizen might possess very few volumes; and the largest library to which he had access might be much less valuable than Johnson's book case in Bolt Court. But the Athenian might pass every morning in conversation with Socrates, and might hear Pericles speak four or five times every month. He saw the plays of Sophocles and Aristophanes;—he walked amidst the friezes of Phidias and the paintings of Zeuxis;—he knew by heart the choruses of Æschylus;—he heard the rhapsodist at the corner of the street reciting the Shield of Achilles or the Death of Argus;—he was a legislator conversant with high questions of alliance, revenue, and war;—he was a soldier trained under a liberal and generous discipline: he was a judge, compelled every day to weigh the effect of opposite arguments."

Perhaps we may close with what seems a fitting commentary on the above words, by further quoting Macaulay. For did he not say truly of Johnson :—"The reputation of those writings which he probably expected to be immortal, is every day fading; while those peculiarities of manner and that careless table-talk, the memory of which he probably thought would die with him, are likely to be remembered as long as the English language is spoken in any quarter of the globe.'

To which we may add that notwithstanding his own panegyric in honour of the Athenian, who read so little, there has lived one great essayist whose works will never die—for they were good and the writer great.

The Light of To-day.

By Narendra Lal Ganguli.

ALL the world over there is now a manifest commotion seemingly full of life—tremendous events are daily happening—the gigantic slides of the kaleidoscopic view of the world-war shifting incessantly before our eyes, the stirs of socialism trying to burst asunder the fetters of antiquated systems, the political dependencies trying to assert their claims to independent constitution, the hungry, scarce-clad millions crying aloud with one voice for food and raiments, to which they feel themselves of all rights of humanity fully entitled, the bundling of the economic problems, vast in their magnitude, blasting in their effects, the straining of the scientific imagination and the resources of the industrial enterprises with their perennial issues of conflicting interests and spoliation—matters of the very utmost concern to every individual as to every nation. It is probable, therefore, that in this hurry-skurry in which every people is busy calculating its own share of aggrandizements, losses and gains, broadest and the most universal issues have escaped notice. But for ought we know, the time has come when a rehabilitation of the world is impending and perhaps necessary. It has been at last clearly discovered that international interests are so intricately interwoven like threads in a fabric that the murder of a single man may involve the most powerful nations of the world in a war with one another. How this may be, or what conclusions this fact may suggest is still a question unregarded, uncared for changes, we all feel, have come; but what these changes are in their essential character we have not yet determined. We are chiefly busy adjusting ourselves to these changes by as tight a screw move as will just take us skimming past the danger and then with a little resiliency jerk us back to the old position again. This attitude certainly presupposes our unconcious assent to yield ourselves, ripe corns to every mowing scythe of change. But the voice of Wisdom rings still in the air; let him hark who will.

We have so long confined the world between the four posts of the four arithmetical rules of addition, subtraction, multiplication and division. We thought we could calculate all possible happenings just on our fingers. So thought Germany when balancing the number of her guns against the world's, she discovered that two being more than one, the odds certainly stood in her favour in a war against the world. Why then does she fail? The answer should probably be: she did not count the probability of internecine conflicts within her own empire. Well, did anybody else count it? None; none foresaw the coming travail within her own womb, none foresaw the disastrous issue that she was going to bring forth. But this internal eruption was not uncaused. It was certainly long in preparation. Where was its beginning? Where was the beginning of that apparently sudden movement which speedily developed into an impulse mighty enough to fling away the Czardom in the twinkling of an eye, the dreaded despot of yesterday standing on trial before a tribunal of peasants? Where may be the beginning of that power which moves to-day in the breasts of the uncounted millions of India as they spontaneously lift their voice for freedom. These are questions which it is suicidal to blink at.

Let us consider these facts a little more closely. The labour and the socialistic movements of which we hear so much to-day bear unquestionable witness to the fact that a consciousness is awakening all around—a consciousness of individual claims and aspirations. It is now believed that there need be no such classes as must suffer on the score of the argument that the allocation of the world's various spheres of activity and concerns makes it necessary for some to bear always the brunt of poverty and wrongs that cannot be helped. It is now believed that the world may possibly be so reconstituted that none may necessarily suffer. It is moreover believed that a sluggishness and a most unwarrantable selfishness on the part of a minority is responsible for the existing miserable conditions of the greatest part of mankind. It is felt that something divine has its seat even in the commonest man, that may not tolerate oppression but continually exerts itself for freedom. It will be by and by known that man is not a mechanical instrument that yields to physical power, but has a soul irrespective of its material circumvent.

To-day we hear something of soul-force. Save me from the calculators who if they get the wind of it will rush forward to measure its power, as whether of so many volts or so many horse-power able to do so many foot-pounds of work an hour! Let there be no statics or dynamics of it. Let it remain what it is, --an incalculable, unlimited power, somewhat mysterious, if you will. But take cognisance of it, even if it does not yield to the counting on fingers. Not merely that. May we not believe, if we are not boorishly drunk of materialism, that a reconstitution of the world-systems on the basis of soul-units may yet be possible and found satisfactory?

I do believe the significance of the modern wars is very appreciably altered when appraised in the light of the experiences which we the children of the twentieth century inherit. It is not merely economic fluctuations or political enterprises which are essentially responsible for these periodical wars which are becoming so frequent. I almost fancy I can hear mysterious groan undertuning the drums and fifes, as if the spirituality of man is feebly moaning under the blusters of materialism. I believe, these wars typify the struggle between the spiritualistic and the materialistic destinies of humanity, the eternal struggle between the Eagle and the Serpent of Shelley. It was felt by the Allies in the recent war that they were fighting for a good cause and whenever they sent their prayers to the Almighty they said they were defending the cause of humanity. For the first time perhaps in the annals of the world a great political war has been credibly interpreted as a war between virtue and vice, between freedom and autocracy, between liberalism and militarism. We see now how the angle of vision is already changed. And when the people wage war against their own government they put it roughly that they are sufficiently responsible themselves for their own conduct in life and require no High-handed authority for keeping them to the proper parts. All struggles are thus putting on an appearance of spiritually righting wrongs. The recent political developments in India illustrate the point. The Satyagrahi movement, the Anti Peace Celebration movement, the Civic Rights Committee and so many others—it is useless to name them—attest to a growing passive opposition of an half-educated people to the most powerful Bureaucracy in the world and the fact is very enlightening that they can no more be opposed than the mass of water with swords and guns. Thus in all struggles of to-day we are gradually coming to recognise the bearing of the cause itself, a position which once we have held almost involuntarily leads us to a discovery of the spiritualistic significance of these international or internecine conflicts.

(To be concluded in the next issue).

Daddy.

By Stephen Guyon.

BILLY'S father had been taken away. Billy did not understand it at all, but he felt in a dim, uncomprehending way that there was something not quite right about it. For one thing, his father had forgotten to kiss him when he went away. This was an unheard of thing. Billy's eyes filled with tears at the recollection of it.

"Daddy never did go away before without kissing his little boy. Daddy can't love his little boy any more," he muttered mournfully as he walked slowly up the gravel path to the house door.

That thought hurt dreadfully but the remembrance of something strange and awful in his father's eyes hurt worse still.

Daddy had such jolly eyes—eyes that were often brimming with merriment. But to-day something strange looked out of them and pierced his little son to the heart.

The house was empty, for, lately, Daddy had taken to stay at home and Mummy had gone out to work. Billy had supposed that Daddy was not quite well for he was much quieter than usual and did not smile so often; and when he did smile, the smile was "different some how." But with childish optimism. Billy said to himself, "Daddy will soon be better." Daddy was a handy man about the house, as unselfish men almost invariably are, and everything was perfectly neat and clean. But the emptiness and loneliness were not bearable. So Billy turned his back upon it and ran as fast as his sturdy little legs could carry him to Miss Ursa.

Miss Ursa would kiss him and hold him in her arms. There was something very soothing about

Miss Ursa when you had toothache or any other pain: And just now Billy had a strange ache in his chest that made him long more than ever before for the comforting voice and touch of his friend.

He ran so fast that it was a very hot, flushed little boy who rushed unceremoniously into Miss Ursula March's sitting-room and was folded in her arms. The child hid his convulsed face on her shoulder and sobbed as if his heart would break. Ursula spoke fond, foolish words to comfort him.

"What is it all about, dear one?" she asked when the sobs began to subside.

"A big, tall man did come and did take my Daddy away. And Daddy *didn't* want to go. He did say nothing; but he didn't *want* to go away. But he did go. And he didn't kiss his little boy. And oh, Miss Ursa, what, *what* was the matter with Daddy's eyes? They did hurt when you did look at them."

Ursula failed to choke back the sob that rose in her throat.

"Father of all, help me to comfort this innocent child," she prayed. "And the poor little wife and mother," she added.

Then Ursula was her own calm, strong self again. She stilled her emotion by an effort of will and her motherly hand caressed the boy's hot brow and flushed cheeks. Soon he felt her perfect inner stillness and was soothed by it. When his sobs ceased, Ursula spoke.

"Billy, your father was always kind to you, was he not?"

"The best Daddy in all the world, of course he was kind," Billy made prompt response.

"What did he do when you were naughty?"

"He did smack my hands when I was dreadfully naughty and did do what he did tell me not to do."

"Was not that unkind?"

"No," Billy said stoutly, "'cause I was naughty—dreadfully naughty."

"And what did he and Mummy do when you got hold of things that might hurt you?"

"Like big knives and Daddy's scythe?" Billy wanted to know.

"Yes, like those things."

"Mummy and Daddy did take them away and did say, 'Billy mustn't touch it.'"

"And was not that unkind?"

"'Course not," Billy replied wondering why Miss Ursa should ask such silly questions to-day.

"And when you go near dangerous places, such as the river, you know?"

"They fetch me away and say, 'Naughty Billy to go there alone! Billy might fall in?'"

"You made all those mistakes, Billy, and Mummy and Daddy had to correct, and sometimes punish, their little boy. That hurt Billy. Did it not?"

"Yes, it made Billy cry—but not much 'cause Billy was not really hurted—not hurted like Daddy's eyes did hurt, and Daddy not kissing his little boy," Billy said, the great tears gathering in his eyes again:

"Daddy was hurt himself, Billy, and could not kiss his little boy without crying; and Daddy did not want to cry so he thought it better to go away this time without kissing you. But he loves you just the same. Billy," Ursula said solemnly, "grown-up people as well as little boys made mistakes sometimes and then their Father—'Our Father in Heaven,' you know, Billy—takes things from them for a little while and teaches them not to make these mistakes again."

"Does you and Daddy and Mummy make mistakes?" Billy asked wonderingly.

"Yes, we all make mistakes, and the mistakes hurt us and hurt others. and having the things taken away hurts dreadfully."

"Was it that that did hurt Daddy to-day and did make his eyes so dreadful?"

"Yes, dear one. Daddy make a mistake and Daddy is sorry and Daddy has to leave Billy and

Mummy for a little while and learn a very hard lesson. But it will soon be all right, little one, though it makes us cry now," Ursula said, unable to restrain her tears.

"I do want to kiss my Daddy—such a dear Daddy—and tell him, Billy does love him ever so much."

"You shall send him some big kisses in a letter," Ursula said. "And now, Billy, Mummy will soon be coming home and we must be there to welcome her," she added.

When Mrs. Jethro reached home Billy and Ursula had tea ready for her. As soon as the weary woman saw Ursula' face she knew the blow she had been dreading for so many days had fallen.

"He's gone?" she questioned hoarsely. Ursula nodded.

"Don't Mummy, don't," Billy pleaded. "Don't let your eyes hurt like Daddy's hurted. Billy will kiss Mummy and Daddy will be all right; Miss Ursa says" so.

"He knows?" The mother's white lips framed the question and again Ursula nodded.

"Billy," Ursula said suddenly, "I have not got any of those pretty yellow flowers in my garden; do gather some for me."

Billy ran off obediently.

Then Ursula told all she knew.

"My poor dear ones! We shall never be able to hold up our heads again," wailed the poor wife and mother.

"You will be brave for their sakes," Ursula said, and again her still strength and deep understanding sympathy had its soothing effect.

"How could he do it?" asked the unhappy woman when she had recovered some calmness. "It would have been better for us to have starved. I cannot understand it, for he was never of a grasping disposition or eager for wealth."

"No, he is a good man who fell for a moment below his true self. He was careless in money matters and 'borrowed' what he had no right to, intending to repay it. Is that not so?"

"Yes, he says he meant to replace it but he has had many losses and now they call it theft. It *is* theft," she added with a shiver."

"Yes, and if Mr. Jethro had called it theft he would never have used the money. We should escape many a sin if we called actions by their proper names. Fewer men would ever even think of embezzling if they did not call it borrowing in the first instance. But, dear friend, it is not for us to judge any one. It is ours to comfort and cheer, to strengthen and sustain—and love. We can help your husband by sending to him thoughts such as these."

"Yes, I know our thoughts can help or hurt and I'll try to be brave. For indeed he is good—a good husband—a good father—a good man, although he fell. And oh, he has been so miserable!" she added with an irresponsible sob. "He tried not to show it but he has been wretched. The fact that he has acted as he has done hurts worse than the penalty can hurt. Except that now each of us has to suffer alone."

Ursula's heart was wrung with pity.

"I know, dear, I know," she said tenderly. "One whom I loved dearly fell in the same way and we had to suffer, each one alone." The words cost her much but they had the desired effect of calling Mrs. Jethro's mind off her own grief for a moment.

"Ah!" she exclaimed, "now I know why you are so good and compassionate to all who suffer. I have often marvelled at your unvarying loving-kindness." Then her mind reverting to her own sorrow, she said, "It will be a fearfully hard struggle for us. We have nothing—not even a home. But the owner of this house will let us stay in it if I can manage to pay the rent."

"You are scarcely strong enough for the work you are doing. Do you think you will be able to go on with it?"

"I *must* go on with it. For I cannot earn enough to keep a roof over our heads in any other way."

"It is a barbarous law that penalises a man's wife and children for his fault. A part of the worth of his work should go to the maintenance of his family. But we have to face things as they are, not as they ought to be," Ursula said sadly.

"I do not know what to do with Billy while I go to work each day now that his father is not at home to take care of him," Mrs. Jethro said despairingly.

"Let him come to me every day. I shall love to have him and I will take good care of him."

A sudden fierce fit of jealousy seized the poor mother.

"You shall not have him!" she cried furiously. "You shall not have him, for you will be sweet and lovable, and so kind that he will love you more than he will love me. Because when he sees me, in the evenings and early mornings I shall be tired and irritable, hurried and worn out. Even on Sundays I shall be busy with housework that I cannot overtake during the week. He will not love me when he compares me with you."

Ursula's calm eyes met the fierce gaze of the infuriated mother for a full minute. Then she held out her arms and in another moment the poor tortured woman was weeping on her shoulder.

"Oh, my dear," Ursula said, "he shall love you more than all the world besides—you and Daddy whom he calls the best Daddy in all the world. Trust me, only trust me; I will be loyal to you; I will teach him to love and honour you above all women, and I will teach him, notwithstanding all the world may say to the contrary that it is a privilege to be his father's son. I *can* teach him that because I have learnt through better sorrow that such a thing is possible. But above all he shall love you—love you and appreciate all you are doing for your two dear ones. I shall be as nothing to him compared with you.

* * * * *

Ursula kept her word. For three years she took care of Billy every day while the frail mother worked for a bare living for them both and the father worked for a government that took without scruple all the fruit of his labour and left his dependants to fare as they might. And Billy's love for his parents grew as he grew.

Translation from the Hungarian of Alexander Petofi.

By Sirdar Umrao Singh.

The Winter Evenings.

Where has gone the variegated rainbow from the sky?
Where has gone the variegated flower from the meadows?
Where is the brook's murmur, where the bird's song,
And all the ornament and treasure of summer and the Spring?
All, all are gone! only memory summons them up
Like wan shades of the grave.
Nothing can be seen save the snow and the clouds;
The earth is beggared, the winter has robbed her.

The earth is like to an old beggar, verily,
On her shoulders a white but patchy coverlet,
Is patched with ice, still in tatters here and there,
In many places the naked body looks out,
So she stands in the cold trembling, the misery
Is thickly painted on her fainting form.
What should a man do, out in such weather
Now, there within the room life is beautiful
Let him thank God whom God has blessed,
Giving him warm shelter and a family
What happiness is now in the good warm room,
And in the warm room a friendly family!
Now every little hut is a fairy palace,
If there is wood to be laid on the grate
And each good word, which at other times
Flies away into the air perchance, now finds its way into the heart's centre.

Especially the evenings, how beautiful at such times!
Ye would not believe perhaps, if you did not know them.
The head of the family, up there sits by the big table
Confidently conversing with neighbours and friends
Pipes in their mouths, before them stands the flask

Filled with the cellar's oldest wine,
The bottom of the flask they do not find
However they endeavour—it fills anew ere it empties.

The good housewife offers them (meats and drink)
Fear not that something will be neglected of her work !
Hey ! for knows she well, what, how, should be,
For her duty she has learnt well ;
She deals not lightly with the honour of the house,
And none can say of her, she is niggardly or lazy.
She bustles about here and there, and ceaselessly says
" Please Mr. neighbour, please Mr. friend "
(Have some more, neighbour, have some more friends.)

They thank her, and take one sip,
And if the pipes burn out, they fill them anew,
And as the pipe-smoke curls in the air,
So ramble the scattered thoughts,
And what long since has passed away, very long since,
They pick up and tell by turns.
He whose boundary of life is not far
Likes not to look forward, but rather backward.

And by the small table a youth and a maid
Young couple, call up not the past.
What care they for the past ? The life
Is still before them, not behind their backs ;
Their souls wander into the future fields of vision,
Musingly they gaze at the rosy clouded heaven.
Secretly they smile, and give not much sound,
The good Lord knows how well they enjoy.

Yonder at the back around the stone
The wee little ones sit humming and buzzing,
A whole little heap, big children and small
Make towers of cards...building and destroying. . .
They chase the butterflies of the happy present,
Forgetting yesterday, not thinking of the morrow.
Ah ! who could believe, how much, finds room in a little
place,
Here in one room are the past, future, and present.

To-morrow will be the day for bread baking, the servant
Sifts (the flour), her strain is heard within.

Out there in the courtyard creaks the well*
And the coachman waters the horses for the night.
The gypsies play at some merry feast,
And the lowing great chello sounds from afar,
And these various tumults flow together
In a peaceful soft harmony, there in that room.

The snow is falling, still the street is dark?
A great big darkness is drawn over everything.
The coming and going people are not to be met with,
Now and then some visitor returns homeward,
The lantern flashes under the windows,
And the darkness suddenly swallows up the light,
The lantern vanishes, but those within
Sit busily guessing, 'who on earth passed here'?

If the heart dried up in the graves.

If the heart's dried up in the graves
Were heaped up on a pyre
And lighted,
Who can tell:
How many coloured would the flame be.

What hast thou eaten, Earth, that so thirsty thou art?
Ah, so much blood, so many tears thou drinkest.

I shall tear my heart.

I shall tear my heart
Out of my breast,—
There too it causes naught but agonies,—
I shall tear out and sow it in the earth,
Perchance it may shoot forth a laurel tree
And may become a wreath for those
Who in the cause of freedom fight.

******Note*—The well or rather Kútgém here means the weighted beam fixed on a high fork to one end of which is tied a thin long wood with a bucket at its end exactly like the Dhikulis in the United Provinces of India.

The soul is undying.

The soul is, I believe, undying,
But to the other world it passeth not.
Here only, on this earth it lives and wanders,
For, other things among, I do remember;
Cassiness I was in Rome.
And in Helvetia William Tell.
In Paris Camille Desmoulins.
Here too perchance something—(somebody)—
I shall be.

Oh love.

Oh love, thou giant flame!
Who lightest the world for us,
Then flickereth away,—perchance in a minute,
And there is left eternal gloom, and ashes cold.

Why are they invisible?

Why are they invisible,
The devils and the angels?
I should so love to know them
For this purpose,
That I may know, what now I do not know,
What is in this, what is in that?
And man, to whom, resembles most?

To Fate.

One thing I tell thee, Fate, which shall make two,
Give me only one girl's love,
And for it in exchange I let thee have
All, yes all—my debts.

The Sun.

What is the sun?
What is the sun?
It's not the sun at all, in fact.
What do you mean?......O nothing else
But a large soap bubble.
Some giant child
Blows it out in the morning in the East,
And in the evening bursts it in the West:
And every day it goes on so.

On my bad verses.

Perchance I cannot always
Write good verses?
But my heart's chief power
Is love of man.
Truly if I were always
To write good things,
What could they find to live on,
The poor critics?
They too some little thing
Occasionally must have,
And every crumb they find
They eat up greedily.
O let the poor things chew it,
O let them spunge:
I think, if I mistake not
They too, perchance are men.

Change.

Change is the king of kings,
And this world is his palace.
He walks up and down, in it
And there no place is, where he does not go;
And wheresoever he steps, wherever climbs
All perishes......around him lie

Scattered, shattered crowns, withered flowers,
broken hearts.

In the book of Miss L. F.
Why should I say that I shall not forget?
Why should I say, O girl, this breast
For ever shall remember thee?

So too, thy heart, gives to my words no credit,
Because we poets lie so much:
And then if we speak from our heart,
No one believes.

I love.

I love, like which, yet man
Has never loved perhaps.
I love with a holy love, but
My beloved is not an earthly maid.

I am in love with a goddess,
A banished deity:
Freedom. Alas, I have seen her
Only in my dreams.

But in my dreams, often indeed:
Almost each evening she appears.
Last night too, in a flowery meadow,
She was with me.

Upon my knees, I made to her
A burning confession of love.
And I bent to the earth that I may pluck
Flowers and offer her.

In that moment, behind my back
The headsman appeared,
And struck my head off...
Which fell right into my hands,
And instead of flowers,
I offered it to her.

Fate, make room for me that I may
Do something for humanity!

Let not this noble flame die out
In embers, that burns so bright.
There is a flame within my heart, let down from heaven,
Which keepeth boiling every drop of blood;
Each heart-beat of mine, is a prayer
For the world's happiness.

Oh, would to God that not with empty words
But deeds, this I could say!
Let there be for my deeds, the prize,
Upon a new Golgotha, a new cross.

To die for the good of humanity
What beautiful, what happy death!
More beautiful and happier than
A useless life pleasure-intoxicated.

Say, Fate, Oh say that thus I die
In such a holy way . . and I prepare
To which I shall be nailed.

Thou art, thou art, brown little girl.

Thou art, thou art, brown little girl
Light of my heart and mine eyes!
Thou art of my both lives
The only, only hope!
And if this only hope of mine
Be a passing dream,
I shall be happy, neither
In this world, nor in that!

I stand on the bank of the lake,
Beside a weeping willow.
The right place for me, such a sorrowful
Neighbourhood best befits me.
I gaze at the drooping branches
Of the weeping willow,
As if they were the wings
Of my desponding soul.

The bird has flown away
From the withered out men laid escape

Ah, if I too could fly away
From the realm of my sorrows
I cannot fly away, for my sorrow is so great
As great as my love,
And my love...and my love...
Ah it is infinite!

The Dream.

The dream is Nature's fairest gift,
Then opens for us the province of our longings
Which in this world, waking, we do not find
In dream, the poor man shivers not
With cold, nor hunger feels,
But robes himself in purple,
Wakes on soft carpets in beautiful halls
In dream the king
Condemns not, nor forgives, nor judges ...
Enjoys his quiet
In dream the youth goes to his sweetheart
For whom he grieved in forbidden love
And there dissolves in a burning embrace.
In my dreams I,
Shatter the chains of slave nations!

I shall cut off a ringlet of my hair.

I shall cut off a ringlet of my hair.
Each hair of which is strong as a wire
And later my youth will pass away
Later when I have turned to autumn grey
I shall hang this brown ringlet on the wall
Instead of a mirror, and thus cheat my eyes,
Believing that I am still young ...
But would my heart-beats not betray,
Which will beat ever slower in the future?

Thou, Youth.

Thou youth, thou whirlwind!
Who, lovely wreaths of flowers

Carrieth away with thee …
And round our foreheads twisteth in thy flight.

And in a minute snatcheth it away
And runneth quickly onwards,
And in a minute snatcheth it away
We sadly wondering stand
And question :—is it true that thou
Wast with us? May be 'tis not true!

The Owl and the Butterfly.

By L. F. Ramsey.

A WHITE Owl and a Peacock Butterfly once kept house together. The White Owl did most of the housework. He made the beds and dusted the rooms and cooked the dinner. The Peacock Butterfly generally flew about in the garden while he was sweeping.

"I don't like dust," she said. "It's not good for my wings. And I like to be out in the sunshine seeing my friends."

"But doesn't the White Owl like to be out in the sunshine too?" asked a wren.

The Peacock Butterfly burst out laughing. It was the prettiest sound you ever heard, like blue-bells ringing in the early morning.

"He? Poor dear, his eyes are so weak he can't stand the light. That's why he wears those horrid spectacles, you know. Yes, too much study in his youth is what did it. He's better in the house and the work keeps him out of mischief."

And she darted off to talk to a Painted Lady who had just alighted on a scarlet geranium.

"Don't they think a lot of themselves?" remarked one Cabbage White to another. "Pride goes before a fall."

"Yes," answered her friend. "And gay colours make gay butterflies too."

"For my part, I'd rather have our own gowns. White is always suitable and never looks overdressed like those loud colours."

And they flew off together to a bed of newly-planted Brussels Sprouts.

Meanwhile, the White Owl was very busy at home, peeling the potatoes for dinner. He had a big apron tied round him to keep his feathers clean and a duster tied over his head. All of a sudden he heard a double knock at the door. Not waiting to take off his duster or apron he hurried down the passage to answer the knock.

"Hello, old chap!" exclaimed a Brown Owl, stepping inside. "Some of the fellows were saying that they hadn't seen you at the club for ever so long, so I thought I'd step along and look you up."

"Come in!" the White Owl invited him. "Perhaps you won't mind coming out in the kitchen and talking to me while I get the dinner."

"Right you are, old fellow. I suppose you're without a maid too, like the rest of us. But I thought I heard something about your having got married. Doesn't your wife get the dinner?"

"Well, fact is," began the White Owl. "She doesn't care about housework. She's out visiting at the moment."

"Oh" exclaimed the Brown Owl. "And when do you get out?"

"I never was one to go out much in the daytime," replied the White Owl, putting on a saucepan full of water. "And my wife doesn't care to go out at night. She says she's too sleepy then. But she's the loveliest creature you ever saw."

"Is she now?" asked the Brown Owl, lifting the lid in and peeping into the saucepan. "What have you got cooking in there? A nice fat brown mouse with the tail off?"

"Well, no. My wife doesn't care for mice and she doesn't like to see me eating them either. She says they are only fit for common folks to eat. She generally brings in a little honey or something of that sort for herself. I never had a sweet tooth, so I make my dinner of potatoes. But she is the loveliest creature you ever saw."

"M...m...yes!" answered the Brown Owl absentmindedly. "Well now, old friend, what do you say to a night out with me? I've got seats for the 1000th performance of RATS! I think you'd enjoy it."

"Enjoy it!" shouted the White Owl, tearing off his apron and duster in his excitement. "Why, the last time I saw RATS! was . . . let me see, now, when was it? There was you and me and Harry Hedgehog. . . ."

"Yes, and old Billy Bat. How he flapped away during that last act, do you remember?"

"Rather, and what a row old Nicky Night-jar made when you. . . ."

"Oh, don't remind me of that, or I shall die of laughing!" chuckled the Brown Owl.

Through the open window flew the Peacock Butterfly. On seeing the Brown Owl, she stopped short in surprise.

"I didn't know you had visitors, my dear!" she told the White Owl, sweetly. "Or of course I would have come in the front way."

"This is my friend, Brown Owl, my dear," said the White Owl.

"White Owl was just telling me what a lovely wife he has," said the Brown Owl politely.

"Oh he's a dear old silly." And the Peacock Butterfly flew up on to her husband's head.

"Whom did you meet out this morning, my dear?" asked the White Owl.

"Oh the usual crew. The two Miss Tortoiseshells, they're rather exclusive, and those common Cabbage Whites. They're really too dowdy for anything! Oh, and coming home, I met that dear old fellow, Red Admiral. He's always so amusing, isn't he?"

"Afraid I don't know him." murmured the Brown Owl.

"Don't know Red Admiral? But of course you must have heard of him. There's nothing like the navy And Red Admiral's always so jolly and full of fun."

"Well, what about that show to-night, old fellow? asked the Brown Owl.

"Brown Owl wants me to go to a show with him to-night," explained the White Owl.

The Peacock Butterfly flew up on to the window curtain.

"I don't care to go out after dark," she said. "My colours don't show up by moonlight."

There's no need for you to put yourself out," said the Brown Owl. "I'll look after the White Owl."

"What, and leave me in the house all alone?" shrieked the Peacock Butterfly. "And me so frightened of spiders!"

"No, no, of course not my dear," soothed the White Owl.

"Then you won't come," asked the Brown Owl, rising to go.

"Sorry, old fellow, but you see how it is," answered the White Owl, following his friend along the passage. But isn't she the loveliest creature you ever saw?"

"M.. m.. yes," answered the Brown Owl and hurried away. "Too selfish for my taste," he muttered to himself.

The Peacock Butterfly was very amiable to her husband as soon as she saw that she had got her own way. After dinner, she suggested to her husband that they should have a little music and they sang a duet together while the washing-up water was getting hot. When they had finished, the Peacock Butterfly said:

"Now my dear, I think I'll just fly over the mignonette bed again while you wash up. I may as well take advantage of the sunshine while it lasts."

"Very well, my dear," answered the White Owl, tying on his apron. "Go out and enjoy yourself."

So away flew the Peacock Butterfly.

* * * *

"Oh Mother!" shrieked a small boy, who had just been given a new butterfly net. "Look at that Peacock Butterfly. I must have it for my collection!"

And he swooped the net over the mignonette bed and caught her just as she was taking a sip of honey.

And while the White Owl was washing up the dinner things with an apron round him and a duster tied over his head, the Peacock Butterfly was already being pinned out on two pieces of cork!

Meaning and Value of Homeopathy.

By A Hindu Hahnemannite.

"In poison there is physick."
—SHAKESPEARE in *Henry IV*, Part II, Act I, Scene I.

"One fire burns out another's burning:
One pain is lessen'd by another's anguish."
—SHAKESPEARE in *Romeo and Juliet*, Act I, Scene 4.

DR. JAMES TYLER KENT, author of the most complete repertory of the *Homeopathic Materia Medica* and of very important lectures on the Materia Medica, differentiating one remedy from another in a masterly manner, delivered a series of lectures on Homeopathic Philosophy, a memorial edition of which has been recently issued. To Dr. Kent, homeopathy was a philosophy, a science and an art. Dunham called it the science of therapeutics. Hahnemann in his *Organon* called it the art of rational healing, and Dr. John P. Sutherland, M.D., of Boston, in a paper read, in 1916, before the Bureau of Homeopathy, on Hahnemann's Homeopathy, came to the conclusion that it was an art founded on a rule of practice, namely, *Similia similibus curentur* (let likes cure likes), and that the homeopathic method of cure depended upon that rule for the choice of drugs, upon the correspondence of the totality of the pathogenic symptoms with the totality of the patient's symptoms (especially the singular, uncommon, peculiar ones), for the selection of the *similimum*, and upon the use of a single remedy and the minimum dose. These are the four pillars of Homeopathy as an art, and they stand, even if the scientific theory of Homeopathy and its philosophy be held unsatisfactory. For these four factors have stood the test of experience for nearly a century.

Similia similibus curentur is a paradox, but Nature is paradoxical. Candy in his *Manual of Physics* (Edition of 1911, p. 190) says: "Two sound waves may either reinforce each other, or produce silence. Similarly, two light-waves may either reinforce each other or produce darkness." And at page 235, it is said: "The sodium vapour absorbs the same light as it would emit if incandescent, just as the C-string of a piano will take up the same sound which it would emit when struck." In a lecture on Homeopathy by Dr. John Henry Clarke (1902), it is said that a homeopathic remedy, "when it is applied to a body already presenting its own vibrations," acts in one of three ways: "(1) It may neutralise the vibrations of its own quality (as similar rays of light or sound travelling in opposite directions neutralise each other, so producing a homeopathic cure. (2) Or, it may intensify the disorder, producing homeopathic aggravation. (3) Or, it may first intensify and then annul the disordered vibrations, producing homeopathic cure following homeopathic aggravation. The art of homeopathy consists in so applying the similar drug-force as to bring about a cure with the least amount of constitutional disturbance." "Every drug has its elective affinities and its special qualitative action on the protoplasm or on the nervous centres. Man is like a musical instrument, and a drug, homeopathically selected, plays, so to say, on the very central strings of his being, in other words, it has a dynamic action, not a chemical or a mechanical one. Our organs and tissues have a selective power for vibrations which are in unison or synchronous with their particular periods, and easily arrest, appropriate and absorb them. Hence, Kent says, the question in every case is of *series* and *degrees*. There are, he says, innermost degrees of the life-substance, suitable to the will and understanding (p. 84 of the Memorial edition), to the Realm of Thought (p. 98), and there are outermost degrees suitable to the very coarsest tissue, and between these two, there is a continuous series—a qualitative series, in degrees. The innermost degrees from the highest dynamical plain, and hence the mental characteristics of the patient are most important in the selection of a homeopathic drug.

The life substance is a marvel. The great evolutionist, Alfred Russell Wallace, in one of his latest books *The World of Life*, says at page 3: "Life is that power which, primarily from air and water and the substances dissolved therein, builds up organised and highly complex structures, possessing definite forms and functions: these are preserved in a continuous state of decay and repair by internal circulation of fluids and gases, they reproduce their like, go through various phases of youth, maturity and age, die and quickly decompose into their constituent elements. They thus form continuous series of similar individuals, and so long as external conditions render their existence possible, seem to possess a potential immortality." The words "a continuous state of decay and repair" remind one of Beale's paradox as to life dying into nerve and muscle and epithelium and other parts of the body. Residing in the seeds of plants, in the gametes of animals and rudimentary reproductive apparatus of even bacteria and protozoa, life grows from within outwards and gives us even our nails and hair, which look like non-living matter. Immortal itself, it proceeds from death to death but never dies. Call it a property of protoplasm, with Fletcher and Hughes, the marvel and the mystery are no way lessened. It is something unique, whether we follow them or Beale and Sharp, and one great merit of Homeopathy lies in its bringing to light, what had not been suspected before, a regular affinity between medicines with definite pathogenic symptoms and the patients showing such symptoms, provided the dose is a minute one.

There is an obvious advantage in using the word protoplasm or life-substance or primitive simple mobile substance, instead of the word life or the term "vital force," for the substance can be experimented on. Hahnemann's observations and experiments led him to the conclusion that this substance (he spoke of it as vital force) reacted against the rightly chosen homeopathic remedy, and that the cure was certain and rapid in proportion to the strength with which it prevailed in the patient. Hence Homeopathy avoids everything in the slightest degree enfeebling, and, as much as possible, every excitation of pain." (*Organon*—Preface). During the primary action of a medicine on a healthy body, the substance is receptive or passive, "it then, however, appears to rouse itself again to action, and to develop the exact opposite condition (counteraction, secondary action) to the effect produced upon it during the primary action, if there is an opposite to it," and that in as great a degree as was that effect, and in proportion to its own energy. But " when there is not in nature a state exactly the opposite of the primary action, it appears to endeavour to recover its lost balance, that is, to make its superior power available in the extinction of the change wrought in it from without (by the medicine), in the place of which it substitutes its normal state (secondary action, curative action)." (*Organon*, LXIV). Let us compare this with the experience of bacteriologists. " By injecting small quantities of a vaccine consisting of a killed culture, tuberculin, etc., the opsonic index can usually be raised, and coincidently the infection tends to be cured. The first effect of the injection is to cause a fall in the opsonic index, the 'negative phase' of Wright, which is usually afterwards followed by a rise, and by properly spacing the injections a considerable rise in the opsonic value may ultimately result. If too much vaccine be given, the effect may be to depress the index for a long period, and cause harm instead of good, hence the desirability of controlling all injections by determinations of the opsonic index. This, however, renders the treatment very laborious, and generally by employing small doses, and allowing at least a week to elapse between the doses, determinations of the opsonic index are unnecessary." (*Hewlett's Manual of Bacteriology*, Sixth Edition, 1918). This is a remarkable testimony to the genius of Hahnemann, and admits of as little explanation as *similia similibus curentur*. Indeed, Von Behring has had the courage to admit that Vaccine-therapy is Homeopathy. Homeopathy has its own nosodes, the first of which, *Psorinum*, was proved by Hahnemann himself. The homeopathic nosodes yield better results as they are not administered in such massive doses as vaccines (*vide* the *Homeopathic World* for May 1918, p. 189). It has been also found that phosphorus increases the opsonic index to the tubercle bacillus, mercury benzoate to many streptococci calcium sulphide, hepar sulphur as well as echinacea to staphylococci, and veratrum viride to the pneumococci. Baptisia stimulates the body cells to produce anti-typhoid agglutins and mercuric and other chlorides, colloidal metals, strychnine and arsenic stimulate phagocytosis in *vitro et vivo.* Lycopodium exerts its power over the pneumococcic or influenzal dry cough and over chronic pneumoccal cases and over pneumonias that resolve badly. (See *ibid* for June 1918, p. 240, and *ibid* for 1919, pp. 369 and 370). These experimental facts also prove the truth of the maxim *Similia similibus curentur.*

Another testimony comes from the discovery that life forms receptors for haptophores in toxins, in excess of the capacity of cells, that the extra receptors float freely in the blood and act as anti-toxins. The receptors in the cells and the haptophores in the toxins have been likened to a female screw and a male or to a key and a lock (*Hewlett's Bacteriology*, p. 163 and p. 168). The toxophore groups in the toxin molecule and the toxophile groups in the cells cannot come into operation if there are either no receptors for the haptophores or the free receptors are present as anti-bodies. This theory of Ehrlich is still provisional, but it fits in with many observed facts and has been supported by several experiments. There are powers in reserve in the body we know little of—powers of recuperation, of regeneration as well as of protection. There are physical agglomeration and absorption processes which have nothing to do with chemistry and yet they are powerful enough to give us anti-toxins. Such facts are as hard to understand as the efficacy of medicines which actually produce choleric symptoms in curing them, during epidemics, provided the dose is infinitesimal.

There is a passsge in Foster's article on the General Features of the Blood in *Allbutt's System of Medicine* (Vol. V., p. 40) which is not a little important in this connection. Add albumose to shed blood, and it does not prevent clotting. Inject it into the circulation, and, it does, " not only in blood while still in the blood-vessels but after it has been shed." How does it work? It provokes some of the tissues so to add or alter the blood as to give rise to something antagonistic to clotting. "Conversely the presence in the blood-stream of a substance which seems to be a nucleo-albumose brings about extensive intra-vascular clotting, though the addition of it to shed blood has no such effect. The complexity of the reaction is illustrated by the fact that if the same substance be injected slowly, so that a small proportion is brought to bear on the blood at any one time, its action is reversed, it is antagonistic to clotting, and produces immunity towards its own clotting influences." Truly Nature is both paradoxical and mathematical.

Simila similibus curentur may be made intelligible by another consideration. "It is now being realised that inflammation is on the whole a protective process." (Metchnikoff quoted in the article on the Principles of Drug Therapeutics by Leech, revised by Sir L. Brunton, in *Allbutt's System of Medicine*, Vol. I). Eruptions on the skin and catarrhs, in accordance with Sydenham's teaching, have long been recognised at least by homeopathists as Nature efforts to throw off disease and save the vital organs. "Secretions in disease frequently contain abnormal and more or less toxic substances and thus act as the means of their riddance." (*Ibid*, Vol. III, p. 313). The phenomena on which the Law of Dissolution is based "See White's *Materia Medica*, 12th Edition, p. 1) as well as those seen in cases of inanition and starvation (See Mott's article in Albutt's Vol. I, p. 539), indicate the presence of a regulative central authority in the body. On that authority the surgeon relies when he has dressed a wound and excluded foreign substances. That authority has been known to resolve even pneumonic hepatisation spontaneously (*Ibid* V, article on Pneumonia). It can bring about fibrosis and encapsulation even in phthisis (*Ibid* V, p. 179). It can prevent putrid changes and gangrene in tubercular disease and cure even aneurysms by coagulation of their contents (*Ibid*, p. 184 and also p. 236.) It can make pus inspissated and force it to undergo a caseous change (*Ibid*, p. 238). In pleurisy serous effusion may be absorbed and granulations in the pleura (and in the peritoneum) can be made to undergo fibrous transformation. The central power, by whatever name it may be called, does its utmost, in various ways, to shake off morbific matter. To interfere with its action in the way the old school does, by means of massive doses of antipathic or heteropathic medicines and various external applications, makes matters worse. Its attention, so to say, is distracted. It wants something to stimulate it to further efforts and the experience gained by those who have been practising vaccine-therapy and serum prophylaxis coincides with that of Hahnemann on this point. "Anti-toxins, bacteriolysins, agglutins, etc., are formed in the course of a natural infection, but not nearly to the extent that is possible after artificial inoculation" (*Hewlett's Bacteriology*, p. 13). "While a natural hæmolytic serum loses its power on diluting five to ten times, an artificial hæmolytic serum may be so potent that it will act in a dilution of one in two thousand or more." (*Ibid*, p. 199). What, therefore, has been said again and again, in the *Organon* as to the power of even the smallest dose of a medicine to evoke the efforts of the vital force, should be considered a fact, however unintelligible it may appear. Instead, however, of giving a homeopathic dose of the right remedy, the practitioners of the old school simply bombard the body when it is ill. Take, for example, a case of phlebitis (with albuminuria) brought on by a badly-managed instrumental delivery, making what nature has made perfectly aseptic a receiver of sepsis. The central authority in the body, a first-class strategist and tactician, marshals its forces and has a plan of defence. In the article on War in the 24th volume of the *Encyclopædia Britannica* (9th Edition) it is said at page 349 that the character of strategical as well as of tactical operations "is mainly determined by the nature of the armies engaged in them," that an army should so act, "that the whole aggregate force of its numerous parts may be exerted in any direction and on any point required," that the necessities of the individual soldier should be so provided for as not to hamper the working of the whole army, and that there should be an efficient agency for distribution of the army as well as for replenishing its supplies. Every one of these maxims is violated by the old school practitioners. The central authority in the body tries to confine the attack to the out-works. It has taken measures to safeguard its base of supply, its line of communications and its line of operations. But it finds its whole plan disturbed by splints and cuppings, and poultices, and injections, and sleeping draughts, and anodynes, and fever mixtures and tonics, and eventually the will and the understanding are prostrated, the mouth is unable to swallow even a mouthful, the glands strike, the excretory organs strike, unconsciousness supervenes and death ensues. Homeopathy has at least this merit, that it does not interfere with the plan of the central authority and gives it no cause to say, "save me from my friends." We can thus appreciate what Hahnemann says about palliatives in the *Organon* (LXIX).

The term life-substance has, as said before, its advantages, for it enables us to compare the experience of Homeopathy with that of Bacteriology. But it does not follow that Time, which has justified the observations of Hahnemann based on very careful experiments and collection of facts, will not, a century hence justify even his use of the word life-force. Kent tells us that every cause is continued in its effects (p. 110 of the Memorial edition), and Hindu Philosophy tells us that this our present life is but a single episode in a long chain of lives, that nothing we have ever thought, or felt, or said, or done is lost, and that we have power to modify our past by means of a new series of acts and thus mould our future. "Life is . . . freedom," says Kent, (*Ibid* p. 89), and he apparently thinks that freedom was abused and moral leprosy resulted and brought in its train physical leprosy which eventually resulted in Psora, one of whose daughters is tuberculosis. Similarly, other abuses of freedom resulted in syphilis and sycosis. Let any one of these be present in an individual or his offspring and his powers of resistance are reduced. Kent concentrates his attention on these chronic miasms, their manifold progeny, and on acute miasms. All other cases of illness are, according to him, *indispositions* due to external causes like the weather, food, etc., and can be cured by removal of the cause. He takes back bacteria to be effects, not causes, and the sequelæ of infectious diseases are, in his opinion, due to the prior state of the patient. Causes are thus continued in their effects, and deep-acting remedies are needed to operate on the vital force affected by such causes, the vital force itself being but a manifestation, (*Ibid*, p. 82), of the soul, (*Ibid* p. 82), which comes from God, (*Ibid*, pp. 78 and 82), "The causes of disease and of cure exist within the primitive substance, and not in ultimate material form." (*Ibid*, p. 127). Every cell has its atmosphere, or aura, and can thus attract to itself what it has an affinity for, and in the words of Hahnemann "the dynamic spirit-like force of the disease is met by a like force residing in the drug, and conquered." (See also *Organon*, CLXXXIX, CLV, CLVII). The life-substance being moulded by the vital force, and the vital force being animated by the soul—a continuum—the true homeopathic physician has to take into account all that the vital force is encumbered with (*Ibid*, CCI), the condition of the disposition and mind (CCX).

This brings us to the second pillar of Homeopathy, the selection of the similimum out of the drugs indicated by the application of *Similia similibus curentur.* Hahnemann and his family and his disciples were the first provers of drugs who did their best to note the mental and other symptoms of drugs in a systematic manner. *Allen's Encyclopædia* gives us also provings by others, but if Hering's proving of Lachesis be excepted, there are few provings equal to those of Hahnemann. From the vast store of experimental facts collected in the *Encyclopædia* and in *Hering's Guiding Symptoms*, the homeopathic physician, with the help of a repertory, chooses his similimum. In *Kent's Repertory* there are three grades or orders of remedies, and they are printed in three different types. The first grade remedies are those of the symptoms. If I want to know what medicines have exhibited a particular pathogenic symptom, I look it up in the Repertory and learn at once whether that symptom occurred in all, or most of the provings, was confirmed in reprovings and extensively verified in cures. These facts would put it into the first grade. If the symptom was brought out by a few of the provers only and confirmed in a few reprovings and was occasionally verified clinically, the remedy would belong to the second order. If the symptom was brought out by a single prover, has not yet been confirmed by a reproving but stands out pretty strong or has been verified by cures or is admitted as a clinical symptom, the remedy belongs to the third grade (Memorial edition, pp. 251 and 252).

It is easier to look up the symptoms in a Repertory than to collect them in the first instance. Homeopathy has no specifics for diseases but for patients. (Clarke on the Diseases of the Heart, p. 125). It treats the patient not the disease—the patient with all his individualities and idiosyncrasies, with all his mental and moral characteristics. (*Nash's Leaders in Respiratory Organs*, p. 70). Symptoms "include everything abnormal about the patient whether it be historical or actual." (Dunham's *Homeopathy: The Science of Therapeutics* p. 179). Pathology not being far advanced and uncertain, Homeopathy prefers to be guided by definite symptoms rather than by names of diseases, though it insists upon a knowledge of Etiology, Nosology, Diagnosis and Prognosis. Raue has said in his *Homeopathic Pathology*: "The symptoms indicating the remedy may be outside the symptoms which go to make the pathology of the case," and this remark has been quoted with approval by Nash in his *Testimony of the Clinic*, (p. 62), and in his *Leaders in Respiratory Organ*, (p. 40) (See also his *Leaders in Therapeutics*, p. 101). Kent, Nash and others have given instructions for collecting the symptoms, objective and subjective, and it is a very laborious and difficult task. Why all this labour is undertaken may be explained by the fact that as no two drugs are alike, no two cases are alike. In the article on the Principles of Drug Therapeutics referred to already it is said (at page 272) "The same collocation of symptoms and conditions is rarely repeated," and Maudsley in his *Pathology of Mind* (p. 552) says: "The rule of rules should be to treat an individual who is sick, not an abstract disease." These authorities of the old school, therefore, approve the homeopathic rule though few of the practitioners of that school observe it. Even vaccine-therapy has not yet learnt to prove vaccines on the healthy, or to follow the above rule. Hence its comparative failure, which is also to be partly ascribed to its massive doses—massive relatively to the Homeopathic. One has only to read White's admissions about the vaccines in his (allopathic) *Materia Medica* (pp. 646 to 657) to understand the superiority of Homeopathy in the sphere of therapeutics.

The homeopathic physicians, whose ideal is high and who work hard on their cases, effect marvellous cures, almost uncanny cures, sometimes with a single dose. But very busy practitioners who have no time to question their patients and their patients' friends and relatives, or to carefully draw up a list of the symptoms and hunt them all up in Repertories and weigh their grades, follow the method mentioned in *Clarke's Prescriber* (7th Edition, pp. 31 and 37): "In most cases there are more remedies than one that will benefit, and if the exact simillimum is not found, the next, or the next to that will give a measure of help, so the beginner need not abandon the ideal as too difficult of attainment. Then there are many different kinds of similarity as of degrees, and every kind is available for the prescriber's use. There is similarity between drug and disease in organ-affinity; in tissue-affinity there is similarity of diathesis, similarity of sensations and conditions—all these and other kinds of like-ness are available for the prescriber...It has been said that if three leading characters of a case are found under a given remedy, there is a three-legged stool on which a prescription may be based with every chance of success." Clarke also says (*Ibid*, p. 36) that every definite symptom is available in its indvidual capacity for its value, just as a difinite coin is. It admits of reduction to its elements—to its essentials—and it admits of re-combination.

Hahnemann distinguished between the primary and secondary action of a drug. Nash in his *Leaders in Therapeutics* says: "All drugs have their double action...But the surest and most lasting curative action of any drug is that in which the condition to be cured simulates the primary action of the drug...What is called secondary action is really not the legitimate action of the drug, but the aroused powers of the organism against the drug" (p. 318). Kent says, on the contrary, in his lectures on Homeopathic Philosophy that both the primary and secondary symptoms are available to the prescriber, and as a matter of fact there are few condensed Materia Medica manuals in which anything is said about primary and secondary symptoms. They are all grouped together in the Schema of each drug. This question deserves to be taken up by Homeopathic Congresses. In practice, as Nash says, "the choice must always rest upon either the peculiar and characteristic symptoms in the case, or the totality of them." (*Ibid*, pp. 22 and 318). Of course if the cause of an illness is known, a drug having power over that cause (as shown by clinical verification of its pathogeny) must be preferred to one having no such power. *Tolle causam* is as much a maxim of Homeopathy as of the dominant school. Both systems aim at removing the *lædentia* and supplying the *juvantia* of Nature as Hughes would say.

The third pillar of Homeopathy need not occupy us long. Dunham in his *Homeopathy: the Science of Therapeutics* has pleaded very strongly against using remedies in alternation and has given an explanation of the instances in Hahnemann's practice and Boenninghausen's favouring that practice. The American school of Homeopathy follow him. In England, Hughes has tried to show when remedies may be given in alternation with benefit. The question is eminently one requiring further research and further discussion. As a rule, the single remedy is administered until the case requires fresh study, and then it may be replaced. The advantages of this practice appear to outweigh the disadvantages.

The fourth pillar of Homeopathy—the minimum dose—is also a controversial question. Sharp thought he had found the law of the dose, and he called it Antipraxy. But his facts were few. Arndt's Law is nowadays often referred to. It has been enunciated as follows: "Small stimuli encourage life activity, medium to strong tend to impede it, very strong stimuli destroy it. (See *Homeopathic World* for April, 1920, p. 153). This principle is complementary to the rule *similia* *similibus*, and both taken together would explain the Hindu Puranic story of the churning of the ocean yielding Poison and then Ambrosia, would explain what Kalidas wrote in his *Sringara Tilaka* : "It has been heard of old time in the world that poison is the remedy for poison," would explain the saying of Hippocrates: "By similar things disease is produced, and by similar things administered to the sick, they are healed of their diseases," and would also explain the success of Homeopathy and its philosophy which sees the soul of goodness in things evil. Why a minute dose of a deadly poison should be curative is certainly difficult to explain, but even the old school has the same difficulty. Arsenic is a deadly poison, but the old school makes use of it in doses far lower than the fatal dose. In an article in *Allbutt's System on Dyspepsia* T. Lauder Brunton says: "Many substances which in small doses increase the appetite are emetics when given in large doses" and he instances mustard, horse-radish, salt condiments and arsenic. "With drop or half drop doses (of arsenic) in half a teaspoonful of water, I have seen the stomach quieted in not a few severe cases of neurotic vomiting," so writes Allbutt himself in the same volume at page 480. The first part of Arndt's Law thus receives corroboration even from the old school. The second part receives it from what has been said already about palliatives and from another admission of the old school. We read in Allbutt III, p. 331, that in shock the arrest of absorption and, possibly also of the vascular exchanges may delay the action of drugs, and when reaction sets in, if previously given in large quantities, they may produce "serious symptoms of poisoning." There are various palliatives, and some at least arrest absorption and vascular exchanges, and therefore when reaction sets in, the case is found worsened. As to strong doses the testimony of books on medical jurisprudence is enough.

But while homeopathic practitioners are unanimous as to the utility of the small dose, there are sharp divisions as to where the line of demarcation is to be drawn. Roughly speaking, it may be said there are two schools, the high potency school to whom the 30th potency is low enough and the low potency school to whom it is high enough. The followers of Kent make use of the C. M. and even higher potencies of a drug when they feel sure the symptoms and especially all the characteristics are covered by it. In doubtful cases, and in the case of broken-down constitutions and the aged, they confine themselves to the 30th and the 200th. On the other hand, Clarke, following the English low potency school, says that the question of attenuation is secondary to that of the selection of the medicine, and all attenuations from the mother tincture upwards are curative provided the choice of the medicine is correct (see his *Prescriber*). Now Nature is mathematical. Silvanus P. Thompson tells us in his *Text-book on Electricity* (latest edition, para 6) that "all atoms that are uni-valent carry exactly the same minute quantity of electricity; all atoms that are di-valent carry exactly twice the amount all tri-valent atoms carry three times the amount. Every atom conveys a quantity of electrity proportional to its valency, not to its weight." Faraday has said: 'If we adopt the atomic theory or phraseology, then the atoms of bodies which are equivalent to each other in their ordinary chemical action have equal quantities of electricity naturally associated with them." Candy in his *Physics* (p. 190) tells us that "if two light-waves emanate from the same source but travel to the same spot by two different paths, reinforcement is produced when the two paths differ in length by an even number of half-wave lengths, and darkness when they differ by an odd number of half-wave lengths." Our world is full of waves. There are heat-waves and light-waves, sound-waves and electric-waves. We find Nature mathematical in all of them. Can it be that it is not mathematical in its disease-waves or in its health-waves?

It is usual to explain the effect of homeopathic doses by means of light and sound analogies, but may it not be that dynamisation develops something analogous to electricity? In the aforesaid text-book on Electricity, paras 67 to 83, it is said that disruption and cleavage is one of the sources of electrification. Potentisation in the manner defined by Hahnemann is involved disruption and cleavage. As Fincke said, it is due to division, not to flux. The third potency contains only a millionth part of a grain or drop of medicine, the 30th the decillionth.

The contact of dissimilar substances is another source of electrification. We have seen the difference between a natural disease and artificial disease. The former, according to both Hahnemann and Bacteriology, does not evoke reaction to the same extent as the latter. May not this cause be also in operation or an analogous cause?

Silvanus P. Thompson takes it as established that heat, light and electricity are mere etheric modes of motion. At one time electric attraction between positively and negatively electrified bodies and the repulsion of two positively or two negatively electrified bodies was ascribed to the bodies themselves. But the above authority tells us "that these effects which appear like a repulsion and an attraction between bodies at a distance from one another are really due to actions going on in the medium between them. The positive charge does not really attract the negative charge that is near it, but both are urged toward one another by stresses in the medium in the intervening space." These stresses in the ether of our bodies—for ether is everywhere, even in a vacuum—may be coming into play when potentised medicines are introduced. The agent—as in the case of the other waves--is invisible and indestructible: we see only the effects. The agent is neither Matter nor Energy, but it can be transformed in its relations to matter and to energy and "it apparently can be associated or combined with matter, and energy can be spent in moving it." What its relations are with the vital force or with protoplasm we do not know. The protoplasm of every cell "reacts sometimes by contraction, sometimes by relaxation to mechanical, thermal and electrical stimuli and in the case of some cells . . . to the stimulus of light . . . . Sometimes the result of a stimulus is to cause a cell or organism to move towards the source of excitation (attraction), in other cases the movement is in the reverse direction (repulsion). The terms positive and negative, chemotaxis, phototaxis, thermotaxis and the like, are used to indicate the nature of the effects produced by various forms of stimulation." (*Schafer's Histology*). It is a thousand pities that neither governments nor individuals have thought it fit to endow research as to the effect of various doses on the healthy and the sick. Experiments on animals or plants can do us little good. The medicinal stimuli are a class by themselves. They may one day, like the other stimuli, be traceable to a single cause or a single law, embracing even the waves of the will made use of in Hypnotism. But until that day comes, all that we should do is to follow the advice of Hahnemann after he had gained experience of various doses, the example of Jahr, and the example of many homeopathists who consider the 30th potency the best, and make our own experiments with higher potencies. That dose is the best which produces no "unnecessary aggravation." (Dunham). *Quod fieri potest per pauca non debet fieri per plura.* (Hahnemann's *Materia Medica Pura*, Vol. II, p. 145).

Hahnemann has been very unjustly blamed for making in his books recommendations as to the dose which appear inconsistent. He worked for the good of humanity, and when he found any particular rule good, he had no hesitation in communicating it to the public. We should attach the greatest value to his final opinion expressed in para 279 of the *Organon* which is quoted by Kent in defence of the American School at pages 260-26 (Memorial edition). Kent might well have quoted also the passage quoted by Hughes in his Appendix to his *Pharmacodynamics* (Sixth edition) in the penultimate paragraph at pages 938 and 939, referring to the 60th, 150th and 300th potencies, and Boenninghausen's testimony that in his last year Hahnemann not uncommonly employed the 60th. In America, we find Kent saying: "If we have the potency so high that it is not capable of producing an aggravation of the symptoms, we may then be sure that there is no medicinal power left. We are up to the 13mm. And the end is not yet." This is a direct challenge to the materialists among homeopathists who are afraid to go beyond the 1th (?) potency (even in these days of electrons and radium as analytical chemists cannot find any the least trace of medicine in these higher potencies.) Even Bacteriology has found there are reactions, other than chemical, which it calls colloidal.

The value of Homeopathy lies first of all in its spiritual and reverent tone. It finds, so to say, healers in killers, builders in destroyers, and the very greatest powers in Nature's leasts, in Nature's infinitesimals and marvels at the resources placed at its disposal. The maxims *Quantum venenum tantum remedium, Quale menum tale remedium, Nil prodest quod non laeditur idem*, are paradoxes like *Similia similibus curentur*, whose corollaries they are, but Homeopathy has proved their truth to the hilt.

Homeopathy does not enfeeble or torment any one with the emetics, purgatives, sialogogues, diaphoretics, diuretics, drawing plasters, setons, issues, *or* medicated clysters, Spanish flies. It does not burn with moxa or red-hot iron. It does not create ptyalism. It has no special routine; anodyne and narcotics as its medicines properly chosen do all that may be needed by the patient.

No morphia habit, no opium habit, no bromidism, nor mercurialism, nor any other drug-disease is given rise to by Homeopathy.

It has effected brilliant cures of chronic diseases after the old school had pronounced them incurable.

In cholera and other epidemics, its minute doses have proved far more efficacious than allopathic medicines.

Its medicines are pleasant to take and are a great boon to children and women. They are also a great boon to animals, for Homeopathy has its own Veterinary branch, and Mr. Davis, a well-known huntsman of Queen Victoria's buck-hounds, wrote in a number of the *Field* in 1878 as follows: "..." that last season he only lost three whelps from distemper under homeopathic treatment, whilst previously, under the old system, he lost half his young hounds." (See Ruddock's Introduction to his *Veterinary Manual.*)

Mothers have found Homeopathic Aconite, Belladonna and Chamomila quite sufficient for their needs in many a nurse. These are their A, B and C. Some find their B in Byronia.

Hahnemann was in advance of his time in recommending gentle treatment of lunatics. Almost every one of his suggestions has been accepted even by the old school, without acknowledgment, and in America, I believe, there are homeopathic lunatic establishments.

Homeopathic internal vaccination for small-pox has been recognised in America. It is far more safe and less irksome than allopathic vaccination. (See a pamphlet by Clarke, 1909).

Homeopathy does not, like its rival, grope in the dark. It has a principle which has been again and again verified.

With the aid of that principle it has been making the fullest use of the lessons of toxology and of allopathic overdosings besides its own provings to enrich its therapeutic thesaurus. It utters no note of despair, like most books on the practice of allopathic medicine. Take Osler, for example, and just note how often he says that treatment is nil or unsatisfactory.

Homeopathy does not attack the body as its sister does: it does not reduce the will and the understanding to impotency in serious diseases. It does not create aphthæ in the mouth and inflame the whole alimentary canal and nausea in the stomach. It does not interfere with the plans of the central authority in the body and even; if the disease is incurable, there is euthanasia.

Kent says there is now hardly a disease for which Homeopathy has not a remedy. The serpent poisons Lachesis, Crotalus, Naja, Elaps, etc. alone, which can be so easily and safely taken in potencies and can overcome even septic and other serious diseases, are sufficient to establish the claims of Homeopathy to grateful appreciation.

The statistics attached to *Burnett's Fifty Reasons* for being a Homeopath and *Nash's Testimony of the*

Clinic show the efficacy of this method of cure. Its nosodes, as said already, are superior to vaccines.

Above all, it has proved the value for the immaterial by showing that life converts a minus of medicinal matter into a physiological and curative plus, and a plus of such matter into a physiological and curative minus. But for its triumphs the rival school would never have reduced their doses or given rise to what is called the Expectant School of Medicine.

Your LINEN will be BEAUTIFULLY WHITE,

perfectly laundered, and
will last much longer
if your Dhobie uses

COLMAN'S

STARCH and BLUE.

Secondary Education in Bengal.

By Gokulnath Dhar, B.A., M.R.A.S.

IN a note appended to the recommendations of the last Public Services Commission, in relation to the Education Department, the Hon'ble Mr. M. B. Chaubal observed: "Any attempt at improving the colleges can only be successful, in my opinion, if secondary education is fixed on the proper lines." That secondary education, as it prevails in the province of Bengal, will admit of various improvements and alterations in its curricula (and in the salary and status of the teachers entertained by secondary schools), there is no gainsaying. At the same time it must be conceded that Secondary Education has made considerable progress since its (practical) introduction into the country in 1857. It is the purpose of the present article to pass in review the progress of secondary education during some sixty years of its existence.

Before entering into details it may be necessary to explain clearly what is meant by "Secondary Education." It is generally known that for purposes of administration schools in Bengal are divided into three broad groups: Primary, Middle and High Schools. The term "Secondary Education" is used to denote the instruction imparted to our boys on the completion of their primary course; it extends throughout Middle and High Schools, and its higher limit is precisely defined by the Matriculation Standard of the University, since the standard has hitherto been regarded not only as the introduction to a course of collegiate study, but also as the final standard of secondary schools. As regards the essential distinction between primary and secondary education it has been observed that the character of the latter "no longer has exclusive reference to the practical requirements of the student in after-life. In however small a degree, it begins to be definitely associated with what is understood as liberal educatoin and with the exercise of the higher faculties of thought."

English Education in Bengal was inaugurated under the auspices, and by the united efforts, of private individuals. The establishment of the Hindu College (now the Presidency College) at Calcutta, in 1817, paved the way for its introduction. The same year saw the formation of the Calcutta School-Book Society—a purely private enterprise—for the preparation and distribution of text-books in English and Vernacular. A few years afterwards Government came to their aid, and a General Committee of Public Instruction was appointed (in 1823) to look over the educational interests of the people. As can but be expected, there was no hard and fast line of demarcation laid between primary, secondary and collegiate education till the Calcutta University had come into being in 1857. It very often happened that the self-same institutions received pupils for training in the elements of knowledge as well as in its higher branches. The schools were generally divided into two sections, the junior schools and the senior schools or colleges. In the junior departments only the rudiments of knowledge were taught, and comprised a "knowledge of Reading and Grammar, Writing, Geography and simple rules of Arithmetic in the vernacular and English languages but according to the English System of teaching." Before a student was allowed to proceed to the Senior Department and take up higher studies, he was subject to a careful examination. The higher studies included Composition, Practical Arithmetic, Engineering, Land Surveying, Ethics, Mechanics, Natural Philosophy, Chemistry and Jurisprudence,—the ultimate object in view being "to infuse into the student, possessed of talents and of leisure, a taste for literature and science." At the end of their courses, meritorious students were granted certificates of proficiency.

It will be remembered that in the earlier half of the nineteenth century a number of schools were opened in the country. These schools were either vernacular or Anglo-Vernacular; and several of them owed their existence to missionary enterprise. Sometime in the third decade of the century there had arisen two parties of Educationists in Bengal, one advocating the cause of English Education and the futility of Oriental learning, the other demanding the premier place for classical Oriental literature in the programme of education of the people. This controversy was finally set at rest by the memorable minute of Lord Macaulay in 1835 (?) and the acceptance of its principles by the Government of Lord William Bentinck: it was decided once for all that English language and literature must play the most prominent part in the educational policy of the Government. The existing institutions in the province had by this time been divided into three classes, *viz.*, (*i.*) Oriental Classical Learning; (*ii.*) Anglo-Vernacular; and (*iii.*) Vernacular. It was proposed that the second kind of schools should be largely encouraged and many more of like nature founded. The people themselves evinced a marked desire for English education. The Educational Report for 1838-39, observed that "the desire of acquiring an English education, more particularly in Bengal, is daily advancing, probably in consequence of the number of young men who have been selected from our schools to fill important situations in the Government service and elsewhere . . . . In the Zillahs near the Presidency, numerous schools at which English is taught, almost exclusively, have lately sprung up, under the support of natives" It should be noted that when the modern system of education came into vogue, some of these very institutions, which had survived the passage of time, developed into separate seminaries for imparting either collegiate or secondary instruction.

Lord Auckland formulated a definite policy with regard to the spread of education in the country. He thought it would be most advantageous "to communicate through the means of the English language a complete education in European literature, philosophy and science to the greatest number of students, who may be found ready to accept it at our hands, and for whose instruction our funds will admit of our providing, and so to connect the Zillah schools with the central colleges, as to give from the latter to the ablest students of the Zillah schools a stimulus that will carry them beyond the ordinary range of instruction, which is reached by the mass of Zillah schools."

The growth of education in the third and fourth decades of the last century, however, was not so rapid as could be wished. The number of scholars in 1840 counted only six thousand odd and a half; and of educational institutions, there were only eight colleges and thirty-six preparatory schools. It is satisfactory, however, to note that something like the grant-in-aid system had already come to existence. In addition to the institutions enumerated above, there were under the Education Department at the time six Probational Schools. "The favourable condition of certain schools," runs a contemporary Report of the Council of Education, "the conductors of which had applied for assistance, induced us in several instances to take them probationally under our charge. We assist them too, by donations of class and prize-books, and other necessaries. As a further encouragement we propose giving to each of them a Junior Scholarship at the College under which they are arranged." This was indeed a move in the right direction, and the results justified it eminently.

One of the immediate effects of the memorable Halifax Despatch of 1854 was the creation of the present Department of Public Instruction. When this Department first came into being in January 1855, it received from the outgoing Council of Education 47 Anglo-Vernacular and 2 5 Vernacular schools. In February of the same year the Government of Bengal communicated to the Director of Public Instruction a draft set of rules for giving grants-in aid to private schools. It was stipulated that "no grant will in any case exceed in amount the sum expended on the institution from private sources, and the Government will always endeavour so to give its aid that the effect shall not be the substitution of public for private expenditure, but the increase and improvement of Education." A sum of Rs. 30,000 was sanctioned at the outset for aiding private schools; but the system had been hailed with so much alacrity by the people that the amount was found to be far too small for the purpose: "in little more than a year the whole of it was taken up by 79 Anglo-Vernacular and 140 Vernacular schools." The rapid increase in the number of these schools was mainly due to the policy avowed by the Education Department in those days. Government schools and colleges were to be regarded in the light of this policy; "not as permanent institutions, but only as means for generating a desire and demand for education and as models meanwhile for imitation by private institutions." In consequence, however, of the growing demand for English education, the "Zillah schools were very often overcrowded; to prevent this contingency, the fee of these schools was gradually raised, and "inducement and opportunity were thus afforded for the establishment in the nighbourhood of one or more private schools under the Grant-in-aid System."

It has already been observed that a growing desire had made itself evident on the part of Bengalis for the acquirement of the English language. The aided schools, however, several Inspectors reported, tended to aggravate serious evil, *viz.*, "the substitution of a very imperfect and inaccurate knowledge of English with a still smaller knowledge of other things, for the higher education which, while giving full and accurate information of a practical kind, would, at the same time, strengthen the faculties of the mind.". The result was the creation of a class of persons of no worth whatever in worldly affairs, who nevertheless gave themselves superior airs by reason of their English School Education. These persons were absolutely unfitted and "unwilling to follow the calling of their fathers, and were consequently discontented with their position in life!" In 1854, at the instance of a Committee appointed for the purpose, measures were taken to make the education imparted in such schools "a means of diffusing, throughout the country, knowledge of a practical kind, bearing on the daily wants and occupations of life and of enlightening the masses generally." It was decided that such knowledge should be imparted through the medium of the Vernacular.

Another defect lay in the fact that the funds at the disposal of many of the aided schools were sadly deficient; and, in consequence, they could only afford to entertain the services of ill-paid teachers who, from the nature of their acquirements were ill-fitted to discharge the duties entrusted to their care. The Grant-in-aid rules apparently called for a change. The Supreme Government in their letter dated the 31st August, 1857, were constrained to observe: "In its mode of applying the Grant-in-aid rules to the education of the lower classes, the Government of Bengal has been persuing an erroneous course...It would seem the efforts of the educational officers in Bengal have been directed much more to the establishment of new and expensive schools, than to the improvement of indigenous and cheap ones.

But the Department of Education was fully alive to the defects of the system then prevailing, and projects were being already devised as to how the evils might be counteracted. In a circular dated May the 14th, 1857, the Director of Public Instruction had requested all Inspectors of Schools that "in future, when sending up any application for a grant-in-aid, you will invariably make mention in your Report of any other school within a circle of 10 miles from the one in question, which may either have solicited, or be likely before long to solicit, a Government grant. And, in the event of there being any such schools, or schools, you will understand that the Government will expect you to show good cause, why, under the circumstances, the application should be granted." It was evident enough that Government did not wish to encourage the establishment of many Grant-in-aid schools of the same class within ten miles of one another. From the same circular it appears that Government made no secret of its inclination to view with disfavour "applications for grants to schools that profess to shape themselves after the model of the Government Zillah schools, and to use English as the medium of instruction in all subjects, but whose resources (inclusive of the grant applied for) will not enable them to entertain an establishment at all approaching in efficiency that of a Zillah

(Continued on page 84.)

"East & West."

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(*Continued from page 83.*)

school." The Government was without doubt well advised in this matter; for it held that on English school could be said to be efficient "unless its Head Master is one who can command a salary of at least Rs. 80/-a month."

The number of schools and scholars in the province went on increasing steadily during the years that followed. In 1870-71 it was reported that the number of Government High English Schools had increased to 53 with 10,100 pupils, while 80 High English and 551 Middle English Schools were receiving patronage under the Grant-in-aid system, which appears to have drawn upon Government to the extent of nearly three lakhs and a half in 1871. The Education Commission of 1882 dwelt at length on the Government expenditure on education from 1856 downwards, and appeared to have been satisfied with the results attained. Speaking of the period 1856-1871 the Commission observed: "Throughout this period very liberal provision was made by Government for scholarships linking the lower schools by a progressive chain to the higher, and the higher to the colleges. The cost of these scholarships to Government was Rs. 1,42,000 in 1870-71; and almost from the first they were open to competition by pupils in schools of every class,—Government, aided or unaided."

About the end of the seventies a marked decrease was noticed in the number of schools in the Department. Not only had twenty-five Government schools disappeared from the list but there was also a heavy falling off in the number of aided schools. The reasons, however, were not far to seek. Assam was formed into a separate province in 1874 and carried away under its new government some 125 schools; the returns of schools for European boys were no longer included under the general head in the Departmental reports. In 1871 new grants were altogether stopped,—nay more, many old grants were also withheld. Consequent upon the financial stringency due to the Behar famine, the grant-in-aid allotment was considerably reduced in 1876-77. The cessation of grants in 1870 had already had the baneful effect of arousing in the public mind, distrust of Government policy. In his Report for 1870-71, the Director of Public Instruction could not help observing: "The general impression is, that the cause of this discouraging check to the advance of education is to be found in financial restrictions, which put a stop to all new grants for 11 months of the year, coupled with the widespread distrust of the intentions of Government in regard to educational policy, which has everywhere damped the hopes of the friends of education and enfeebled their exertions, and which, in some districts, is reported to have assumed such exaggerated proportions, that it can only be fitly described as a state of actual panic. In the apparent absence of any other adverse influence of an exceptional character, there seems no reason to doubt that the disastrous decline of the year is rightly attributed to the effect of these two causes combined." The Director was quite right in ascribing the appaling decline to the reduction of grants, as it was very seriously felt in the two following years. It should be noted, however, that this reduction was to a great extent due to the desire of Government to divert some of the funds to the encouragement of primary education. But "the reduction in the grant-in-aid allotment during the Behar famine was not again fully made up, owing to the constant and (latterly) the increasing demands made upon the State funds by primary education.

In its Resolution dated October 23rd, 1884, the Government of India expressed the decision to gradually withdraw from the charge of institutions of a high order. "It is in no degree the wish of the Government of India," went on the Resolution, "to discourage high education in any way whatever. On the contrary, it believes it to be one of its most important duties to spread and foster it. What it specially desires, however, is to secure assistance to the limited funds of the State, by calling forth every available private agency in connection with every branch of public instruction. It is in connection with high education, and in view of the direct pecuniary advantages which it holds out to those who follow it, that the Government thinks it can most properly insist on the fullest development of the policy of self-help." In accordance with the above policy, when proposals came up subsequently for the increase of accommodation of existing schools they were generally refused, "except in those cases in which there was no prospect of private enterprise supplying what was required." The proposers were asked to raise the fees so as to reduce the attendance to suit the size of the building: it was hoped that the establishment of private schools would thus be encouraged.

Speaking of the number of students who successfully passed their examinations from the different kinds of schools, Sir Alfred Croft reported in 1886: "In 1884-85, 26 boys passed the English examination from vernacular schools, and 674 boys. passed the Middle Vernacuar Examination from English Schools. In the case of most of these last the meaning is that they failed in the English paper only, passing in all the subjects of the Vernacular course. In the examination of 1883, the first under the new rules of 1882 the qualifying pass mark was considerably raised, and this resulted in the number of successful candidates being reduced from 2,885 to 2,111. The loss was fully made up in the two following years, when the number of passes rose to 2,512 and 3,769 respectively."

The Quinquennial Report of 1892 96 records with satisfaction that the number of pupils in the high stage of English schools had increased by 1,221, in the middle stage by 1,613, and in the upper primary stage by 4,561. It appears that English was taught as a compulsory subject of study in the High English Schools: in the Middle English Schools it was not a compulsory subject but was "read by the great majority of students." It was in the beginning of the nineties of the last century that the question arose of whether English or the Vernacular should, in subjects other than languages, be the medium of instruction in High Schools. The Vernacular had been tried as the vehicle of instruction in some of the High Schools in the Presidency and Rajshahi Divisions. "In consequence, however, of the persistent opposition it met with from all kinds of people, option was given to the authorities to reconstitute them on an English basis if they thought fit. All the schools except two in the Rajshahi Division and one in the Presidency Division, are reported to have already availed themselves of this permission."

The cost of Government, it appears from the same Report, had at the time increased by 15·8 per cent., the increase in the number of pupils being 12·8 per cent. and in that of schools 11·7 per cent. The Grant-in-aid rules were revised and grants sanctioned henceforth were to last only three years, after which each case was to be thoroughly re-examined with a view to deciding whether the grant should be repeated, and, if so, to what extent. This had a very salutary effect on the maintenance of discipline, which was further strengthened by "the ruling of the Senate, that the transfer rules are binding on all classes of High Schools, and that an infringement of them would render a school liable to forfeit its recognition."

In 1904, in a Resolution issued by the Governor-General in Council on the 11th of March, a decided improvement on the policy hitherto adopted, was proclaimed. It had been more than once announced that Government would gradually withdraw from the field in proportion as private enterprise was forthcoming to take the work of education in hand. In the meanwhile the United Kingdom had given very large grants to secondary education. "Faith in the adequacy of private enterprises to cope with educational destitution, or even to supply what is needed in secondary education for the less well-to-do classes had declined." The educational policy of the British Isles has always moulded that of British India to a greater or a lesser degree. In the above mentioned Resolution, accordingly, the Government of India proclaimed its recognition of "the extreme importance of the principle that, in each branch of education, Government should maintain a limited number of institutions, both as models for private enterprise to follow and in order to uphold a high standard of education. In withdrawing from direct management, it is further essential that the Government should retain a general control, by means of official inspection, over all public educational institutions."

About the middle part of the first decade of the twentieth century the consensus of public opinion in England attached very great importance to the formation of competent secondary schools. From various quarters the demand became more and more persistent that a greater amount of money should be spent on secondary education. It was to a great measure the outcome of close observation of the excellent results that had attended the public control of education in many continental countries and in the United States. The eyes of Indian educationists were not shut to the shortcomings and defects of the system prevailing in this country. In the Annual Report for 1905-06, Mr. (afterwards Sir Archdale) Earle remarked: "The wonder seems to me to be not that so few students pass the Entrance Examination as in the present year, but that so many are usually able to do so." The most important thing in his opinion, and the most urgent, was the establishment of training colleges for teachers who imparted instruction through the medium of English. "I lately visited an important High School," Sir Archdale observed, "and found that the Head Master could with difficulty understand English when addressed in that language. This man had to teach the students through the medium of English. Comment is superfluous. If they do these things in a green tree what shall be done in the dry?" Of course, Sir Archdale admitted that this did by no means apply to all Head Masters, many of whom were well educated and interested in their work.

The Quinquennial Report of 1902-07 which was most ably drawn up by Mr. W. W. Hornell reiterated the importance of efficient training colleges for teachers. He very correctly felt the pulse of the people of Bengal when he remarked that they had "begun to feel that a secondary system of education ought to be able to do more for a boy than squeeze him through the Matriculation Examination of the Calcutta University." Secondary Schools were found to have served no other purpose than that of acting as mere feeders of colleges; they were being used only as cramming institutions. Mr. Hornell endorsed the opinion of the English Board of

Education that "a Secondary School should keep in view the development and exercise of all the faculties involved in the different kinds of training, and will fail to give a sound general education to its scholars in so far as it sends them out, whether to further study or to the business of life with one or other of these faculties neglected, or with one developed at the expense of the rest." He accordingly proposed an early revision of the curriculum with the object of awakening the latent capacities of students and urged the need of providing various courses to suit the varying needs of the boys, that is, "with reference to the occupations and opportunities to which they may or should look forward in future life." In his opinion it was of the utmost moment that a few really sound schools should come into existence before the proposed training Colleges began sending out their students to take up teaching work.

Now began the busiest time in the history of secondary education in Bengal. The Grant-in-aid rules were revised in 1905: it was agreed that grants might be given to schools for special classes and also to assist in the building of hostels. A Joint Conference of administrative and educational officers assembled in December 1907 to consider how secondary education could be placed on better footing; the sittings continued till March 1908. Among other things the Conference recommended ' acceptance of standard scales for staffing and contingent expenses of High, Middle English and Middle Vernacular schools respectively, differing again according as they were publicly or privately managed. In the case of privately managed schools it was proposed that Government should bear two-thirds of the additional cost."

On the 21st February, 1913, the Governor-General in Council announced his revised educational policy which bears unmistakable marks of the educational opinion of England. After expressing his Government's adherence to the principle of relying upon private enterprise in secondary education as far as possible, the Governor-General summarised his policy as "the encouragement of privately managed schools under suitable bodies, maintained in efficiency by Government inspection, recognition and control, and by the aid of Government funds." The few existing Government schools were sought to be improved by—

(*a*) Employing only graduates or trained teachers;
(*b*) Introducing a graded service for teachers of English with a minimum salary of Rs. 40/- per month and a. maximum salary of Rs. 400/- per month;

(*c*) Providing proper hostel accommodation;

(*d*) Introducing a school course complete in itself with a staff sufficient to teach what may be called the modern side with special attention to the development of an historical and a geographical sense;

(*e*) Introducing manual training and improving science teaching.

It was further resolved to—

(*a*) To increase largely the grants-in-aid, in order that aided institutions may keep pace with the improvements in Government Schools on the above-mentioned lines, and encourage the establishment of new aided institutions where necessary.

(*b*) To multiply and improve training colleges so that trained teachers may be available for public and private institutions.

(*c*) To found Government Schools in such localities as may on a survey of local conditions and with due regard to economy of educational effort and expense, be preved to require them.

In the second decade of the twentieth century several far-reaching improvements were suggested in the system of secondary education. This was mainly due to the indefatigable energy and unusual foresight of Mr. W. W. Hornell who stepped into the shoes of the Director of Public Instruction in 1913. It should be recorded to his lasting credit that he had discovered the true causes of the deterioration of secondary education. Year after year the Departmental Statistics had been revealing agreeable increase in the number of both schools and pupils. What, then, was at the bottom of the widespread discontent among educated Bengalis with the fruits of the system in vogue? Surely, there must be something rotten at the very root; and it would well repay investigation. In 1915 Mr. Hornell deputed a young Bengali civilian to investigate the matter, who in due course submitted a most illuminating report. Describing the pitiable condition in which many of the boys of secondary schools find themselves in the battle of life, the investigator observed: "Most of them may eventually find themselves the poorer for the years which they have spent in school and the figures show that out of every 100 pupils of all classes who start on the High School Course 15 only even begin the University Course. This is a situation to which no serious Government could possibly remain indifferent. Politically it means an ever increasing production of what the French call *declasse*, the physically weak, mentally inflated, unemployed *educated man* who is the gravest political danger in every country of the world. Educationally it means and must mean degraded standards, overcrowded schools, cram and the absence of all ideals in schools and colleges. The schools and colleges are called upon to deal with a mass of unfit students every one of whom is feverishly intent on one thing, and one thing only, the passing of examinations and the securing of coveted labels, the longed-for passports into the ranks of those who can compete for admission into the already-overcrowded arena of respectable employment!"

Wherein lies the remedy? In the Quinquennial Report of 1912-17 Mr. Hornell suggests the broadening of our secondary education. "We must make it more directly the basis of all professional and industrial employment." This indeed is the sole remedy and the Directors has put it in a nutshell. To put a stop to the growing evil, one must go to the very root of things, and the system of secondary education as now obtaining in this province must be thoroughly overhauled.

"The universities cannot fulfil their functions," aptly remarks the Director, "unless the secondary schools fulfil theirs; what the secondary schools can do in preparation for life, the universities cannot do. The development of the Presidency demands a system of effective Secondary Schools, a system which will be so far as it goes liberal and self-contained, a system which will prepare for life and not merely for the Matriculation Examination!"

The recent Commission on the University affairs of Calcutta have laid down various lines of action regarding the ways and means of the improvement of Secondary Education. In the newly constituted Government, Education has become a "transferred" subject. With the Hon'ble Sir P. C. Mitter at the helm, Bengal looks forward to a thorough overhauling of the present system. Signs are not wanting to indicate that a considerable advance may be expected in the near future.

Games.

'Twas told the Greeks of old
They ought to grow more bold,
Thus their vanquishers to face
And so become a stronger race.

So then the games were instituted
Which made them better constituted
Their laurels to attain,
Which proving not in vain.

They gained the approbation
Of almost every nation
For their courage and their valour,
Which cast o'er them a glamour.

This lasting through the ages
And told by many sages
Both in song and story,
Resulted in crowns of glory.

The Bhagavat Gita.

What is Man?

By P. Ananthaswamy.

TO every man, his sphere of activity—physical, intellectual, moral, and spiritual—is a battlefield where the conflict is between the call of knowledge and duty and the temptations of ignorance and passion. The higher self and the lower self are ever at war. Whether we consider the individual, or the family, or the community, or the nation, this struggle is never absent. Without due and full preparation to face the battle, the result will be invariably defeat and ruin.

One could best equip oneself to fight the battle of life by giving one's days to the study and contemplation of the Bhagavat Gita. It contains the basic principles by which to regulate the conduct of life. Its teachings are of universal and unfailing application. Men of all creeds, all callings, all ranks, and even all temperaments could draw inspiration and help from them. Their contents are like the waters of a perennial spring from which the measure of the water that could be taken is simply the measure of the drawing-pot. We all know that Shakespeare is a universal favourite and is read alike by the careless reader and the profound student. We also know differently Shakespeare impresses the former on the one hand, and students like Goethe, Carlyle or Emerson on the other. The limit of Shakespeare's teachings is not the limit of Shakespeare himself, but of the mind of his reader. The same is the case with the Bhagavat Gita, and indeed, with all really great books. They contain priceless teachings than which there is nothing better for the uplifting of humanity. In *Public Opinion*, a vigorous English weekly, there is quoted a tribute to the Christian Bible from the pen of Dr. J. G. Frazer, the author of the *Golden Bough*: "The reading of the Bible seems to lift us for a while out of ourselves, our little cares and little sorrows, into communion with those higher powers whatever they are, which existed before man began to be, and which will exist when the whole human race, as we are daily reminded by the cataclysms and convulsions of nature, shall be swept out of existence for ever. It strengthens in us the blind conviction or the trembling hope that somewhere beyond these earthly shadows, there is a world of light eternal where the. obstinate questionings of the mind will be answered and the heart find rest." This description would apply with equal force to our Bible of Humanity which marks the highest point attained of philosophic imagination and which is the conspectus of the numberless thoughts taught by the greatest preachers of humanity.

The subject of the Bhagavat Gita is man, his origin, his life, and his future. What is man ? Western Science has been studying man and has as yet been unable to arrive at a satisfactory answer to the question. In a recent book, *Science and the Human Mind* by a scientist couple, Mr. and Mrs. Whetham of Cambridge, I find on page 283, "considered mechanically, a man is a somewhat complicated piece of mechanism of certain dimensions...To the chemist he is a chemical laboratory. . . . . . To the physicist he illustrates processes such as osmosis or electrolytic conduction, and the atoms of the chemist are resolved into corpuscle or electrons, the vibrations of which emit the electromagnetic radiation known as radiant heat. By the physiologist he is resolved into a collection of cells . . . . To the anthropologist and zoologist the man is an individual of a certain race. . . . . To the psychologist the man is primarily a mind, and his typical product is a thought...To his doctor he is an obscure and ill-understood piece of machinery, mechanical, chemical and psychological ; while to his vicar he is essentially an immortal soul to be saved or lost."

Prof. J. Arthur Thompson who has made many contributions to *Evolution* has stated his position in one of his latest books in the Home University Series, *Introduction to Science*. Comparing a living creature and a machine he says, "The living organism differs from any machine in its greater efficiency and . . . . . in being a self-stoking, self-repairing, self-preservative, self-adjusting, self-increasing, self-reproducing engine . . . . No machine profits by experience, nor trades with time as organisms do. Only living creatures have a persistent unified behaviour, a power of profiting by experience, and a creative capacity as genuine agents."

Speaking of scientific descriptions in their higher reaches, Prof. Thompson recognises that scientific terms are "conceptual formulæ," that matter energy, ether, atom and so on, of which we speak glibly "are intellectual counters," rather than the realities themselves, that they are, so to speak, counterfoils or symbols of reality, and that we may well say of them what Hobbes said of words: "They are wise men's counters, they do but reckon by them, but they are the money of fools."

Prof. Thompson admits that all our scientific experience is rounded with mystery. He quotes the following passage from Prof. Sir E. Ray Lancaster: "No sane man has ever pretended, since science became a definite body of doctrine, that we know or ever can hope to know or conceive of the possibility of knowing whence the mechanism has come, why it is there, whither it is going, and what may or may not be beyond and beside it, which our senses are incapable of appreciating. These things are not 'explained' by science and never can be." . . . .

This agnostic attitude towards the origin, purpose, and goal of humanity may suffice for certain temperaments which may perhaps be able to maintain a pious adherence to it. The well-known interview between Napoleon and Laplace furnishes a historic instance of this. In reply to Napoleon's query about the place of God in his scheme of nature, the great mathematician is said to have coolly and confidently replied, "Sire, I have no need of that hypothesis." Ancient India, too, had her agnostics and atheists. We know, however, on the other hand, that there have been intellectual giants in all countries (Newton, Faraday, Clerk, Maxwell, Stokes, and Lord Kelvin, to mention a few names from British Science) who hold strong convictions on the origin and destiny of Man. Herbert Spencer, great agnostic as he was, has said, "Religious creeds, which in one way or other occupy the sphere that rational interpretation seeks to occupy and fails, and fails the more it seeks, I have come to regard with a sympathy based on community of need: feeling that dissent from them results from inability to accept the solutions offered, joined with the wish that solutions could be found."

For most minds it is difficult, if not impossible, to maintain a consistent agnostic attitude towards problems which are usually relegated to Religion, but which are as important to the lay man and the man of science as to the most pious philosopher. Hence there have been attempts to reconcile the differences between Science and Religion. I will just refer to one such attempt made recently in the *Contemporary Review* by Sir William Barret, F. R. S., who is not only a distinguished physicist but takes profound interest in psychical matters. He says, "To deny miracles because of their incredibility is to deny the equally incredible but familiar phenomena of the nutrition, repair, and reproduction of living organisms. What can be more incredible than the transmutation of our food into blood corpuscles, and those corpuscles contributing the precise elements required to repair totally different tissues in our body? Ask the most accomplished chemist, with all his laboratory appliances and wide knowledge, to turn a bundle of hay into even a single drop of milk, and he acknowledges it to be impossible. But give the hay to the humble cow, and the miracle is wrought! And do we not all know of miracles in *grace*, miracles of redeemed humanity, even more marvellous than any miracle in Nature? In fine, miracles are evidences of the directing, controlling action of *mind*, whether in the creature or the Creator, over what we call matter, living or dead, in a manner that transcends our comprehension." To Sir William Barret, scientific observation and discovery "reveal not only the wisdom of the Creator in the seen, but afford a window through which we can better see the vast scope of the Divine purpose in the unseen."

It is time to return from this rather long digression. Most of us having been brought up under the Western system of education, in which materialistic science has been looming so large, it is only due to ourselves to refer to the manner in which the votaries of that science have been disposed towards the eternal problems affecting mankind. .In India, however, the conflict of science and religion is almost unknown: It is significant that there are no proper Sanskrit equivalents for such English words as religion, conscience, etc., nor, on the other hand, proper English equivalents for Sanskrit words like Dharma, Tapas, etc. Indian sages have regarded science and religion alike as knowledge or *vidya.* They have classified all knowledge into the Lower Science and the Higher Science. The subject matter of the Higher Science is the Supreme Brahman. Everything else belongs to the Lower Science. The Lower Science prepares the way for the Higher. The Higher includes the Lower. The Higher Science is *Rajavidya* or the Royal Science. This classification is as ancient as the Mundakopanishad. The problem of Man and his destiny pertains to the Higher Science and finds adequate treatment in the principal sacred books of India. In this connection we must also bear in mind that, for the pursuit of the Higher Science of Man, every one carries with him his own laboratory. The instrument of research is his own mind which should be made both sharp and clean, and the methods of research could only be acquired by *Vichara, Sadhusangama,* and *Satchhâstra,* i.e., reflection and meditation, association with the wise and study of right books. This, it should be noticed, includes all the qualifications of the student of materialistic science and a great deal more besides. To those who would profess to be sceptical or agnostic on this point, I should reply in the words of the Sanskrit maxim, "It is no fault of the post, if the blind man cannot see it."

As to the origin of man, the Bhagavat Gita teaches us in unmistakable and emphatic language that man is not the body, that he is spirit, that he uses the body as his vehicle of self-expression and that he never ceases to exist. The Lord says, (II, 12, 17, 18, 19, 20, 22) "(1) Not at any time verily was I not, nor thou, nor these princes, nor verily shall we ever cease to be, hereafter. (2) Know that to be indestructible by whom all this is pervaded. Nor can any work the destruction of that imperishable one. (3) Used by the embodied One who is eternal, indestructible, and boundless, these bodies are known to have their end. Therefore fight, O Bhâratā. (4) He who regardeth the embodied One as a slayer, and he who thinketh he is slain, both of them are ignorant. He slayeth not, nor is he slain. (5) He is not born nor doth he die: nor, having been, doth he cease any more to be; unborn, perpetual, eternal, and ancient, he is not slain when the body is slaughtered. (6) As a man casting off worn-out garments, taketh new ones, so the dweller in the body, casting off worn-out bodies, entereth into others that are new."

We see from these verses that the real man is not his body, that he is one with the all-pervading spirit or Brahman, that he is beginning-less and endless, and that when he has done with one mortal vesture he enters into another. In philosophical parlance, he is known as *Jiva* or *Jivatma.*

These assertions must run the gauntlet of searching questions which it is by no means easy to answer. Granting that there is such a thing as Brahman or Paramâtman and that It or He (or She, why not?) pervades everything, and man among the rest, how did man come to exist as a separate entity and how is he one with the Supreme Spirit? And as for his re-birth and entering into a new body, supposing it a fact, is he a free agent in the matter, or subject to compulsion and helpless?

As regards the first question about man's coming into the universe and his oneness with its Lord, here is what Sri Krishna says elsewhere in the Gita, Himself being the Supreme Lord in manifestation :—

1. "I am the source of the universe and likewise its end. There is naught whatsoever higher than I, O Dhananjaya. All this is strung together on me, as rows of pearls on a string.—(vii 7.)

2. My womb is the great eternal primeval matter, Prakriti; in it I place the germ; thence comes the birth of all beings, O Bharata.—(xiv, 3.)

3. In whatsoever wombs mortal forms are produced, O Kaunteya, the eternal Prakriti is their mighty womb, I their generating father.—(xiv, 4.)

4. A portion of mine own self is transformed in the world of living beings into an immortal Jiva and draws round itself the senses which are veiled in matter and of which the mind is the sixth.—(xv, 7.)

5. When the Lord (i.e., the immortal Spirit or Jiva encased within the senses) acquires a physical body and when he abandons it, he seizes these senses and goes, as the wind takes fragrances from their retreats.—(xv. 8.)

6. These two are well-known, the perishable man or the mortal body, and the imperishable man or the immortal Jiva. All bodies (from that of Brahma to the pillar) are Kshara or perishable. The Soul or Jiva who is called Koolāsthu or rock-seated and persists like a rock while the bodies perish is Akshara or imperishable. —(xv, 16.)

7. The highest man is verily another, declared as the Paramātma or the Supreme Self, He who, pervading the three worlds, sustains them, Himself being immutable. —(xv, 17.)

8. Since I am beyond the perishable and even higher than the imperishable Jiva, I am proclaimed in the world and in the Veda as the Supreme Purusha or Spirit.—(xv, 18.)

These verses teach that, in the process of manifestation, the Supreme Spirit, the One without a second, by its own inherent power of desire, creates out of itself Prakriti or the universe of matter, throws out sparks, of itself as a flaming fire and assumes names and forms by each such part combining with or entering into matter. There is no portion of matter, however small or great, that is not pervaded by the Eternal Spirit. The relation of the Supreme Self to the individual is by means of comparisons, variously expressed as that of father to son, fire to spark, ocean to drop, gold to jewelry, clay to pot, etc. The process of return to the Supreme by the Jiva consciously becoming able to throw off Upadhis or limitations constitutes Evolution and culminates in Self-realization or *Mukti.*

The omnipresent and all-pervading nature of the Supreme spirit is described in other parts of the Gita also. For example, in chapter vii, 4–6, the 9th chapter, 5–19, and chapter x, 20, 39–42.

Let us note an important practical corollary that inevitably follows from the above. We are taught that the one Life produces out of Itself the law-bound Universe and pervades it, occupying and filling it everywhere with its own sparks. Each spark encases itself in its own veil of matter which, as is obvious to the meanest observation, varies in density and limits in different degrees the free play of the spark. Minerals, plants, animals, men, and the several orders of higher beings are all such sparks, each limited in its own way. Hence the great *logion* of the Indian sages, *Tatwamasi, That Thou Art*, which means for the conduct of life that the whole animate world forms one vast brotherhood. The well-being of each is related to that of everyone else. Complete isolation or utter selfishness is unthinkable. Hence the one rule without exception insisted on by the Gita and other Indian sacred books, Help One Another and not obstruct, Love and not hate.

It is also stated in the Bhagavat Gita (chapter xi) that the Lord gave his pupil an ocular demonstration by enabling him to see at a glance. His Universal form on which were multitudinous shapes and beings of all degrees of beauty and horror every such being, being, of course, a part of his own divine self.

For those who are not so fortunate nor so qualified as Arjuna, and are unfit to stand the demonstration of such high teaching, Sri Krishna, in his unbounded compassion for humanity, has indicated, very briefly, almost aphoristically, how persons should live their life who are desirous of entering upon the path of true discipleship. It will be observed that the different directions are suitable for different Adhikâris, *i.e*, for different capacities and temperaments. Whether a man is intellectual or emotional, high or low in the Scale of morality and religion, sharp or dull by nature, one or other of these teachings will fit him, provided he has the one indispensable qualification, *viz.*, a real desire for knowledge and progress, and is really earnest in making his endeavours.

1. " With the mind not wandering after aught else, harmonised by continual practice of Yoga, constantly meditating, O Partha, one reaches the supreme, divine Purusha.—(viii. 8).

2. " He, the highest Purusha, O Partha, may be reached by unswerving devotion to him alone, in whom all beings abide, by whom all this is pervaded.—(viii, 22.)

3. " Mind fixed on me, life devoted to me, informing each other, ever speaking about me, they, the wise, are contented and joyful to these, ever harmonious minded, lovingly worshipping I give the Yoga of discrimination by which they come into me. (x, 10.)

4. For the sole object of blessing them, dwelling within their heart in the form contemplated by the mind, I destroy the ignorance-born darkness by the shining lamp of wisdom.—(x, 11.)

5. They who worship the Indestructible, the Ineffable, the Unmanifested, Omnipresent and Unthinkable, the Unchanging, Immutable, Eternal restraining and subduing the senses, regarding everything equally, and rejoicing in the welfare of all, they certainly come into Me.—(xii, 3 & 4).

6. But if thou art not able firmly to fix thy mind on Me, then by the Yoga of steady practice seek to reach Me, O Dhananjaya.—(xii, 9).

7. Some by meditation behold the self or Atma in their buddhic region by means of the trained mind; others by the Sankhya Yoga (by distinguishing spirit or Purusha from matter or Prakriti; and others by Karma Yoga (by performing all enjoined actions in a spirit of renunciation and sacrificing their fruit at the altar of the Lord).—(xiii, 24).

8. When he realises the diversified existence of beings as rooted in One and spreading forth from it alone, then he reaches Brahman.—(xiii, 30).

9. Merge thy mind in Me, be My devotee, sacrifice to Me, make thy prostration to Me, thou shalt surely come to Me. I pledge thee My troth; thou art dear to Me.—(xviii, 65).

These and other extremely condensed statements relating to the path of realisation as well as the equally condensed statements of metaphysical doctrine and practical ethics found in the Gita form texts on which elaborate disquisitions and commentaries have been written from the points of view of the three schools of Indian Philosophy by the founders and their followers of those respective schools. They contain arguments and explanations enough to satisfy the most fastidious intellect. Speaking of the excellence of the Gita's teachings one of these commentators and the most simple writer of them all, Sridharaswami, quotes the following verse:

गीतासुगीता कर्त्तव्य किमन्यै : शास्त्र विस्तरं : ।
या स्यं पद्मनाभस्य मुख पद्माद्धी निसृता ॥

Other Sastras are superfluous, the Gita is the one guide necessary and sufficient for the conduct of life and the attainment of its goal, its teachings having flowed direct from the lips of Padmanabha himself.

Where East meets West.

By Edith Staniforth.

Part I.

THEY were nearing Tiflis and she began putting her things together; he strapped up her rugs for her and lifted her suit-case down from the rack. They were travelling companions, no more, but they had journeyed together from Petersburg (Petrograd, as we call it now, but this was in the days before the great upheaval which blotted out all the old landmarks), and his knowledge of Russian had been a great help to her. She was an English governess on her way to her post in a Russian family near Tiflis and he was a mining engineer sent out by an English company to look after some oil-wells which the Russians in their jealousy of foreign enterprise were keeping very dark. She was getting out at Tiflis and he was going on to Baku. A little silence fell upon them as the hour for parting drew near, for friendship is of quick growth under such circumstances. The young man broke it; he was a pleasant-looking young fellow with a trustworthy face and a manner which inspired confidence, of a type which England turns out by hundreds, but which one is glad to come to across in out-of-the-way places.

"I am sorry to say good-bye," he said.

"And so am I," answered Evelyn Newton frankly. "But we shall meet again, I hope."

"Sure to. Baku is no distance. I shall be over at Tiflis before long and will look you up—if I may?"

"Oh, do! But we shall not be in Tiflis just yet. They stay in the country in summer and come to town for the winter."

"I'll run out on my bicycle. What is the distance?"

"About thirty miles."

Evelyn put on her coat and tied her motor veil in a soft bow under chin while the young man watched her. How pretty she was! he thought, so refined and dainty, so English-looking, so unmistakably a lady. Much too pretty to be a governess, in Russia especially. The thought inspired his next words.

"What do you know of the people you are going to?" he asked abruptly.

"Only what the agent told me. They are very rich. I have a good salary and no menial duties."

"I should hope not indeed!" indignantly.

Menial duties in connection with Evelyn Newton! It was unthinkable.

"He is a prince, you know."

"Princes are common enough in the Caucasus. The possession of four sheep gives a claim to the title."

"Oh, but he is not like that!" exclaimed Evelyn eagerly.

"No, I suppose not. Still it sounds rather risky. Russia is not like England, particularly Asiatic Russia. I wonder your parents let you go."

"I have no parents, only a sister, and we are very badly off."

He was silent. He was on the make himself, but if things went well with him—

"Promise me that if you get into any difficulty you will let me know. Here is my address."

He scribbled it on a card and gave it to her. She thanked him. The train steamed into the station; she jumped out and looked around her. They had said they would send to meet her. A distinguished-looking man in a gray tweed suit, tall and fair, came forward, lifting his hat.

"Miss Newton?" he asked. "I am Prince Soltikov. My car is waiting. Will you let my servant see to your things?"

He spoke English perfectly, without a trace of foreign accent.

"Oh, thank you!" she answered. "May I say, goodbye to my friend?"

She turned to take leave of her companion who was leaning out of the carriage window watching the encounter with interest.

"Goodbye, Mr. Harris. Thank you so much for all you have done for me. I should have been lost without you."

"Goodbye," tightening his grasp of her hand as if loth to let it go. "Remember your promise." And lowering his voice, "Look out for the prince, he's a tiger.

A tiger? What could he mean? She puzzled over it as she went with her employer to claim her modest luggage and saw it placed on the car. He seemed quiet enough; his manner was grave and courteous, and he could not have treated her with more deference if she had been a princess herself. His steely blue eyes looked as if they might flash on occasion, but his regular features were Oriental in their calm repose. He helped her into the car and they started; it was hot and stifling in the town which lay low on both banks of the river, a curious mixture of East and West, but they soon emerged into the open country where the wind from the snowy Caucasus blew over the plain and freshened the air. It was pleasant going: soon they began to ascend and the scenery grew wild and romantic with gorges and deep ravines; the prince explained to Evelyn that their country-house stood on one of the outlying spurs of the mountains.

"It is never too hot there," he assured her, "and the view is magnificent. I hope you will be happy with us, Miss Newton. If you have any trouble you must come to me."

It was the second offer of assistance she had received that afternoon. He looked down admiringly at the fair girl by his side, her golden hair a little ruffled by the breeze and her delicate colouring, and she on her side was conscious of that curious charm which is inherent in the Slav race, tinged with a shade of melancholy which makes it all the more interesting. When Evelyn summed up her impressions that night it is to be feared that the image of the young engineer paled before that of the prince, which was rather ungrateful. She took out a manuscript book with a lock and key and began to write in it.

"Sept. 10th, Petrovskaia.

"I promised Mollie I would keep a diary while I was away. I have never done such a thing in my life, and I find it rather difficult to begin, but I suppose the best way is just to put down the things as they happen. The prince met me at the station and brought me up here in his car—such a beauty! a Daimler. He is about thirty-five and very good-looking, quite the Circassian type. The children came out to meet us, dear little things, rather shy, a boy and a girl named Sergei and Mitschka, which is the Russian diminutive for Mary. I fell in love with them at once. They each took one of my hands and led me into the drawing-room where the prince introduced me to the princess, a handsome woman, dark, very much made up. She was gracious enough and offered me some tea "which is a Russian custom as well as an English one, mademoiselle," she said. She spoke in French, she doesn't know English. A large Samovar was boiling on a table in the corner, and the tea was delicious, caravan tea, very hot, with no milk, but a slice of lemon. Then she said I must be tired and told the children to take me up to my room which leads out of theirs and is large and lofty, with no carpets or curtains, but beautiful Persian rugs scattered about on the polished floor and blinds made of matting to keep out the sun. The children have a Russian nurse who looks after their washing and dressing and sleeps across their door at night—such a curious custom! Fancy an English servant being expected to do such a thing!

"I rested a little and then went down to have a look at my surroundings. This is like a fairy palace or a scene out of the Arabian nights, and the garden is a dream, with thinkling fountains, and shady arbours and all sorts of beautiful flowers, and beyond it a cool green forest in which one might wander for hours. I dined with the prince and princess, and we were waited on by Circassian servants in their national costume, armed, to the teeth. I told the prince how much I longed to explore the forest, but he said it was not very safe to do so alone, in winter there were bears and wolves and jackals, and even in summer it was well to be careful. He would give me a Russian boarhound to protect me. The princess looked rather scornful but made no remark."

She closed the book and put the cap on her stylo pen. Two days aftetwards came another entry.

"Sept. 12th.

"I think I shall like being here, The children are darlings. I don't care much for the princess, but I see very little of her, she only appears at meals. We breakfast, of course, in our rooms, foreign fashion. The prince is charming; he brought me the boarhound this morning, a beautiful creature named Boris. I knelt down before him and kissed him on the forehead, and he quite understood that he belonged to me. I went for a walk in the forest with the children and our new companion; the prince joined us and we talked while the children played. He told me how much he liked the English, they were so true and honourable, you could trust them.

"I always trust people." I said.

"So did I when I was your age," he replied.

"I wonder why Mr. Harris called him a tiger. He is most gentle and kind. His smile is delightful, but it never seems to reach his eyes which are always sad. I don't think he and the princess have much in common. The children are devoted to him and like him much better than their mother who takes hardly any notice of them."

"Sept. 20th.

"A very disagreeable thing has happened. I don't know whether to speak to the prince or not. I had just come in from a walk with the children this afternoon and was taking off my things when the princess's French maid knocked at my door. Would Mademoiselle go to the theatre with the princess? she asked. A French company had just arrived in Tiflies. The car would be round in half an hour. Mademoiselle would dine in town with the princess. I was delighted; "I had never seen a French play in my life.

"How kind of the princess!" I exclaimed. "Please thank her for me. I will get ready at once."

"I put on my prettiest dress and took a warm wrap for the car. The princess was in the drawing-room when I came down; she looked magnificent in a new dress from Paris, a blaze of jewels, rather over-dressed for the theatre, I thought, but it suited her, she always looks best at night, like a beautiful wild animal, with a sleek coat and flashing eyes. She got into the car and I followed her.

"Is not the prince coming?" I asked.

"She looked at me rather curiously.

"No," she answered, "he has not come home."

"Half way down the avenue the car stopped and a man got in. He was in evening dress, but I saw at once he was not a gentleman, handsome in a way but a coarse, animal type, the very antipodes of the prince who is aristocratic to the tips of his fingers. He sat down opposite the princess and they immediately began a low-toned conversation in Russian without taking any notice of me, as if I had not been there. I was furious: I saw of course why I had been invited, as a blind. Once or twice I caught him looking at me with a sort of insolent curiosity which made my blood boil, and I drew back into the shadow of the car. When we reached Tiflis we drove to a restaurant where the princess's manner towards me became more civil; there were a lot of people present and I suppose she did not wish to excite remark. She spoke to me once or twice in French during dinner and tried to include me in the conversation, but I would not talk, I was "too disgusted. After dinner we went on to the theatre

(Continued on page 110.)

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(*Continued from page 108.*)

where we had the governor' box, the best in the house. The princess and her friend retired to the back "of it and paid no attention to the play whatever; I wanted to enjoy the piece and the acting, but I could not." I was too upset, and I kept thinking of the poor prince who is so deceived. We left a little before the end and the man drove back with us, but he got out at the entrance to the avenue and we drove on to the house. And now I don't know what to do. I wish I had Mollie to consult with. But one thing I am determined, I will not be a party to such doings in future.

"Sept. 21st.

"I have found out who the man is: I came face to face with him in the garden this morning and he had the impertinence to bow to me. I looked him straight in the eyes, and just then the prince came up.

"Good morning, Miss Newton, he said. "Ah! Dimitri, I want to speak to you. Go up to the house and wait for me."

"He spoke with easy authority, and the man's whole manner underwent an immediate change, it became humble, cringing, subservient.

"At your Excellency's orders", he said, bowing down to the ground.

"I felt a keen satisfaction at seeing him reduced to his proper level; I had been so humiliated before him the night before.

"Prince," I exclaimed directly he was gone, "who is "that man?"

"My steward. A handsome fellow, isn't he?"

"*I* don't think so," I answered decidedly.

"He looked amused."

"Not your taste?" he asked. "Nor mine, but he is generally considered so. All the women are after him."

"I knew one who was, to her shame. How could the princess Soltikov condescend to an intrigue with her husband's steward? Out the situtation was not a new one; I remembered Joseph and Potiphar's wife.

"He is quite of low birth," continued the prince, "the son of a peasant, but clever, or he would not have risen as he has done. An arrant thief, no doubt, but no worse than the rest, and I would rather have a knave than a fool. Did you enjoy yourself last night?"

"Yes—no—I don't know," I answered in some confusion. The question took me unawares.

"That sounds rather contradictory. Which was wrong, the piece or the acting?"

"Neither."

"Something more serious then." His voice took a graver tone. "Will you not tell me what it was?"

"I was silent. I had half thought of telling him about it, but now that the opportunity was given to me I felt I could not."

"I shall have to find out then."

"He scrutinized my face."

"You look pale, and your eyes are heavy as if you had not slept."

"I seized on the first excuse that occurred to me.

"I am a little homesick, and I miss my sister."

"That is inevitable, but you will get over it, I hope. It is lonely for you here; it will be better when we get back to Tiflis. I want you to be happy with us, Miss Newton. I would do anything I could to make you so."

"His tone was almost entreating. I was touched by his kindness and the tears came into my eyes; I brushed them hastily away, hoping he had not seen them."

"Are you a reader? Would you like me to lend you some books? I have rather a fine library, come and see it."

"But your steward is waiting for you," I objected.

"Let him wait."

"Sept. 25th.

"The prince has discovered what happened the other night. He sent for me to the library this morning: he looked very grave and ceremoniously placed a chair for me.

"I wish to apologize to you, Miss Newton," he said, "for the insult you have received in my house."

"You know then," I said.

I could not help wondering who had told him; he was not the sort of man to whom it would be easy o repeat such a thing.

"You refused to tell me, so I made it my business to find out. It was not difficult, it is the common talk of Tiflis, but I am determined that you shall not be mixed up in such matters and I have told my wife so."

"Was that how he took it? Was it no more to him than that?"

"I wonder you allow it," I exclaimed. I could not help it.

He drew himself up rather haughtily.

"It is beneath my dignity to notice it. I only interfered on your account. You are under the protection of my roof and I insist on your being treated with respect and consideration. It is no uncommon thing in Russia for husband and wife to lead separate lives under the same roof, but this is beyond belief. A servant! A low Armenian!"

"His eyes flashed, and I caught for the first time a glimpse of something I had never before suspected in him, of elemental passions held in check by the force of the human will. It made me tremble, but it was gone in an instant, and his face resumed its usual expression. It might have been my fancy."

"Will you forgive me" he said, "for having exposed you to this?"

"It was not your fault," I answered.

"No, it was not, and yet I ought to have been prepared for it. For years it has been the same, first one man, then another, but she has never descended quite as low as this."

"He took my hand."

"Now that you know what my life is, will you help me?"

"His voice was low and pleading; my heart ached for him, he looked so unhppy."

"Indeed I will if I can, but what can I do?"

"Much. I am very lonely; you must have seen that for yourself. Your eyes have been opened to the truth and you know what lies below the surface. The friendship of a good woman would mean a great deal to me. Will you be my friend—Evelyn?"

I started. He had used my Christian name—unconsciously, perhaps, but I did not think so. There was a note in his voice which I could not define, and I had a sense of danger in the air. I remembered Mr. Harris's warning, the look I had seen in his eyes a while ago, and I felt a sudden longing for England and safety. He was still holding my hand and I drew it away.

"The children are waiting for me," I said in a voice I tried hard to control, but which I felt was not very steady. "I must go to them."

He bowed: he did not attempt to detain me, but held open the door for me and I passed through. My heart was beating quickly, and there was a choking sensation in my throat. I felt as if I had inadvertently put my hand on a lion's mane. It does not sound much when I write it down, but there is something behind which I cannot explain, and which coming on the top of all the rest, the princess and the steward, makes me nervous. I am writing to tell Mollie all about it.

PART II.

EVELYN'S instinct was a true one; the prince felt that he had been too precipitate. He had frightened her and put her on her guard: he must be more careful in future. He set to work now to destroy the impression he had made and succeeded. As day followed day and she saw in him only her kindly, courteous host, solicitous for her welfare and happiness, she grew ashamed of her fears and began to think she had made a mistake. She wished she had not been in such a hurry to write to Mollie. Was she one of those silly who think every man is in love with them? She hoped not; she had never been like that before, it must be something in the air of Russia. She had thought Mr. Harris's feeling for her was warmer than mere admiration, yet he had never written nor made any sign of life since they parted. It was time she gave up these foolish ideas which had no foundation.

Thus lulled into a false security she surrendered herself without fear to the charm of the prince's society; she wandered along the primrose path and never dreamt of danger. They had been friends from the first, she told herself, too innocent to know that for a man like him the word friendship was meaningless between man and woman, it only served as a cloak to hide his passion. His experience and knowledge of her sex made him far more dangerous than a younger man would have been; he united the polish of the West with the mysterious fascination of the East. They took long walks in the forest accompanied by the children whose presence was no bar to their intercourse, but helped to re-assure Evelyn and throw dust in her eyes. He talked to her about himself, an unfailing method of enlisting a woman's sympathy, but he studiously avoided anything that could alarm her. Once or twice she caught the princess's eyes fixed on her with an expression that made her vaguely uneasy, a look of mingled amusement and scorn, but with a veiled threat behind it, a hidden menace as though she possessed some secret knowledge which she would not scruple to use when the occasion served. What did it mean? Evelyn puzzled over it in vain. Her conscience was quite clear: she had done nothing to injure the princess, the prince had found out for himself; she had not given her away, but she felt that she was in the presence of an enemy, and her thoughts turned instinctively to the prince for protection.

Thus a week went by, and then one morning she came in from her walk with the children and found a telegram awaiting her; she tore it open and read the following words:

"Come home at once. Mollie."

What did it mean? Was Mollie ill, or what had happened? Or was it because of her own letter? She wished now with all her heart she had never written it. She would go and consult the prince, and she walked into the library with the telegram in her hand. He turned round with an expression of pleasure at her entrance.

"I have heard from my sister," she began, "and she wants me to go home at once."

She stopped short: she had not calculated on the effect of her words. The prince's face had changed alarmingly.

"To go home?" he repeated. "Why?"

"I don't know," she faltered. "She does not say."

"What do you want of me?"

"I thought perhaps you would be so kind as to advance me the money for my fare."

"And give you the means of leaving me."

He gave a short laugh.

"Disabuse yourself of that idea. I will not let you go. I love you."

He opened his arms and advanced towards her, but she stepped back, pale and trembling. She saw all at once the danger in which she stood.

"Stop" she cried. "You terrify me. I am in your house, under your protection. No Englishman would take advantage of my position."

With a visible effort he controlled himself.

"You are right, it is cowardly, but I was beside my self at the thought of losing you. Forgive me! dearest, sweetest Evelyn, forgive me! I will never offend you, again by word or look if you will only stay."

But she shook her head.

"You have made it impossible."

Then followed an impassioned appeal to her feelings. He used every argument he could think of; he tried threats, persuasion, promises; he told her what a difference she had made in his life, what a blank that life would be without her. He only asked to be under the same roof, to breathe the same air with her, and at last, worn out with the struggle, she yielded so far as to promise to think it over.

"But I must go in to Tiflis this afternoon," she said. "I want to ask about something."

She thought she would enquire at the hotel if Mr. Harris was expected.

"I will drive you in," said the prince.

"No, I would rather be alone."

He looked at her suspiciously.

"You will come back?"

"Of course. Besides, I have no money."

"I would trust your word even if you had."

She was touched, but she would not show it. She drove into the town feeling very lonely and desolate, away from all who could help or counsel her, but the first person she saw on drawing up to the hotel was Harris himself standing on the steps. He rushed down to meet her.

"Miss Newton! What luck! I was just coming out to see you. I have been full of work and had no time to write."

He scrutinized her closely.

"How are you getting on? You don't look well."

But she seemed to him more desirable than ever.

"I want to talk to you," said Evelyn. "Will you come for a drive with me?"

It seemed the best plan; he could not ask her into the hotel without exciting remark. He got into the car and she gave instructions to the chauffeur. She confided her troubles to him and his face grew very grave as he listened.

"Your sister is quite right, you must leave at once. Your position is most dangerous; the princess is bad enough, but the prince is far worse. I hardly like to let you go back there."

"I must. I promised. And I have no money."

"I can lend you that.

"Suppose I am unable to repay you?"

"That does not matter."

They argued that matter out, and he consented at last very reluctantly to her return.

"Speak to the princess," he urged. "Tell her your sister has sent for you and you must go. Don't see the prince again, it is not safe. You don't know the risk you run. He is an Oriental."

She took Harris back to the hotel; it was a relief to know he was there behind her.

"I shall be here if you want me," he told her. "Can you wire or 'phone to me?"

"The telephone is in the library," she replied. "I can only get to it when the prince is out of the way, but if anything goes wrong I will manage to let you know."

He had to be satisfied with that, but he felt very anxious about her. She looked pale and shaken; the interview with the prince had tried her severely, and though she had held her own the victory had been dearly bought. It was a sad ending to the weeks of pleasant intercourse, and she shuddered to think to what she had been unconsciously drifting. Thank God the enlightenment had come in time; for which of us can say he is secure against temptation? Her fancy had been touched if not her heart; she was sorry for the prince although she feared him, but she felt that Harris was right, she must not see him again, the risk was too great. On reaching the house she went straight upstairs to her room and sent a message to the princess asking for an interview. It was granted, and she followed the maid along the passage to the boudoir where the princess in a gorgeous rest-gown leant back in an easy-chair smoking a cigarette. She looked up at Evelyn's entrance but did not invite her to sit down, and the girl felt rather embarrassed. It was awkward to be kept standing like a servant, and she embarked on her business without delay.

"I wish to return to England, madame," she said.

The princess lifted her eyebrows.

"Have you quarreled with the prince?" she asked.

Her tone was insolent, and Evelyn flushed up.

"I don't understand you. My sister has sent for me."

She produced the telegram, but the princess waved it aside.

"That is only a pretext, of course, to save your face."

"How dare you insult me?" cried Evelyn passionately.

"And how dare you carry tales of me to the prince? You thought you would injure me, but I knew too much. I had watched your goings-on. He had to make terms with me, and after that—"

She shrugged her shoulders.

"You are a wicked woman," she said, and she turned to leave the room.

The princess laughed.

Evelyn sent down word that she had a headache and could not appear at dinner. When the coast was clear she crept down to the library and telephoned to Harris."

"Will you come and fetch me to-morrow? Something has happened and I cannot stay here any longer.

"Shall I come to-night?" he suggested eagerly.

"No, to-morrow will do, but as early as possible."

She hung up the receiver, returned to her room and locked the door.

The prince and princess dined alone together. When the servants had left the room she turned to him and said:

"So you have tired of your latest fancy?"

He looked up.

"What do you mean?"

"The English girl came to me an hour ago and told me she wished to leave."

"She came to you?" incredulously.

"Yes."

"What did you say to her?"

"I told her what I thought of her."

"You dared to say that to her!" furiously.

"Why not?"

He did not argue the point with her; he was thinking.

"Was that why she did not come down to dinner?"

"I suppose so. No doubt she is howling in her room."

The Prince made no reply, took a pistol out of his pocket and shot his wife dead and the deed was done.

But there was an unseen witness to the deed: the steward had climbed up to the window intending to enter, and fascinated with horror had seen it all. He did not attempt to interfere, he knew the prince too well to try conclusions with him, but his face glued to the window he Saw. Then he stood upright with a fierce light in his eyes, and went off at once to Tiflis and lodged information.

He climbed down the way he had come, and running round to the garage he got out the car; he had driven in before and knew how to manage it. It would make a noise, unfortunately, but that could not be helped, and it would be too late to stop him. The prince heard the noise but paid no attention, and Evelyn heard it too, and wondered who it was so late, lying awake, unable to sleep, all unconscious of the terrible tragedy that had been enacted so close at hand and wondering how soon Harris would be with her in the morning. Towards daybreak she fell into the heavy, dreamless slumber of exhaustion, from which she was awakened by a insistent knocking at her door. She rose and opened it: the French maid stood outside, bathed in tears.

"Ah, mademoiselle," she exclaimed, "such a frightful thing has happened! The prince has murdered the princess and the police are here to arrest him."

Evelyn stood as if turned to stone, her lips blanched, her eyes wide open with horror. She tried to speak but the words refused to come.

"Mademoiselle is a stranger here like myself," continued the maid, "and I came to warn her. She may be called upon to give evidence of the relations between them."

She spoke significantly, and the girl understood her. She was the cause, the unconscious, most innocent cause of what had taken place. The maid knew it, the whole house knew it, no doubt. She sank into a chair and buried her face in her hands.

Harris arrived an hour afterwards in a hired car, and hearing that Evelyn had not yet left her room insisted on being shown up to her. He found her lying back in a chair in a desolate attitude with a look of stunned misery on her face, the two children clinging to her, pale and scared. The sight went to his heart; he went up to her and took her hand.

"Evelyn," he said — it was no time for ceremony —"I have come to fetch you away."

"I cannot leave the children," she answered.

"You must," firmly. "This is no place for you Evelyn dearest, give me the right to protect you."

He was most anxious to get her out of the house before anything happened to prevent her leaving it. She looked at him piteously.

"But I don't love you," she said.

"I know you don't, but you will. Let me take care of you."

The voice of authority prevailed: she rose obediently, submissive to his will, but there was a dazed expression in her eyes and she moved mechanically. The maid brought her hat and coat and promised to pack her things and send them after her to the hotel at Tiflis. Evelyn kissed the children and allowed Harris to draw her hand through his arm and lead her downstairs, but when she crossed the threshold she turned round for a last look at the house which held for her such poignant memories and burst in to a torrent of tears. He hurried her into the car and let her weep there undisturbed.

The Desert.

There is a wondrous mystery
Spreading o'er the desert-land.
And many a solemn history
Is printed in the shifting sand.

Here and there, the sad tale tells
Of the burning thirst endured.
By those who hunting for the wells,
Further to their doom were lured.

Yet the beauty and the magic
Of the many coloured air
Tells us to forget the tragic
Woes of those who travelled there.

Sunset sky and morning glory,
Showing still their radiant hue,
Speak to men the self same story
Which is fresh and ever true.

How they are the mirage only
Of the worlds beyond this sphere.
So no spirit should be lonely
Nor oppressed by dread or fear.

The harbour lights flash out
Across the storm tossed bay.

They seem to say
'Come unto me, come unto me.'

So does the Master send
His beams afar,

To help the wandering soul,
Who does not see the way to gain eternal day.

The Grecian Isles.

Oh lovely Isles,
Where once the maids
Did love to sport and play
By thy pellucid bay
Of liquid sapphire,
Tossing golden balls,
Pursuing each the other
With swift and flying feet.
The while the silvery laughter
Pealed forth in glad content,
From cherry lips,
So full of life's great joy
And bounding health
Were they on earth.

One asks the haunting question, where are they now?
Methinks in sphere above they still are living
Their happy lives, more full of bliss,
And joys beyond their ken,
Whilst on the earth they sported.

Now it is their joy
Their Maker to obey
And His behests fulfil
In glad and willing service
To those poor shivering souls,
Who fear to cross the gulf.

Between the frowning rocks,
And mists which hide
From them, the shining gates
Of brighter Spheres and Heaven.

God's Jewel Casket.

By Constance Clyde.

GOD was wearing all His jewels that day.

Pearls that were saints and rubies that were martyrs, great priest-like medallions and emeralds and amethysts that were His patriots and his humanitarians. Still on the earth-plane yet also on the breast and forehead of Deity they glittered and shone, and God smiled.

He smiled as a bride smiles knowing that she outshines her gems but feigning pleasantly to feel otherwise.

"Now I am fine indeed," He said, "less pearls perhaps than formerly," He looked down, "but more emeralds—Ah! many emeralds."

But from the earth-plane came tumult and confusion: his ropes of pearls trembled, and numbers of His jewels falling off were trodden under foot. "What shall I do?" He asked, though He knew the answer. "How shall I keep them?"

"They will shine again in eternity," murmured an Angel.

"But I want them on the time-plane. I want to wear them in the New Age that comes. Where shall I keep them to be safe till the fighting and peril are over? Ah!" suddenly He smiled again, "My jewel caskets,—scattered over all the earth! Here my treasures may lie close and sheltered till I may wear them again. My jewel caskets! At least I use them as such. I believe men have another name and another use for them; but I have my own name and my own use."

So gently He laid his ornaments in their receptacles and using human hands turned the lock upon them.

And some of the gems fancied themselves deserted of the Deity, and others knew well that they were in His safe, His repository.

And so in all ages this has been, and so it is to-day no less than formerly, man's gaols where He puts those that are too vile for earth, God's jewel caskets where He places those that are too precious.

Christmas Greetings.

"*I am come like light into the World.*"—JOHN xii. 46.

ETERNAL Light! shine out on us anew,
And thro' us shine in many a shadowed place;
And as the sun dissolves the meadow-dew,
Remove the mists our mortal minds embrace!
Divinely set us face to human face
In Everyman; and 'mid our groves of yew,
Quicken the eyes of vision that shall trace
Thy messengers of many a rainbow hue
Out-rayed of Thee; that stoop, with Thee, to share
The travail of the hour; and bring to be
From out our dreams, high-dedicate, an air
Of Heaven itself within our own degree;
And, like a star, enaureole to-day
The Word made flesh upon the world's highway.

CARL & EFFIE MARGARET HEATH.

THE tears of the nations are falling
In sacrifice, in sorrow,
And the tears are red.

Clouds, thunder-racked, cruel, appalling,
Crowd over-head.

Yet, through the lips of bells, is calling
The sure glad call of the Christmas voice;
Hope sounds for the living and the "dead";
Hope on through to-day, for to-morrow
Brings Peace, and all men shall rejoice.

ERIC HAMMOND.

ON the dark waters a gleam quivers, now here, now there. In the sky above a steady light burns. It is the Morning Star of the eternal Christmastide.

NELLIE M. HAMMOND.

Pray for Our Dead.

By Jessie Annie Anderson.

In Memory of Our Fallen who stemmed
the German Advance of March 1918.

Ye who can kneel at home, beside a bed,
Redeemed and safe because of countlesss dead
Pray for Those Dead.

Pray for the Dead: They may not need our prayers—
Indeed, me thinks we have more need of their's;
Yet lift your souls for them to One Who knows
The Curtained Door through which the spirit goes—
Pray for The Dead.

It well may be prayers fall upon their road,
And blossom it, up all their way to God;
Or it may be that, at their journeys' ends,
Our prayers shall find them—messages from friends—
Pray for Our Dead.

Perchance by prayer we touch their garment-hem,
And thus receive new virtue out from them:
Howe'er it be, of this I am assured
'Tis will to pray for spirits which endured—
Pray for The Dead.

Ye who can kneel at home, beside a bed,
Redeemed and safe because of countless dead,
Pray for Those Dead.

Immortality.

How strange it is, that many think
There is no change, beyond the grave!
That life's extinct or but a sleep,
Where the senses dulled and useless,
Await the day of reaping.

It were too sad
If all we'd had
And been, should go
For nothing but a dream,
Awaiting in the tomb
A distant day of terror and of gloom.

Oh tell it then to all you can,
There is awaiting mortal man,
A far more glorious fate than this,
For he shall gain supernal bliss
Continuous life, which will to him
Mean more than this,
The meeting those he loved before.
There will be opened a wider door
Of opportunity for him to live.

For aye, in service true,
His fellow men to help,
His Maker to adore
And worship too.

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EAST & WEST.

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EAST & WEST.

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FROM CLOUDLAND.

1921.

THE year 1921 like other years has counted out its days and is leaving its harvest behind. India has been moving rapidly towards democracy, helped both by the Government and the popular movement led by Mr. Gandhi. The Imperial and the Provincial Governments under the new constitution have started work and are feeling their way to power; but neither the Government nor the popular parties have so far framed any programmes of public utility. They have been marking time and have no achievement of any importance to their credit. Trade and commerce are stagnating. His Excellency the Viceroy announced with some pride the other day that even food grains were now being imported from outside. The prices are running high, exports of food-grains are under control and trade balance is heavily against India. Irrigation and Railway schemes requiring large capital are making little or no advance. Politics are absorbing the whole attention of the Government and the country. The year has seen no quickening of the pace in the matter of agricultural, industrial or social development. India has therefore little moral or material progress to report. India's relation with her neighbouring frontier tribes have been in a state of continuous disturbance. The treaty with the Amir may turn out better than what one can imagine from the atmosphere in which it has been signed. The economic unrest combined with political unrest has been generating electricity, which is gathering in the air, and no way has been discovered to short circuit it or to utilise the new born energy in promoting the best interests of the country. The riots in Malabar degenerated into a religious rebellion, requiring prolonged military operations and some of the best men of the country have preferred imprisonment to freedom. The Indian mind is in revolt against the materialism of the West. This is the peril of the new year.

The Royal Visit.

H. R. H. THE PRINCE OF WALES has now travelled from Bombay to Calcutta and seen something of Hindustan. The rousing welcome that Bombay offered in one part and the riots that followed in another part of the town, presentedatrue picture of the situation. The message of His Majesty which the Prince delivered came from the heart and we hope India will win the Prince and the Prince touch the heart of India. The meaning of the "Hartals" is to draw attention, so that the Prince may take action and leave the heart of India healed. The Royal visit provides a splendid opportunity for making peace and the Government is making a tremendous mistake in not making use of his presence.

The Need for Truce.

THE moment seems ripe for calling a truce. The initiative should come from the Government and a conference should be arranged to discuss the position. If things are allowed to drift, repression must inevitably leave bitterness behind. Every possibility of peace must be explored in a conference and I am sure a way will be found to work in harmony and good will. Very often men who at a distance seem bent on fighting when they come together discover common ground and reach an understanding.

The World Situation.

THE general situation is slowly improving. Russia is finding that Marx was not a true prophet and social structure represents the sum total of social tendencies. Russia is finding the need of capitalist management of industries and of trade with other countries. France, England and Germany have made some progress in retaking some of the markets of the world. The problem of unemployment is serious. You can only sell if the purchaser has the ability to purchase and Europe in ruins has very little ability to do so. Germany is mortgaged up to the ears, her organisation, intelligence and man power are working at full speed but she is out of the European markets as a purchaser. Her earnings must go to pay her reparations. Austria, Hungary and the Balkan States are still seething with unrest The storm centre has shifted to the Eastern Europe and Asia. Turkey has made peace with France and if a treaty is concluded between her and Greece there will be peace there. England is perturbed at the treaty concluded between France and Turkey. The British attitude is causing immense dissatisfaction in the Mohammedan world and does not accord with British professions of a policy of benevolent neutrality.

"East & West."

YOUR Magazine has completed its twenty first year. It has been my endeavour to keep alive the policy and the traditions with which the founder, the late Mr. B. M. Malabari, invested it. The sphere of useful work has broadened and the need for world unity which was dimly seen by the few, is now recognised by the many; the economic unity of the world is admitted by even the sceptics. In the turmoil and the clash of opinion which is at present in progress, *East & West* has certainly a mission and a message. This is not my personal opinion only, but that of Mr. Padshah who shared with me the responsibility in the year that is over. The need for educating men to treat the world as a whole and to work for a larger understanding and symbiosis of nations is paramount, if the present civilization is to endure. But though the idea finds favour it is too remote to attract attention, and with my time taken up by other things, I find it impossible to carry on a monthly magazine and to do justice to the work. I therefore propose to issue a quarterly, if the readers desire it, and the first issue will reach the readers on the 1st of March. *East &*

West needs a strong financial backing, so that its doctrine of peace might penetrate every corner of the world. Perhaps the idea will now prosper, for it is God's work and His work cannot be neglected.

The Irish Peace.

THINGS moved towards peace from the day His Majesty the King visited Ireland, and now the Prime Minister has carried through the negotiations which promise to give Ireland a permanent peace. Ireland is to be a free State and an equal partner in the Common wealth of nations which are forming the British Empire. The Parliament has approved of the settlement. De Valera is still objecting to some of the conditions but there can be little doubt that the treaty will be accepted and Ireland turns its swords into ploughshare and attain a larger prosperity. God bless Ireland !

The Eastern Partners.

THE settlement in India and Egypt is still in the coming. The Egyptian position deteriorated from the moment the Cabinet rejected Milner Proposals. The Milner proposals promised Egypt the enjoyment of autonomy, something like the freedom now offered to Ireland, but the desire to make Egypt a protectorate and the proposal to continue the British military occupation has wrecked the settlement. In spite of declarations that the last war was fought to end war, the war, mind still rules and it duly makes new war and new revolts. In India too the mind of men are in a revolt and people follow Mr. Gandhi because he promises a solution. The moderates and extremists together desire an independent and self-governing India. Indeed, these names are misnomers. Extremists believe that self-government can be attained immediately as if by miracle, while the moderates think that it must come gradually and have its period of growth. The Government of Lord Chelmsford took a long view, hoping that the advanced party too will begin to see that disobedience to laws would end in lawlessness, Lord Reading, while anxious to reach peace, is getting impatient, because he took the responsibility to invite His Royal

Highness the Prince of Wales, and his anticipations are far from reallsation. Mr. Gandhi's demands are clear and well defined. The remedying of Amritsar wrongs means the acceptance of recommendations made by the Congress inquiry committee; a not very difficult matter. The question of Swaraj again is capable of solution. The making of provincial government entirely autonomous will meet the popular demand and will be no more than the recognition of the fact that the councils are really responsible for the government of the country. These matters must be threshed out in a Conference and Mr. Gandhi will do well to call a truce and to settle the work.

The National State, War and the League of Nations.

By Arthur Brown.
Professor of Public and Private International Law,
University of Calcutta.

THE question as to whether men were originally gregarious animals has not been settled finally yet, for there is still weighty opposition to the more prevalent view that they were such. During the period of which any knowledge exists, however, men have lived always under conditions approximating with greater or lesser intensity to herd life and thus have socialized their instincts. But the group which has been of chief importance in dominating the individual man has varied in nature. It has been in different times and places the city state. the caste, the church, the country state, the nationality, and it is quite possible that in future it may be the trade union. At present, however, it is the country state (called below simply the state), which has become, as we shall see, largely equivalent to the nationality. International Law is law between states, and it owes its origin in its modern form primarily to the fact that at the period of its inception European man was organized firmly in communities, the members of which were connected by the fact that they resided on a certain geographical territory and owed obedience to a common ruler.

The essential connection of the state with territory goes back to feudalism. This placed great stress on relationship with a given piece of soil in contradistinction to the older view which laid chief stress on descent. Nevertheless, a real state could not exist until the forces of feudalism were broken and all power united in one central authority. The king was this central authority in countries where the monarch broke the power of the feudal nobility, *e. g.*, England and France. In countries where the feudal nobility broke the monarch, *e.g.*, Germany, an enormous number of petty states came into existence and in the case of Germany unity was restored ultimately only by two of these, *i. e.*, Prussia and

Austria, devouring the rest. Modern States were thus the creation of lines of strong hereditary kings and where the principle of hereditary succession was not established firmly the state fell to pieces, since in elective monarchies, at each successive election, the royal power was dissipated in bribes to the nobility. France was made by the kings of the house of Capet as Prussia by the Hohenzollerns. Modern democracies are the heirs of the kings. The chief rival organization to the state was that of the church, and the state could not be put on its modern basis until the power of the church was broken. This was done at the Reformation, the chief ultimate political result of which was the definite establishment of the independent right of the secular state to be. This came to pass in Roman Catholic countries as much as in Protestant. The power of Philip II or Louis XIV over the Roman Catholic Church in Spain or France was not appreciably less than that of Henry VIII or Elizabeth over the Protestant Church in England. In Spain, for example, even the Inquisition became a tool in the hands of the king and was used for political ends.

The change from the mediæval to the modern is reflected in the changed outlook on religious persecution. It is sometimes supposed that the Reformation brought religious toleration, but this view is quite incorrect. The Reformation only changed the motive of persecution, but the change had important consequences. Mary burned Protestants to save souls for the next world, whereas Elizabeth hanged Roman Catholics because they were dangerous politically in this. Religious toleration ultimately arose because not one of the various religious sects proved strong enough to overthrow the others, and it was strengthened proportionately as religious differences gradually ceased to affect the unity of the state.

The changed point of view was reflected also in the doctrine of the divine right of kings. Older Christian theory had tended to degrade the State to the advantage of the Church and had insisted that the former was the result of sin and had come into being by reason of the fall of men. However, the great scholastic writer

St. Thomas Aquinas laid the foundations of the social contrast theory on a basis of which Roman law was one of the principal ingredients. This theory was developed afterwards by the Jesuits, who used it to contrast the human origin of the State with the divine origin of the Church. Later on, in the hands of Locke it became the theoretic justification of Whiggism, whilst still later in the hands of Rousseau it became the theoretical foundation of the democracy which (afterwards) sprang into being at the French Revolution. But the doctrine of the divine right of kings was built up by Protestant divines at the Reformation. It was primarily an assertion of the right of the secular state to be and was a counter-blast to Papal claims. It was only afterwards that it was used against the rising tide of democracy.

The Reformation was followed immediately by a period of religious war, but its chief political result, *i. e.*, the subordination of religion to the state was established definitely at the Peace of Westphalia in 1648 when the maxim was laid down *Cuius Regio eius Religio.* This Peace by consecrating successful rebellion in the case of Holland also established another important modern principle, namely, that the hall-mark of statehood is existence, not *de jure* but *de facto.* In this way the environment became propitious for the growth of modern International Law which rests upon a union of theoretically equal states each of which is fully sovereign upon its own territory. This conception contrasts greatly with the earlier mediæval conception of a hierarchy of powers, each superior to powers below, and inferior to a power or powers above, mutual relationships being ruled by law and the whole forming a sort of triangle at the apex of which stands Pope and Emperor.

States originally were distinct more or less from nationalities, but there has been always a tendency for the two to become equivalent. A nationality is a psychical union of men based upon community of language, habits, customs and traditions. It is not connected with unity of race. The great European races go back at least as far as neolithic times whilst the European nationalities are comparatively of modern origin and are mixed more or less so far as race is concerned. The descent which makes a man a member of this nationality, or that is not physical descent but social descent, *i.e.*, his being placed from the time of his birth upwards in this or that social environment. Community of language is the chief factor, and the growth of the European nationalities coincides with the growth of the European languages. We may, perhaps, say that the origin of the European states is earlier than this since they commenced their growth during the period in which the barbarian chiefs seized portions of the Roman Empire for themselves and their followers. But neither state nor nationality came into existence suddenly and the question as to which was the earlier, depends for its answer upon the exact points in time at which we (more or less arbitrarily) say that the groups preceding the state or nationality became the state or nationality. There was always a connection between the two. The tyrannical rulers who made the states acted like steam-rollers in the days before nationalities grew to consciousness, pulverizing beneath their force heterogeneities of language, law and religion into unity. But this pulverizing action was never more than partial, and with the absolute monarchy of the Reformation period as states were treated more and more as the private property of their rulers, marriage alliances brought into political unity most heterogeneous nationalities. The Spanish peninsula affords a good example of what happened. Here there are at present two great nationalities, the Spanish and the Portuguese. But it was mere matrimonial accident which determined that Castile should join with Aragon to form Spain and not with Portugal to form something else. Matrimonial accident also brought Castile and Aragon into political connection with the Netherlands and Southern Italy. But these latter were too far off and at the time of their union too developed in national consciousness to make a common nationality and were broken off from Spain eventually. Had accident been slightly different Castile might easily have formed a common nationality with Portugal whilst Aragon might have formed with Provence, Gascony and Toulouse a Romance people.

The days when the growth of nationalities could be influenced by matrimonial alliances of rulers or by coercion have of course long gone by. With the development of democracy in the 19th century there came a tendency to reshape the map of Europe so as to make the states of Europe correspond with nationalities, and this tendency was accentuated by the recent Peace Treaties. The identity of the two is not complete however, and never can be, notwithstanding the general acceptance of the principle of self-determination. There are five main reasons for this:—

(1) There is an essential initial difficulty connected with the application of the principle. What exactly in any given case is the "self" which is to determine? On previous occasions in history, when a vote has been taken on the subject of the political future of a population, the territory at stake has been an existing political or administrative unit of some sort. Thus in 1866, the population of Savoy was called upon to vote whether Savoy as a whole should belong to France or Italy. The Peace Treaties, however, have departed from the principle of treating existing political or administrative units as wholes and have sought to split them up according to the nationalities inhabiting them. This principle, of course, leads to sub-division upon sub-division, and it is difficult to know where the process is to stop. Ireland may be taken as an illustration of this. The Sinn Fein party claims for Ireland self-determination on the ground of nationality. But Protestant Ulster declares that she has as much right to cut herself off from Keltic Roman Catholic Ireland on the ground of nationality as Roman Catholic Ireland has to cut herself off from the United Kingdom.* Again, inside Protestant Ulster there are probably some districts which are mainly Roman Catholic

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*In Ireland, unlike the bulk of Western Europe, nationality coincides with religion.

while probably inside these there are some groups of people who are Protestants. Where is the process of self-determination to stop?

(2) Over large parts of Europe if self-determination be carried out to any real extent the result will be the formation of states made up of territorial fragments scattered about with no geographical unity. The work of administration in such states would be impossible and therefore the principle of self-determination must yield to some extent to that of geographical unity.

(3) A question may arise as to the date which is to be regarded in the case of any given territory. At the compulsory cession of Alsace-Lorraine to Germany in 1871 its representatives in the French Assembly put on record a unanimous protest, and it is upon this protest that the French case rests. After the cession, a considerable number of the inhabitants left the province to avoid German rule, whilst on the other hand there was an influx of Germans. At Versailles, recently, France refused to agree to a plebiscite in Alsace-Lorraine and successfully demanded the return of the province on the basis of the feeling in 1871. Italy was not so successful in regard to Dalmatia. Dalmatia is overwhelmingly Slav now, because of the successful Hapsburg persecution of the Italians who formerly dominated it. But as Dalmatia was claimed on national grounds by an Ally, *viz.*, Serbia, the matter was settled substantially on the basis of the present position by a treaty made directly between Italy and Yugo-Slavia (*i.e.*, Serbia). There was no plebiscite because Dalmatia was not the only subject matter of dispute and in the final settlement there was a considerable amount of give and

take between the two countries and some regard for other principles than that of nationality.

(4) Whenever possible states try to get defensible frontiers. It is for this reason that a large section of French opinion claimed the Rhine frontier during the peace negotiations and that Italy actually succeeded in incorporating a large portion of purely German territory in the Tirol.

(5) It is sometimes essential for the life of a state that it should possess certain economic advantages and often, therefore, a state will claim these advantages in the name of nationality. The problem of Dantzig is an example of this. Dantzig is a German town, but it has been cut off from Germany and made a free city under the protection of Poland in order that Poland should have access to the sea. Germany has been divided into two unequal halves by reason of this. Fiume by nationality is an Italian town (apart from its district), but President Wilson, the author of the phrase "self-determination," objected to Fiume being given to Italy because it was the only natural port of a vast Slav hinterland. As a compromise, Fiume has also been made a free city. Generally speaking, however, the economic factor was disregarded in the Peace Treaties, and it is possible that this disregard may have disastrous future results. The newly created states in central Europe are nationalistic in feeling to a high degree and whilst economically they are not self-sufficing, they are isolating themselves by the erection of huge tariff walls and at the same time continually striving to extend their boundaries. Thus there is not at present much promise of stability.

Nationalities, like other groups of men, are moved by the instincts which govern men when acting in herds. Foremost amongst these we must place acquisitiveness, the reproductive and parental instincts, vanity, rivalry and love of power. Mr. Bertrand Russell maintains* that the mistaken belief that men whether individually or in crowds act rationally has led to too much emphasis being placed both on idealistic motives and on acquisitiveness as causes of war and to an underestimate of the importance of the instincts other than acquisitiveness. There is a considerable amount of truth in this view. Wars at one time were caused largely by the ambitions of rulers, but with the growing identity of states and nationalities and the development of democracy they have come to spring from the relations of nationalities amongst themselves. The supposition that democracies are essentially peaceful is the merest illusion† and all the above instincts combine to produce the desire of members of the same nationality to live under a common political rule, to maintain or improve a standard of living and to dominate members of other nationalities. Reproduction operates indirectly by bringing about the necessity for expansion room‡ and thus prepares the ground for the work of acquisitiveness. None the less I believe that where there is a strong national consciousness, acquisitiveness is the most important factor amongst the causes of war insomuch as it is the most difficult to overcome. The other instincts may with much more ease be either "sublimated," *i. e.*, given sufficient satisfaction in a non-injurious way, or "symbolised," *i. e.*, given vicarious satisfaction in an imaginative way through the medium of one of the arts. Similar treatment may of course be accorded to acquisitiveness to some extent. It has been pointed out that inside the group this instinct "may be satisfied by the undertaking of some predatory form of business enterprise or the advocacy of social reforms which confiscate the property of others"* although I should think that considerable danger of social strife attends this form of sublimation. But acquisitiveness, whether inside or outside the group, which is directed to the necessities of life will resist sublimation or symbolisation. And thus the terrible danger of war arises from the pressure of population upon the food-supply. The danger is greater in proportion to the development of national consciousness in the given state or states as it is possible to find relief by emigration, if the state is content to lose her emigrating population and that population are content to lose their nationality. In the future, however, it seems highly likely that the possibility of even this form of relief will be greatly diminished.† Concerning the danger of war from the pressure of population on the food-supply Mr. Ross says in his "*Changing America*": "Assuredly every small family nation will try to raise a dam, and every big family nation will try to break it down. The outlook for peace and disarmament is therefore far from bright. One need but compare the population pressures in France, Germany, Russia and Japan to realize that the real enemy of the dove of peace is not, the eagle of pride or the vulture of greed, but the stork."‡

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* "*The Practice and Theory of Bolshevism*" pp. 126—127.

† M. Sarolea points out that the features of the recent Peace Treaties, most likely to lead to future wars, were forced upon the politicians by democratic pressure. ("*Europe and the League of Nations,*" pp. 148–155.)

‡ Mr. Bertrand Russell curiously enough omits the reproductive and parental instincts.

The indirect but fundamental importance of the stork as the cause of war is the sole truth contained in that view which may be termed the biological theory of war and which may be considered briefly here. The theory is enunciated by German writers and rests partly on misunderstood Darwinism and partly on racial pride. The assumption is that there exists a blue-eyed, fair-skinned Aryan race which naturally dominates all other races by reason of its superiority to them and that war enables it to so dominate by bringing about the survival of the fittest. There are two fundamental objections to

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*Dementia Præcox in the *New Criminology*, the Solicitors' Journal, Vol. LXV, No. 48, p. 816.

†Countries of oriental civilization have been deprived of this way out to a very considerable extent by the attitude of the new countries, *e.g.*, the United States of America to oriental immigration. The process of exending this attitude to immigration from European countries has commenced already and will probably be accelerated very soon.

‡Quoted in a letter to the *Spectator*, No. 4859, (August 18th 1921) p. 202.

this theory. In the first place, the existence of a primitive Aryan race is largely a fiction. There is no doubt that there existed a primitive race which spoke a language which was the ancestor of the existing Aryan languages. No one knows for certain where was the locality of this race. Competent authorities have denied that it was identical with the blue-eyed, fair-skinned Nordic race of Europe. At any rate, even if it were so identical, German domination is not an example of the superiority of this race, since there can be no doubt that at least half of the modern Germans are of the Alpine stock and therefore of precisely the same race as the bigger portion of the French.

The theory under consideration, moreover, rests upon an erroneous conception of the way in which the biological doctrine of natural selection should be applied to mankind. Animals of the same species do not survive by fighting each other. In fact animals of the same species do not fight one another except during the rutting season, when the males fight for the females. Survival of the fittest in the animal world takes place in connection with the environment. Those survive which under the circumstances of the given environment can breed most. We should be very cautious in the application of biological principles to human society since the psychical development of men has been such that many other principles have to be considered. But should we attempt to find an instance of the survival of the fittest amongst mankind we should point rather to a race like the Chinese than to any warlike nation. These are swamping the Malays in the East Indies not by fighting but by settling down and multiplying at a prodigious rate. Nations do not survive by constant war, but on the contrary they kill themselves, and the rapid destruction of Assyrians was due to this. National types survive and dominate rather by multiplication under the circumstances of a given environment. None the less a state with a rapidly increasing population and a high national consciousness is often impelled to fight to get an environment in which to survive, *e.g.*, foreign markets for its goods as well as food-producing areas and control of mineral resources.

The League of Nations necessarily assumes the primary organization of mankind to be in states. It is not however, certain that such organization has everlasting permanence as the essential grouping. We have had periods in which the groups into which men were combined were chiefly determined by religion, and this is still the case in Ireland. It may be that we shall pass into a period in which these groups will be determined by economic interests. Socialists and communists are striving for this. Even at present inside the state, territorial organizations are decaying in importance and this is one reason for the growing decline of Parliaments. It is quite likely that in the United Kingdom the Trade Union Congress, which is based upon an organization of real interests, will eventually take the place of the House of Commons which is based upon territorial divisions which have ceased to have any vitality. But districts inside states do not differ widely from one another in language and customs whilst national states themselves do so differ. If and when the world is of one language and one culture, man's instincts for rivalry and acquisitiveness will find expression perhaps in some sort of warfare between economic groups. At present, nationality has not been driven out of the field as the primary factor. The late war proved that the feeling of nationality is far stronger than that of economic solidarity. And the lower we descend in the social scale the stronger it really is notwithstanding the theories of those people who (wrongfully) claim exclusively to represent the working classes. It is not these classes but the upper classes which are everywhere intensely cosmopolitan in feeling.

It is a matter worthy of deep consideration that those men and women who call themselves pacifists are very largely socialists and communists. The peace they advocate is peace between states and nationalities with whose interests they are not much concerned. Between economic groups these same pacifists preach war to the death. Yet it is probable that war between nations is preferable to war between economic groups, for, in the former case, there is a strong colouring of idealism, whilst

In the latter case the underlying motive of predatory acquisitiveness is disguised much less. Viscount Bryce seems to think that if the whole world is converted to communism a state of international peace will ensue, but that if only half of the world is converted national wars will continue to occur.* There is, perhaps, a partial truth in this view. Amongst the principles upon which international peace depends is that of the non-interference by one state in the internal affairs of another. This principle was established by the Peace of Westphalia in 1648, but it is threatened whenever men feel that similarity of religious or political views or identity of economic interests are more important than identity of nationality. The wars of the French Revolution were caused primarily by the desire of the French Republicans to force their theories upon other countries. In 1814, there was a considerable danger that the reactionaries might proceed in the same way through the instrumentality of the Holy Alliance. At the present time the Bolshevist Government of Russia aims at leading a communistic crusade throughout the entire world. Undoubtedly, if the entire world were either communistic or non-communistic this cause of war would be absent for the time being. But I am strongly of the opinion that peace cannot possibly prevail in a world divided into communist states. Just as individuals inside states differ very much amongst themselves as regards abilities and inherited advantages so do the inhabitants of the different states as a whole differ as regards the wealth and resources of their respective states. If it be unjust for the Duke Westminster to retain his landed property whilst the great mass of Englishmen have a lower standard of living than the Duke it must be equally unjust for the inhabitants of England to enjoy exclusively the resources of England whilst Negroes, Chinese, Eskimo, etc., have less material advantages.** Communistic states will be individualistic amongst themselves and, therefore, communism will bring peace amongst the nations only if there is one world communistic state, *i.e.*, if national states cease to exist.† No particular value attaches to communism on account of this conceivability as war between states must necessarily disappear if (for any reason whatever) there are no longer separate states.

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* "*Modern Democracies*"(1921) Vol. II, p. 648.

** This point is brought out in Huxley's Essay on "*Natural Rights and Political Rights*" (1890).

I also believe that any approximation to universal socialism or communism will increase greatly the danger of national wars. For the more governments themselves undertake the business of commerce and industry the more there will be occasions for quarrels between them. It is my profound conviction that the régime of economic liberalism is more conducive than any other both to peace and to the humane conduct of war. It was under this régime that there grew up the idea of differentiation between the State and the individual and the doctrine of the immunity of the person and property of the individual in time of war rests upon this basis. Socialistic theory identifies the individual with the state and under its influence private rights in time of war are likely to grow smaller and smaller. The recent war is an example of this which is likely to be followed in the future, all international conventions to the contrary notwithstanding. A world reaction to the principle of liberty is necessary before a change can set in. This reaction may come eventually but unfortunately it is not yet in sight.

We may regard the League of Nations as having been founded on the ruins of that Society of Nations which was shattered by the world war. It has as its nucleus the victorious Allies, but ex-neutral states have accepted to a considerable extent the invitation to join and amongst ex-enemy states Austria and Bulgaria have been allowed to adhere. As long, however, as such countries as the United States, Russia and Germany stand outside, the League cannot be said to coincide even approximately with the old Society of Nations. The League owes its origin to a vivid perception of the horrors of war and its primary object is the preservation of peace. Its two principal organs are :—(1) the Council, (2) the Assembly. The Council consists of representatives of the principal Allied Powers (the United Kingdom, France, Italy, Japan and United States of America (if she chose to come in)) and of four other Members which are to be selected by the Assembly. The Assembly consists of representatives of all the Members. These two bodies correspond neither to the two houses of a national Parliament, nor to a national Executive and Legislature. They are mutually independent and equal. The constitution of the League assigns certain functions to the Council and certain functions to the Assembly and it is held that in the absence of discrimination the *two bodies have concurrent jurisdiction. There is, however, no room for a collision between the two, for unless it is expressly provided otherwise in an Article of the Covenant neither the Council nor the Assembly can take any action except they be unanimous. Since all the States represented on the Council are represented also on the Assembly it is obvious that there cannot be a unanimous Council and a unanimous Assembly acting in opposition to each other.

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† It may be noted that notwithstanding communistic theories of internationalism the Bolshevist régime in Russia is nationalistic in practice and derives a large portion of its strength from this fact.

The principles underlying the composition and functions of the Council and Assembly spring from certain facts of the situation which are too stubborn to be made to bend to theories. Equality between states is a legal but not a political possibility. An international organization in which the United Kingdom or France possessed no more influence than Denmark or Portugal would fall speedily to pieces amidst ridicule. A recognition of the leadership of the great Powers is absolutely necessary if the League is to be a success but there is at the same time the danger attending this recognition that the smaller states will possess little real influence. The provision that the Council or Assembly must be unanimous may be regarded as a set off to this leadership.

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* See the Report on the Relations between and respective Competence of the Council and the Assembly presented by Committee No. 1 to the Assembly. It is printed in Appendix III (Annex. 2) to the Report of the Delegates of India to the First Session of the Assembly of the League of Nations.

It is necessary in order to induce states to enter the League which otherwise would not consent to that infringement of their independence which is involved in the very conception of a League of Nations.

The general principle of the Covenant of the League of Nations concerning the avoidance of war are as follows :—

(1) According to Article 11 any war or threat of war, whether immediately affecting any of the Members of the League or not, is a matter of concern to the whole League and the League is to take any action that may be deemed wise and effectual to safeguard the peace of nations. It is also declared to be the friendly right of each Member of the League to bring to the attention of the Assembly or of the Council any circumstances whatever affecting international relations which threaten to disturb international peace or the good understanding between nations upon which peace depends.

(2) According to Article 12 a Member of the League must submit any dispute with another Member likely to lead to a rupture either to arbitration or to inquiry by the Council and must in no case resort to war until three months after the award by the arbitrators or the report by the Council.

(3) According to paragraph 4 of Article 13 and paragraph 6 of Article 15 a Member may not resort to war against such other Member as complies with the award of the arbitrators or with the unanimous recommendations of all Members of the Council other than those representing one or more parties to the dispute.

(4) If the Council does not come to a unanimous decision it may, according to paragraph 4 of Article 15, by a majority vote, make and publish a report containing the statement

of facts of the dispute and the recommendations which are deemed just and proper. Likewise any member represented on the Council may make public a statement of the facts of the dispute and of its conclusions according to paragraph 5 of Article 15. And in this case of failure to arrive at a unanimous decision the Members of the League reserve to themselves by paragraph 7 of Article 15 the right to take such action as they shall consider necessary for the maintenance of right and justice. The Council may in any case refer the dispute to the Assembly. If reference is thus made, all the provisions of Articles 12 and 15 relating to the action and powers of the Council shall apply to the action and powers of the Assembly provided that a report made by the Assembly, if concurred in by the representative of those Members of the League represented on the Council and of a majority of the other Members of the League, exclusive in each case of the representatives of the parties of dispute, shall have the same force as a report by the Council concurred in by all the members thereof other than the representatives of one or more of the parties to the dispute.

(5) By Article 16 penalties of an economic and commercial nature are provided in the event of any Member of the League resorting to war in disregard of its covenants.

(6) According to Article 17, in the event of a dispute between a Member of the League and a State which is not a Member of the League, or between States not Members of the League, the State or States not Members of the League shall be invited to accept the obligations of Membership in the League for the purposes of such dispute. If such invitation is accepted the provisions of Articles 12 to 16 inclusive shall be applied

> with such modifications as may be deemed necessary by the Council. If a State so invited shall refuse to accept the obligations of membership in the League for the purposes of such dispute, and shall resort to war against a Member of the League, the provisions of Article 16 shall be applicable as against the State taking such action. If both parties to the dispute when so invited refuse to accept the obligations of membership in the League for the purposes of such dispute, the Council may take such measures and make such recommendations as will prevent hostilities and will result in the settlement of the dispute.

It appears from the above that Article 12 gives a choice between arbitration and inquiry by the Council and that under Article 15 the Council may refer a dispute to the Assembly. Article 14 contemplates the establishment of a Permanent Court of International Justice which shall be competent to hear and determine any dispute of an international character which the parties submit to it and which may give an advisory opinion upon any dispute or question referred to it by the Council or by the Assembly. The Court has now been established. The distinction between arbitration (whether by the Court or otherwise) and inquiry by the Council relates to the distinction between legal and political disputes. Article 13 gives some description of the kind of disputes which fall under the former category. Political disputes relate to *de facto* vital interests and cannot be subjected to legal treatment. Thus the Council will proceed necessarily by way of diplomacy when it draws up its report in regard to such. The provision regarding the unanimity of the Members of the Council is of fundamental importance as regards these disputes. The Covenant does not require the Permanent Court of International Justice or any other Arbitral body to be unanimous. It must also be noticed that Article 15 excludes altogether from treatment by the League certain fundamental vital interests of states. " If the dispute between the parties is claimed by one of them and is found by the Council to arise out of a matter which is by international law solely within the domestic jurisdiction of that party, the Council shall so report, and shall make no recommendation as to its settlement." This provision will prevent any restrictions being placed on Members in respect of their immigration laws and their treatment of subject populations unless the latter are protected by international treaties. In the new states of Central Europe created by the Peace Treaties national and religious minorities are so protected but this is not so in the case of territories transferred to any of the Great Powers (except territory held under a Mandate).

It is from political dispute that war springs and it is obvious that in reality resort is still being made to diplomacy for the preservation of peace. Although parties to a dispute are excluded from the unanimity required of the Council they can and will act by means of friends and thus some scope will remain for the old system of alliances. It is easy enough to criticise the Covenant of the League but it is difficult to see how at the present stage of the world's progress it is possible to contemplate interference with the *quasi*-proprietary rights of states by anything approximating to legislation. Such action will be possible if and when the mass of the inhabitants of the world feel that the bond connecting them personally with the League is stronger than the bond connecting them with their respective states as, *e.g.*, a man of Kent feels the bond joining him with his country stronger than that binding him to his shire. But with regard to immigration it is highly probable that in the period which is immediately ahead of us the states of the world will show a much bigger exclusiveness that has previously been the case. The Peace Treaties themselves supply one reason for this for the recent application of the principle of self-determination will certainly make national states less willing than formerly to receive newcomers whom they cannot assimilate.

Since diplomacy is still being relied upon as the preservative of peace it is not unreasonable for the Covenant expressly to allow the kind of direct understandings between states which is referred to in Article 21. "Nothing in this Covenant shall be deemed to affect the validity of international engagements such as treaties of arbitration or regional understandings like the Monroe Doctrine, for securing the maintenance of peace." This Article was designed, in the first instance, to entice the United States into the League by saving the Monroe Doctrine. But there were obvious objections on the part of other powers to this doctrine alone being mentioned in the Covenant and hence the "regional understandings" of the Article. The Chinese Government has vigorously protested against this article. But it is evident that there must be room for such understandings between expanding nations if the peace of the world is to be kept. Whilst the stork is at work as at present world peace cannot be preserved on strictly jural principles. It is also obvious that the League of Nations cannot prevent the disintegration of states which are falling to pieces by reason of their own political inaptitude. China has established an anarchy and called it a republic. It is useless for her to make futile complaints against Japan. The only method by which she can save herself is the establishment of a Government which can fulfil its primary duty of governing. Article 10 of the Covenant will not insure safety.

Notwithstanding the enticement offered to it the United States has not yet entered the League. There have been various reasons for this and the purely personal factor has counted very much, i. e., the dislike aroused by the highly autocratic methods of President Wilson and his general lack of tact. Political capital was made of the fact that the British Empire would have six votes in the League. I doubt if this really weighed very much in America, however, for not only are there the provisions about unanimity but actually the United States controls the voices of its small dependent States, viz., Cuba, Panama, Haiti, San Domingo and Nicaragua to a much bigger extent than Great Britian controls its self-governing Dominions. The chief objection of the United States is to Article 10 of the Covenant,[*] "The Members of the League undertake to respect and preserve as against external aggression, the territorial integrity and existing political independence of all Members of the League. In case of any such aggression or in case of any threat or danger of such aggression the Council shall advise upon the means of which this obligation shall be fulfilled."

It is believed very widely that there are a large number of the recent territorial settlements in Europe which will not stand the test of time and the United States not unreasonably objects to putting itself in such a position that conceivably it might be obliged to send an army to Europe to uphold—say—the boundary laid down between Poland and Czecho-Slovakia, a matter in which it would not have the slightest interest. It is very arguable that the intimate connection between the territorial settlement and the foundation of the League was a mistake and that the two subjects should have been dealt with separately. This connection was due to President Wilson who made no effort to carry the American Senate with him although he knew the ratification of the Treaties so far as the United States was concerned depended on this body. The attitude of the Senate was shown by the Lodge amendment which passed by 46 votes to 33. "The United States do not assume any obligation to preserve the territorial integrity or the political independence of any other country whatsoever or to intervene in controversies between nations which are Members of the League or otherwise, in accordance with the provisions of Article 10, or to make use of the military or naval forces of the United States in accordance with any article whatsoever of the treaty, for any object whatsoever, unless in each individual case, Congress, which by the terms of the constitution has alone the power of declaring war or of authorizing the employment of the military or naval forces of the United States, should decide to do so by means of an act of Congress or a resolution".* The point of view of the United States might perhaps be met by so amending Article 10 as to make it merely an individual undertaking by each Member of the League to abstain from aggression.

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[*] See "*The Peace Negotiations*" by Robert Lansing, p. 111 "Article 10 was from the first the storm centre of opposition to the report of the Commission on the League of Nations and the chief cause for refusal of consent to the gratification of the Treaty of Versailles by the Senate of the United States."

It is obvious that if the League is to live it must include eventually not only the United States but Germany and Russia. -It may be noted that the Covenant of the League makes provision by Article 4 (*b*) for the possibility of new Great Powers being represented in the Council. "With the approval of the majority of the Assembly the Council may name additional Members of the League whose Representatives shall always be members of the Council."

In certain respects the development of a world organization for the settlement of disputes between the States may be compared profitably with the primitive evolution of judicial machinery inside the state itself. It was only very gradually that the state put down self-help and compelled disputants to resort to its tribunal. In the older Roman law the *legis acto Sacramenti* is one of the features which marks the transition from self-help to that state arbitration which was at first optional and afterwards compulsory. Only seven centuries have elapsed in England since disputes as to the ownership of land were settled by private battle, and indeed in the case of murder it was theoretically possible for a judgment to be procured in this way as late as the beginning of the nineteenth century. Considerations of this kind should prevent us being too pessimistic about the future of the League. At the same time, however, we must remember that the State was able to put down private war within its borders because of the presence of two factors which do not exist as yet in the case of the League of Nations. In the first place, the State acquired in the course of time an overwhelming preponderance of force as against the individuals composing it. In the second place, it also acquired the powers and habit of moderating the proprietary and economic *status quo* when such *status quo* stood in the way of the vital needs of large sections of the community. The League of Nations, however, has no force of its own at all. It has to rely entirely on the force of its component parts, *i.e.*, substantially on the Great Powers. It is certainly open to the criticism, therefore, that whereas its machinery may prove very useful to prevent the smaller states interfering with the commerce of the bigger states by fighting amongst themselves, as the latter can coerce the former in the name of the League, it will break down utterly if and when the Great Powers fall out amongst themselves. Also the League as we have seen cannot pass legislation ameliorating the economic or proprietary *status quo* of its Members. It cannot institute an income tax and spend the money chiefly derived from the richer countries in ways which chiefly benefit the poorer countries. It cannot prevent some of its Members holding up territory which they cannot possibly populate when expansion into that territory is a vital necessity for other Members. For these reasons the parallel with the abolition of private war inside the state is not complete.

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* Quoted by Gustave le Bon in "*The World in Revolt*" p. 244.

Although we must not build extravagant hopes on the mere existence of the League, its establishment marks a great step in advance. The principal factor in the world which makes for peace is undoubtedly the interdependence of all states. Another world war in the near future would probably mean the total destruction of civilization. This is so obvious that if the instincts and emotions of men were governed by their reason another war would be unlikely to occur. It may be hoped that the influence of reason will grow and it may be anticipated even that as culture becomes more widely spread rational birth control on the part of individuals will check the war producing activities of the stork. At present, however, reason guides only to a very slight extent those "dominating cravings, emotions and beliefs, which are quite refractory to influence."* The League of Nations will prove an aid to reason in respect of preserving peace as it will accustom the states to act together in pursuance of its secondary objects and thus promote harmony and the habit of friendly joint action. I have not dealt with such secondary objects as nternational labour legislation, the prevention and control of disease, etc., in this article since they fall outside its scope. But they are of great importance and will indirectly facilitate the fulfilment of the primary object of the League, *viz.*, the maintenance of peace. Moreover, since the actions of men throughout the ages have been shaped by mystic formula the fact that such a formula as the one contained in the words "League of Nations" has been added to the other formula of human life is certain to have a big psychological influence in restraining those instincts and feelings which produce war. Also the Covenant of the League will make for peace in two direct ways. In the first place, it will undoubtedly cause time to be gained during which the forces in favour of peace inside any particular state or states can assert themselves. This is of fundamental importance, for it is likely that if time could have been gained in 1914 there would have been no world war. In the second place, a government which is afraid of appearing to yield to a foreign country because of democratic pressure in the national Parliament or Assembly to which it is responsible can accept without loss of prestige at home a reference to the League. The value of this consideration is shown by the recent success of the League in settling the Silesian problem after the complete failure of the Governments of the United Kingdom and France to reach to an agreement. The immediate cause of war in the past has been frequently a government's fear of losing its popularity at home when the war fever has been aroused in its people. The Franco-Prussian war of 1870 was an instance of this so far as France was concerned. It must not be supposed that the horrors of the recent war will prevent danger of this in the future. Popular memory is very short and the day soon will come when those horrors will be forgotten.

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* Gustave le Bon op. cit. p. 242.

Whilst valuing the League as a great factor making for peace we must remember that there is another such factor in the British Empire which is really a small league of nations in itself. It contains six Member-States of the League and includes a fifth of the territory and a fourth of the population of the world. Whilst it holds together it will prove a shield of incalculable strength against the horrors and dangers of war to those peoples who are fortunate enough to belong to it.

An Open Letter to H. E. Lord Reading.

By An Optimist.

My Lord,

A REPORT is, every year, presented to Parliament by the Secretary of State for India, on the moral and material progress and condition of India. In the Report for 1920, it is said that 90 per cent. of Indians are rural, (p. 133), and that "the average cultivator is poor and helpless to a degree to which Europe can afford little parallel," (p. 159). May I humbly inquire whether your Lordship has taken the case of this nine-tenths of the population into your consideration, and come to the conclusion that the Government has been just throughout to them?

My Lord, in a splendid oration on American Policy, in 1775, Chatham said: "Trade indeed increases the wealth and glory of a country, but its real strength and stamina are to be looked for amongst the cultivators of the land, in their simplicity of life is found the simpleness of virtue,—the integrity and courage of their freedom. These true, genuine sons of the earth are invincible." Have you thought out a plan for improving the conditon of this important class in India?

There is a historical text-book used in Government schools for Junior Classes. It says nothing, of course about Clive forging Admiral Watson's name to cheat Omichund, and making poor Lord Macaulay blush. It says nothing also about Warren Hastings selling for a vast sum the services of British troops to crush the Rohillas; about his wringing half a million, by oppression, from the Rajah of Benares, about his extorting, more than a million from the Princesses of Oudh, about his using the forms of English law to bring Nuncomar to death as a forger, about his bribing Sir Elijah Impey into acquiescence by creating a well-paid but fictitious office in his favour, about even Pitt, in spite of pressure from the King, shrinking from justifying his acts, when his impeachment was moved, (see Green), about both Clive and Warren Hastings being let off scot-free, like the Dyers and Dwyers of our own day. But Mr. E. Marsden, the author of this text-book, following Sir William Hunter, gives our rising generation the following information at page 25: "Megasthenes lived at Pataliputra for several years, and wrote an account of what he saw and heard, and parts of his book may even now be read. He tells us that the Hindu men whom he saw in those days, were brave and truthful, and the women good and pure. There were no slaves. Every one trusted everyone else. People did not put locks on their doors, as there were very few thieves. They scarcely ever went to law...Each village was complete in itself, as it had men of every caste and every trade and profession in it." Does every one trust every one else in India now, My Lord? Do we require no locks to our doors? Is each little village unit an independent republic? Are there no law-suits, no perjury, no forgery, no chicanery? Assume, that Megasthenes and the others whose testimony is focussed by Sir William Hunter, and, in an earlier book of 1791 called "*An Historical Disquisition of Ancient India*" by William *Robertson*—assume that they exaggerated, even then, after making the fullest allowances—can you deny, my Lord, that a system of government, which led the Greeks to say "no Indian was ever known to tell a lie," which kept the people, according to them, sober and industrious and not merely truthful, which made them good farmers and skilful artisans, which made them in valour excel "all other Asiatics," must have been superior to a system, which even after nearly 150 years of British rule, keeps 90 per cent. "poor and helpless." The greatest loss has been the loss of the moral wealth of the people, and yet, I find not a word said in the said Report on that subject. Indeed the Index has no heading "Moral Progress," or even "Material Progress," or "Progress," and in the body of the book, also, I find no mention of the notorious fact that the courts are unsuited to 90 per cent. of the population, though, at one place (p. 156) it is said: "The country (the Madras Presidency) is hardly opened up, and even when communications are improved and the danger from malaria diminished, the money-lender, the drink-seller and the litigant come in." Government themselves have so little confidence in their own courts that there are Revenue Jurisdiction and other Acts prohibiting courts from entertaining suits against Government in respect of various matters. Your Lordship may be remembering, also, why Sir Thomas Holland agreed to the withdrawal of the Munitions case, on being told the case might have to be committed and on reckoning the cost of even a Government prosecution. Does your Lordship know that practically that old sentence in your Magna Charta, "To no man will we sell, or deny, or delay, right of justice," is in India more honoured in the breach than the observance, for the delays are enormous, and the man with a long purse has a greater chance of success than the man with a poor purse. Go one day to a mofussil civil court, and see what figure the rustic cuts there: the sight will melt your heart. Ask how many and how various are the court-fees paid and what heavy costs are incurred, and you will see that, after all, justice is sold and denied to the poor. And, in the unequal struggle, the poor have learnt to lie!

The standing excuse of the Government of India has always been, "we have no money." When you came out to India, you said you would do justice, but you cannot do justice to 90 per cent. of the people, the inarticulate masses—unless you overhaul your finance department, and find money for educating them and improving their health, physical and mental.

It is not true that the foundations of our indigenous institutions were submerged when the English became a sovereign power, but it is true, as the Report to Parliament admits, that those institutions "were not utilised to the best possible advantage by British administrators." No one is likely to ask you to deal out even-handed justice to those who were wronged by Clive, or Warren Hastings, or by the English servants of the

Company, whose governor drew Rs. 400 a month and whose pay ranged from Rs. 10 to 40 a month, and who made up for it by all sorts of jobbery and corruption, which are supposed to be the besetting sins of our low-paid policemen, bailiffs and similar underlings. You may be remembering what Horace Walpole wrote, in 1777, about "the beggars" sent out to India who "could reap sacks of gold in three or four harvests, and who with their sickles and reaping hooks have robbed and cut the throats of those who sowed the grain." He added : "If we could keep it (India), we should certainly plunder it, till the expense of maintaining would overbalance the returns." The Report to Parliament mentions the charge made, before your Lordship's arrival, of "legalised plunder" and "organised loot" (p. 81). That charge was brought as long ago as 1777, and none can do justice to the plundered, but, my Lord, it is surely not too much to expect, that if you cannot redress the wrongs of the 90 per cent. of India, without money, you should overhaul your Finance department.

Remember what the said Report says as to poverty-hanging now "like a miasma over so large a part of India," (p. 166), about the average margin of subsistence being very small, (pp. 134 & 136), about wages lagging behind prices, (pp. 134 & 142), about the economic condition of the people breeding discontent and restlessness, (p. 138), about the "seriousness of the present condition of economic unrest," (p. 134), about the great need for a systematic effort towards the uplift of the masses, (p. 147), about your system of education being just as top-heavy (p. 164) as (according to all publicists) your administration is, Sir William Vincent said recently, that out of 250 millions, only one million vote now, and out of that million, only 18·2 thousand recorded their votes at the last elections to your Reformed Councils And the Report aforesaid says that "the uplift of the Indian people, economic, physical and moral, resolves itself into the question of education" (p. 162), that properly trained teachers are sadly to seek, (p. 164), that there is little incentive for men of the right sort to enter the teaching profession, that the examination system has exercised a paralysing blight, (p. 165), and that if the country is to make any real progress towards responsible government "there must be a substantial and continuous increase in her resources," (p. 143,). Thus, my Lord, unless you overhaul your Finance department, you will be moving in a vicious circle and the history of this country under British rule, will also be moving in a vicious circle.

My Lord, if there are no vested interests at work, would our economic position be what it is ? You have, doubtless read, the *Economic History of India*, and you know how our industries were ruthlessly crushed, and what was done to discourage our trade in things other than raw products. The Report of the Industrial Commission is before you, and the Report to Parliament says: "Two years ago the country was still unable to produce more than a small fraction of the articles essential for the maintenance of ordinary civilised activities. Despite her wealth in raw material, India is poor in industrial achievements, and in several important branches of industry is compelled to buy back manufactured articles towards which she has already contributed the raw materials," (p. 96). We are also told that Government attempts to encourage Indian industries by means of pioneer factories and subsidies, some time prior to the war, "were effectually discouraged from Whitehall." Now, My Lord, you have here a reason before you for the public distrust. We know how Japan sent her young men to Europe and America and organised her industries so as to compete with the West. Even China is preparing to follow Japan, and shrewd American merchants and factory owners have promised help, in order to purchase China's good-will and capture her orders for machinery, etc. But what has the Government of India done in this direction ? How few and inadequate are its scholarships? How limited are the opportunities allowed to our young men ? Is it necessary for your Government to import Police, Forest, Engineering, Medical and Educational Officers, besides the civilians, from England on such a large scale ? Is it necessary to have so may things from other lands, *e.g.* medicines and other stores, when they can be easily produced in India ? Is it right that India should pay heavily to the experts and the experts' services should when they leave India for good, and there be none of her be lost to her own sons taught to carry on the experts' work? My Lord, you are a just man. Ask yourself, if any country can stand the drain to which India has been and is being subjected?

The Prince of Wales is coming to India. Bombay is spending nearly [illegible] lakhs to receive him well, in spite of the Prince's desire that such fund should be used for the relief of poverty and suffering. Our Princes and merchants may place large sums at the Prince's disposal for good works. Would it not be a fitting memorial to use them for a Fund, to be called after him, for sending our young man to Europe and America and for advances to them to start new industries on their return. This is only one of many suggestions which will occur to you if you kindly debate within yourself, how best justice should be done to India, and public distrust removed.

May I frankly, tell you, my Lord, why there is so much distrust. When the Sepoys, in 1857, complained that the cartridges had beep greased with the fat of cows and pigs, the English denied the fact. It is now admitted by Kaye that they had been so greased. When Lord Ripon issued his local self-government resolutions, it was said the bureaucracy would not carry them out, and those who made that prediction are now in effect told in the Report made to Parliament that they were right, (p. 187). Similarly, there are men who predict that as soon as Non-co-operation ceases to be a power, the angle of vision of your immediate entourage will be what it was, when Lord Chelmsford was here, and the reforms would be dealt with like Lord Ripon's local self-government scheme. I trust they are wrong, but if you employ a trusted Secretary to go through the legislative proceedings, *e.g.*, those in connection with the Court Fees Act and the first Registration Act, you will find several promises made which were never fulfilled. We all know how many years it took the bureaucracy to make even a few rules under the Statutory Civil Service Act of 1870, and how that Act was made a dead letter. Indeed, it may be worth your while to have a list made of broken pledges, (including those given during the war) in order to understand the distrust of the Indian public. If there is any defence, let it be furnished by all means: "an hour lost in allaying ferments may produce years of calamity."

My Lord, India, as the Report to Parliament rightly says, has ascetic ideals. It can easily understand a king who is not only a father to his subjects, but who works for his own daily bread, in order not to touch the public treasury, which is a trust to him for the public good. There have been kings in the East who carried out such an ideal. There was a Khalif, Umar bin Aziz, who even restored a country, which had been unlawfully acquired by his predecessor, to its lawful owner. No one expects that the English will give back, what, for example Lord Dalhousie confiscated for various reasons. But my Lord, even the materialistic ideals of the West, should not deprive 90 per cent. of the people, who are poor and helpless, of their salt by taxing it almost prohibitively; should not deprive their cattle of their ancient grazing-grounds and commons by afforestation and sales to capitalists, should not couple every so-called boon of local self-government to villages with a condition precedent that there must be local taxation, in addition to the local cess borne by them, and should not call upon its very first Parliament in India to meet a deficit of 18 millions and incur unpopularity. Even a materialistic civilization should recognize that an ancient civilization, based on ascetic ideals, may have its good points, and that what Gladstone called "the baleful spirit of domination" arises mainly when we think we are better than the rest of the world. In one of his Midlothian Speeches, the great man I have just mentioned, asked his countrymen to recognise "the sisterhood and equality of nations, the absolute equality of public right among them." As long ago as 1865, according to Sir William Hunter, it was said the English were making Indians a single nation. But even in 1921 do you really act as if you had made us a nation? Then how often have we been told that the English are trustees, but are you acting as trustees towards a beneficiary who is of age and entitled to come into his own? You are an eminent lawyer and you have only to consider what the duties of a trustee are to see that this talk of trusteeship should cease. The United States of America during the Spanish-American war promised autonomy to Cuba and kept their word. They had made no promise of that kind to the Philippine Islands, but they are handing over the government to the people of those islands. Even Mesopotamia is considered fit for self-government immediately. During the War, the Premier's appeal, as even the *Indian Social Reformer* admits, influenced recruiting. We were told to do nothing in a bargaining spirit, and we did nothing. But what do we see after the close of the War? The English Premier cannot keep his word as to Turkey, and the implied promise of granting self-determination is whittled away, and we are asked to show ourselves to be fit for self-government in *ten* years. A resolution has been sent to the Secretary of State that the period should be reduced, but what is the period to be? Can you blame the public then, my Lord, for its distrust? They have been disappointed so often. There are "perilous extremes of servile compliance and wild popularity," in the country, and a time may come when it will become *necessary* even to England to use Chatham's words to be *contemptible*, as it became necessary for her to be in the case of America. It can now "refuse with authority" and can "concede with grace." Let her be outspoken, and frank, and let her once more read the Queen's Proclamation, and King Edward VII's renewal of its pledges and King George's. Let her honestly fulfil her pledges and God will bless her. I pray, your Lordship may have the strength to grapple with the difficulties of your position, and secure us both liberty and repose.

John Keats.

By Jean Roberts.

"What porridge had John Keats?"
—ROBERT BROWNING.

"But the pure spirit shall flow
Back to the burning fountain whence it came
A portion of the Eternal, which must glow
Through time and change, unquenchably the same."
—PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY.

THE question with which Robert Browning ends his poem, *Popularity*, brings before us the harsh criticism meted out to Keats during his short span of life on earth; the grudging acknowledgment of beauty in his poems when that beauty was too obvious to be ignored; the scant appreciation of his generous outpouring of wealth to enrich our literature from the few who had ears to hear and instinct to perceive his genius.

The quotation from *Adonais*, Shelley's ode on the death of Keats, surely the noblest and most musical dirge sung by one poet over another, serves to reveal the purity and power of his genius and the expression of it. It is hard to keep from copying the whole of the ode not only because of the beauty of this shower of tears in drops of music, but also because the wide range Keats traversed in his search for beauty is revealed by Shelley's discrimination and comprehension. He surveys the whole in the rapid flight of his poetic wings, and he poises himself on peculiar evidences of Keats' interpretation of the great oratorio of Nature, first of all calling upon her and the Muses to weep and mourn—

"All he had loved, and moulded into thought,
From shape, and hue, and odour, and sweet sound,
Lamented Adonais. Morning sought
Her eastern watch-tower, and her hair unbound,
Wet with the tears that should adorn the ground,
Dimmed the aerial eyes that kindle day
Afar the melancholy thunder moaned,
Pale Ocean in unquiet slumber lay,
And the wild Winds flew round, sobbing in their dismay.'

This sends us to Keats' sonnet *On the Sea* with the arresting lines that form the beginning of it:

> "It keeps eternal whisperings around
> Desolate shores, and with its mighty swell
> Gluts twice ten thousand caverns,"

and which ends with an appeal that no true lover of th sea can resist:

> "Oh ye! who have your eyeballs vex'd and tired,
> Feast them upon the wildness of the sea:
> Oh ye! whose ears are dinn'd with uproar rude
> Or fed too much with cloying melody,
> Sit ye near some old cavern's mouth and brood
> Until ye start, as if the sea-nymphs quired"

and we pass on to the sonnet beginning:

> "The poetry of earth is never dead."

Shelley alludes to the criticism of venomous severity contained in some of the reviews in words of passionate indignation:

> "Our Adonais has drunk poison—oh
> What deaf and viperous murderer could crown
> Life's early cup with such a draught of woe?"

and straightway changes his adjuration to mourn the young poet's death with a strain of rejoicing

> "That our delight is fled
> Far from those carrion kites that scream below"

and passes on to a lofty vision of the unshackled soul:

> "He has outsoared the shadow of our night:
> Envy and calumny and hate and pain
> And that unrest which men miscall delight
> Can touch him not and torture not again."

his exultation increasing as he goes on:

> "He lives, he wakes,—tis Death is dead not he:"

and he calls upon the whole of Nature to join in his jubilant chant; because

> "He is made one with Nature: there is heard
> His voice in all her music, from the moan
> Of thunder to the song of night's sweet bird:
> He is a presence to be felt and known
> In darkness and in light, from herb and stone
> Spreading itself where'er that Power may move
> Which has withdrawn his being to its own."

And we all know these two lines with which the Ode ends:

> "The soul of Adonais, like a star
> Beacons from the abode where the Eternal are."

The more familiar we become with Keats' poems the readier we are to acknowledge that Shelley's glowing words are not rhapsody, not artificial figures of speech or the hyperbole of transient emotion, but the enthusiastic witness of a brother-poet kindled into flame perhaps by the pathos of that poet's life and the tragedy of his early death. We are regarding Keats as a poet and do not enter into details of his material life, and we want to show the truthfulness of Shelley's estimate of him as a poet. But we feel that the proving of this truthfulness proves also that, despite all the circumstances inclining people, who think "having a good time" constitutes happiness, to speak of John Keats' short life as a miserable existence and his porridge very poor stuff indeed, his life was suffused with a happiness unremovable by the adverse circumstances that limited and thwarted him

> "He is a portion of the loveliness
> Which once he had made lovely; he doth bear
> His part, while the one Spirit's plastic stress
> Sways through the dull drear world."

says Shelley. Think what this means. Keats not only saw and heard beauty and felt the effect of it upon and within himself, he *entered into* Beauty, into the very essence of that which makes the scenes and music of nature appeal to our emotions and influence our personality; and this entrance, effecting a fusion of the genius of Nature with the genius of the poet, gave Keats not only the joy of intimate knowledge of Beauty and association with it, but the higher bliss of creating beauty and enriching others by means of his creation. For, though it is true that poets and ordinary people see the same material things—if they have equally good eyesight!—poets see things of beauty as visions of loveliness unseen by prosaic folk. Among the prose-seers, however, are many who can see and rejoice in the visions revealed by the poet, and henceforth the objects glorified by the halo of poetry have an enhanced charm. As with sight, so with sound. Keats tells us that "heard melodies are sweet, but *un*heard melodies are sweeter." How many of us hear unheard melodies? Turn to his Ode to Autumn, one of his most perfect poems to our way of thinking :

> "Where are the songs of Spring? Ay where are they?
> Think not of them, thou hast thy music too,
> While barrèd clouds bloom the soft-dying day,
> And touch the stubble plains with rosy hue ;
> Then in a wailful choir the small gnats mourn
> Among the river shallows borne aloft
> And full grown lambs loud bleat from hilly bourn ;
> Hedge crickets sing ; and now with treble soft
> The redbrest whistles from a garden-croft
> And gathering swallows twitter in the skies."

Few persons are blind to the beauty of the evening sky if the sun sets with pomp of cloud and gorgeousness of colouring. Many require their attention to be drawn to the ordinary pageantry of the western horizon, give a fleeting glance and say "how pretty" straightway forgetting what they have seen. On such spectators Keats' translation of the sun's quiet farewell would have no effect. They do not read poetry. It is to them prose, spoiled by being cut up into rhymed lines. It might, however, reach their emotional being if read aloud well enough to 'bring out its colour and its music.' To those who have eyes to see visible beauty and poetry to perceive the loveliness of which visible form and colour are the expression, the words of Keats invest sunset clouds and evening light with a double beauty. Possibly, too, the idea of the small gnats mourning as a "wailful choir" *may* assuage the irritation caused by those "mourners," and check our own wails! Certainly the balanced poise of sight and sound in the verse gives charm to corresponding circumstances.

Another poem, not an ode, abounds in similar illustrations of his gift—the poem beginning "I stood tiptoe upon a little hill." Was ever morning dew described more exquisitely than Keats describes it as forming on the opening flower buds "starry diadems caught from the early sobbing of the morn." Or the first stir of life brought by the morning breeze as:

"A little noiseless noise among the leaves
Born of the very sigh that silence heaves ?"

And must we not say that the delicate loveliness of sweet peas is enhanced by Keats describing them as

"on tiptoe for a flight
With wings of gentle flush o'er delicate white
And taper fingers catching at all things
To bind them all about with tiny rings."

Everyone familiar with the pretty tendrilled sweet pea, so happily at home in an English garden, acknowledges the accuracy of this description. Who, however, save Keats, could have made his accuracy into so beautiful a thing that, to use his own words, it is "a joy for ever ?"

This allegiance to truth brings us to a point that we hold to steadfastly in our consideration of Keats, because it is a point which gives him his peculiar charm. We mean his identification of Beauty with Truth. This is surely the meaning of Shelly's words in *Adonais*—

"He is a presence to be felt and known
Spreading itself where'er that Power may move
Which has withdrawn his being to its own ;
Which wields the world with never wearied love
Sustains it from beneath, and kindles it above."

Keats did not ignore the existence of ugliness did not deny its *reality* but he never confused it with truth. For Truth is Love. Love is the source of Loveliness. All created things would have been beautiful but for the existence of an active principle working in opposition to the Truth, a principle which we call Evil, the result of which is ugliness, material and abstract, physical and moral, afflictive to the spirit and emotions of lovers of Beauty as well as to their senses. These results cannot be ignored by the Idealist any more than by the Realist. To the Idealist, however, they exist as transient opposition to the full realisation of Truth ; Truth alone is self-existent and permanent, and will be finally victorious and comprehensive when Evil shall have been overcome.

To the Realist these ugly results of evil are as substantial and important as the beautiful things of Nature and life. Indeed, they consider a work of art to be truer to life the more it is crowded with ugly details. They will take Evil as a theme in order, they say, to reveal unveiled truths, unmasked nature. Lovers of Realism scoff at Idealism, because, they say, it exhibits life 'through a golden haze of Unreality which hides the ugly spots of the earth and keeps the seamy sides of life out of view. The Realist accuses the Idealist of untruthfulness.

The Idealist pities the Realist because he has not attained to such knowledge of the Truth as will enable the transitory realities to be seen in their proper relative proportion. Seen as unpleasing accidents in the great scheme of life, accidents wrought by evil's malice, occurring as interruptions of the grand harmony of Creation, as blots in the landscape; needing strength of will to be converted into foils for the light and beauty of the way, they are worthy only of such recognition and representation as will shew them in their true meaning and relativity. An ugly tree, a scarred rock in a landscape will serve to accentuate the surrounding beauties represented by the brush of an Idealist; a discord serves to perfect harmony in a true musician's score; a woeful tragedy will touch our spirit to fine issues under the word-clothing of a poet. A Realist will make the hideous sight the subject of his picture; will wallow in discords as a sort of gramophone of life; will leave us submerged in the mire of sordid details that prevent tragedy from rising out of the squalor of realism. The Realist is bounded by time and the facts and acts that exist but for time's moment. The Idealist soars into the Infinite and knows that beauty, which is Truth, must needs go on as the ripples on water or the motion of air.

Doubtless, Keats' ear must often have been irritated by vexatious noises of the night. We have no record of them. But we have this effect of the nightingale's song:

"Thou wast not born for death immortal Bird!
   No hungry generations tread thee down;
The voice I hear this passing night was heard
   In ancient days by emperor and clown,
Perhaps the self-same song that found a path
   Through the sad heart of Ruth, when sick for home,

She stood in tears amid the alien corn;
he same that of times hath
Charmed magic casements, opening on the foam
Of perilous seas, in faery lands forlorn."

Keats is associated with beauty conveyed to us through the avenues of our senses, we do not turn to him as we turn to the Intellectuals to be braced by their realisation of the austere beauty of character gained by close gripping of the difficulties besetting the mind. But we must not leave out of sight the power of his imagination and insight when abstract subjects are touched upon. Let us obey his injunction to

"Stop and consider! Life is but a day;
A fragile dewdrop on its perilous way
From a tree's summit
Why so sad a moan
Life is the rose's hope while yet unblown;
The reading of an ever-changing tale;
The light uplifting of a maiden's veil."

Still, as we see in all the illustrations we could give, his imagination delights in the imagery revealed by the senses.

His ode on a Grecian Urn proves this,—as we are restricting ourselves to quotations from his odes and sonnets—so does his *O Solitude* sonnet in which he says

"Let me thy vigils keep
'Mongst boughs pavilioned where the deer's swift leap
Startles the wild bee from the foxglove bell."

And surely the concluding words of his Grecian Urn ode can be fitly used as his own motto: given as the Urn's message.

"Beauty is truth, truth beauty—that is all
Ye know on earth, and all ye need to know."

Troubled Music.

By E. M. Holden.

> "Dust as we are, the immortal spirit grows
> Like harmony in music."—WORDSWORTH.

Over a calm, crystalline reach of sea,
A mere ringed round with misty mountain-chain,
Out of the pearl-pale sunset came to me,
A sense of peace beyond or joy or pain,
No vain endeavour and no vague unrest,
No pent-up fount of unavailing tears,
Nothing of true or lovely unexprest,
Nor long since vanished from the vale of years,
But "suffered a sea change"—as o'er me swept,
A very bliss transcending every strife,
An ecstasy that in me lived and leapt,
As adoration at the feet of Life!
Likest to some sweet cadence when the close of troubled
music now no discord knows.

ساقیا یک جرعہ ده زآن آب آتشگونکہ من
درمیان پختگان عشق اوخامم هنوز
حافظ

Thus Hafiz has answered the question of pain and self, himself. For indeed our troubles are due to our own imperfection in true Love, *i.e.*, Love to God, and His creatures. And pain itself is the fiery wine which we need, but there needs must be the suggestion or better still conviction—were present therein—of His Love appearing to us as suffering.

TRANSLATIONS FROM THE HUNGARIAN OF ALEXANDER PETOFI.

My Songs.

I meditate often musingly
And know not what my thoughts are.
Far, far I fly across my mother land
Across the earth, through the whole world
My songs which are created at this time
Are moonbeams of my dreaming soul.

But if instead of living for dreams (I think)
It would better be to live for the future
And to take care. Oh but why should I care?
For God is good, and He will care for me.
My songs which are created at this time
Are the butterflies of my easy going soul.

But if I meet a charming girl,
In a still deeper tomb, my cares I bury,
And deeply look into the girl's eyes
Like a star in the waters of a silent lake.
My songs which at such time are created
Are the wild roses of my love-lorn soul.

Lovest the girl? I drink in joy;
Loves not? I must drink in bitterness:
And where there is a cup and wine in the cup,
There varied good humour comes to birth.
My songs which are created at this time
Are the rainbows of my intoxicated soul.

But, Oh, while the cup is in my hand
The hands of nations are in chains,
And as jolly is the ringing of the cup
So sad is the rattling of the slave chains.
My songs which are created at this time
Are the clouds of my grieving soul.

But why do the slave people bear it so?
Why don't they rise and tear off their chains.
Do they wait that through God's grace
The rust should bite them off from their hands.
My songs which are born at such times
Are lightning flashes of my angry soul.

How often have I sung.

How often have I sung of you
How often shall I sing of you
O lovely stars.
O, how I love you!
Of a world fairer, promise give your rays,
And ye smile ever on,
And how much good it does to me
To gaze that way
Where a little gladness is
In this sad world.

Smile on me.

Smile on me, Oh smile on me,
Ye eyes of beautious girls!
And I shall all forget,
How often ye have cheated me.
We think the girl's heart is a heaven
Because their depths shine like to it,
The girl's heart is a treacherous current
In which sow beams
The Heavenly stars.
Who seeks heaven there
Is swallowed by the foam.

Oh girl, thine eye.

Oh girl! thine eye
How dark,
And still it shines;

Most when
Thou watchest me,
So flashes it
As on a stormy night
With lightning fire
The headsman's sword.

Bear uniformly.

Bear uniformly thy good and evil luck,
So says he whom the stupid world names wise,
'T's not my watchword
I, my joys and agonies
Do wish to feel, and feel them doubly.
My soul is not that stream
Which with same kind of humour
Takes to itself that rose leaf
Which a lovely girl casts into it,
And that dry grass which
The wind of autumn blows into its flood.

Ideal and real.

Resound, Resound ye silent chords;
Sway before me Ideal;
Let my fancies glow
With thy heavenly light's charm,
My ideal descends from heaven
And that there—what a rose leaf—
Ah the girl from out the window
On my window curious glances casts.
And the Ideal and the beautious girl
Cause me to warm up.
Whom shall I gaze at whom shall I sing?
Tell me, O ye gods!
O form of my fancy born
Vanish into the sky, vanish away.
The earth child needs reality
And the poet is not the earth's child.

Juvenile Experiments.

The poet's heart is a garden of roses
He offers the roses to the world
And keeps the thorns
The poet's soul is a butterfly
Which flits over the roses
And the thorns tear it to pieces
The world does not know the desert of thorns and
  the torn butterfly
When it exults over the wreath on the poet's tomb

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Ich Dein.

By Francis Geldart.

PART I.

MR. AND MRS. NORMANBY were people of a really superior kind, but unfortunately a grandfather had so mismanaged affairs, that the present owner of the name, left with little more than family traditions was brought up--or was it down?—to the sordid pursuit of business life. Every day he travelled to the city, to be shut up in an office, where correspondence was dealt with; always the same kind of letters; likewise similar luncheons, companionship, in short, his life was monotonous; respectable but nothing more, and not at all what a Normanby was meant for.

As for Mrs. Normanby, well, he could go out occasionally, and knew a number of people to whom she might mention the sad story of the grandfather, and any other matters likely to suggest superiority. Not much jealousy was aroused, however, for suburban society now took little interest in the past, being more concerned with the present, and in particular with their own domestic difficulties. There was one question indeed that caused all ladies no little anxiety. Mrs. Normanby was no exception. Hitherto she had been the proud possessor of a really good servant; but would this happy state of things continue?

"How fortunate you are," remarked one of her friends as they sat sipping tea in the small drawing room. "Such a nice girl; and she has stayed with you so long too!"

Mrs. Normanby assented, but with a feeling of misgiving. For when attention was drawn to her good fortune, there was now a fear that such a happy position might become too well known. Servants were very hard to procure, and a kind of poaching was not uncommon.

"She is sure to stay now," continued her visitor.

Mrs. Normanby cautiously said she hoped so, but pained to see what might be coming next. Providentially the servant Amelia Walker just then put in an appearance; quite a good thing her mistress thought and she thanked her inwardly.

Amelia was a good looking intelligent girl with irreproachable manners; she did not scorn the badge of servitude, but probably knew that whether in cap and apron or anything else, she would certainly be worth looking at.

"Yes?" queried her mistress.

"I only wished to ask if there is anything I can do before I go out ma'am?".

"No, I think not, Amelia," but on second thoughts she added, "Well, I should like just to speak to you before you go."

The visitor took this as a hint and very soon the mistress and servant were alone.

"Amelia," said Mrs. Normanby pleasantly. "I want to ask you something. The Vicar's wife was calling yesterday, as you know, and said she wondered if you would like to join the Girls' Club they have started in the parish. It seems such a good thing you know."

This was a long speech for Mrs. Normanby for her conversational powers were limited. If it was fine she could remark on that fact until the weather seemed likely to change, she might also say that a clergyman preached such a good sermon this morning, or that the Smithsons were very nice people, or that was a dreadful case in the morning paper, and so on. But to elucidate a difficulty, or offer any reasons for her statements was rarely attempted.

Amelia was aware of this—for little escaped her notice—but never presumed to give valuable expression herself and might have been considered a poor conversationalist, being a most willing and obedient servant girl, and only cheerfully acquiescent when any topic suitable for mistress and maid was lightly touched. Now, however' to the lady's great astonishment and also to her own she felt compelled to talk.

" I am sorry I am sure," she began, " but am afraid it would be impossible for me to join anything of the kind. Thank you all the same—"

" But, Amelia, perhaps you don't understand." Here she hesitated, being quite taken aback. She was unused to reasoning with any one and had ralied on the simple fact that this was a proposition of the Vicar's wife. For any further recommendation to be needed was a thing never contemplated. She remembered however one thing the other lady had said; this gave her hope and she immediately dived into the subject as well as she could.

"You see," she continued, "you are like many another girl now, the only servant and must attimes find it dull. A little friendly intercourse of an evening with those of your own.—I should say those similarly placed, would surely be nice; don't you think so? I told Mr. Johnson that I would do all I could to make your work fit in with the times you might like to go to the club you know. It would be nice for you I am sure, and Mrs. Johnson is such a good woman and wants to do all she can—"

" Oh, I am afraid it wouldn't suit me at all," said Amelia quite decidedly, " I have no doubt Mrs. Johnson means to be kind, but she really does not understand what I feel in the least if I may say so, and with no disrespect. I am not dull or lonely at all. I like work, and that finished, I have my books, and then my fiance whom I meet once a week, and—"

"Your what?"

" I'm sorry—perhaps I ought to have told you before—but I am engaged and indeed have been for some little time."

"Who is the fortunate young man?" almost gasped Mrs. Normanby, who saw the danger to her domestic arrangements.

(*Continued on page 62*)

"East & West."

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This statement has a moral for Advertisers.

ICH DEIN.

(*Continued from page 60.*)

"Oh, he is a porter at the railway station, but the good fortune is all on my side I can assure you."

"But Amelia, I really hope you won't mind, only don't you think this may be ill-advised. You know porters are not—well you know they are not what one might call skilled workmen, and with these dreadful union and strikes!"

Amelia actually laughed.

"Skilled workman! Why no, perhaps not, but just as skilled as those who have to lay the table and polish door handles. What does it matter if work is honest service? As Jim says, *laborare est orare.*

"I'm glad if he and you think that," put in the mistress, though a little doubtful about the meaning of these words.

"Yes, yes," went on Amelia, now quite forgetting their respective positions, "and as he also holds, the true value of work does not consist in its nature, but in the character of the one doing the work. We must always have higher ideals than our environments. As regards what is called menial work, it is really a nobler thing to work for others than to make another wait and serve. Do you not feel when helping some one that there is a certain honour in the position greater far than being the one who orders or commands? Or is the contrary the case? This is just where Jim's socialism comes in. He says the real injury to the worker is not the low pay, or the hard labour, but the assumption that one person should be right or have the right to make another work for him. True it is a privilege to serve or wait on another, but is this principle admitted? Is the service really looked up to as a sacred thing? Rather I think is it held to be the rightful possession of the superior caste. Which is the honourable position, that of the employer or employed? We know which is more *honoured!* This is where the chief trouble lies, and Jims socialism has led me to think about it."

"I am sorry to hear he is a socialist," said Mrs. Normanby reprovingly, "for you know that cannot be right."

But she had not taken trouble to follow what was said, and only spoke when convinced that these words were clearly heterodox.

"And I am sorry you do not agree," said Amelia, who was rather nettled; but controlling herself, and remembering Jim's aphorism that "you should never get angry with ignorant people but only with their ignorance," she went on to say. "True socialism is not what you think, and also not what so-called socialists are driving at. They think only—but is it to be wondered at?—Of the good things they can get from others, and as Jim agrees with me, it will be the ruin of their own ideal. They look at pride, luxury and illicit possession, and would destroy all such. Nevertheless they miss no opportunity of seizing, instead of giving themselves. True there is little justification for the excessive wealth held by so many, as a result of gambling not only with property but with men's and women's lives, souls and bodies; still less for the assumption of a grand superiority shown by these social tyrants; but unless the true value of service be recognised by both worker and employer there will always be false ideals. Not what things are called, but what they really are, is the basis of true socialism, and should be the foundation of any society worthy of the name."

"I am afraid I do not quite understand you," said the mistress, who felt it time to show somesign of frankness though intelligent response was impossible.

"It is difficult," said Amelia who appreciated the amusing position they were both placed in, "difficult I know to have clear ideas, for prejudice is only very natural, and it is very hard for me to explain my meaning without perhaps hurting you. This I do not want to do. But do you not think I am right in just saying this? Suppose I bring you in the afternoon tea, what do you really feel you gain by it?"

"Well, you most certainly save me the trouble; otherwise I should have to get it myself."

Amelia smiled good humouredly.

"Anything else?"

"Well, Amelia, to do you justice, I suppose you would get it more quickly, and really manage such things better than I could myself. Indeed, I am quite satisfied with you!"

"Anything more?"

"Oh, of course, it enables me to attend to my callers, or perhaps finish some needlework, or a novel."

"Something else?"

"Really I do not know what you mean."

"Is there no pleasure in knowing that you are in the position of one to be waited upon? There is a feeling of superiority which is pleasing surely."

"I never think about such a thing," said Mrs Normanby, with undisguised astonishment. She felt the shock of having the plain truth so rudely stated.

"I wish you would think of it," went on Amelia, now throwing subservience away. "I wish others would realise the truth. Right through society there runs this paltry ambition, this glorification of the little self. It is more than possession and wealth, comfort and ease are small things compared to the false pride which poisons life. It is that we fear in socialism as commonly known. The real higher social life is something more than men can buy with money or labour. But what do we see? Men striving to seize and others to hold the good things of life which neither side knows how to value. At the bottom of it all is pride of position, strike for the chief place. The Vicar's wife has three servants, you have one; she likes to take the lead, you go next, and the lady who has just called is not wanted."

"Good gracious, Amelia."

"Yes, people look down on servants, but also on one another. It is the great thing in life; but it is wrong. Look at those who own pictures and do not know the difference between a constable and a wouverman; but they own them; and most of your afternoons with a little music are but show. Not every one can belong to your Tennis Club, nor would it do for you to attend a Primitive Methodist Chapel; poor people are not nice, except as a set off and pleasing contrast to those in better circumstances, so quite naturally the Vicar's wife believes a Girls' Club will be a good thing!"

"Amelia!" gasped her mistress, who was more astonished at the girl's power of expressing herself than at her biting attack. For one in cap and apron to be like this was beyond her limited comprehension.

"People," went on the girl, regardless of interruption, "are proud to be above others, poverty with lordly position is a kind of crime, and it must be taught and felt an honour to serve those above you in the social scale, but of course a greater honour to be served. The real fact is that the service itself is the honour. Those who work are superior when doing service, those waited upon inferior. Unfortunately, however, neither class has this ideal. But I am proud to bring in the afternoon tea Mrs. Normanby, and now must take it away. It gives me far more pleasure than being entertained by the Vicar's wife, who may be a very worthy person but who worships caste, and would encourage servant girls to do the same, whereas they should learn that service in itself was honourable, and true servants the highest class. I could serve or wait upon her with pleasure—for *to work is to worship!*— and regard her with respect or any one giving me the opportunity of working; but my respect is lost when I see any sign of looking down. To achieve position and gain possessions with the ulterior purpose of being able to be considered superior, is a shame and a disgrace to the high calling of humanity, which is service! I would not for very shame be styled a lady, for that means looking down!"

"I don't know what you mean," cried the mistress in alarm, for not understanding the drift of this harangue she feared the girl was mad.

"Not know? Are you not aware you wish to be above others, that you may look down? What does all the bickering and jealousy in your middle and so called upper classes mean? Why have all this buying of houses, furniture, horses, motor cars, the higher education and worse still the cant of helping the masses, if not just that? Not only a fairer division of the good things of life should be the aim of socialism but the one best thing the pride and joy of life."

Mrs. Normanby interrupted her for an idea flashed as it were across her mind that she thought quite good.

"But one minute, Amelia, you call yourself a socialist, and yet you never raised any objection to wearing cap and apron."

"Never!" retorted the girl with a disdainful toss of the head, "I love them; they stand for what I am a servant!"

But her eloquence was brought to a sudden end for just then the bell rang, and Amelia had to vanish speedily, leaving Mrs. Normanby in doubt whether to give the girl notice, consult with the Vicar's wife, or even go so far as to see the Vicar himself.

PART. II

Time passed on and with it the Normanbys saw many changes. Mr. Normanby found in the commercial world that he had to rub shoulders with many who cared nothing for family traditions. Mrs. Normanby had domestic experiences that she never could have dreamed of.

Amelia was married and servants became increasingly hard to procure. They would not work; they would not stay; they required enormous wages, and finally were not procurable at all. So Mrs. Normanby had to wait upon her husband and look after hereself and indeed be generally useful.

"What *will* become of us?" cried the distracted lady. when all hope vanished of finding even a woman to oblige, with a day's washing. To wash and mangle did not invigorate, and cooking meant waste of food, lost temper, and no appetite. She felt demoralised too, for what she had wrongly considered self-respect was gone. There was now no one to look down upon!

All genteel people grumbled exceedingly, but this did not make life easier, for with work to be done, it was no good wasting energy. Relief from the laws of the land could not be expected. The majority of voters were those who earned money and so it came to this that they made it very unpleasant by every sort of taxation and regulation for the minority. The democratic theory—fair treatment for the whole people—meant in practice tyranny by the majority. This was tacitly admitted, for the term democracy, the favourite catchword for newspapers during the Great War seemed meaningless. The successive victories of the workers, now as well educated as to appreciate the value of words, and generally speaking, sufficiently honest to use them correctly, destroyed much cant. The idea of any real democracy being possible was exploded. Socialism, however, was openly accepted as a principle. Was it a success?

Amelia's husband had saved enough through high wages and careful living to be in a comfortable position. Almost every worker was similary well off. The old order and disorder were things of the past.

"We have now, "he said to his wife one afternoon, "no need to argue, no use for the old Trade Unions. The days of strikes are gone for ever, for men have their rights."

"But is it success?" Amelia asked.

Jim looked thoughtful. This was not the first time they had discussed the matter, but it seemed to him there was some special reason for the question.

"They think so," he said with a touch of sadness in his voice.

They were standing in a prettily furnished room of their cottage, which dwelling, in the words of advertisements was quite a 'desirable freehold. Through a French window they looked into a tastefully laid out garden which was ablaze of colour in the summer sunlight, and voices of their children could be heard. Jim had no longer to shut carriage doors or answer questions of bewildered travellers, or wheel thier luggage. All this was a thing of the past for in a few years he was enabled to retire and enjoy both a pension and a share in the profits of the railway company, as was only just and right.

Now there were no railway strikes, dockers' troubles, colliery lock-outs, and disturbances resulting therefrom. Capital and labour were at peace; a new era had dawned! There were now no poor; and there were no rich!

"They, think so," he repeated, as he gazed through the window.

"They, Jim? Who think so?"

"Well, you know what I mean, "most people do, and in particular those who have worked hardest to destroy the old system. They are proved of their work, and naturally do not like to think otherwise. Food is easy to procure, wages always good, profits within reason, and there is no longer fear of tyranny on either side."

"A consummation devoutly wished and worked for, eh? Jim?"

"Quite so, no need to have Trade Unions now . . . . safety for the wage earner. What more can you wish for?''

"What indeed! But I think," she added, "I know what is coming and you are going to say."

"Trust you, you always do know. There never was such a person. Your intuition is marvellous. But have you heard anything?"

"Now do you think I am going to tell you?" she cried merrily. "First you credit me with intuition, which was flattery, and then with having heard some news, as if you thought I had time to listen to gossip. Which do you mean I wonder?"

"It might be both, my girl. But long ago I had to thank you for your keen perception, or if you like it better your intuitive sense. Do you remember the time when you saw that weak point in the Boilermaker's strike, and suggested that it would be a little more appropriate if the leaders put themselves on strike pay and smoked less expensive cigars, when entreating the men to keep firm. That set me thinking, and I have done so ever since."

"Yes, yes, all right, Jim. But seriously, I know nothing, except that as we have so often talked about the matter. I fully expect the weak spot in this social reformation to disclose itself. It will come, I am convinced, for we are but human after all."

"Quite so. It has come to. But," breaking off, "you look tired."

"Do I, Jim? Well, never mind, we will sit down for a few minutes. I love hearing you talk, you know I do; only there are so many things to attend to now. Keeping the house tidy, and the children; and the garden, though I love it, is hard work sometimes."

"Yes, that is the point. We have the fairer division of wealth, the fruits of labour, but have we full opportunity to enjoy them? Have you done much reading to-day?"

"None at all, Jim, and surely half an hour's yesterday; have you?"

"I confess my fault, but how is it possible? Yet this is quite different from what we planned in those days when our time was not what is called our own."

"True indeed, and I tell you what it is, Jim; at this season of the year there are so many things to do, that besides the want of time, I feel too mentally lethargic to concentrate thought on real literature. I fear I shall get like Mrs. Normanby and only be capable of skipping through third-rate novels."

"Heaven forbid! But really I do not wonder at it. The possession of even our modest belongings entails too much care. There is a limit to enjoyment under present conditions. Those who formerly would cry out against the luxury of the rich, are learning to their cost that attempts to go beyond a certain point in comfort and refinement become burdensome. There are our friends the Jarrets who saved until they got a motor car, but got tired of doing the necessary repairs and and cleaning."

"Yes," said Amelia, "and Mrs. Wardle thought practising the piano most interesting until her child got scalded when she was studying Arpeggios."

"You will remember also the Wiggins family who took to studying French, but found it interfered with doing sewing in their spare time which was so limited. Also the Peters family who spent all day in elocution and the study of voice culture but they neglected to cook their own food and grew so lean and dyspeptic they nearly died."

"Yes and our neighbour who was engrossed in the study of art, whereby she one day forgot that milk had been put on the gas cooker to scald, and so ruined a new saucepan."

"These are trifles," continued Jim, "but they suffice to show what every day becomes more serious. Half the old pleasures derived their charms from the fact that they could be enjoyed without interfering with the ordinary pursuits or necessities of life. With this absence of a subservient class, when all are able to buy assistance, no one is found to render it. Look at a party now going to the sea-side for a day. Where are the restaurants and hotels of former times? Enjoyment is practically lost. Food has to be prepared beforehand and taken in the *char à banc*. No roast beaf or mutton and new potatoes ready for them on arrival. Now no one can order Amelia to bring in the tea, Amelia is able to say—Fetch it yourself."

"Which she never would do," put in Amelia.

"Oh, indeed! But, you see unfortunately now a Mrs. Normanby or Ponsonby Jones could and, so to speak, does say to Amelia, who so foolishly got married to a parsimonious railway porter of ambition when she, the wife of the said railway porter wants tea or other refreshment or enjoyment. "You can get it yourself."

"Which Amelia is pleased to do. But all the same Jim, it is indeed proved, as you say, that this grand social reformation has with the generality of workers brought them to the point of having means to purchase many things, but to enjoy the possession when they have them is not possible. It is just what you will remember I predicted apart from the pleasure which the monied class enjoyed through being able to look down on their poorer fellow creatures, they also had time to enjoy themselves, and were helped to do so by the class beneath them."

"But now as is quite apparent the latter have not the time and there is no one to help them," said his wife.

"True, so what are such people to do. There are none poor enough now to serve those who are well off; there are none rich enough to make others an offer for their service that would tempt them, and if there were, there is another thing. Everywhere we hear complaints. People are crying out for domestic help, a large majority of the workers have houses furnished and of a size beyond them with no help. But service is not to be given by those who have thrown off the yoke of servitude. The old neighbourly actions and kindness of the poor to one another are things of the past. The discontent I hear is growing. Miners as a class have rather better position than many others, and expect to be able to employ men and women from the agricultural population; but these say no! The time is coming when we shall be better off, and who are you to want waiting on? Grave trouble is sure to come. For full enjoyment of comfort, service is absolutely necessary, either voluntary or otherwise, and now?"

"There is neither," answered Amelia.

"What is to happen?"

Amelia looked thoughtful."

"Economise!"

"What do you mean? Pile up money which in a great measure cannot be employed? Pooh, that is a retrograde step entirely."

"No, I don't mean that. What I mean is this. Take our own case. There is the tennis lawn. You and I rarely have time to use this; it entails a lot of labour and some expense. On the other hand, you have a telescope, and like reading about astronomy, but seem to have less time for such things than you had when you were a railway servant."

"A railway employé" you mean my dear," corrected Jim. "Railway servant, indeed! Who ever heard of such a thing?"

"Well, any way you married a general servant, who is sometimes accused of generalization I know, but now, wishes to particularize. What I want you to see is that you could choose between those two enjoyments, or any others. Which requires least labour, and in particular which is the pursuit, where the labour of others can most easily be dispensed with."

"I see," said Jim, "get rid of the tennis lawn."

"Yes, and some other things too, perhaps. But of course with your sober mind, I can see very little chance of economy, unless— unless you get rid of your wife."

"Well, Amelia, we will think about that later on but at present, as applied to the majority of the socially reformed as they now call themselves. I believe you are right. Your theory is good?"

"It is more than a theory, it is a fact, and like the old saying, you cannot put a piece of new cloth on an old garment. These socialists have not seen, never would see how fallacious is their system. Take away any incentive, great or small, and you, naturally, by so much diminish the result. That was an old argument against Socialism. But here there is inherent a desire to attain, increasing by reason of the fact that the goal is unattainable. There is on the one hand a diminishing inducement to serve, but through the increased, fairer division of wealth an increased demand for service. Love of power, ease and luxury, caste and cant were the hidden forces in our old bad system, but evil as they might be, they had full play. Now that by artificial means profit has been shared, these forces are only checked, but not destroyed. Human beings have got only one of two things: they covet, and the lack of the one in great measure diminishes the enjoyment of the other."

"Well, we will get rid of our tennis lawn there, said Jim, but what about other people?"

"It will mean revolution in the end. Evil nature is like the pent-up force beneath a volcano. Human beings invented the commercial system, truly a wonderful machine in all its parts; noisy, vile, and destructive of much beauty in God's world, it is true, but it did work! It has been forgotten, however, that this machine is of many parts like wheels, cogs, bearings, and if the reformer meddle with but one of these, or introduce what does not fit, that machine will never do its work."

"What's to be done?" asked Jim. "I should say, scrap the lot and melt it down. It is not possible to make a Heaven on an Earth that man has spoilt."

Amelia started from the chair, for just then a woman came into the room. It was now very much the custom to walk in uninvited, trouble was thereby saved.

"Why it's our friend, Miss Smithson," she said.

The new-comer looked hot, and with a pile of papers under her arm extremely business-like.

"Why, whatever are you doing?" asked Amelia.

"That is just what I have called to explain," said Miss Smithson, as she sat down and deposited her papers on the floor. "Being tired of doing nothing, for as you know my people are able to live independently and we have no expensive tastes whatever, and my two sisters are able to do all the housework, which does not appeal to me. I am glad to act as social secretary to the National Voluntary Domestic Help Association. I want you to join this good work. The cost of membership is only £5 per annum, and the work for those who are unlike myself will be varied and most useful. The only thing is will people join in sufficient numbers? I find it hard to convince them at first."

"They wont," said Amelia brusquely.

"Will you?"

"*I* won't!

"Will your husband?"

"*He* won't!"

"Oh, why not?"

"The ideal of true service is dead and gone. Your socialism has killed it. No one has time or inclination. You are out of date."

Miss Smithson departed disconsolate and Amelia after escorting her to the door returned with a look of triumph, but followed by one of bewilderment.

"I wonder if I was right," she said.

"I wonder if any thing is right," answered her husband. "But listen, what is that noise?"

Sounds of a terrible turmoil could be heard from the road, shouts, shrieks, groans.

Rushing to the door an astonishing spectacle was seen.

Where four roads met as many bands of people had simultaneously encountered one another, and a furious conflict was the result. Though previously they had marched in orderly processions, they were now in inextricable confusion, fighting for possession of their respective banners that bore, words and devices which quite sufficed to account for rage and mutiny.

Down one road had marched a troop whose flag now torn to shreds was gaudily emblazoned with the offensive word "Equality!" whilst an opposing crowd flaunted high another motto:—

*"*Il est faux que l'egalité soit une loi de la nature. la nature n'a rien fait d'egal, la loi souveraine est la subordination et la dependance!*"

The last word, however, was soon torn away, but the remainder still borne aloft by a man who had the advantage of riding in a large motor-car, increased the fury of the party meeting them as it showed the difficulty of dealing with a concrete example of inequality.

**Vauvenargues: Reflexions et Maximes.*

At right angles to these conflicting streams came two other forces. The one with flags displaying the words VOLUNTARY SERVICE, was a small body, though it had many flags. Opposed to it came a multitude of men, women and children following a leader who carried but one large ensign on which these words were plainly seen:—

*"*Ye crowd around your neighbour and have words for it. But I say unto you, your neighbour-love is your bad love of yourselves !*

Cutting their way through the cross-currents of fighting humanity they easily had the mastery. The sight was terrible.

"Come back!" cried the man, for his wife started forward as if fascinated by the horror.

"Is this what social reformation means?" she asked.

"It means—it means that social life depends on what man is. Let them alone. Bring me my telescope and when night falls we will look away from earth and try to think of Heaven!"

"Still, Jim, if only they would know there is glory and honour in the words 'I serve!' "

"Men and women may know such things," he said sadly, "but ever close their eyes but they should see the truth. It is certain that Nature makes nothing equal ; and those who cry out for equality, do so not that they believe in it, but because they are enraged with the others who possess more than they do ; and these in their turn show their bitter opposition for fear of losing and not for love of Nature's laws. As for those who would serve their fellows, how can this be done when each is more than ever jealous of his neighbour. Love of self is still deep-rooted. Nietzsche, notwithstanding, there is nothing to be feared of our neighbour-love, for our socialism has increased and not diminished the bad love of ourselves Is that neighbour-love has gone, and hatred only lives. In the past there

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**Thus spake Zarathustra. Nietzsche. XVI. Neighbour-love*, was the evil yearning for chief places and false honour which brought tyranny and strife, but no socialism or other cult can bring the world to peace till hearts are changed and men have learned the meaning of the words 'I serve,' which only angels know as Bertrand Russell has said :

"Socialism as a panacea seems to me to be mistaken in this way, since it is too ready to suppose that better economic conditions will of themselves make men happy. It is not only more material goods that men need, but more freedom, more self-direction, more outlet for creativeness, more opportunity for the joy of life, more voluntary co-operation, and less involuntary subservience to purposes not their own."

"Yes," said Amelia, "but you will note this Jim, that the voluntary co-operation must be subservience, it must be willing service, but with no ulterior purpose—and service for the glory of itself. The honour and love of it alone. This it is which may bring Heaven nearer earth and banish strife, and make men truly rich!"

Leibniz

By Zero.

WHAT facet of Truth did Leibniz mirror? The optimistic. There are two ways of criticising him—the egoistic and the non-egoistic. Let us adapt one of his illustrations, and we can easily distinguish between these two ways. He says: "Let ABC be a line representing a certain time. And let there be a certain individual substance, for example, myself, which lasts or subsists during this time. Let us then take first me who subsist during the time AB, and also me who subsist during the time BC. Since then we suppose that it is the same individual substance which endures, or that it is I who subsist during the time AB, and am then at Paris, and also I who subsist during the time BC, and am then in Germany, there must necessarily be a reason which makes it true to say that we last, *i. e.*, that I, who have been in Paris, am now in Germany. For, if there were none, we should have just as much right to say that it is another. It is true that my internal experience has convinced me *à posteriori* of this indentity, but there must also be an *à priori* reason. Now it is impossible to find any other, except that my attributes of the earlier time and state, as well as my attributes of the later time and state are predicates of the same subject, *insunt eidem subjecto.* But what is meant by saying that the predicate is in the subject, if not that the notion of the predicate is found in some way contained in the notion of the subject? And since from the moment that I began to be, it could be truly said of me that this or that would happen to me, we must admit that these predicates were laws contained in the subject, or in the complete notion of me' which makes what is called I, which is the foundation of the connection of all my different states and which God knew perfectly from all eternity. " Now Bertrand

Russel, who gives us this extract in his very useful Appendix (p. 215), (forming nearly one-third of his Critical Exposition of Leibniz's philosophy), could have said to himself: "Let ABCDE be a line representing Leibniz. Let AB represent what his perceptions told him. Let BC represent what his reflection on his perceptions, aided by his unconscious perceptions CD, stored in his mind, told him. Let DE represent the superconscious in him. When dealing with his philosophy, I should take account of the CD and DE as much as of BC and AB. He was a first-rate mathematical reasoner, and the inventor of the Infinitesimal Calculus, which he thought gave us the means of allying Geometry with Physics (p. 233). He discovered that "not only the total force of bodies that have connection with each other is conserved but also their total direction" (p. 227). He brought to light the existence of unconscious perceptions in us. He has said: "Metaphysical laws of cause, power, activity are present in a wonderful way throughout the whole of nature, and are even superior to the purely geometrical laws of matter" (p. 234). He has also said: "Truth is looked for not so much in phenomena as in causes" (p. 233). He could expose the fallacies of Des Cartes and Locke and others. If, therefore, I find fallacies in him, may it not be that his philosophy was not the result of the five principal premises I attribute to him, but the result of his unconscious perceptions and of the superconscious in him?" Should I not, therefore, make use of these statements which I consider fallacies, to understand his CD and DE, instead of calling one of them "scandalous," another "dishonest" and a third "a discreditabl esubterfuge?" Let me try to understand the whole ABCDE, and not merely the ABC. "Had this been his standpoint, his criticism would not, perhaps, have taken a *destructive* turn, and might have been more *constructive.*

Bertrand Russel, in 1899, delivered a course of lectures on the philosophy of Leibniz at Trinity College, Cambridge. He read most of the standard commentators and most of Leibniz's connected treatises to prepare himself, but he found himself still completely in the dark as to the grounds which led Leibniz to many of his opinions. Why did Leibniz think that monads cannot interact? How did he become persuaded of the Identity of Indiscernibles? What did he mean by the law of Sufficient Reason? " These and many other questions seemed to demand an answer, but to find none." "He continues:" At this point I read the *Discours de Metaphysique* and the letters to Arnauld. Suddenly a flood of light was thrown on all the inmost recesses of Leibniz's philosophical edifice. I saw how its foundations were laid, and how its superstructure rose out of them. It appeared that the seemingly fantastic system (of the Monadology) could be deduced from a few simple premises, which, *but for the conclusions which Leibniz had drawn from them*, many if not most philosophers would have been willing to admit. " The words I have italicised are the most important. The conclusions drawn by Leibniz were, according to Mr. Russel, fallacious when they concerned human life. We are told, for example, that Leibniz ought not to have held existence to be a predicate at all, when urging his ontological argument (p. 174), and that " the ethics to which he was entitled was very similar to Spinoza's. It had the same fallacies and similar consequences" (p. 202). It is difficult, therefore, to understand how the superstructure was bulit on Mr. Russel's five premises. But assuming that it was built on them, this experience of the Professor should teach us to pause in our condemnation of what seems out of joint, illogical, incoherent or arbitrary in this world or in any individual, in the macrocosm or the microcosm. All the writings of God have not been read by us. There may be some more illuminating than those we have read, and may prove to us that the foundations are deep and the superstructure has risen divinely out of them, though at present we can only say

> *" Na hi tarka vitarka samágamanam*
> *Abhidhána vidhána vihina param."*

Bertrand Russel ends his book with the remark that the best parts of Leibniz's philosophy are " the most abstract" (p. 202). Now Hegel has said that abstracttion is falsification and Leibniz himself says that he wants to banish abstractions and speak in concretes. Did Leibniz, then, understand himself less than his critic of the twentieth century?

If a critic were to keep a diary of his own thoughts, he would realise, as Leibniz appears to have realised, that both body and thought are in a flux. Leibniz tells us: "a state without thought in the soul, and an absolute rest in body, seem to me equally contrary to nature and without example in the world" (p. 259). He had his early, his middle and his final views as to the relation of monads to space (pp. 252–256). His views on the subject of the connection of the soul with the body underwent a change (pp. 269–273), so also on the subject of the *Vinculum substantiale* (pp. 273, 274). He said at one time: In natural philosophy I am perhaps the first to have proved thoroughly .... that there is a vacuum, (p. 227), while at another time, he said: "Space must rather be conceived as full of an ultimately fluid matter, susceptible of all divisions, and even subjected actually to divisions and sub-divisions (*ad infinitum*)" (p. 235), and at pp. 233, 236 he says expressly, "there is no vacuum at all" and "empty space is an imaginary thing." When he was a young man, he tells us, he gave in to the notion of a vacuum and atoms, "but reason brought me into the right way" (p. 236). "All is full" to him, and "all nature is full of life" to him (pp. 236, 239). Freeing himself from the yoke of Aristotle, he took to the vacuum and atoms (p. 241), but a mathematical point being merely (mentally) the extremity of the extended, a mere modality, incapable of resolution into first constitutents, was incapable, also, of causing extension, or motion (with its perpetual *transcreation* and with time as its measure and space as its *locas* and so he had recourse to Aristotle's *entelechy* or vital principle. He saw principles of motion in nature, and his Dynamics supported his reading of Aristotle. Now Bertrand Russel tells us: "The relation of Leibniz's Dynamics to his Metaphysics is hopelessly confused" (p. 87). "The attempt to establish, on the basis of Dynamics, a plurality of independent causal series must be pronounced a complete failure" (p. 98). Thus, from this point of view also, it cannot be said that, Russel's 'five premises, are a deep foundation, or that the best parts of Liebniz's philosophy are the most abstract. Rupel also rejects the traditional view on which the first premises based and find that premises inconsistent with the fourth and fifth. It is, indeed, difficult to understand what abstract parts are considered the best by Mr. Russel.

Let us now try to understand Leibniz in our own way. The existence of infinity in the finite is one of his central ideas. The ancient mathematical method of exhaustions was a failure. Leibniz's calculus was successful and fruitful because it looked upon finite quantities as made up of an infinite number of infinitely small parts (Merz's Leibniz, p. 50). Similarly we cannot get the key to the very least entity in the universe unless we look upon it either as made up of an infinite number of infinitely small parts, or the proportion of two infinitely small quantities.

Leibniz, thanks to his study of Plato and Aristotle, of Thomas à Kempis, of Tauler and the "German Thelogy" belived in qualitative differences, in an intensive existence, and in a "source and centre of that power which is the internal cause of all external phenomena—of all the phenomena of extension and motion" (Merz. p. 72), while holding that these phenomena were governed by constant mechanical laws. The extension of his monads was zero, but their intensity was infinite, like that of the human mind (Merz, p. 73). He said Truth had its ante-chamber and its audience-chamber and its inner sanctum: we might not be able to enter this last, but might we not at least enter the other two. "The eyes of men are still covered," he said, "and we must await the time when all will be ripe." (Merz. 128). The kindly light would lead on: hence his optimism. I do not think he derived it from Russel's five premises which are:

"I. Every proposition has a subject and a predicate. [This hardly expunges what Rapel (if I understand him aright) ascribes to Leibniz.]

II. A subject may have predicates which are qualities existing at various times. (Such a subject is called a substance.)

III. True propositions not asserting existence at particular times are necessary and analytic, but such as assert existence at particular times are contingent and synthetic. The latter depend upon final causes."

IV. The Ego is a substance.

V. Perception yields knowledge of an externa world, *i.e.*, of existents other than myself and my states."

The truth appears to be that Leibniz attempted (in the Discourse and the letters written for Arnauld) an exposition of the views he then held, by means of an "*argument drawn from the general nature of propositions*," but the result convinced him of his failure.

Leibniz seems to say : "Think of the infinitely large the container of all—and the infinitely small of which everything is made up. The continuum is endless, and the infinitely small can be divided without limit, and they change imperceptibly, by infinitely small gradations *i. e.*, continously. Think of solids as generated by surfaces, of surfaces as generated by lines, of lines as generated by points. Think of curves as convertible into one another by infinitely small changes. Think of the Spatial Order as a Psychical Order. Think of Figures as Equations. Think of everything as a number in an infinite series, connected with evetything else through an infinite number of intermediate phenomena, capable of receiving and giving impulses, containing its own past and big with its own future. Bear in mind the Law of Continuity, when meditating on phenomena, and bear, also, in mind that nothing is without a reason, and, when reasoning, bear in mind that two contradictory statements cannot be true at the same time. If you bear these things in mind, and meditate upon the Unity you yourself are, you may see that the whole of inanimate and animate nature is endowed within conscious or conscious or self-conscious perceptive power, capable of infinite gradations, that there are spiritual beings higher than man, and worlds other than our own. If our senses were not coarse, we would see unity where we now see multiplicity, a metaphysical extension where we now see physical extension, an infinite depth and height where we now see merely a *punctual* existence—a continuous flow and development where we now see merely rest, impenetrability, or inertia, a purely psychical connection and mutual independence and self-sufficiency and self-determination of every monad where we now see apparent physical interdependence and interaction, in short, a Pre-established Harmony, reconcilng the teleological and mechanical views of nature, prescribing to every monad its peculiar course, and, in the lapse of of time, determining everything by that which precedes it and by the comprehensive plan of the universe in God's mind. "As in a stereoscope the two pictures must suit together or harmonise so as to fall for the beholder into one clear image, (Merz, p. 160), even so the infinite mirrored reflections in the mondas—representations of the whole world—'must be harmonised or tuned to the same melody," to form intellectually or idealy one perfect and clear expression of thought. In the highest Monad—God—see the purest light: in other Monads 'light and dusk and darkness, in varying degrees.' (Merz, p. 161). Ordinary souls, with their ordinary perceptions, are in twilight, in *chiaroscuro*, and they have their night in their unconscious self—the great storehouse—and their day when they have pure light consciously reflecting the world—the light in which the will is truly free, in which necessary and contingent truths - the truths of reason and the truths of fact', merge into each other, and in which evil is found to be serving the ends of goodness and felicity."

Leibniz beheld harmony between the kingdoms of Nature and Grace. His *bare* monads could rise to the rank of animal souls and animals souls to that of rational spirits; and the free spirits free from matter, formed the Republic of God. Those free spirits are hardly distinguishable from God, except in power, and rational spirits can mirror not only the universe but also God. (Russel, 1223). Man is one of them, and can have this privilege. In another passage, Leibniz says: "We see all things in God—God's goodness led him to desire to creat the good, his wisdom showed Him the best possible, and his power enabled Him to create it—God chose to create monads which harmonised, and their existence is due to God's power—". Bertand Russel says that "monism must be pantheistic, and monadism must be atheistic" (p. 185). Our sankhya is also called atheistic as, like Leibniz, it posits a plurality of *phurushes* (spirits), but it serves a very useful purpose. It enables the Ego to say at least to himself," I am a spirit," and try to understand himself. Finally, that meditation takes him to Unity as is clear from every authoritative work on the Sankhya. As a method of meditation, therefore, monadism, is as useful as the Sankhya. And there are passages in Leibniz's work, showing that he had an aim, like that of the Sankhya. For example, Russel quotes a passage at (p. 187), which, of course is a stumbling-block to him. It runs: "If the notion of substance in its genuine definition is only applicable to the simplest or primitive substance this alone will be substance. And it is in your power so to take the word substance, that God alone shall be substance and other substances shall be called otherwise. But I prefer to seek a notion which fits other things, and agrees with common usage, according to which you, he, and I are deemed substances. You will not deny that this is legitimate, and, if it succeeds, useful." The Mystic says: "Everything is resolvable into Thy Existence, Beloved. When I can so resolve everything, when Thy Existence is made by me a predicate of everything, I can realise Thee to some extent." Kant and Russel, say, on the contrary, that existence is no true predicate of anything as it cannot add to our knowledge of the nature of that thing. But popular philosophers, like Leibniz, acquainted with mystics, not seldom use the lanuage of mystics, and apparently Leibniz used it in documents Written for Arnauld. Bradley's Logic, it may be said, "consists almost wholly of the contention that every proposition ascribes a predicate to Reality, as the only ultimate subject" (Russel, p. 12)—the ultimate

(Continued on page 77.)

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LEIBNIZ.

(*Continued from page 75*).

subject which is

"Ati sarva nirantara sarva gatam
Dina ratri vivarjita sarva gatam."

To the mystical monist, the cosmos is as it were but a single existential judgment—a proposition with God as the only subject. Bertrand Russel himself says that some of Leibniz's arguments would be valid according to the theory of existential judgments. But really, there is no room for logic in the region of the Transcendent.

Leibniz, at one time, thought, an *Alphabet of human thoughts* could be invented, and that from the combination of the letters of this alphabet, and from the analysis of the words formed of them, everything could be both discovered and tested (Russel, 283). He had written a little book *de Arte Combinatoria*, when he was nineteen, and, he wanted, on similar lines, to find out the Characteristica Universalis, and he thought one could write as a mathematician in Metaphysics and Morals, with rigour. But he found himself unable to give the world such a Calculus, and Boole's work does not accomplish what Leibinz had in view. Leibniz was a great generaliser, but he confessed few people were capable of appreciating abstract truths (R. 9), and, as we have already seen, he wanted to speak in concretes and banish abstractions. We find him also saying that there were *good asyllogistic conclusions.* (R. 283), and we find him distinguishing between eternal things and changing things (R. 285), between Substance and Phenomena, between necessary and contingent truths, between speaking *absolutely* of a matter, and speaking as the Copernicans speak of the motion of the sun.

Reverence is due to the genius, who has given us an instrument of analysis, like the calculus, who saw life even in minerals and anticipated Professor Bose of our own land, who posited the ether of our latest science, who did not shrink from saying that there were not both God and the Devil in this world and that if there was evil, we must account for it not by imagining there is a Dyarchy but by holding fast to a single Monarchy, that of God and God alone. But neither he nor Hegel nor Bradley has been able to show that words are not after all shadows of a shadow world, or can ever do justice to the Transcendent.

Meditating on the Transcendent, Leibniz could say: "What is not truly *one* being is also not truly a being," (R. 242), that "there are not in nature two indiscernible real absolute beings" (R. 54-55), that the notion of a *whole* could only be applied to what was substantially indivisible (R. 115), that "indivisibility includes infinity"(R. 61), and that there was only one God. (R. 146). He found it most difficult to understand matter and he wrote: "Would that incomprehensibility were an attribute of God alone! We should then have better hope of understanding nature. But it is too true that there is no part of nature which we can perfectly understand.... No creature, however noble, can distinctly perceive or comprehend an infinity at one time, nay more, whoever understood one piece of matter, would understand the whole universe." (R. 281). He also says: "Far from our understanding only sensible things, they are just what we understand least," (Ibid) for "the least particle must be regarded as a world full of an infinity of different creatures" (R. 109), and "The existence of spirit is more certain than that of sensible objects." (R. 225). He did not think it *conclusive* that because he had an idea of being, there was a being, but he asked himself, "What am I? What gives me the right to say (I)? Is my body like a rainbow or parhelion? Am I an individual—an indivisible unity? Would I have an idea of being, if I were not a being, of unity, if I had no unity, of identity, if I had no identity, of cause, if I did not act as a cause, of perception, if I did not perceive, of reasoning, if I did not reason? Do my senses give me these notions? What makes me apply the Principle of Contradiction to "the square is a circle"? What makes me demand a reason for everything? What enabled me to invent the Calculus? How are general laws discovered, laws founded in the nature of things and requiring no miracles to execute them? What makes us discover Order, Harmony and Beauty? Whence these traces of even omniscience and omnipresence in my spirit? Is my spirit an emanation from the Supreme? Can there be a true multiplicity if there is no true unity? If there is no necessary Being, no being that can produce the possible, there is no possible being, and yet I feel I am an actual being? Is it a deception? Is there a necessity for my being? Have I an essence, or am I a mere unit in a series of changing things? Have those things been succeeding one another from all eternity, or have they had a beginning? Is there an ultramundane reason of things, which is their ultimate reason, the root of possibility? Is there a dominant Unity with fulgurations? Has He *necessitating* reasons or *inclining reasons* or both? Is it His essence to *be*? Do grades of perfection vary according to the quantity of essence? Does the good contribute to perfection? May it not be said that the whole series of things to infinity is the best that is possible, although what exists in this little world in each part of time does not appear the best to us? Does the perfection of the universe, or harmony of things not allow all the worlds to be equally perfect? Is that also the reason why all minds are not equally perfect.) *Does everything possible demand that it should exist?* Are there three kinds of good and evil, metaphysical, moral and physical. The first consisting in simple imperfection, the second in sin, the third in suffering? Must even the best of all worlds contain evil? Can the cause of evil be attributed to matter? If we derive all things from God, and not from any other thing increate and independent of God, may we not derive evil from *an original imperfection in the creature?* May we not seek the answer in the ideal nature of the creature as essentially limited, and, therefore, not able to know everything and liable to commit mistakes and other faults? Is not evil thus a limitation, a privation a negation, of good? Does not good advance *ad-infinitum*, while evil has bounds? Is vice at all a potentiality of acting, and not a hindrance to the potentiality of acting? Is not uneasiness essential to the felicity of creatures? Does that felicity ever consist in complete possession? Would not complete possession make them insensible and stupid? Does not felicity consist rather in a continued and uninterrupted progress to greater goods? Is not pleasure or delight a sense of perfection? Has it not degrees like degrees of perfection? Is it not distributed in the infinity of worlds, like perfection? Is not every soul and even the very best thing a world in itself? Does not its essence come from God? Is it not the presence of that essence which is the source of all my activity? Does not that activity continue my identity? Have I not metaphysical matter or passive power in so far as I express anything confusedly, and active power in so far as I express anything distinctly? Is not my passivity *complementary* to my activity? Am I pure force so long as I am subject to passions? Does not the source of my passions lie in my confused passions? Are not confused perceptions contained to any degree of smallness in my conscious perceptions? Have I not an infinity of minute perceptions, without perceiving them? May there not, therefore, be bare monads which have the minimum of perception and appetition (as in plants), animal souls, with memory, feeling and attention, and rational souls (men, angels and higher spirits) with self-consciousness? If the primitive force is persistent and constant in each body throughout, if the derived force—the Vis Viva-throughout the universe—(such as is conceived in conation, and in vigour and impetuosity) is also constant, is it possible that there is nothing in my soul which is not due to my *present* senses or understanding or reason? Did I not pre-exist? Have I not a store of perceptions, (accumulated in previous states of existence), in my unconscious self? Does not that also preserve my identity. What is the element or quality in me, in virtue of which one of my states passes into another, though my identity is not affected? Do not all my states consist of perceptions and desires for perceptions, either of the world or of the eternal truths? Is there not a progression of perceptions going on, and is there not something in me which, existing *per se*, is the law of my series? Have I alone that privilege? If not is there not a plurality of series? Would there be action and reaction, if there were no such plurality? Does not the notion of me which is timeless involve eternally all my states and their connections? Is there no one who knows distinctly the essential gradations of all the series, the union of which forms the universe? If there is one, are not all the different classes of beings only as so many ordinates of the same curve, in His ideas? Would there not be disorder and imperfection otherwise? How do I prevent disorder in my own mind? Have I not a power of co-ordination? Have I not experienced that I remain the same individual, though I gain or lose parts? Have I not also immediate internal experiences of an immediacy of feeling? Have I not immediate apperception of my existence and thoughts? Are not these my primitive truths of fact, my *á posteriori* truths of fact, though they are incapable of being proved? Is not "I exist" an immediate truth, and, therefore, the highest evidence? Is it not involved in "I think" and "I have different thoughts?" Is there not also, besides immediacy between the understanding and its object, an *á priori* immediacy between the subject and the predicate? If not, whence comes my conviction that a square is not round, and that there is a Principle of Contradiction? Do I not derive necessary and universal truths from what is within me? Is not my soul innate to itself? Have I not, besides the power of reflecting on the operations of my mind, a remote faculty of thinking about all things? Is there not something in me which not only leads to a thing but also expresses it in matter? Whence come all these puissances? Whence come all the things on which they are exercised? Are those things chaotic? If not, could Chance have arranged them? Can a heap of type by itself, or shaken repeatedly, arrange itself into my Infinitesimal Calculus? If not, is there not a metaphysical necessity of a Being whose Essence is Existence, and whose Existence means Power, Wisdom and Goodness?"

Some such train of thought—taking into account Leibniz's CD ând DE, was more likely to convince him of such metaphysical necessity, and become the foundation of his philosophy than the "five premises." The materials for this train of thought will be found in the extracts from Leibniz in Russel's excellent Appendix and, in part in those in the body of his book.

Logic does not make a man. A Christian believes Christ was God. A Roman Catholic believes that, as Christ was God. Mary is the mother of God. A Mahomedan believes that Muhamad was God's Prophet *par excellence.* A Hindu believes that God has revealed Himself as an Avatar several times. A Buddhist believes that in one of his former incarnations Buddha suffered martyrdom. All these beliefs are based on *asyllogistic conclusions*, not on the general nature of propositions or any logical quiddities. Leibniz, who instanced the second of the above beliefs as *asyllogistic*, was not likely to ignore the foundations of his own faith, or his own store of perceptions acquired in his pre-existence, or his own share of the super-conscious. He could as little get rid of them as walk out of his own skin. The foundations of his faith and his philosophy were far deeper than the "five premises", and cannot be explained by those premises.

But I am grateful to Russell. He has enabled me to pass nearly twelve days with Leibniz, and to learn that perhaps the most important word in human language is "No" (*Neti*). Infinity, Ascending and Descending, depends up on that single word. By *Neti, Neti* I rise to my idea of God. Was it not also by *Neti, Neti* that God descended to even. His negations—His opposites? Was not there a Book of Genesis written by Him with this single word *Neti.* He said *Neti,* and with that utterance, he made a sacrifice of His sole, absolute timeless, spaceless, infinite *Sat* (Existence), and put a limitation on Himself. With another *Neti,* came another limitation and so on till there were endless series of gradations between, as it were, two extremes, two poles. He was "*sukha dukha vivarjita sarva samam*:" in matter and mind, he subjected himself to all such pairs of opposites. From another point of view, it may be said, God's Book of Genesis, arose from the fulgurations of His Effulgent Unity, and that such fulgurations are His Enjoyment. So we have the Obverse and the Reverse, both Lila and Yagna, Sport and Self-sacrifice. But with words, we cannot comprehend Him: we must create an eye that can see Him. Can we create it? The Seers say, we can, by means of love, meditation and, above all, by means of non-egoism. The 'Yes' of phenomena—of Maya—is really God's 'No' of Himself; and, therefore, by the 'No' of phenomena—of Maya—, we can rise to the 'Yes' of God, to Om.

"There remaineth a Rest."

By Lilian Ashmore.

I sit at my window and watch the sea
As the waves roll on the shore—
With a whispering sound
That seems to be
So lulling and sweet
As it calls to me.
It whispers of rest
On its heaving breast
A rest that will never be o'er.
I sit at my window and watch the sea
As the waves dash on the shore—
With a thundering shout
That seems to be
Of mighty voices
Calling to me
Of a perfect rest
On their throbbing breast—
A rest that will never be o'er.
I sit at my window and watch the sea
As the waves sweep on the shore,
With a whispering sound
And seems to be
The voices of those
From beyond the sea
They hold out their arms
And call to me
To haste to the Golden shore.

The Sultan and the Singer.

By Ernest F. Allnut.

Within his painted halls a Sultan sate,
And by him stood his ministers of state.

His mien was sad, and in each listless eye
There lurked a vision of his soul's satiety.

He made to end the feast, his winecup overturned,
Spilled its largess as blood streams from a wound.

Trembling, the chidden minstrels stood about,
And from his presence were his dancing maids gone out.

But vanity his pomp, his riches, and his power
To yield him pleasure even for an hour.

There came an humble singer in with bended head,
"O King of Kings, Thee will I charm," hesaid:

Uplifting then his happy voice he sang—
From vault to vault the dulcet phrases rang.

Old, old he was, yet were his songs as mild
As those a mother singeth to her child;

A gentle pastoral, and then a canzonet,
Soft as a muezzin's call from minaret.

Glad songs of innocence and youth's delights;
Of summer days and sapphire summer nights.

So pure, so lovely were those simple lays
That all who heard him gave to Allah praise.

The Sultan's brow from sadness soon was free,
As morning's sun lures mist from lake and lea.

But suddenly the singer ceased his mirth
As when from roseate clouds a lark drops down to earth.

No more like crystal fountains flowed his melody,
But like a cataract's solemnity,

Such restless haunting cadence as it fell
It seemed some dervish muttered in his cell.

And now the palace seemed a mosque and in the air,
The deep vague murmur of a multitude at prayer.

Mysterious and plaintive as that litany
A river sings forever to the sea.

Again it seemed they heard that anthem swell
Like a mullah's preaching 'gainst the infidel.

A frantic Jehad, when the desert hears
The awful clangour of ten thousand shields and spears.

So sang the singer at the Sultan's court,
And made men marvel at the songs he wrought.

The ruler from his couch rose up in majesty—
"Whate'er thy will is shall be granted thee."

"O bid a janissary draw his scimitar
And still this heart were sad with sweet songs are.

I have seen many years—be death my prize,
I fain would with the houris is sung in Paradise."

Tears dimmed the Caliph's eyes when that desire he heard,
Yet for his honour's sake he spoke the fatal word.

The singer fell—but lo! changed was the aged clay
And to the rainbow gates a peri flew away.

"Ye Glorious Dead"

Henry W. Bean.

"Ye Glorious Dead,—to you will be that name
Crown'd with the wreath of everlasting fame:
For when did sound stern Duty's clarion call
To take up arms for country and for all
Ye truly heard—and heeded it as well
While losses keen of love and life befell.
Honour'd shall be the ground that boasts your dust
No need to crave your name on marbl'd bust.
And while yelie in many a far-off land
Unepitaph'd,—your name with Time will stand.

Derelict.

(Founded on Fact)

By Arthur L. Delisle.

IT was a clear cold night in the month of November in the year of grace (in many respects, of disgrace) 1920. A crisp frosty air caused the blood to tingle in the veins of ordinary well-fed and well-clothed persons, creating in such a sense of buoyancy that was reflected on their self-satisfied countenances, in pleasing contrast to the hollow-cheeked, woe-begone wretches to be met with at almost every turn, haunting one for long afterwards like the memory of a hideous nightmare.

A young woman shuddered as she wended wearily along the Corso under the darkblue vault of the star-spangled firmament. A mighty on-rushing tide of humanity swept past her unheeding, while she hungered. A few yards away carriages clattered by in a seemingly interminable procession, to pull up at the garish brilliantly illuminated fronts of the theatres and music-halls, where well-groomed men handed out laughter-light gaily-dressed women, too intent on their pleasures to look into the white drown face of their unfortunate sister and see the sorrow written in her eyes.

On she plodded, shivering, famished, weary in body and with heart empty of hope. The bitterly cold wind pierced her scant clothing and cut razor-keen into her flesh. Three weeks ago her employment had come to an end through the bankruptcy of her employers; and now she was in the streets, an outcast, moneyless and foodless. Exhaustion had laid its paralysing fingers upon her; with painful difficulty she kept her benumbed limbs in motion.

She reached the Eiizabeth bridge. Over the parapet she could see the embankment lights changing the virgin-white show into glistening transparencies of silver as the shimmering flakes fell down into the deep sluggish waters of the Danube. She trembled as she leaned over the breastwork and gazed dull-eyed into the inky-black depths.

She imagined she heard a voice softly calling from the mighty river. It seemed to say, "*Come! Come now, and be at rest!*"

She descended the stone steps. With heart beating riotously against the walls of its frail prison, she peered into the water. Again she seemed to hear the alluring whisper.

"*I come!*" she answered in a hoarse and poignant cry.

But at that instant a human figure rushed out of the dark shadow scarce six feet away. She felt her shoulders gripped firmly. The haggard grey-hued face of a young man sought her terror-stricken eyes.

"*No, no,*" pleaded the man hurriedly. "*Don't do it.*" His tone was kind, compassionate, yet strong. "Come away from the river," he commanded. Without waiting a reply he slipped his arm through hers and drew her aside. She was too weak, too far spent to resist. She accompanied him as one walking in a dream.

"Better come away," said the man, in a persuasive voice. "*That* would have been a mistake; I can see it now. *You have saved me.*" "*I?—saved you?*" She questioned faintly, aghast with astonishment.

"Yes: I too came—*for the same purpose.* There seemed no other solution. Hope had forsaken me. Despair had claimed me for his own; he had got his icy grip on me. *I am glad that you saved me.* Tell me, why were *you* going to do it?"

"I am destitute, shivering with cold, and starving; I have eaten nothing but a dry crust since yesterday morning, and I have no money where with to purchase food. Pehaps *you* too know what it is to struggle, to fail, and to suffer?"

"*Do* I?" he repeated with bitterness. "I know it right to the very madness that makes one wish for death rather than life I've borne; I've suffered. But for you, I should have ended it all to-night. When one sees a woman giving up, that's a sign to a man that he can live longer. You have taught me to know myself; that's it."

He led her on unresistingly. Across she bridge he drew her towards the entrance of a cheap restaurant, such as is frequented by the poorest classes. The steam issuing from the kitchen into the outer air wafted tantalisingly a welcome odour to her. So famished was she now that she could have eaten the garbage from the gutter. Yet when her companion attempted gently to push her through the door she withdrew her arm from his quickly.

He stole his hand into his pocket to make sure that a twenty-crown * note was still there. That was the extent of his financial resources; and there was no prospect of any more.

"Come along," he entreated, with a pretence of gaiety. "You are hungry—and cold. You mustn't refuse food. There's warmth inside there, too. Come along, then; *I've got plenty of money;*" and he did his best to maintain the fiction by a smile.

"You know that's not true," she rejoined, with a vain attempt at protest. Her eyes were dim with gathering tears, her mouth a-quiver with emotion. "You know it's not true. You are hungry and shivering—just like me."

He turned his countenance away from her; he realised only too well the justice of her reproach. Nothing answering, he drew her almost roughly into the house and there gave her to eat and drink.

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* At the time of which I write the exchange-value of the *crown* was roughly $\frac{1}{2000}$ of a pound sterling. A tiny bread roll cost nearly 3 crowns and a small cup of coffee 8 crowns; A.L.D., a labourer's daily wage might have bought a little more than a loaf of bread.

"You are the kindest man I have ever known," she said after a while, with choking voice. "Only good men are kind and chivalrous and merciful towards women. What's your name? I want to remember it. I—I want to write it on my heart."

"My name? O, that's of no importance. I'm only a fellow-named Bardossy. For the past month or more I have been tramping around Pest, wearing out the stone steps by walking up and down them so often. My articles, my stories—always the same: *Declined with thanks*—sometimes even *without?*" His lips quivered with pain for a moment at the Melancholy confession, and then his jaw set sternly.

Presently they got up; he tendered his note and received eight crowns in change, after which they emerged from the warm restaurant again into the cold night.

They were no longer shivering however. For both of them the world looked brighter than it did an hour before. It had ceased snowing. Here and there above them the bright stars were shining out, like celestial lamps to guide the wanderer home.

"Where are you going to stay to-night?" he asked timidly, as he furtively fingered the small paper change in his pocket.

"I don't know," sadly answered his companion.

His question and her own confession caused her to realise the full horror of her utter wretchedness.

"Remain here a moment," he said.

He crossed the road and turned down a side-street. By and by he reappeard.

"It's all right," he assured her. "I've arranged it, She seems a decent sort of woman. Come along."

He took her arm and led her to the place where he had procured her a lodging for the night. A small lamp over the doorway made visible the announcement: "*Beds for Women.*"

On the step, while she looked up at the lamp with wide, staring eyes, he slipped his remaining few crowns into her hand, and she had closed her fingers over the crackling paper ere she was aware what he had done.

"You'll pay *five* for your bed," he explained; "that will leave you *three* for bread in the morning. You will be safe from the cold to-night and that will renew your courage for to-morrow. When you have shaken off the temptation of the river, you've conquered the worst. *I feel that way myself—now.*"

"No, no! I can't take your last money," she suddenly cried, trying to thrust back the paper into the pocket of his shabby, threadbare coat.

Gently but firmly he pushed her hand away.

"*Please,*" he entreated.

She gulped down the sob that rose in her throat. Her sense of his noble self-sacrifice provoked a tempest in her bosom, which rose and fell like a billowy sea. The big scalding tears rained down in a shower from her lashes. "Don't take on like that," he said, as one who begs a favour. "I'm a *man*, you know, and I've got the worst over. *I* shall get along all right. Pluck up . . . . . trust in God and He'll show you a way out—a better way than *that other*. Remember you aren't lonely now. You know, now, that there's someone else like you—someone who has experienced the pain, the struggle, the heartache, and who therefore is able to understand and sympathise with you. . . . . . And now, good night, little woman, and God bless you!"

She was trembling from head to foot, not now with cold but emotional excitement. Her every nerve and pulse were at highest tension. Seldom had such a friend come to a woman in her direst need. And now she must lose him! She would never see him again! She offered him her hand timidly, her eyes swimming with tears.

"Oh, there . . . . there can't be another man . . . . in all this world . . . . so good and kind as you!" She stammered.—"No other man . . . . would have done for me . . . . what you have done to-night."

"O, yes; many, little sister," he returned, with a wan smile. He grasped her hand firmly. "What I've done for you is only payment of part of the debt I owe for what you've done for me. *You've given me back my life again*—which I was so foolishly going to throw away. Life's a splendid thing, when one is young . . . . as we both are. So . . . . so *good night!*

Still holding her hand, he led her to the inner door of the lodging-house.

"*Good night!*" she quavered, regarding him earnestly in the dim lamp-light, as though she would photograph him upon her memory. A moment more and she had passed through the entrance, her hands pressed in agony against her death-white face.

He stood there till the door had closed behind her, looking wistfully before him. Then drawing up his coat-collar, he walked briskly, through the labyrinth of back-streets and by-ways, which grew darker and darker as he went onward.

* * * *

Where he slept that night he never told. Except himself, only the twinkling stars—and God above them—knew.

Destiny.

By Sirder Umrao Singh Sher Gil.

To me destiny is the will of God, not a blind causation, but the clear translucent mind, which sees what is good and necessary for the individual souls which have their being in Him. Men generally feel contended when this will is pleasant in its working towards them, but naturally feel uncomfortable when it is unpleasant, but what is more, are either inclined to look upon it as a blind unreasoning force, and mere chance, and sometimes curse it as an evil demoniac power. Even such of us who in their clearer hours consider this Power to be rational and benevolent, are prone to take the later view when they are in trouble, for a time. In my own case though feeling as above I have sometimes felt clearly that my troubles and anxieties, are the consequence in the Divine scheme of things to compensate for some evil in my nature and to cure some defect of my will. To make one realize the painful character of selfish personal life, and to discover that peace and harmony are possible only in attunement with God's will, seems to be the trend of things in life. It is evident that many men who seem to be merely worldly, appear to be happy. In the first place anxieties which make one turn to God are in this case intended for those who have some aptitude for higher things, and who turn *consciously* to Him. Then it is not necessary that those who are not consciously thinking of God, may not have some harmony in their souls, and this harmony is an indication of the higher satvic mood whether it is conscious or unconscious. Then it is not necessary by any means that the worldly man who does not seem to be badly placed in life must be happy. He may have his needful share of restless mental conditions and worldly anxieties due to the very ambitions which accompany his ambitions. But one thing seems sure, that we can escape these anxieties when we resign our will to God, and find a tranquility which is the consequence and condition of the pure satvic contented mind. In vain have I hoped—not even hoped—to escape what is the necessary condition of my despairing and lethargic mind. Away from my country it was the same as it is here now. Is not the Tamasic sloth and helpless despairing mood a necessary accompaniment of these anxieties? Those who have no energy to work for their livelihood, what better can they expect? Granted they have no worldly ambitions, but that is not necessarily the result of the clear satvic mind. Does a perenial faith in God, and a consciousness of His presence exist in my mind? Then why should I expect? peace and tranquility, in my inner and outer conditions? Are not these always there to perpetually remind me that these are the defects of will and moral nature which have to be overcome in time, and a perpetual consciousness of God's presence to be attained before these anxieties can cease? And no expectations of happiness from friends or family are to be entertained, save dependence on and resignation to God's Will, in order to attain to that real happiness. Thus do I sometimes realize the fitness and necessity of the anxieties and worries to which I am often subjected. And if they are due why should they not come.

Faithful and Co.

By L. F. Ramsey.

"One wonders what is at the back of the yokel's mind," observed the London visitor.

He paused at the stile that formed one of the ways into Jane Faithful's garden, and gazed abstractedly at the roses that clustered over the porch of the little thatched cottage.

"But isn't it a sweet place?" cooed his wife gushingly. "How I'd love to live in a tiny cottage right away from all the noise and worry, in a village like this that's been tucked away and forgotten for years and years!"

"Oh yes, you would," sneered her husband. "What on earth would you do with yourself in the winter? And these picturesque little places are all very well, but with those leaded window panes, they must be as dark as sin. And full of spiders! Besides, the people are nothing but cabbages! Just cabbages!"

He hitched his shoulders with a gesture intended to convey his uncabbage-like condition, and was about to continue his dissertation, when he caught sight of Jane, stooping to weed the flower-bed.

She was so little that it was easy to overlook her, and in her lilac gown, and sunbonnet to match, anyone might have mistaken her for one of her own plants that bloomed so persistently in the garden of Honeysuckle Cottage.

Jane loved blues and mauves and filled her flower-beds with forget-me-nots and pansies, lilacs and giant anchusas, poppy, anemones and blue hyacinths, goats' rue and feathery ceanothus in due season.

Jane, though nearing fifty, had the slight figure of a young girl and her corn-coloured hair had faded so gradually into grey that the change was hardly noticeable.

Her skin was clear and flushed with colour that many a city girl of twenty might have envied. Her speed well-blue eyes were still undimmed and her hands were the strong, capable hands of the lifter, as distinguished from the race of women content to flop, from one support to another.

Jane, in spite of her years, was just brimming over with life and happiness, and the daily round and common task, didn't furnish her with all she needed to ask. Not by any manner of means. She opened her eyes every morning with the feeling that she was going to take part in some glorious adventure. So of course she was one of those people to whom things happen.

That was why she smiled to herself at the London visitor's remarks. She, like all the other inhabitants of High Hesting, was accustomed to the patronage of the London visitors who fluttered down every summer, like so many swallows, turning the sparrows out of the nests in which they had comfortably wintered, and flying about in and out, making no end of a disturbance.

They criticized the domestic arrangements of the natives, commented publicly on their appearance and speech, put them right on every conceivable subject and departed with the feeling of having done the yokels good.

"Gladys!" called Jane to the little handmaiden who performed for her the domestic tasks that her soul hated, leaving her free to dig and delve in the garden. "I think I shall go for a long walk. Don't sit up for me, if I should be late. I want to walk round the headland and see the moon rise. I shall take Bingo with me."

Bingo, hearing his name, came rushing out from the fastnesses where he lay and sulked, when his mistress took it into her head to garden, instead of wandering along lanes where unexpected things might pop out of hedges, and sprang up in an ecstacy of excitement.

"Down, Bingo!" commanded Jane. "If you're so fond of going for a walk, I wonder you don't go by yourself, instead of waiting for me to take you."

"Ah, he's like all the men. Can't do a thing, unless he's got a woman hanging round to tell him what a clever fellow he is!" commented Gladys, with the eighteen-year old certainty of her knowledge of the other sex. "You'd better take your scarf, miss, or you'll be having one of your throats."

Jane smiled indulgently. Gladys liked to assume that her mistress would suffer from many dangerous illnesses had she not her devoted handmaiden to take care of her.

It was certainly a lovely evening. The faint, elusive, scent of wild roses stole unobtrusively over the hedges as Jane followed the long, winding lane down to the seashore. The sun had set in a clear sky, leaving the rosy afterglow that betokened a continuance of fair weather. The wind-swept trees, all bending towards the east as if they were looking perpetually for the rise of to-morrow's sun, stood out clear cut in the diffused light. Not a soul was to be seen. . . . .

Jane sniffed in the scent of the roses with an ecstatic feeling that something was going to happen. She was incurably romantic. Perhaps that was why she chose to go down to see the full moon rise, at an hour when all the natives of High Hesting had retired to their beds.

Along the lane behind her, came the sound of footsteps. Jane did not look round. It was in little things like this that she showed her town upbringing. Habits of early training are fixed, so although Jane was curious to know who it was, all she could do was to loiter so that he should pass her.

But the footsteps also loitered. Bingo, deeply occupied in business of his own, three fields away, did not hear them. Jane paused to gather a spray of wild roses.

The footsteps stopped altogether.

Jane was not in the least alarmed. Nothing on two legs ever frightened Jane, though in spite of her gardening propensities, she never quite conquered the desire to scream when she saw a beetle.

"Some young man, who has mistaken me in the dusk for one of the village girls," she thought, and smiled.

She gathered more wild roses and, in doing so, turned so that she could observe her follower.

He was a stranger. Jane did not recognize in him one of the London visitors. He must be a new arrival who had come that day. Well, she must disillusion him. The lilac sunbonnet that she still wore hid her features from him, but though the light was dim, she could see on his face a Come-hither smile.

When he saw that she was looking at him, the stranger advanced towards her, and Jane started with surprise as she caught sight of the rapturous look of greeting on his face.

"Young man," said Jane solemnly, recoiling a few steps. "What do you want with your grandmother?"

"Er . could you tell me the way to the sea?" he stammered. His eyes were scanning Jane's features, not impertinently, but with a sort of eagerness that she was unable to understand.

Jane pointed to the water which was just visible in the distance.

The stranger followed up the enquiry with another, obviously making conversation. At last, seeing that she grew restive under his questions, he apologized.

"You must excuse my speaking to you like this. I know it seems rather extraordinary. But if you only knew how I have been searching for you, for weeks past. . . . ."

"I don't know why," interrupted Jane. "Anyone would have told you where Miss Jane Faithful lived. . . . ."

"Faithful!" almost shouted the man. He stood for a moment as if turned to stone. Then in a dazed fashion, he lifted his hat and walked swiftly away in the direction of the village.

Bingo, returning from his investigations in the hedges, suddenly recollected his duties as a spaniel and protector of his mistress, and barked loudly after the stranger.

Then with a final Wuff! of disgust, he returned to his inspection of dwelling-houses in the world of rabbits.

Jane took her way slowly towards the sea, meditating on her encounter.

"Of course he mistook me for someone else," she thought, and fell to wondering who there was in High Hesting, who resembled her in the least.

She had almost reached the shore, when she heard the sound of hurried footsteps behind her. This time it was not necessary to turn to know who it was.

"Well, what is it now?" she asked gently, as he stood before her.

"I want to apologize for rushing off as I did just now," he said. "I feel I owe you an explanation. I had better tell you everything."

Jane, glancing at him saw that he was not so young as she had supposed. His figure was indeed lean and lithe, but his face, seen in the twilight, was lined with the experiences of life and his dark eyes gleamed beneath the brow of a middle-aged man.

"Its quite all right," murmured Jane. She was convinced that the man was a lunatic, but she was not afraid and resolved to humour him. "Have you come down to see the moon rise above the point?"

He paid no heed to the question, but as if he had not heard it, went on:

"If you only knew how curious it is! Everything has gone wrong with me, everything. I had given up all hope when I came down to High Hesting last night......"

"Quite the right place to come to, if you felt like that," murmured Jane.

"I drove straight to my lodgings. I didn't arrive till the last train and I saw no one except my landlady, Mrs. Walker."

"An excellent cook!" commented Jane. "But that squint would take away my appetinte when it was time to eat the food she had prepared."

He did not seem to hear Jane's remarks, but continued:

"I expect it will sound quite mad to you, but six weeks ago, you appeared to me in a dream. Someone introduced you to me, saying: 'This is the only person who can save you.'"

Jane began to be interested. He might be a lunatic, but no woman can hear unmoved that she has been the subject of a man's dreams. And Jane had felt so convinced that something was about to happen, when she started off for her walk that evening.

"From what was I to save you?" she asked, in a low voice.

"I had just leant forward to ask you what I should invest my last thousand in, when the wind blew the blind against my head-rails and woke me. And I've been looking for you ever since."

"Oh, I'm afraid your dream isn't going to bring you any satisfaction," deprecated Jane in a disappointed voice. "I can't give you any advice about investments, for I know nothing about business."

"Ah, but that's just it." laughed the stranger. "You have told me, and a load has been lifted from my mind."

"I've told you," repeated Jane, blankly. "Why, we haven't mentioned business till now."

"No, my dear lady, it's your name. Faithful." That's given me the clue I wanted."

"I don't in the least know what you are talking about," declared Jane.

"Haven't you ever heard of the Faithful Rubber Company?"

"Certainly not. It's not our family. My father was a doctor and he had no brothers. Neither have I."

The man threw back his head and laughed so joyously that Jane was infected with the spirit of it and laughed too. Bingo came up and joined in the fun, with much wagging of his stumpy tail.

Then the moon suddenly sailed into the sky and the two turned their faces away from sordid, earthly affairs and rejoiced in the splendour that is ever new.

Suddenly the man found himself confiding in Jane as if he had known her all his life. It was a sad little story of sorrow and loss, inherited debts and devotion to a mother, the parting with family estates and the everlasting struggle to make the two ends of income meet over the increasing bulk of expenditure.

It was all the sadder to Jane because in it all there was no hint of romance, and to Jane romance was the breath of life. Arthur Lloyd had been too much occupied with the cares of this world to make room for love. Now, at fifty years of age, he had just lost the mother for whom he had toiled early and late and was confronted with poverty at an age when it was too late to start out on new enterprises.

"But these Faithful shares will just save me," he announced confidently.

Jane felt a cold wave of anticipation steal over her.

"Suppose,......" she faltered.

"Suppose what?"

"Suppose these shares should not turn out what you anticipate?"

"But they must. Why, I dreamt of you in this very lilac gown that you are wearing. How could that be, unless something was meant by it?"

"Well, but don't put every penny you have into the shares," begged Jane.

He laughed, a short, dry laugh, that had in it the bitterness of anticipated want.

"I must," he replied. "It's no use without, and even then it's little enough unless Faithfuls go up to an enormous price. Don't be afraid for me. I know it's all right.

He walked back with her to the gate of her cottage.

"This is goodbye," he told her, holding out his hand. "I must take the first train up in the morning. Believe me, I shall always be grateful to you."

"But I have done nothing," protested Jane.

Then she ran indoors and was met by a reproachful handmaiden, who stood at the top of the stairs in virgin white and held a candle to light her mistress bedwards.

"I couldn't sleep a wink till I heard you come in," announced Gladys. "For all you had Bingo with you, that's a lonely walk for anyone and you do hear of such things. I thought I heard a man's voice at the gate when you come in."

"Oh you'd imagine anything, Gladys!" protested Jane guilefully, as she ran lightly upstairs.

Jane was one of those sapient folk who recognize that, knowing nothing of business, they had better leave their financial affairs to those more capable of managing them. Her tiny income never varied, because she had never disturbed the capital left her by her father, safely invested in Government stock.

So her lawyer was all the more surprised to receive a letter from her, requesting him to sell out sufficient to buy a thous and pounds' worth of shares in the Faithful Rubber Company.

"These women are all alike," he muttered as he read it. "She's taken with the name, I suppose, and wants to put money into rubbish for no better reason than that the company bears her name. I thought she had more sense. But there! Every woman who hasn't found a husband by the time she's forty-five is more or less touched in the upper story."

He wrote a friendly reply to Jane, telling her that he was credibly informed that shares in the Faithful Rubber Company were worthless. They had paid no dividend for years and probably never would pay any. If she wished for a better interest on her capital, he should advise."

Jane wrote back a short note, thanking him, but telling him that her mind was made up. She was not acting without due consideration and would be much obliged if Mr. Seymour would obtain for her the rubber shares without delay.

A portion of the daily paper, hitherto unlooked at by Jane, now became a source of the greatest interest. It was sometime, however, before Jane could read any meaning into the city news, for she belonged to a period when it had been thought not quite ladylike for girls taught at home to learn anything in arithmetic beyond vulgar fractions. The mysteries of stocks and shares had never come within her ken.

But Jane never allowed herself to be routed by anything on which she had set her mind. Patiently she sat, day after day, with the financial columns before her, till gradually order was resolved out of chaos, and she learnt to distinguish between a falling and a rising market.

Gladys was much troubled by the changes in her mistress's habits. Now and then, the postman handed her letters for Miss Faithful, addressed in a masculine hand which Gladys did not recognize as that of any of Jane's previous correspondents. Jane never made any comment on them, but Gladys remarked that after the receipt of one of these letters, Jane was always unusually excited and restless.

Shortly after the purchase of the rubber shares, Jane was much elated to receive a dividend from them. True, it was a very small one, far smaller than the sum she had received from the Government dividends, but in view of what Mr. Seymour had said about the shares it indicated to her that they were not so worthless as he had believed.

Jane went about the little cottage singing like a bird that day. Gladys, at work in the kitchen, heard her and smiled to herself.

The payment of a dividend sent up the price of the shares for a week or two. Jane built great hopes on the success of her dream company, as she called it to herself.

But with the leaves of autumn, the price began to fall. Before Christmas, the shares had ceased to be quoted at all......

Fewer letters came for Jane in the masculine handwriting and soon, they too ceased. Jane began to feel the drop in her income, especially when the rate paper came in, for ten pounds instead of the three she had hitherto paid.

At last there came a day when Jane was compelled to tell Gladys that she could no longer afford to pay for her services.

" And who's to look after you if I go?" demanded Gladys. " You'd be laid up with one of your throats, and no one to do a thing for you. There's no one in High Hesting wanting a maid now, anyway, not anywhere as I'd care to go. And I'm not going out of the village now, when my young man's just got a settled job here. I've seen what that sort of thing leads to. So, if it's all the same to you, Miss, I'll stop on with you till the winter's over anyway. I can do without my wages for a while. I've got nice bit put by."

Jane's eyes filled with tears and she tried to stammer out some words of appreciation, but Gladys' stopped her.

"Don't begin that Miss else I shall start hollering and you've no idea what a row I make when I once begin."

So Jane had to laugh instead. She went away to think out further plans for retrenchment. She had long ago given up taking a daily paper. There seemed no point in having one now that the financial page had ceased to interest her.

The first violets were peeping from the ground when Jane, urged by the necessity of purchasing a new pair of boots, paid a visit to the market town, seven miles away. She hated going to Mowchester, which was a sleepy cathedral city that slumbered all the week and woke up to a tremendous din on market days.

"It's not big market," Gladys reassured her mistress, as she helped her on with her coat. "So there won't be any bulls tearing about the streets or pigs getting under your feet. . . ."

Jane started off with the despressing feeling that was an inevitable accompaniment of a visit to Mowchester. She was sure that she would forget half the things she had to buy, in spite of the list that reposed in her purse, which had a way of never being forthcoming when it was wanted.

Spring was in the air, however, and the yellowhammers that followed the 'bus along the road deprecated so insistently the absence of cheese from their diet, that Jane was forced to smile at their song. She walked down the main street of Mowchester with springing footsteps.

" Rubber Boom," declared the newspaper placards.

This conveyed nothing to Jane, who did not at first connect the notice with anything in which she could possibly be interested. It was not till she heard a farmer close at hand ask his companion if he had any money invested in rubber, that it occurred to her to buy a paper.

She turned eagerly to the city news. There, once more in its place, was the word Faithful.

Jane's eyes started with surprise. The shares had doubled in price!

Jane spent the rest of her day in Mowchester wandering about the streets in a sort of dream She quite forgot the boots she had come on purpose to buy, but she saw a string of jade beads in a jeweller's window and bought them as a present for Gladys. Beads were an obsession with Gladys and she must have something to celebrate the occasion.

"There's a letter for you, Miss," announced Gladys meeting Jane in the tiny hall.

Jane took it from her hurriedly, with a little flutter of anticipation. It was in a masculine handwriting, but not the one for which she had looked.

"Is this all?" she asked, in a disappointed tone. Without waiting for a reply, she broke the seal.

It was from her lawyer, asking whether he should realise the Faithful shares, now that the price had doubled.

"They are not likely to go higher," he wrote. "It is quite an artificial rise in prices. Please wire instructions."

Jane sat for some time, lost in thought. Then she began to set about her routine duties, her mouth set into a firm line.

It was not till next morning, when the postman had brought the expected letter, that she remembered the jade beads. Absorbed in reading it, she scarcely heard Gladys's raptures of admiration.

"Dear Dream Lady," she read.

He always began like that, and every time, Jane had the most delicious tremors over the words. Her eyes dwelt on them for several seconds before she went on to the rest of the page.

"You see that my faith in you has been justified. Since I last wrote, I have been through deep waters, but I have never lost faith in you. To-day, just when my fortunes were at their lowest ebb, your shares have doubled in price. Several men I know are realising theirs now. But having trusted you so far, I shall wait for you to tell me when to sell."

A queer sort of love letter, this! Yet Jane kissed the lines rapturously, her eyes blurred as she re-read the close. Then she was filled with a sort of panic. How could she advise him when to sell? The responsibility was too great.

She unfolded the morning paper, for which she had sent Gladys into the village. With trembling fingers, she turned to the financial page. Under the city news, she read:

"The sensation of the day was the rise in the price of the Faithful Rubber shares. Some one in the know was evidently buying feverishly. By nightfall, they had risen 175 per cent."

"Gladys!" called Jane. "I want you to go down to the telegraph office and send this wire."

She hastily penned the words:

"Hold rubber shares for the present."

Then she added the name and adress of her lawyer.

When Gladys had departed, Jane sat down and began a letter to Arthur Lloyd....

The sensational history of the next few days is well known in financial circles. How the Faithful Rubber shares bounded up in a few days to something like 700 per cent. Of their former value and then suddenly slumped and became practically unsaleable.

In the course of those few days, Jane spent a small fortune on telegrams and Gladys was occupied in going backwards and forwards between the telegraph office and home.

Jane could settle to nothing. The restless excitability of the gambler seized her and possessing no real knowledge of the market, she held on to her shares just a day too long. When she wired to her lawyer to sell, the reply came back:

"Sorry unsaleable."

Then was Jane bowed down with despair. The loss of her own money troubled her not a bit, but the realisation that she had failed her man in spite of his faith in her, overwhelmed her like a sudden wave. She sat in her tiny parlour, her arms hanging listlessly at her side, the very incarnation of despair.

"Why did I not wire to him yesterday?" was the thought with which she perpetually tormented her brain?

A shadow fell across the sunlit path, but Jane, absorbed in her misery did not notice it. The door of the cottage stood, as always, wide open.

Suddenly a figure stood beside her.

"Jane!" murmured a low voice that thrilled with emotion. "You did not fail me, you see!"

Jane raised her head, believing herself to be dreaming. Then without knowing how it happened, for nobody ever does know quite how it happens, she found herself in Arthur Lloyd's arms. Time was blotted out in eternity, till, with the suddenness of a shock, Jane remembered.

"Oh, but I did fail you," she cried. "I told you I knew nothing about business. And I meant to wire to-day, but I found the shares couldn't be sold...."

Her voice faltered.

"To-day?" His voice had a note of exultation. "Ah, but I sold out yesterday, as you told me."

Jane stared at him, repeating dully:

"Yes, dear Dream Lady. You came to me the night before last. in your lilac sunbonnet and gown, just as before. You told me to sell and. the moment the Stock Exchange was open I did sell, at the very top of the market. I'm a rich man to-day, thanks to you. That is, rich in money. But it will mean nothing to me unless you'll marry me, Jane. Will you?"

Gladys, coming out of the kitchen at this moment, was startled by the distinct sound of a kiss.

Eyes of Love.

By Meredith Star.

The love-light glimmering in thine eyes
  Is music to mine ears;
The rapture of thy kiss bestows
The guerdon of the Mystic Rose
  God gives unto the wise;
A spring within thy bosom flows
  That quenches all my sighs.

Beneath the sunlight of thine eyes
  The roses of my youth
Arise in splendour and exhale
Their fragrance over hill and dale
  To perfume Paradise;
The secret of the Holy Graal
  Is hidden in thine eyes.

The love-light glimmering in thine eyes
  Suffuses all my soul
With rapture infinite that flows
Like nectar from the Mystic Rose
  That springs in Paradise;
Till all my being thrills and glows
  And quenched are all my sighs.

An Elsewhere Picture.

By Margaret Marr.

The women fashionably dressed, smiling gracious thronged in upon him; the men had ready praises on their lips. But he stood detached, almost indifferent, looking at them as if they were beings apart from himself—the faintest suspicion of contempt upon his face. The art of Paul Allenbury had caught on although scarcely one amongst those who thronged to his private view understood his work.

"Of course, they're beautiful and all that—his colouring is just exquisite, but I can't imagine what he means by them," the women whispered amongst themselves.

"I suppose he *is* a genius, but I'm dashed if I know what he's driving at," said the men. Yet to his face their phrases were neatly turned and suggestive of the fact that although they could not express it yet they understood his genius.

The newness and originality of his work made it popular. It was the thing. He had a way of putting on his colours which tantalised; his exquisite figures caused something within the heart to flutter.

"These blessed pictures make me feel as if I've got something in me I never knew was there," said a man as he rubbed his hand through his hair and turned away impatiently.

"They give me the creeps," said the woman with him. "Still I suppose we must pretend to like them."

A woman wended her way through the crowd the sight of whom brought a flash of interest into the artist's face. He sighed as if with relief.

"I began to think you were never coming, Amy," he said with a smile of affection as he took her hand. "These people literally bore me to death. The thought of your promise to come has been my salvation. I suppose there's fifty of them here and they've all said exactly the same thing, with the same smile until I'm sick of the sight of them and feel like telling them to keep their beastly money and let me keep my pictures."

"Nonsense, Paul, nonsense," said his friend with a whispered laugh, "you're too remote. For all you know you may get your inspiration from these people as well as, your living."

"My inspiration, Holy Moses!" he ejaculated under his breath as he raised his eyebrows tragically. "If you weren't you, Amy, I should think you were suffering from stupidity."

She pressed her hand on his arm and laughed as she passed in front of him to look at the picture hanging near. She had been his friend for years and understood him well.

"So this is the wonderful Elsewhere Picture that's making you famous, is it?" she said and stood wrapped in silence for some moments. When she next spoke her voice held a softer, deeper note.

"Its a wonderful world with wonderful people where you live, Paul. I don't think I really wonder that you are so detached, and perhaps a little contemptuous of us world people .... I have never seen anything so beautiful. Things *live* with more than, the mere life *of* Nature. They're almost on the verge of ecstacy. And the girl. She's Joy personified. Oh Paul, the expectancy you have put into the boy's face. What a story you've told."

Their eyes met and he saw all that she tried to express.

"I can forgive you now, Amy, for saying I have my inspiration from these fools," he murmured. But her thoughts were centred on the picture so that she scarcely heard what she said.

"You know, Paul, there is something about the boy that reminds me of you—at least not of you as I know you exactly, but of you that now and again has floated across my mind at old times—."

He touched her arm excitedly.

"Amy you've got it. The boy *is* myself, the I who lives in the world where I get my inspiration, the I that *lives* a thousand times more than the one you know here in this world."

She turned to him with a look of astonishment.

"Then why do you always say that the people you paint have nothing to do with the people of this word? Why are you so remote and contemptuous of us poor earth-worms? If that boy in your picture is you, then he is something to do with the you of you that I am speaking to. It that is the case then your girl is also a bit of someone walking about the earth to-day, one of US.........Paul, its wonderful, this idea, perhaps the dullest of us is much more beautiful, much more alive, than ever we dream of . . . . Why I believe I have given you a new idea."

She had indeed, and Paul Allenbury was startled out of himself, startled out of his aloofness, his contemptuous: he suddenly felt a sympathy, a unity with his fellow beings which he had never felt before, and which he was not sure if he cared for or not. He felt dashed to the earth for he realised that he had been living in a state of egotism, an egotism more dangerous than any mere "earth-worm" could indulge in, for his was a spiritual egotism.

"Does the girl remind you of someone, Amy, in the same way that the boy reminds you of me?" he asked in a humbled voice. She moved nearer to him; had they been alone she would have pressed his hand for she felt she had hurt him, and she hated to hurt.

"I think she does," was the soft reply after a pause for thought. "I saw Clementina Fortescue dance last night. I remember now—something flashed out of her—when I had forgotten to think about her—I mean when I wasn't thinking about the mere technique of her dancing but felt I was dancing with her—that reminded me of your girl......Oh, Paul, perhaps there are bits of us all over the place. You know what I mean, don't you? Perhaps we are not all just here, perhaps we are much more beautiful elsewhere."

Paul scarcely touched his dinner that night for what his friend had said had moved him in a way he had never been moved before. Later, in his studio, he drew up a chair, adjusted the light, and sat so that he could look well at the picture which was bringing him fame. Not that from an ordinary description there was much to make it famous. The story it told and the vivid exuding life made it wonderful. It was just a sunny road and a white gate in the hedge, with a garden beyond. In the garden stood a girl who was indeed Joy personified. Just parting the leaves of a bush so that his face emerged over the top, was a boy, vivid with expectancy. The lighting of the picture made one feel that Nature's most perfect day had suddenly revealed herslef—suddenly torn aside her garment crying:—"You think me beautiful, but look and look, here in my heart for I am Beauty herself."

Paul leaned forward and looked at his picture intently.

"Dear," he murmured, "what is happening? I do not know whether I am miserable or not; I do not know whether I wish to believe in Amy's idea or not: I do not know whether I wish to find you here in this world or not. I think I want to keep you where you are. . . . You are so beautiful, Dear. . . . I do not want to find you just a woman."

He got up and paced the floor. He was letting go of his personal selfishness—the selfishness of the mere artist who thinks he alone possesses beauty—he was expanding to a universal thought. His inner world was not after all one of his own creation, it was big, vast, immense; It was cosmic. Amy had put her finger on the spot:—"Perhaps we are not all just here, perhaps we are much more beautiful elsewhere," she had said. Good God. It was only the elsewhere that brought love and beauty into the world at all. There was a vast thought trying to make itself known to him, and in breathless intensity he caught it. "Interpenetration not separation," that was it. Nature secrets were suddenly revealed to his bewildered understanding. He had taken his vision to a cold remote place and had called it Imagination, when all the time Imagination was living, vital, divine. He had gone about seeing his fellow-creatures dull, ugly, drab, troublesome when really the beauty of his elsewhere world lay hidden within them. The girl, *his* girl, with whom in that other self of his he played in a garden beyond a sunny road and a white gate, a wonderful, untiring, joyous game of hide and seek—*she* lived somewhere in the world.

He seized the evening paper and hastily turned to the amusement column. Yes, Clementina Fortescue was dancing to-night. With an excitement unknown to him he went off to the theatre. He had heard of the new dancer but he had heard with his usual disinterestedness. Expectantly he sat in his stall awaiting her appearance. The stage was almost in darkness—just a shaft of light streaming across the centre. It was down this stream of light that the dancer tripped, finger to lips, hushed, yet alive in every fibre of her being with a trembling joy. As she came forward *his* girl flashed out at him startling him almost from his seat. He wanted to spring up on to the stage, to hide in the wing, to be "found" by her as always she "found" him in that joyous game they played together "elsewhere." Then the light grew stronger and he lost her, now seeing only the dancer, Clementina Fortescue. Breathlessly he watched and presently she flashed out at him just when she flung her arms wide and sped away, glancing over her shoulder, as if he had leapt forth to catch her.

He went home filled with an emotion he could not describe, but he obeyed an intuition. He sat down and wrote to Clementina Fortescue.

"May I come and see you?" he wrote and signed his name.

Her reply came promptly.

"Do. I am in to-morrow afternoon."

His heart beat with a strange unknown joy as he went up in the lift to her flat. It was the top one, the seventh. "She would live on the top," he said to himself, "its nearer the sky." He passed out of the lift into a corridor. It was long and covered from end to end with grass green carpet. There were little windows here and there letting in the light. His heart gave a jump. This was the sunny road of his picture not a mere corridor. The porter who walked in front of him paused before a door.

"What an odd thing that this one door in the building should be painted white," he heard himself murmur.

"Did you speak, Sir?" asked the porter.

"No, no," he answered hastily for the sound of the man's voice brought him back to hard facts and he saw that the door he stood before was painted brown like the others, and that he was in danger of making a fool of himself.

Clementina opened the door and bade him welcome. He saw her as he saw hundreds of other charming, well-dressed women. A little grip came in his throat. Was he going to be disappointed after all? Was he allowing himself be led by mere fancy? They sat down, they spoke of his picture; nothing happened, there was no recognition. He looked round her room. It was charming like herself. He had been a fool. He must search in his mind for some legitimate excuse for having come to see her. The sun was rather strong in his eyes. She moved to place the blind so as to give him more comfort. At that moment it happened. She, his Dear, his girl, flashed out. The room vanished, he was in the garden where he always met her.

"I've caught you," he heard himself murmur. A laugh of utter and complete joy greeted him.

"What fun," he heard her say. Then his consciousness again became limited and he found himself sitting in a charming flat with a charming woman.

"Interpenetration not separation," he said and she understood.

Then they talked with words and silences and gestures and Paul felt he had never lived until now.

A Territorial's Farewell to India.

By Arthur F. Lee.

Like Jacob exiled from his native land,
I've spent three summers in this Eastern clime,
But not like him, whom woman's tender hand
Did gently solace; I have spent my time
Amid the harder, coarser ways of men,
And long to see a woman's smile again.

But soon my longing wish will be fulfilled,
And soon unto my mother's side I'll go;
The sorrow of my heart will there be stilled,
And then into my wounded soul will flow
The tender smile, the glad and sweet caress
The loving look, than which, I do confess.

To me there's none so sweet in all the earth;
For, from the anxious days of infancy--
Nay, from the moment that she gave me birth—
She watched o'er me with loving constancy,
And led my feet neath Beauty's pleasant bowers,
And in their shade beguiled the waiting hours.

Yet, in my exile I have stored my mind
With eastern lore; and all that I have seen,
"Of great or good or lovely" which can bind
The West to East,—these glowing sights have been
My mental food; nor will they fail to yield
Rich mem'ries in some far-off western field.

But now farewell!—I leave thy sunny clime;
I leave thy Taj, by which I lingered long;
I leave thy glorious mosques, built at a time
When men praised God in stone as well as song;
I leave my Indian friends, from whose clasped hand
I take good wishes to my mother-land.

FROM A PERSIAN ODE OF IQBAL

By Umrao Singh.

I worship not form, I have smashed the idol-house
I am that fast-moving flood, who have snapped every bond
Thought had vague conjectures concerning my being and not being,
But Love made clear the theme that I Am.
In the infidel-temple I humbly bow, I pray in the Holy of Holies,
On my shoulder is the sacred thread, and in my hand is the rosary.

One cannot waste the treasure of Thy love's pain,
The tear that rose from thy heart, I suppressed in my eye.
I am wise in my words, I am mad in my deeds,
From the wine of Thy love I am sober and I am inebriate,

From a Persian Ode of Iqbal written in Kashmir.—

Pitch thy tent in Kashmir, behold the hills and the dales,
Behold a world of green, and field upon field of tulips.
Behold the spring breeze wave upon wave, troop upon troop of spring
Birds, behold pair upon pair of doves and songbirds on the cyprus.
Strike the plectrum on the harp-strings, and pour the wine
Into the goblet, and watch the caravan of the spring in procession.
The spring-breeze has begun to blow, and the ripple is
Trembling in the waters, behold the dust sparkling, and the water wrinkle upon wrinkle.
So that the mischievouseye of the spheres may not fall on her beauty,
See the veil of jasmines tied on theface of the earth.
There yonder is the Brahmin girl, with tulip face and jasmine limbs,
Open thine eyes on her face, and then look back on thyself.

The Putting on of the Lid.
An old tale re-told for to-day.

By Jesie Annie Anderson.

The world's a Pandemonium, and hope's beneath its lid . . . .
But let me tell anew the tale of what Pandora did.

Bored on their heights the gods of Greece were yawning 'mid their mirth:
The play had grown monotonous, there was but man on earth;
Therefore, for comedy-relief, they made for him a mate;
A creature cleverly contrived to trouble his estate.

* * *

Of triple brass and iron strong Hephœstus forged her heart!
And even yet are hearts to prove how perfect was his art!
Then Hermes made the work complete with words to match her mind,
Veering and questing, raising dust to deaden, choke, and blind.

* * *

To guileless man they brought her then :—of course, he took her in!—
Did ever man reject *at once* a danger or a sin?
(But nearly I forgot to say she brought a well-stocked box,
And man's inbred cupidity was taken with the *stocks*!)

* * *

Her small, mischievous fingers freed ills wherewith none could cope,
And smartly dropt the lid in time to prison helpful hope.
(And, *entre nous*, I'm sure of this—that lid was strongly made!
Hephœstus had a hand in it, whate'er the myth has said).

She cooed, "Thus hope is saved to man," but that was
just her art;
When any thus "put on the lid" I daren't take their part.
But still we take Pandoras in, and thus get taken in,
While those aloft must laugh and weep 'mid record-breaking din.
*Pandora, dear, where'er you be, come back, take off the
lid,*
And we'll forgive you all the rest of all the ill you did!

Aunt Zillah's. Emerald.

By L. F. Ramsey.

MISS HITCHCOCK had a voice like a blacksmith's forge, all wind and bluster. Uncle James always said he would as soon live in the vicinity of a blast siren as anywhere within sound of Miss Hitchcock's voice, whereupon Aunt Agnes used to reprove him for swearing and the inevitable argument followed, from which Aunt Agnes would emerge, flushed but unfoiled. Miss Hitchcock chose her career at a period when there was no opening for female railway porters. In spite of her voice, she desired a vocation at once accessible and ladylike. Where Nature had obviously designed her for a 'bus conductor, she chose to be a lady's companion. Thus for a period of fifteen years or more, she crested the waves of successive situations, till she was washed up high and dry in the safe port of Aunt Zillah's household.

Here Miss Hitchcock's voice, instead of being an embarrassment, was a positive asset, for Aunt Zillah is stone deaf. Since Uncle James died, she has heard nothing of what takes place in the outer world, except through the medium of Miss Hitchcock's voice. That seems to reach her like a faint whisper from another sphere. Consequently, Aunt Zillah depends entirely upon Miss Hitchcock for all her information, which reaches her coloured by Miss Hitchcock's imagination.

Miss Hitchcock has straight, sandy hair, no chin, and a large mouth with prominent teeth, such as foreigners who trust to the illustrations in their comic papers believe all Englishwomen to possess.

Aunt Zillah is always deploring the way we others mutter and mumble and wonders why we cannot emulate her companion's way of speaking.

"It's not that I'm hard of hearing," she insists, though she can hear no more than a newly-arrived passenger by the London to Paris aerobus. "It is that people do not enunciate their words properly."

And she would thereupon glare at Emma, who has the sort of voice that Shakespeare longed for in his wife and apparently didn't get.

The fact is, Aunt Zillah visits the delinquencies of my wife's youngest brother Ralph on Emma. Once she was staying with us and Ralph was most attentive to her at dinner, finally asking:

"I hope you have everything you want?"

Whereupon Aunt Zillah glared at him and replied with quiet scorn:

"*I* consider it a perfectly wholesome pudding, though plain."

I didn't see anything humorous in the remark. We're used to Aunt Zillah and she can do so much better than that on occasion, but Ralph snorted and then tried to drown his mirth in a glass of cider, with disastrous results. Since then, Aunt Zillah has refused to meet him, saying that she objects to gymnastic displays at meals. She extends an unreasoning antipathy to Emma, whose table manners are beyond question.

Need I say that Emma, and I have expectations from Aunt Zillah? She is wealthy, not beyond the dreams of avarice, for Emma and I have dreamt a good deal about Aunt Zillah's money, and I am her only relative unless we count Bobby, who is preoccupied with rubber animals in his bath to the exclusion of rich aunts, and whose language is confined to monosyllables, which we, his parents, can interpret as we choose.

Unfortunately, we are afraid that Miss Hitchcock also has expectations. And she possesses the inestimable advantage of being always on the spot. My occupation,—I am a government crystallographer,—takes me to the uttermost ends of the earth, or at least, beyond the reach of a daily post-card.

When I started off on my last expedition to Ceylon and Burmah, on duties connected with rubies and sapphires, I said goodbye to Aunt Zillah with considerable qualms. She was looking far from well and in spite of her excellent constitution, I felt that anything might happen in the six or eight months of my absence. Mind you, I didn't want the dear old thing to die, but since in the course of nature she would probably pass away before I did, I felt I should prefer the event to take place when I was in England. Otherwise, I felt sure that Miss Hitchcock would profit by my absence.

"It's up to you, Emma, to keep the old lady from enriching the local undertaker while I am away," I told my wife.

"It's a pity I can't go out to the East and you stay at home and look after Auntie," sighed Emma. "You know I can never make her hear what I say."

We both went round to say goodbye and I did most of the talking. When Emma speaks, she hears the leaves rustling outside her window and insists that she is not so deaf as people try to make out.

"Well, goodbye, Aunt Zillah," I shouted, kissing her wrinkled cheek. "Won't you go and stay with Emma while I am away?"

"Eh?" she smiled back at me, putting her hand to her ear.

"Stay...with...Emma..." I called loudly.

A smile overspread the old lady's face.

"Well, that is good of you, Richard. I've always wanted an emerald ring, but your poor uncle couldn't bear emeralds. He always insisted they were unlucky. And an emerald straight from the mines, too. Dear boy, you've always been good to your old Auntie."

I saw a sneer cross Miss Hickson's face and I resolved to procure that emerald for Aunt Zillab somehow. She might choose to think, if it so pleased her, that it had been dug up out of a Burmese ruby mine.

"I'd like an uncut emerald best, Richard, though I don't stipulate specially for that," went on Aunt Zillah. "Set quite simply, so as to show off the stone. You need not go to great expense over the setting."

Aunt Zillah contemplated her fat white fingers with complacency.

"Where will you get an emerald large enough to suit Aunt Zillah?" asked Emma, on our way home.

"I don't know yet, but there are six months before I need start worrying about that," I replied.

"I wonder..." Emma began.

"Well?"

"Oh, it seems horrid to think such things, but I can't help wondering whether Aunt Zillah really did hear what you said, Dick?"

"My dear girl, heaven't we played at cross questions and crooked answer's long enough with Aunt Zillah to make that supposition quite impossible?"

"But you know, Dick, she has always wanted my emerald brooch and even tried to make out that it ought to have belonged to her. Don't you remember, I had to give up wearing it because of the endless discussions it always provoked?"

I started guiltily. I may as well confess right away that I had thought of great-grandmother's emerald as a way out of the difficulty. The emerald brooch was a flat, old-fashioned affair which I had inherited and had presented to my wife on her wedding day. In the centre was the largest and finest emerald I have ever seen. It was surrounded by a ring of pearls and gold filagree work. It was insured for £500 and often when times were hard, Emma and I had assured each other:

"There's always the emerald brooch!"

Emma rallied me several times for my moodiness and silence on the way home. The fact was, I was wondering how to approach her with regard to letting me have the emerald for Aunt Zillah. In the end, however, I said nothing, but started off on my trip without mentioning the subject again.

My six months in Burmah and Ceylon passed uneventfully enough, but I managed to put in three weeks in Siam on my own and there acquired one of the finest sapphires I have ever seen since I was occupied in crystallography. I arrived home bubbling over with self-satisfaction. As I stood on the hearth-rug with my back to the fire, my wife said that she expected every moment to see me flap my wings and crow.

"And how is Aunt Zillah?" I enquired, when the first rapturous greetings were over and Bobby had been put through his newly-acquired vocabulary.

"Taken on a fresh lease of life from the March quarter," replied Emma. "She is all impatience to see you, Dick, and talks of nothing else but that emerald that you promised her. Have you got it, old boy?"

"I've got the biggest sapphire I've ever seen outside a museum," I bragged.

"That's not a bit of good. If it was a diamond as big as the dome of St. Paul's, Aunt Zillah wouldn't look twice at it. She's set her heart on an emerald and Hickey encourages her in it. I believe Hickey would die of chagrin if you really did produce an emerald."

"How is the excellent Hitchcock?" I evaded.

"She's just discovered that she's second cousin to a baronet's widow and she doesn't seem able to bear it like other people. But what about the emerald, Dick?"

"I don't see anything for it, Emma, but for you to lend me the emerald out of great-grandmother's brooch."

"Lend you?" queried Emma, with wide eyes.

"One can really only call it lending it, since Aunt Zillah cannot live for ever and the emerald would in the course of things come back to us."

Emma shook her head.

"You're forgetting Hickey," she said.

"Miss Hitchcock be...I mean, Aunt Zillah can hardly cut me out of her will after the trouble I've taken to get her that emerald."

"What trouble?" asked Emma, innocently.

"It's the finest sapphire I've ever seen..."

"Outside a museum," finished Emma. "So you said before. But a sapphire isn't an emerald."

"Are you qualifying as a crystallographer?" I parried.

"I'm not going to risk that Hitchcock creature's getting great-grandmother's emerald," retorted Emma.

"Don't set your lips like that, Emma. It doesn't suit you," I chaffed her.'

"No, the emerald is the only thing you'd like to see set," flashed back Emma.

"You've got that letter-perfect," I said. Then I produced the sapphire and asked Emma whether she would like it in a ring or as a pendant.

"It's worth at least as much as the emerald and you'll be able to wear it without fear of Aunt Zillah's jealousy," I urged. "It's the finest sapphire I've ever seen."

"Outside a museum," corrected Emma.

The next morning, I called round at the Army and Navy stores. The manager of the jewellery department, of course, knows me professionally. He was very anxious to hear of my doings in the East and when I produced the sapphire he admired it with great enthusiasm and took a lot of trouble in helping to choose a suitable setting. When that matter was satisfactorily decided, I took out the emerald brooch and laid it on the counter. The emerald twinkled and sparkled beneath the electric light and looked so magnificent that I was glad Emma was not with me. It would have made it doubly hard for her to part with the gem if she had seen how cheap and common it made everything look beside it.

" I want you to take out the stone and set it in a ring," I announced.

The manager examined it critically and I awaited his transports of admiration. He looked at it for a long time through his glass, then said quietly:

I suppose you'll have quite a cheap setting for this, sir?"

" I stared at him.

"Cheap?" I repeated.

"Yes, sir. Of course it's a very good imitation. Period of George I. They understood such things then."

"Lend me your glass a moment. I've never examined the thing," I declared.

I looked through the glass at great-grandmother's emerald, believed by at least three generations to be real.

The manager was right. The thing was a fraud, a palpable fraud. But it had deceived its possessors. It had even deceived a crystallographer, and thanks to his reputation, it had even deceived the valuer of an insurance company.

I did some rapid thinking.

"Quite a cheap setting, I suppose, sir?" the manager was repeating.

The deception would not hurt Aunt Zillah, and oh what a sell for Miss Hitchcock, should she inherit Emma, too, had lost a piece of green glass and gained a genuine sapphire.

"I suppose the real gem has not been extracted and an imitation set in its place?" I queried.

The manager again examined the brooch through his glass.

"No," he announced. "In my opinion, that stone was put in when the brooch was first made."

"Then show me some expensive settings," I said. "The costliest you have."

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